

Shower Thoughts

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Shower Thoughts

by [CaNiTOuCHyoUrMaNgoEs](#)

Summary

After years of hiding, Shane and Ilya are finally playing for the same team. Everything should be perfect, right? Except Shane is acting weird and Ilya can't figure out why. Second languages are hard to navigate and distractions keep interrupting them. So how is Ilya supposed to figure it out?

Notes

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

Chapter 1: Shower Thoughts

Shane is an Ottawa Centaur. Ilya still has a hard time believing it. After years of going through the motions, Ilya's finally excited for the first day of practice, *their* first day of practice. He's been dreaming about it for years, never believing it will come true.

He always imagines it the same. They'll wake up together and share a lazy morning in bed. Ilya will keep Shane busy for *hours*. Then, they will enjoy breakfast together. Perhaps they will eat in bed before round two. They won't actually because Shane hates mess, but it's a nice thought.

Realistically, they will eat at the table before cleaning the kitchen, because again, Shane hates mess. Next, they will take Anya for a nice stroll around the neighborhood, holding hands of course. Finally, after several more rounds where Ilya rocks Shane's world, they will leave for practice together.

There's one problem with his plan, Shane is a morning person. The bed is cold when Ilya wakes. He frowns and rolls out of bed. Trudging downstairs, he realizes no one is trying to trip and kill him. "Anya?!" He calls out. Nothing. No soft pitter patter of her little paws or jangle of her collar. "Shane?" He tries instead, reaching the bottom of the stairs.

The front door swings open and Ilya jumps slightly. "You're up!" Shane exclaims a little too loud. Even across the room Ilya can hear the music pouring out of his headphones. He walks over and pulls them off Shane's sweaty head.

"Morning," Ilya murmurs before leaning in for a kiss. It's sweet and slow and everything Ilya never knew he craves. Ilya runs his tongue across Shane's bottom lip, enjoying the salty taste.

"WOOF!" Anya barks, startling the two apart. She's still on her leash, panting at Shane's feet with her tongue hanging out of her mouth. Ilya unclips her leash then pats her head. He gets a few tail wags as a reward.

"Nice run?" Ilya asks, staring at Shane's red lips. Shane's breathing heavily and his cheeks are red and glistening. Ilya really did snag himself a sexy husband. Not that he's surprised, he's easily sexier, no matter what a dumb magazine says.

"Yeah," Shane murmurs. Ilya watches his gaze darken and smirks. He backs Shane against the wall and places a hand on his thumping chest.

'Is a nice chest,' Ilya thinks, running his hand over the hard muscle. Shane finds Ilya's mouth again and Ilya gasps. It's not what he envisioned for today, but he's not complaining.

Shane pushes his hips forward and Ilya smirks. He drops to his knees, glancing up at Shane as he mouths at his hard on. "Fuck," Shane murmurs, threading his fingers through Ilya's hair. Ilya grabs Shane's waist band and tugs.

Suddenly something crashes into Ilya and he falls forward. He bangs his head on the wall, it's not that hard, not by hockey standards, but it doesn't feel great. "Fuck," he holds his arms out, trying to stop the onslaught of slobber. "Anya!" He scolds. "No, sit." Anya ignores him and Shane laughs. Ilya would find it annoying except it's his favorite sound. "Something funny, Hollander?"

"No," Shane pulls Anya off. Ilya notices Shane is still holding back a smile.

"Oh, so you are not laughing at me?" Ilya stands.

"Maybe a little," Shane smirks, eyes glancing down to Ilya's lips.

"Fine, I will not suck your cock," he turns and pretends to walk away. Before he can get far, he feels arms wrap around him.

"Please," Shane whines. He can feel Shane's hard on pressing against his leg. Who is Ilya to deny someone desperate?

"Okay," he turns around. "Upstairs, without..." he nods to Anya, staring up at them without a clue. Shane nods and Ilya quickly lets Anya outside before following him back upstairs.

When Ilya enters their room he pauses, taking in the glorious sight. Shane is laying naked on the covers, his eyes are closed and he's stroking himself lazily. Ilya leans against the doorframe and enjoys the show.

"Ilya," Shane moans.

