

Routine

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Routine

by [Sweettree](#)

Summary

The Centaurs stay in a hotel that's been overbooked. That means they have two less rooms than what was planned. The Hockey husbands have to room with Bood. Now Bood is a witness to their nighttime routine. And how...soft Ilya is with his husband. It makes him miss his wife.

Notes

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

They were supposed to get their rooms. Shane and Ilya were married it made perfect sense. They had not shared before that instance and didn't want this to become routine. Coach Wiebe assured them that this was a one-off fluke. A scheduling failure on the hotel's behalf.

Bood could honestly care less, it's not like they were going to have sex with him in the room and they weren't sharing a bed. He could handle it. Maybe not Ilya being an asshole to him and Shane for shits and giggles, but everything else definitely. He wasn't homophobic in the slightest and loved Shane, Ilya too..but Shane now he was a cool ass dude. 3 Stanley cups but acted like Bood's jerk chicken was the biggest accomplishment ever. He was so open and honest, was never snark with you. He put himself out on the table and said 'This is me' like it or leave it. Bood respected that. Ilya was cool too.

He could look at you and somehow know you had a bad day. He would never leave it too. He would fix it. Mad because you forgot to pack a post practice snack, Ilya would treat you to lunch. Accidently broke curfew on a trip? Ilya was 'asleep' and never saw you leave. Wound up from not seeing your hot ass wife for a week, Ilya would leave the room so you could have phone sex. Sure he would chirp you after but it's the thought that counts. He was blunt, if you needed his advice he would not bullshit you or baby you. He would speak soft and calm, but his words would still be honest and direct. His incredible romantic advice probably saved quite a few marriages.

Safe to say Bood was a little happy he got to be the one who roomed with them. It would be a nice relaxing week.

They had settled into their room.

Bood was flipping through the TV channels trying to find Disney. It always helped him fall asleep on the road.

"Ilya, can you get the soaps out while I get the clothes." Ilya looked up from his phone at his husband. "Okay."

Bood took his gaze from the TV to see the 6'1 Russian holding bottles of toiletries in his huge hands. Jesus they had to be the cleanest guys on earth. All bood packed was a bar of dove soap.

"Jesus, you guys bought the whole soap isle." Ilya flushed a bit.

"One bottle is mine, rest for Shane." Ilya turned to head into the bathroom.

Now Bood could see Shane taking out neatly folded Pajamas and setting them on the bed. It was very methodical. It made Bood a bit dreary.

Shane caught his gaze "Your staring." He went back to zipping up the suitcase. "Look I know its weird but-"

"Shane don't be crazy bro. I just thought it was satisfying to watch. like those ASMR videos Harris sends in the group chat."

Shane let out a small laugh. "I knew you guys watched them! You have to stop lying about it to Harris."

"Well then he will stop, reverse psychology." Bood tapped his temple

"Oh please, spell psychology." Shane smirked.

Bood flipped him off and turned his attention back to the TV.

Ilya emerged from the bathroom and slinked up behind Shane. "Water is ready..."

"Ilya.." Shane turned to where Bood was laying.

"Yeah Ilya." Bood mocked "No shower sex you two. In and out."

Shane rolled his eyes and dragged his husband by the thumb into the bathroom. Ilya made it a point to fan himself and roll his eyes back as Shane dragged him.

20 minutes passed and everything was normal. Bood was waiting for his routine room service pizza to arrive, a tradition at this point, and sat watching re-runs of That's So Raven.

Ilya suddenly emerged from the bathroom with a towel around his waist, pulling his disposable shower-cap off and tossing it into the bin frustrated. He slipped into his pj's which was a pair of pajama pants with teddy bears, no shirt and plopped down on his bed.

"What did you do?"

Ilya sat up and turned to him. "I did nothing!"

"Now we both know that aint true Rozy Posy. Cmon gossip with me about your hubby." Bood turned so they were both facing each other.

"Fine! I was trying to....you know. Then, Shane kicked me out of the shower!" He crossed his arms like a child.

Shane came out from the bathroom glistening, towel around his waist. "I didn't 'kick him out', I told him is he couldn't keep his hands to himself then he should step out. Not my fault he can't resist me." Shane shrugged.

"You are my husband, am allowed to touch." Ilya argued.

"You are such a baby." Shane went back into the bathroom and came back with a bottle of lotion. He tossed the bottle into Ilya's lap and sat down on the edge of the bed.

Ilya picked up the bottle then looked over at Bood and blushed.

Shane must have noticed Ilya's pause and looked over his shoulder "You ok?" as if that would be the only reason his husband wouldn't be doing whatever it is he is supposed to do was if he was physically incapable.

Ilya scooted up behind Shane and placed a few dollops on his back before rubbing it in.

Shane was watching the TV intently "Bood why did she tell him she didn't want to ask him out, she was just talking about wanting to date him." Shane sounded genuinely confused.

"Well she thinks if she tells him she doesn't want him, it will make him like her more." Bood explained

Shane sometimes didn't get social stuff right away. It takes him a beat longer to get the joke then others but he hides it well. Looking around to see who is laughing. Ilya told him Shane feels stupid about it so Bood got good at explaining things in a way that didn't make him feel less then. He felt honored the first time he told a joke and instead of fake laughing Shane simply asked him to explain it. Shane never put his front up for Bood again.

"That makes no sense." Shane furrowed his brow.

Bood shrugged "Love is weird like that"

"Da, is very weird." Ilya said pressing a kiss into his husbands back. "You have one new dry patch, is small though."

Shane groans. "Fuck eczema."

Ilya pressed another kiss onto Shane's neck "I know....sorry кролик."

