

practice makes miserable

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practice makes miserable

by [UglyGreenJacket](#)

Summary

“What are you wearing?” Ilya asks, his voice sounding strangled.

Shane looks down, confused. “What’s wrong with what I’m wearing? I always—”

“Why are you wearing your glasses?” Ilya interrupts, and Shane notices the tension in his entire body when he speaks.

“I ran out of contacts,” Shane says.

“So you are wearing glasses to practice?”

“Yeah, it’s just one practice,” he says defensively, even though he’s done nothing wrong. “I’ll grab a pair of contacts from the eye doctor this afternoon.”

“Right,” Ilya says, his eyes laser-focused on Shane’s face as his lips set in a tight line.

“Is that a problem?” Shane quips, and it comes off kind of bitchy, but he’s so confused as to why Ilya would have any issue with him wearing his glasses to one practice. He normally loves Shane in glasses.

Ilya seems to shake himself out of whatever weird-ass mood he’d fall into. He smiles, but it looks strained. “Of course not. Let’s go.”

Or, Shane has to wear his glasses to practice and Ilya absolutely cannot deal with it.

Notes

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

“Fuck,” Shane mutters as he finds his box of contacts empty. He’d meant to order more, but with the season being so crazy, and still adjusting to life in Ottawa, it had just slipped his mind.

His vision has worsened over the last couple of years, so he’s taken to wearing contacts most of the time instead of having to worry about carrying his glasses with him. It’s made life a lot easier, and he can always see now.

Oh, well, he thinks. One practice with his glasses won’t kill him, and he’ll just run by the optometrist’s office afterwards to get another pair that’ll last until he can get more. Simple solution for a simple problem, even if he really dislikes wearing his glasses out of the house.

He runs down the stairs to find Ilya waiting for him by the door to the garage. His bright smile falls instantly when he sees Shane, something concentrated and concerned taking over.

“What?” Shane asks, worried his hair looks stupid or there’s something caught in his teeth he missed.

“What are you wearing?” Ilya asks, his voice sounding strangled.

Shane looks down. Branded Centaurs sweats cover his legs, and a Reebok t-shirt adorns his torso. It’s his standard ‘I can’t be bothered by my appearance because I’m going to go work out for three hours’ outfit. He can’t fathom why Ilya would look at him like he’s grown a second head because of it.

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They don’t talk much on the way to practice, but that’s not unusual in and of itself. They’re tired, they’ve been travelling for more than a week, and are coming off a couple of tough

losses, so it's easy to figure out why Ilya might be a little more on edge than normal.

They're reviewing film first today, and they run into Wyatt Hayes on the way in.

"Oh, *hey*, Hollander, I like your glasses," he says, and Shane blushes a bit at the compliment. He doesn't like wearing them in public. He feels like they draw attention to his face, and the less attention to his face, the better, but he can tell Hayes is being genuine, so he resists the urge to take them off and be blind for the next couple of hours. "The whole nerdy thing looks good on you."

"Thanks, Hayes," Shane says, and Ilya moves around them, knocking into Shane's shoulder with an annoyed huff.

"Come on, you two," he says, walking past them without a look back. "You can flirt later, we have film to watch."

Shane shares a look with Wyatt, who seems just as confused as he is. Since when did Ilya equate a simple compliment with flirting? Because Shane has watched Ilya shamelessly, *actually* flirt with countless people, just since they've been married, so by that logic Shane has every right to be pretty much constantly pissed at Ilya.

"What's got his panties in a wad?" Hayes says as they follow behind Ilya at a distance.

"Honestly, no idea," Shane says. "He's been in a mood since we left the house."

Which, now that he thinks about it, is so strange, because Ilya had been fine until he'd seen Shane walk down the stairs. They'd had sex when they woke up. Eaten together. Showered together. Brushed their fucking teeth together. They'd only separated long enough for Shane to try and find his contacts.

He seriously can't figure out why Ilya's suddenly so worked up, and taking it out on the people around him. He's usually so good with people, it's almost jarring to see him acting the opposite way.

When they enter the film room, Shane looks around for Ilya. They always sit together, and Shane loves the subtle touches Ilya always gives him when he's trying to concentrate. He thinks maybe it will do Ilya some good for Shane to return the favor today. Ilya's always loved when Shane touches him.

But he's not going to get that chance, because when he sees his husband, he's already seated in a row up at the front with Troy Barrett and Luca Haas.

There's no space for Shane.

Whatever he thinks to himself. Maybe Ilya wants to be next to them today to give them feedback on the last game. Both men had made some pretty stupid mistakes, so it only makes sense for the team captain to give pointers where he could.