"Yes?" Ilya asks, somehow already at Shane's feet. Shane's eyes pop open and his hand stills, Ilya frowns.

"How long have you been there?"

Ilya shrugs, crawling up the bed and replacing Shane's hand with his own. "Few minutes," he murmurs, quickening the pace on Shane's dick.

"Fuck," Shane arches into Ilya's hand. Ilya uses his free hand to tug his own waist band down. He strokes himself a few times until he can't take it anymore. He quickly grabs a condom from their bedside and rolls it on.

He crawls back to Shane, blanketing himself over him. Lining himself up, he feels Shane's arms wrap around him. "*Ya tebya lyublyu*," Shane murmurs. His pronunciation isn't the best, but Ilya thinks it perfect.

For some reason, Ilya feels the need to cry. Not bad tears, Ilya doesn't think, but it will still ruin the mood. He kisses Shane, hoping the distraction will stop the tears from falling. It seems to help and he slowly starts pushing into Shane. They both moan into each other. Ilya pauses for a moment, letting himself explore Shane's mouth before starting to rock. "Fuck," Ilya groans, he buries his head in Shane's neck and speeds up. Shane wraps his legs around Ilya's waist, pulling him closer and pushing him deeper.

“So good, Ilya,” Shane moans. Ilya leans back, bracing himself with a hand on Shane’s chest and pounds into him harder. He gazes down at Shane, all sweaty and flushed. How did he get so lucky? This beautiful man is all his.

Shane’s head is tipped back and he’s moaning unapologetically. They no longer need to hide and stay quiet and Ilya relishes in Shane’s freedom. “Come for me, Hollander,” Ilya wraps a hand around Shane’s aching dick. He needs Shane to come quickly, before he does. “I want to watch.”

Shane moans and erupts, painting his chest in cum. Ilya’s hips sputter as he follows. “Fuck,” Shane murmurs, he reaches up and pulls Ilya down for a kiss.

Ilya pulls away, just enough to rest their foreheads together. “*Ty dlya menya vse.*”

You are my everything.

Shane kisses him softly, but he pulls away quickly, too quickly in Ilya’s opinion. “I need to clean up.”

Ilya chuckles and flops down beside him. He expects no less. He ties off the condom and tosses it in the trash as Shane swings his feet off the side of the bed. Shane grabs a few tissues and starts to wipe up the worst of the mess. “I’m gonna head to the rink early.”

“I come with,” Ilya says, staring at Shane’s sexy back muscles.

“No need,” Shane throws the tissue in the trash. Ilya frowns. “You still need to eat and I don’t mind going alone.”

‘*Is not the point,*’ Ilya almost says but doesn’t. He needs a minute to think of English words that don’t sound argumentative.

Shane stands, walking into their en-suite bathroom. Ilya watches Shane turn on the shower and test the water temperature. He quickly pulls his hand away from the presumably cold water and Ilya smiles. ‘*Cute,*’ he thinks. When Shane finally steps in, Ilya follows after him.

Shane is standing under the steaming water, running his hands through his long hair. Ilya closes the glass door behind him and wraps his arms around his husband. Shane pauses, leaning out of the water stream and into Ilya’s chest.

“You do not want to go together?” Ilya asks, peppering kisses along his neck. Shane tilts his head to the side, giving him more access. A growl escapes Ilya’s throat and he bites down, not hard enough to leave a mark, Shane will kill him, but hard enough to pull a raw moan from Shane.

“I don’t know, I just...” he trails off and Ilya licks the spot he bit. “Fuck, Ilya,”

Ilya smirks, looking over Shane's shoulder at his hardening cock. “You are insatiable.”

“Fuck off,” Shane says. “Where’d you even learn that?” He turns to face Ilya. Ilya grins. “Don’t say my Mom,” he adds quickly. Ilya *was* going to say his mom so instead of

answering, he distracts Shane with another kiss. Shane bites his lip and Ilya moans. He loves when Shane gets a little rough. "I really have to wash up," Shane pulls away.

Ilya frowns but pours some body wash on his hand. He runs it over Shane's chest, then his stomach and finally inches closer and closer to Shane's cock. "You have a one track mind," Shane chuckles.