Shane stood up and Ilya leaned forward to keep the contact as long as possible. He ended up clinging to Shane's waist and being pulled forward onto his stomach.

Shane took off his towel and folded it neatly on the bed, Bood swears he herd Ilya groan. He then slipped into his pj's which consisted of an old way to big sweatshirt and blue fuzzy pants with stripes.

"Bood do you wanna shower before we start skincare or after?" Shane asks

"Pardon?" Bood sits up and looks at a blushing Ilya.

"Skincare? You know like serums and face wash an-"

"He gets it." Ilya interrupted. Shane snapped his head towards his husband and gave a look that struck fear into his heart. "Did not mean to stop you." Ilya immediately back tracked

"You guys go ahead" Bood sat back. The chirps where loading.

Shand reached into one of their bags and pulled out matching headbands. He slipped his on and walked over to Ilya.

"I dont need it..." Ilya put his hand out.

Shane gave a confused look. "You love these things, the only reason a bought them was because you couldn't stop complaining that your hair would get in your face."

Ilya looked up into Shane's face. Met his eyes. Took a deep sigh and lifted his head up to let Shane slide on the head band.

Shane dragged him up from the bed by the arm and into the bathroom. Ilya gave Bood an evil threatening glare but Bood just smirked.

The love birds where still in the bathroom when the pizza finally came. Bood ripped off his hoodie and walked over to the door.

As he passed the bathroom he saw Ilya Rozanov, grinning from ear to ear, purple tape over his teeth, with washing foam all over his face. Rubbing his husbands under eyes with a red LED light tool as Shane went on about the hockey stats of the team they were about to play.

It was so sweet it was sickening. It reminded Bood of when he and Cassie would wash her hair. He would lather it up and carefully pour water over it, making sure none of it ended up in her eyes. He remembers watching soap run down her back...and over her ass..Shit right the pizza.

Bood happily took it and thanked the clerk.

He sat down in his bed and helped himself to a slice as the hockey husbands walked out, Shane first.

Shane looked over at Bood and his face visibly sunk.

"Bood, isn't it a little late for-" He waved his hands over Bood's area.

"I'm going to clean up, I swear" Bood took another monster bite of the pizza. It was perfectly cheesy and warm. "Posy want a piece?"

Ilya had been standing behind his husband eyeing the pizza hungrily. He looked over to Shane before answering. "No, to late in the night."

"No, no if you want one go ahead." Shane crawled into bed "But you are not bringing...that, into this bed."

"No pizza for me, not hungry. Hate pizza." Ilya crawled until he was next too his husband."You love pizza shut up." Shane rolled his eyes

Bood shrugged and finished his slice. He put the pizza box in the fridge and headed to shower.

He was met with about a dozen bottles lined up on the double sink. A dozen more on the shower floor. "Jesus Hollander!"

"I have a skin condition, what do you want from me!?" Shane yelled back.

"I cant even read some of these!"

"Don't touch them, you will ruin the order" Shane called back sounding a bit distressed

"Ok ok!" Bood moved into the shower.

Who knew the rough and tough couple was so high maintenance.

Bood came out to find Shane on the bed in his reading glasses chewing on his hoodie string, book resting on his bent knees, playing with his husband's curls.

Ilya was curled into Shane, eyes periodically switching from watching TV to staring at his husband.

"Get a room" Bood said as he walked past wrapped in his towel.

"This is our room Bood." Ilya teased

Bood slipped into his t -shirt and shorts then into bed.

Shane took off his glasses and placed them on the nightstand along with his book. "M' ready for sleep."

Ilya got up and went to the thermostat "68." He said softly.

He then went to their bag and pulled out a bottle of melatonin gummies and a protein drink. Then something else.

A black and red bonnet.

He passed Shane what he needed and slipped the bonnet over his head. Shane turned to Bood "I always get bad anxiety on the first night in new places, its weird.." Shane looked up to see Ilya glaring at a snickering Bood.

"Bood you say a word about this I WILL get Cassie to divorce you." Ilya glared as Bood tried to cover his smile.

Shane smiled at his husband and Ilya's anger dissolved as he met his gaze. "It's cute and practical Ilya, no one cares."

Ilya placed a soft kiss on Shane's forehead and took the bottle of gummies from his hands. Opening it and placing one in his hand. Then moving to open the protein drink for him as well.

"Whole thing, to make up for dinner, I do not blame you. Pasta was too much but you tried. Will tell Leena tomorrow." He said softly

Shane nodded and took the gummy. He paused for a moment, then closed his eyes and downed the entire drink while Ilya rubbed circles on his back and whispered something in Russian.

"Thank you for everything..." Shane said

Bood never noticed just how devoted Ilya was.

He was always doing what Shane wanted before he even wanted it. If Shane set his empty cup down at a party Ilya would get up and come back with another cup. If Ilya got up to go throw away his trash he would hold his hand out to Shane so he could take his trash too. If they went out to eat Ilya would always order something to take home to Shane. If people were talking and Shane could not keep up, Ilya would lean in and fill him in. When Shane complimented Troy's Gymshark set he came to practice a week later wearing the same one in navy because Ilya had bought it for him in every color.

Now he was tucked up with his husband, bonnet on. Skin baby soft. Hugging Shane tightly like he was gonna run away. Right where he wanted to be.

Bood put his headphones on, pulled out his phone and Called Cassie.

End Notes

This came to me in a vision. Hope you like. Also Ilya wears a bonnet, no debate. That is a fact. He slips it on right before he goes to sleep and not a second earlier, Shane likes to play with his curls while he dozes off. He keeps it on his nightstand. Has one with His number on it. The whole thing. That will also be a fic so don't worry
Curly hair routine fic loading...

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