It makes total sense. It really does. Until they get padded up and onto the ice for actual practice, and things get so much worse.

He comes to stand on the line with Troy, giving him a small smile since they haven't spoken yet that day. Shane likes Troy a lot; he's a good guy, and the couple of times he and Ilya have gone on double dates with Troy and Harris, Shane's had a genuinely good time.

But Troy doesn't return Shane's smile. Instead, he stares at Shane wide-eyed, and Shane swears he can see a blush creeping onto Troy's cheeks.

"You're wearing glasses," he says, and Shane has to fight the urge to rip the stupid things off his face. This is why he never wears them, and he vows in that moment to never run out of contacts again.

"Uh, yeah, I ran out of contacts," Shane says with a shrug, still watching Troy and trying to figure out if he's having some kind of medical event, because he hasn't moved and is definitely blushing now.

"Oh," Troy says simply as he blinks a few times. "They look—"

But Shane never gets to hear the rest because Ilya skates by and obnoxiously taps his stick on the ice in a clear bid for their attention.

"You know, if you focus, maybe we win more games," he says, looking between the two of them.

"Fuck off, Rozanov," Shane bites back, because there's no way Ilya is coming at him with that bullshit when four of the six goals they'd scored in the last two games belong to Shane.

"Just calling it like I see it, Hollander," Ilya says, his eyes hard and once again focused solely on Shane's face before he skates away to say something to their coach.

Shane bites on his tongue until just before he thinks he'll draw blood as he gets in place for the drill they're about to run.

Ilya's delusional if he thinks Shane's not going to have a serious talk with him when practice is over. He knows better than to start something now. Ilya's captain, and that position comes with a certain amount of respect that Shane is perfectly capable of giving. But on the flip side, being captain also means you have to give a lot of that respect back, especially when it's been earned time and time again.

Because honestly, who the fuck does he think is talking to Shane like that?

Shane does his best to ignore his *captain* as they run drills, but every time he looks up, Ilya's staring back at him darkly, and Shane grows more and more frustrated.

Until Ilya misses a wide-open shot, his exasperated, "*Fuck!*" echoes throughout the empty arena, and while Shane normally doesn't bask in Ilya's failures, today feels like it can be a special exception.

A few minutes later, Shane's been rotated out while Ilya works on a passing drill with the younger members on the team.

He sees Harris in the stands with his phone, getting what Shane assumes is some practice footage for the team's social media accounts. Too bad whatever he's getting is probably going to be unusable, considering the weird as fuck vibes happening today.

Harris waves at him enthusiastically, and his infectious energy has Shane smiling and waving back despite his own foul mood.

"I love your glasses, Shane!" he shouts across the space, and Shane just manages to give a thumbs up before a crash happens out on the ice.

He looks over in alarm to see Ilya lying flat on the ground, completely tangled up in the goal.

Shane blinks, trying to process what he's seeing, but before he can rush to Ilya's side, he's hauled to his feet by Hayes and Bood and shaking off their help as he skates off, clearly embarrassed.

"Sorry, Ilya!" Harris says. "I shouldn't have shouted while you were playing."

Shane watches as Ilya takes in a few deep breaths, his face frustrated and Shane worries for a moment that he's about to lose what little shred of patience he has left.

He doesn't, thankfully, instead managing to send a somewhat manic looking smile in Harris' direction. "Is okay," he says.

It doesn't last long, though, because when Luca comes to check on him, placing a kind hand on Ilya's shoulder, Ilya bats him away in a move that will probably leave poor Luca devastated for weeks.

Coach blessedly ends practice not long after that, and they all hit the showers.

Shane rushes through his own, so ready just get home, but Ilya obviously has other plans, because teammate after teammate of theirs leaves with no sign of their captain emerging.

He tries to practice some deep breathing to help calm himself, trying to rationalize that Ilya might be going through something he just hasn't had the opportunity to voice yet. *Everyone has bad days*, he tells himself.

But that all goes out the door when it takes Ilya nearly forty-five minutes to finish showering, sauntering back into the locker room like he's in no rush. Like he hasn't kept his husband waiting for so long that the entirety of their team has come and gone.

Ilya towels off his hair, another towel slung low across his hips as he walks to his stall. He doesn't acknowledge Shane's presence and the last shred of Shane's understanding unravels.

"Do you mind telling me what the fuck happened out there? Because you were a total bitch to everyone today, and you haven't been this much of an asshole to *me* since we first met. Not to mention you're treating me like some rookie who's just come up from the minor league and I'd really like to know what the fuck I did to deserve that."