"What?" Ilya shrugs. "You need to clean here too, no?"

Shane starts to chuckle but gets cut off by a moan as Ilya wraps a hand around his aching cock. It doesn't take long for Ilya's own cock to fully harden. "I have to clean too," Ilya murmurs into Shane's ear. Shane gets the memo and wraps his hand around Ilya's aching dick.

Ilya stares at their hands mesmerized. After years of rushing, he loves to take it slow, to savor every hard fought moment. He takes a step forward and wraps both of them in one hand. "Fuck, Ilya," Shane throws his head back. Ilya smirks, a little proud of himself for mastering the art of making Shane cum quickly.

Shane thrusts forward as he comes, his head falls forward, thumping into Ilya's shoulder. A few more tugs and Ilya follows him. "Shit, you're really fucking good at that," Shane murmurs, leaving a trail of kisses on Ilya's shoulder.

"Yes," Ilya smirks, chest swelling with pride. "Now help me clean," he gestures down to his stomach. "Someone keeps getting me dirty."

"Fuck you," Shane grins as he playfully shoves Ilya's shoulder. Ilya catches his hand before Shane can pull it away.

"*Ya tebya Lyublyu, moya shpatel'*," he softly kisses Shane's fingertips.

"Ummm," he furrows his brows. God, he is so adorable. Ilya almost feels bad for using a word he hasn't learned yet. Almost, it's impossible to actually feel bad when Shane's thinking face is so goddamn cute.

"Spatula," Ilya helps him out.

"I was going to get it," he pouts.

Ilya nods, "of course." Shane glares at him. "Here," he holds out the bottle of shampoo. Shane never stays annoyed when busy. "Help me?"

Shane holds out his hand and Ilya squeezes some shampoo onto it. Shane reaches up to scrub it into his hair, Ilya closes his eyes and enjoys the massage. When Shane finally finishes, Ilya opens his eyes and grins. "What are you—" Ilya shakes his head like a wet dog.

"Fuck you," Shane squeals holding his arms over his face. His eyes are lit up and his nose is adorably scrunched. "I fucking hate you."

“No,” Ilya wipes the shampoo off Shane’s cheek, revealing the freckles he loves so much. “You don’t.”

“No,” Shane echos, running a hand over Ilya’s chest hair, pausing on the stupid bear tattoo. “I don’t.” He pauses. “But I’m never washing your hair again.”

Ilya frowns. Looking back, that was not his brightest idea. As an apology, he massages some shampoo into Shane’s hair. Shane leans into his touch and relaxes. When Ilya finishes, Shane opens his eyes and smirks up at him.

“No,” Ilya takes a step back. He hits the cold shower wall as Shane shakes his head. Ilya raises his arms but not quick enough to stop the splatter across his face.

“Payback,” Shane grins and Ilya melts. He steps forward and hugs Shane, rubbing all the shampoo into his face. Shane squirms but Ilya holds on tight for several seconds before letting go.

He steps away and admires his work. Shane wipes his face off with his hand. He moves over to fully rinse off in the water. When he’s finally done, Ilya smacks his ass and takes his spot.

Once all the shampoo is gone, Ilya realizes Shane is no longer there. The glass door is still swinging slightly, Ilya turns off the water and pushes it open again. He grabs his towel, quickly drying off before walking into their closet and finding Shane.

“I’m gonna head out now,” Shane says, now fully dressed in an Ottawa sweatsuit.

Ilya frowns. “You are serious?”

“Yeah,” Shane doesn’t meet his gaze. He quickly kisses Ilya’s cheek on his way out of the room. Ilya clutches the towel at his waist and stares after him.

What the fuck.

“WOOF! WOOF!”

“Shit,” Ilya runs out of their closet, he may have forgotten about Anya.

Practice is good. Better than good, it’s amazing and *fun*. Ilya cannot describe how happy he is to finally play with Shane. They are incredible together. They’re definitely winning a cup this year.

Ilya also has nothing to worry about. Shane was acting perfectly normal all practice. Maybe a little more formal than Ilya likes, but that’s not a surprise. After Shane signed his contract, they talked about boundaries and how to act ‘professional’ during team activities. It’s a bit over kill in Ilya’s opinion, especially since Harris and Troy have been in the honeymoon phase since going public. But if it helps Shane relax, Ilya will go along with it.