He's breathing so hard by the time he's finished, his shoulders rise and fall dramatically. He hasn't been this angry in a long time, and it's been even longer since that anger's been directed towards Ilya.

Ilya finally turns toward him, his face set in the same dark look he's had since they first walked into the arena. He stalks toward Shane, closing the few meters of space between them until he looms over Shane with the few centimeters of height he has on him.

He tilts his head, hazel eyes piercing as he says, "You want to know what you did?"

Shane stares boldly back, not willing to back down from whatever this is. He's impressed his voice sounds even when he responds, "Yes, I do."

Ilya reaches up and takes hold of his face, squeezing Shane's cheeks until they cave in under the pressure. "What you *did* is wear those glasses where every man on this fucking team got to see you."

Shane's first reaction is another flash of anger. Is Ilya really treating him, and everyone else on the team for that matter, like a hard ass because Shane's wearing his *glasses* for one stupid, inconsequential practice?

But that anger is soon followed by a rush of something else as Ilya's look shifts from his own anger into what Shane can only describe as devouring.

And then Ilya says, "And they are for *my eyes only*."

Hot, luscious want fills Shane as the realization hits.

Ilya's horrible mood has been born from jealousy and possessiveness. Because only *Ilya* should be the one to see him like this. Only *he* should get to experience Shane in glasses.

It sends a shiver of power down Shane's spine as a painful grin turns up his lips against Ilya's grip. That he can send this man into a jealous spiral thrills him to no end.

He grabs onto Ilya's wrist and yanks it down, freeing his face from Ilya's hold. "And what are you going to do about it?" Shane challenges.

Ilya's pupils grow, and only a sliver of green and gold remains. He steps impossibly closer to Shane, and Shane can feel the beginnings of Ilya's erection already pushing against his leg. "*I* am going to go lock that door, and then *you* will get on your knees and suck my dick until I come all over your glasses."

Shane moans as Ilya walks to the door, and a lock clicks in place. It spurs him into action. He drops to his knees.

He knows this is a bad idea. But honestly, after everything they've been through, Shane feels almost invincible when it comes to his career, and he feels like he's kind of earned the right to give his husband head in the locker room if he wants to.

It's the least the league can do for him, really.

Ilya comes back to stand in front of him, and Shane greedily runs his hands up thick thighs. His nails lightly scratch at Ilya's skin, his breath hitching as Shane stops just short of touching the growing hardness between his legs.

He unwraps the towel from his waist, and it flutters to the floor. Shane wastes no time beginning to lazily lick at his now rigid cock, the contact causing Ilya's head to drop back as a guttural sound escapes from his throat.

"How did you get so good at this?" Ilya says when Shane rings his mouth around Ilya's tip, and Shane smiles because he's barely done anything.

"Mmm," he hums, watching how the vibration sends a shudder through Ilya's whole body. "Years of practice."

"You had a good teacher, I bet," Ilya gasps as Shane starts to bob his head.

"He was alright," Shane says noncommittally, and feels a yank on his hair.

"Watch it," Ilya warns, but Shane can see the amusement peeking through.

Fuck, he loves this man so goddamn much.

He continues to work him, bringing him to the brink with his mouth and then switching to a slow twist of his hand. Then his tongue in Ilya's slit. His tongue swirling around the head. A long lick down to nuzzle at his balls before he takes Ilya back into his mouth to start all over.

The sounds Ilya makes are indecent, and Shane can tell he's doing his best not to thrust, clearly content to let Shane take control in what Shane assumes is his weird attempt at an apology.

But Shane's having none of that. He wants to feel the full brunt of Ilya's possession. So, he pauses and looks up.

His words are a dare not yet spoken. "What are you waiting on?" he asks.

Ilya looks back at him in question, his big hands brushing the fringe from Shane's forehead. "What?"

Shane takes Ilya into his mouth again, sucking all the way down until his nose presses into Ilya's pelvic bone, causing Ilya's hips to jerk in response and his hands to fist in Shane's hair.

He pops back off and licks his lips in invitation. "Fuck. My. Mouth." He emphasises each word against the tip of Ilya's cock, his own saliva smearing back against his lips.

"God," Ilya pants, while Shane licks between his slit, tongue sliding up and down while he waits. "You can be such a slut, do you know that?"

Shane smirks at him, so emboldened by what he can do to this man. "Not as big of one as you are for my glasses, apparently."

“*Brat,*” Ilya says on a choked laugh as he slips back inside Shane’s mouth where he belongs.

He sets a brutal pace, holds nothing back as he abuses Shane’s mouth and tongue to the fullest extent he can. Shane can tell from the staccato of his thrusts that this won’t take long. He’s been on the edge all day, tortured unknowingly by Shane, and if Shane were a lesser man, he wouldn’t have been able to keep up.