When practice finally ends, Ilya waits by the boards, high fiving everyone as they step off the ice. “Good job,” he says to the rookie, just in case nobody ever says it to him. The rookie nods and smiles softly before walking off. Ilya slaps his back as he goes. “Good job,” he says to the next guy. He continues with the next guy and the next until they’re all gone. All except for Shane who is lingering on the ice. He’s skating with a puck, practicing his stick handling.

“Coming?” Ilya asks.

“You go ahead,” Shane shoots the puck at the empty goal. “I’m gonna stay for a bit.”

“You sure?” Shane nods, refusing to look Ilya in the eye. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Shane nods but still refuses to look at him.

Ilya opens his mouth to respond but gets cut off by his coach. “Cap!” Wiebe yells from across the rink. “We need to talk to you! Wash the stink off and come to the office!”

“Be right there,” Ilya turns from Shane.

The next day starts the same. Ilya wakes to a cold bed and trudges downstairs while rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He finds Shane at the front door putting his shoes on. “You are leaving?”

“Yeah,” Anya nudges Shane’s face with her nose, Shane pulls away, blocking her with his arm so he can finish tying his shoes. “I want to get to the rink early.”

Ilya glances at his phone. “Three hours early,” he states more than asks.

“Yeah, well,” Shane finishes tying his shoes. He pats Anya’s head before standing and avoids Ilya’s eyes. “It’s a new team and I just want to get my footing.”

Ilya stares at him. What does that even mean? “You do not have feet now?”

Shane looks at him for the first time and smiles. “No, it's like an expression. It means to get comfortable.”

“Is team not good?”

“No, they’ve been great,” Shane pushes a curl from Ilya’s face. “It’s just nerves. I haven’t been on a new team in forever.” He kisses Ilya on the cheek and opens the door before Ilya can comment.

Anya whines as the door swings shut. “*Da*,” he runs a hand over her soft fur. “I do not like it either.”

After practice, it's the same. Shane lingers on the ice after everyone files out, Ilya decides to hang back too. Shane turns and his eyes widen. "You're not showering?"

"No," Ilya taps his stick on the ice, Shane passes the puck. "I stay with you."

Shane softens. They run through several drills together and Shane shows no sign of stopping. Ilya's known about Shane's obsession with hockey, but this is getting a bit much. Hank, their Zamboni driver, seems to agree. He hangs off the side of the ice, arms crossed and glaring at them.

"I think we should go!" Ilya calls across the ice, pointing at Hank over his shoulder. Shane glances over and nods. When they get to the locker room Ilya immediately strips his gear, excited to get home and enjoy his husband.

"I'm gonna hit the weights." Ilya glances over, Shane is out of his gear but changed into shorts, a t-shirt, and running shoes.

Ilya stands there dumbfounded. "Is our easy day. We are not scheduled till tomorrow."

Shane shrugs, refusing to meet his eyes again. "I'm gonna fit a quick one in," he turns. "I'll see you at home," he calls over his shoulder. Ilya slumps against the locker.

Okay, that's it. Something is going on.

"Oop—" a deep voice startles him. Ilya glances at the door Shane left through. A young man stands there, wide eyed and staring at him. He's tall and slender, with blond hair and tan skin. He's standing next to a cart of cleaning supplies. Ilya doesn't recognize him, he must be new. "Sorry, I can come back later," his cheeks turn red, eyes roaming Ilya's almost naked body.

"Is my fault," Ilya grabs his towel, wrapping it around his waist for extra modesty. He's not stupid, it's obvious the blonde janitor is checking him out. Once upon a time, he would've been flattered, would've puffed out his chest and let it feed his ego a bit. He feels nothing now. "I stayed late."

A very stupid thought pops into Ilya's head. He shoves it away. The janitor leaves the locker room and Ilya heads for the showers.

A week passes with the same pattern. Shane leaves early without Ilya and stays late until Ilya leaves. It's weird and Ilya doesn't know what to think. His therapist says he needs to communicate, but it's difficult to get answers. Shane runs away or something interrupts or distracts them. Ilya will admit sometimes *he's* distracting them. But in his defense, Shane is *very* hot.