But he’s trained for this, learned how to relax his jaw and embrace the full length of Ilya, because when Shane is determined to do something, he does it so damn well there’s no question of his skill.

He reaches up and cups Ilya’s balls, squeezing in time with Ilya’s thrusts as his throat opens deep and tears start to fill up in his eyes. It’s *so* good seeing Ilya like this, and while his own cock aches to be touched, he can’t be bothered, focusing only on the man he loves, chasing every bit of pleasure Shane can possibly give him.

Ilya’s eyes lock with his, and Shane moves his hand around to lightly play at Ilya’s asshole as he continues to thrust into Shane’s mouth. His fingers trace over the rim, touch light in order to set Ilya’s nerves on fire, and it works like a charm because he’s pushed back onto his own ass as Ilya pumps himself once, twice, three times before he makes good on his promise and comes in spurts all over Shane’s glasses and face.

“*Holy shit, Hollander,*” Ilya says as he collapses to his knees, his chest heaving. And Shane feels nothing but pride at how positively wrecked Ilya looks. At least what he can see of him through come-splashed glasses.

They breathe together for a few long moments, and then Ilya gently removes Shane’s glasses from his face, reaching for his discarded towel to begin to clean them.

But before he can start, Shane grabs them back and starts to lick at the glass and frames, unwilling to waste any part of what just happened.

Shane thinks he might be embarrassed about it later, but Ilya watches with such rapt attention, his expression completely fucked out and debauched, as he moans from deep in his chest, that Shane couldn’t stop even if he wanted to.

When he’s finished, Ilya wipes the remains of his come from Shane’s cheeks and nose, pausing to kiss each place after he’s done, and Shane smiles at him dreamily.

“I’ll send an apology text to everyone when we get home,” he says after he puts Shane’s now clean glasses back on his face and the world comes back into focus. “After I make you come from my fingers, of course.”

Shane laughs lightly even as a shiver of anticipation tingles all the way through his body. “Of course.”

Ilya gives him an apologetic smile. “I am sorry to you, too.”

“You should be,” Shane says with a gentle push on Ilya’s shoulder. “But that was also really fucking hot, so,” he shrugs, “forgiven.”

Ilya’s smile relaxes into something relieved and sweet and Shane falls in love all over again.

“You just make me crazy,” Ilya says. “And I am not a generous man.”

Shane gives him a disbelieving look. Because Ilya is probably the most generous person he knows.

“When it comes to you, anyway,” he amends, and Shane leans forward to kiss him.

Ilya finally gets dressed, and as they walk to their car together, Shane remembers something. “You know, I think you and Troy have something in common.”

“We are both in love with gay Canadians who cannot play hockey?”

“Shut up,” Shane says, hip-checking Ilya, though it doesn’t move Ilya in the slightest. “He got super blushy when he saw me in my glasses for the first time. Seems like you’re not the only one who likes how I look in them.”

Ilya doesn’t answer, just pulls out his phone, presses on a contact and puts it to his ear.

“Who are you calling?” Shane asks.

“Hello?” Ilya says into the phone. “Yes, I would like to file a restraining order against Troy Barrett.”

Shane’s reflexes have never been faster as he grabs the phone from Ilya’s hands, the sound of his laughter ringing behind Shane as he stomps off to the car.

oOo

Two weeks later, a package arrives. When Shane opens it he finds boxes upon boxes containing contacts with his prescription printed on the side.

“Did I accidentally place a lifetime supply order of my contacts?” he asks Ilya as he walks into the living room.

Ilya lights up and grabs the box from Shane, shifting through the contents and nodding his approval. “No, I did,” he says.

“You want to explain why?”

He looks at Shane seriously, and says, “Because none of those unworthy motherfuckers are ever seeing you in your glasses again.”

Shane can only roll his eyes. *So much for personal growth* he thinks and then smiles. *Nah, forget that.* He hopes Ilya never changes.

End Notes

IDK, I read The Song of Achilles yesterday and I just needed to write something stupid to make myself feel slightly less emotionally devastated ͇_(`´)_/

Also, I am currently having to wear my glasses because I'm out of contacts so this is sort of autobiographical if you look at it from a very specific angle and ignore the fact that I'm not a male, gay, Canadian, a professional hockey player etc etc etc

Thank you so much for reading as always, your comments help heal my imposter syndrome, and kudos are love. Feel free to come find me over on [tumblr](#) or [twitter](#) though I mostly just lurk there, I'd love if you come give me a follow. Until next time!

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