Since meeting the new janitor, one explanation has been circulating Ilya's brain. It's stupid and so absurd it cannot possibly be true. There is no way Shane is cheating, he is *way* too boring.

What do you call a secret relationship with your rival for ten years?

‘Not helpful,’ he tells the voice in the back of his head.

“Can you pause it?” Shane asks. They’re cuddling on the couch, watching Rose’s new tv series. It’s something about a soccer team, Ilya thinks they’re camping or something, he’s not too sure. It’s hard to pay attention when Shane’s phone lights up every two seconds.

Ilya reaches towards the phone, eyeing the black screen as he grabs the remote next to it. “Thanks,” Shane kisses his cheek. He stands and heads in the direction of the bathroom, leaving his phone.

Ilya eyes it, the screen lights up again. That’s like the millionth time tonight. No way Hayden can text this much, not with the hoard of kids he has. Yuna and David are on vacation. Rose is at a movie premiere. Ilya is obviously right here so who else would text him.

Ilya stares at it. It’s not technically snooping if he glances at the name. After all, Shane is the one that left it in the open.

Because he trusts you.

Fuck. Ilya squeezes his eyes shut. He’s going to trust Shane too.

“Thanks for waiting,” Shane says. Ilya’s eyes pop open. He stares at his husband, lifting his arm up to let Shane get comfortable again. Guilt washes over him as Shane nuzzles into his chest. Ilya shoves it down and presses play. The soccer coach comes back on the screen looking disheveled. He must be very bad at camping.

“I am thinking tomorrow,” Ilya starts, mindlessly tracing a pattern onto Shane’s arm with his fingers. “We should drive together.”

“I was gonna go early.”

“You don’t have to.” Shane doesn’t say anything. “Is it because of guys? Are you worried about being...” Ilya tried to remember the English word Shane used. “Professional?”

Shane sits up. “Sort of,” he rubs his arm nervously.

“Is ok,” Ilya rubs a hand on his back. “They do not care. Harris and Troy are together.”

“I know. It’s just... it’s different.”

“Why?”

“It’s embarrassing.”

“I am embarrassing?”

“What no. It’s...” Shane takes a deep breath. “It’s different because Harris isn’t technically on the team. He *works* for the team, but he’s not *on* the team, you know.” Ilya doesn’t know, but he notices Shane’s hands clenching into fists. “I guess I need a little more time,” Shane sinks further into himself. Ilya’s heart breaks a little. “I’m sorry.”

“Is okay,” Ilya forces a smile. “I wait until you have feet again.”

Shane gazes into his eyes, a soft smile stretching his face. He gently cradles Ilya’s cheek. Ilya leans into his touch, covering Shane’s hand with his own. “*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

The next day, Ilya ignores the ache in his chest. He leaves Shane on the ice and follows the rest of the team into the locker room. All around him, the guys are laughing and joking. If he was a better captain, he would join them, he’s not.

“You good,” Wyatt nudges him as they sit on the bench. Ilya nods and unlaces his skates. “I never knew how intense Shane was,” Wyatt starts to ramble, “I mean I sorta knew from the camps and interviews and stuff, but that guy *lives* and *breathes* hockey.”

“*Da,*” Ilya pulls his skates off. He doesn’t know what else to say so he lets Wyatt talk with himself.

“It’s great and all, but I can’t imagine it. Like I love hockey, but I can’t wait to get out of here and do other things. I need to live my life, see the sights, bike, read some new comics, see my wife...”

Ilya stops paying attention. That last one hits right where it hurts. He throws the last of his gear in his locker and waits. All the guys finish in the showers and Ilya’s still sitting there. He scrolls mindlessly on his phone, not really paying attention to anything but needing something to keep his hands busy.

The last guy leaves and Ilya mutters a halfhearted goodbye. Finally alone, he relaxes and sets his phone down. He leans back on the locker and closes his eyes. He should go. The janitor will be here soon and *Shane does not want him*.

Fuck. He blinks rapidly, praying the tears won’t spill. It’s supposed to be easier now. They’re finally out. He’s in therapy. The new medication is working, or he thought it was. He gently thumps his head against the locker. What the fuck is wrong with him?

‘*In and out,*’ he breathes deeply. Counting to ten as Galina taught him. It takes time and he restarts several times, but eventually his thoughts calm down and his eyes dry up, leaving nothing behind.

“Shit!” Ilya’s head whips to the door. Shane’s standing there, holding a hand over his heart. “You scared me.” Ilya hums. That much was obvious. “I didn’t know you were still in here.”

Ilya frowns, Shane’s glancing around as if looking for someone. Perhaps a hot man waiting around the corner. ‘*No, stop it,*’ he internally scolds himself. “Guys are gone,” he says. “I thought we leave together. Maybe get food.”

“*Uhhhh,*” Shane shifts nervously. “Yeah sure,” he glances around again. “Are you sure everyone left?”

“You are waiting for someone?” It comes out before he can stop it, he doesn’t regret it.

Shane meets his eyes and his brows furrow adorably. “No, I thought I’d be alone.”

“Really?” Ilya walks over to Shane, backing him against the wall. With Shane in skates, they’re about the same height. Under any other circumstances, Ilya would find it incredibly sexy. “You are not waiting for someone?” He repeats.

“Who would I be waiting for?”

“I do not know,” he throws his hands up. “Some hot janitor?”

“Oh,” Shane melts. “Oh, Ilya,” he lifts a hand and cups Ilya’s face, this time Ilya is the one that looks away. He’s sure his face is showing everything he’s feeling. All the hurt and jealousy that’s festered under the surface for a week. Shane presses his lips to his. It’s soft and reassuring and Ilya wants to fucking cry again. “*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” Shane murmurs, resting their foreheads together. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know you thought that.”

“Why then? Tell me, what is wrong? Even alone, you do not want to be with me. “

“I do,” Shane says quickly. He closes his eyes, looking up and resting his head on the wall. He takes a deep breath before speaking, “Do you remember the first time we shared a locker room?” Ilya nods. Shane doesn’t continue but he looks back at Ilya and—*oh*. Ilya’s chest instantly feels a thousand times lighter.

He drops his head onto Shane’s shoulder. A relieved laugh bubbles out of him. Of course Shane is too boring to cheat. Ilya feels a little stupid now. He leans back, looking Shane in the eyes. He tries to compose himself but can’t keep the smirk off his face. “You are hard right now?” His eyes drop down to his crotch, his hand moving to follow.

“Don’t you dare.” Shane grits out. “Anybody could come in. This is our place of work.”

“Was then too,” Ilya says but pulls away. He steps away towards his locker and pulls off his underwear. He bends down to grab his toiletries, making sure to stick his ass out. He looks over his shoulder, Shane’s still standing there in full gear. His face is red from more than just practice and he’s staring at Ilya like a hungry animal. “You coming?”

“I’ll wait here,” he murmurs. Ilya chuckles before sauntering off. If he shakes his hips a little more than needed, that’s no one’s business but his husband's.

“I knew you did it on purpose,” Shane calls after him.

Ilya’s laugh echoes through the locker room.

The next morning, Ilya catches Shane leaving early. “Goodbye, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya waves from the top of the stairs, a shit eating grin stretching his cheeks. “Try not to think of me in locker room.”

Shane’s face turns bright red before he slams the door behind him.

“WOOF!” Anya barks in protest. Ilya pats her head.

“Come, *moya mushka*,” he walks into the kitchen rubbing his belly. “Let’s make breakfast.”

Chapter 2: Shower Solutions

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya try to find a solution to their issue

Chapter Notes

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

Shane won't be able to avoid the locker room forever. They have a week before things get a little more complicated. It will be their first preseason game and they won't be allowed in the arena early or allowed to leave late. Ilya has been thinking of various solutions. They can shower consecutively, one of them can hold back and sign things for fans or entertain the media while the other one showers, or, Ilya's favorite option, "I think you need exposure therapy."

"What?" Shane stares at him, pausing at wiping down the kitchen counter. They're finishing up the dishes after a delicious meal together.

"For shower," Ilya sets his dirty plate on the ground for Anya, she happily laps it up as Ilya pats her head. At his last session, Galina taught him about exposure therapy and he immediately knew how to practice. "Cannot always do it separately."

Shane's eyes narrow. "You just want an excuse to shower together."

"Maybe," he shrugs, but the grin stretching his face gives him away. He picks Anya's clean plate off the ground and sets it in the dishwasher. "But is good idea, no?"

Shane bites his lip, Ilya can see him weighing the pros and cons in his head. "Okay," he nods.

"Good," Ilya backs him against the counter. "I'll see you upstairs," he whispers into Shane's ear. Taking a step back, Shane tries to follow. "So eager," he teases, backing out of the room.

"Fuck off," Shane grumbles but follows after him. Ilya chuckles and heads to their bathroom. He heats up the water as he strips, throwing his clothes in the laundry hamper for Shane's peace of mind.

He steps into the shower letting the water warm him up for several seconds, relaxing his sore muscles. He hears the door close behind him and turns to look.

"Hey," Shane says, awkwardly standing at the edge of their shower.

‘Cute,’ Ilya smiles. He steps out of the stream and lets Shane take his spot. His arms flex as he runs his hands through his hair. Ilya watches the water fall down Shane’s hard muscles, dripping all the way down to his ass.

Ilya feels his cock twitch. Maybe Shane was right. Sexy husband naked in a public place is a *very* bad idea. It’s a good thing they’re not in public right now. Ilya takes his cock in hand and gives himself a few good strokes.

Shane steps out of the water and opens his eyes. “Jesus,” his pupils immediately enlarge, along with his cock, now half hard.

Ilya grins, wagging his brows. “You are not very good at this.”

“Fuck off,” Shane mutters halfheartedly, transfixed on Ilya’s hand. “What’s the point of this if you’re doing that,” he glances up, meeting Ilya’s gaze.

Ilya shrugs. “You have problem because I am too sexy.” Ilya can see the annoyance in Shane’s eyes. He can tell Shane wants to refute it, but his eyes glance down and his train of thought disappears. Ilya grins. “If you do not get fully hard, you win.”

Shane meets his eyes, “and if I win?”

“I will fuck you.” Shane swallows and closes his eyes. He’s very obviously trying not to get hard. “What are you thinking of? Puppies?”

“No, fuck you,” he opens his eyes and meets Ilya’s gaze in challenge. “And if you win.”

Ilya grins. He has a few ideas but doesn’t want to spoil it. “You’ll have to find out.”

“Fine, you’re on.”

Ilya wakes to a dark room. He rolls over, reaching an arm out for his husband. He wraps it around Shane’s warmth, it feels... odd. He lifts his head up, squinting into the darkness. Shane is sitting up, resting against their headboard and staring off into space. Ilya is wrapped around his thick thighs, not his torso.

“Is late,” his head flops down. “Go to sleep,” he rubs his hand over Shane’s thigh, hoping to soothe whatever anxiety is keeping him up.

“I’m thinking.”

“You are always thinking,” Ilya murmurs.

Shane ignores him. “You were right.”

“*Da*, I know.” Ilya can feel the eye roll.

“We’re on the same team now. We’re going to share a locker room a lot.”

“I think you are thinking too much. You were fine at All Star.”

Shane scoots down and Ilya holds his arm above him. Shane settles in, laying on his back. Ilya gently lowers his arm, snuggling in closer. “Nobody knew then.” Ilya feels Shane start to trace patterns on his arm, it tickles slightly, but it's mostly nice. “I think the fear of being caught stopped my body from...you know.”

“Getting hard,” Ilya finishes for him.

“Yeah.”

“That is not true.”

“How do you know?”

“You are exhibitionist,” Ilya grins, remembering all the times Shane got harder when people almost discovered them.

Shane scoffs. “I’m being serious.”

Ilya hums. “You need more practice to get feet. But do not worry,” his grin widens. “I am nice, helpful guy.”

“Gee thanks.” Ilya feels Shane turning away from him.

He nuzzles into Shane’s shoulder, pressing soft kisses to it. “I am serious. We start slow. Maybe try after all the guys leave. If you do well,” his hand inches towards Shane’s cock. “I give you reward,” he murmurs in Shane’s ear. “Maybe we fuck before,” Ilya pushes his hips into Shane’s ass.

“Ilya,” Shane moans.

“No,” his hand rubs Shane’s hardening cock through his pajama bottoms. “Would not work. You are insatiable.”

Shane moans, pushing into Ilya’s hand. “Fuck, Ilya.”

“I think you mean, *fuck me, Ilya.*”

“I mean fuck you.” Ilya reaches under his pants and Shane moans. After a few strokes, Ilya wins for the second time that night. “Fine! Fuck you,” he grumbles, closing his eyes and preparing to beg. “Fuck me,” Shane whimpers. “Please.”

“Gladly,” Ilya grins.

Ilya is sick and it’s fucking annoying. His throat hurts, he can’t breath through his nose, he’s exhausted, and worst of all, Shane is on a stupid fucking road trip. At least he got to watch his husband kick ass. They won their game as Ilya cheered from the couch, bundled in a

blanket and eating Yuna's chicken noodle soup. Apparently chicken parm is not good for you when you're sick, Ilya disagrees but whatever.

He's still in a blanket cocoon, but now he's huddled in bed, bored out of his mind and scrolling on his phone. Thankfully he gets a message from Shane.

MOYA LYUBOV

11:29

Are you awake

Yes

Incoming FaceTime

MOYA LYUBOV

Ilya double checks Anya is not visible on the screen. Shane will probably find out later when he discovers dog hair on his pillow, but that's future Ilya's problem. He answers the call, smiling as Shane's face pops up. He's wearing his glasses and Ilya's heart fills with joy. "Hey —" he's cut off with a sneeze.

"You're still not feeling well?" Shane's brows scrunch in concern. Cute.

"That obvious?" Ilya sniffs, wiping his nose with a Kleenex.

"Yeah, I should let you get some rest."

"No," Ilya says quickly before Shane can hang up. "You call for reason?"

"Nothing important."

"Shane Hollander," Ilya grins. If Shane doesn't want to talk, there's only one other reason for the call. "You are calling for phone sex?" Shane's face turns red, confirming Ilya's guess. "So horny," he teases, already untying the drawstring on his pajamas.

"Shut up," Shane grumbles, looking away. "It's your fault with that stupid game."

Ilya's hand stills. "What?"

Shane looks away, face turning ten times redder. "Nothing." Ilya pouts and waits for Shane to break, it doesn't take long. Shane takes a deep breath before mumbling, "I think my body is used to rewards after playing."

Ilya's cheeks hurt as his grin grows impossibly wide. Ilya was a genius. Since turning the locker room into a game of discipline, Shane's made a lot of progress. They first tried after everyone left practice. Shane, very determined not to lose again, stared at the wall the entire time, refusing to glance in Ilya's direction. Ilya found it cute and rewarded him with a blowjob on the couch.

After several more successes, they finally ended practice and changed with the rest of the team. They got lunch before going home and Ilya spent hours eating Shane's ass before fucking him. It wasn't the best day ever, that's reserved by their wedding, but it was definitely top five.

"You are like dog," he teases.

It's Shane's turn to be confused. "What?"

"Pavlov's dog."

"Fuck you," Shane pouts. "I'm hanging up now."

"Okay," Ilya waves. "I give you reward la—" he sneezes. Shane's cute concerned face comes back. "I'm fine," he waves Shane off.

"Get some rest, *la tebya lyubluyu*," Shane kisses the tips of his fingers and presses it to the screen.

"Good night, *moya lyubov*," Ilya kisses the tips of his own fingers and presses them to the screen.

CALL ENDED

Ilya tosses his phone onto the night stand. He smiles at the ceiling. Several games without a reward warrants a bigger better reward than anything they've done. He pulls his phone off the night stand, pulling up amazon. Maybe Shane would like to try nipple clamps, or a cock ring, or both.

The road trip cannot end soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

I forgot about all star until I was basically done so I did my best to clear up that plothole but it was a lazy attempt lol sorry

Anyways I hope this was enjoyable I can't figure out if it was in character or if I took some liberties there

End Notes

I have a lot of respect for smut authors. That shit is not easy to write and lowkey boring lol. I hope what I wrote was alright and in character haha I did my best guys

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!