

i bet

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by [amongtheshadows](#)

Summary

“No loopholes,” Wyatt says. “No ‘technically that was a forehead’ nonsense.”

Ilya gasps. “No, no no. . .” he starts.

“Deal.” Shane says.

He glances at Ilya and there’s a flicker there; challenge accepted. Ilya’s grin turns sharp. “Fine. No kissing. All day. Is easy.” he shrugs.

(ie. shane and ilya make a bet with their teammates but end up having an unexpected turn of events during the day)

Notes

wow - surprise to no one i still can't stop writing hollonov.

this one was started silly but then got really real really fast and i just kind of went with where it took me (blow jobs), anyway - enjoy!

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

The bus smells like coffee, cologne, and nervous energy.

It's game day. Everyone's half-awake, hoodies up, headphones on, some guys scrolling through film from their last game. The sun is barely up outside the tinted windows. Shane is in a middle row against the window, glasses on, quietly watching clips from their last game on his iPad like the very picture of composure.

Ilya is not being composed. He leans over the back of Shane's seat, chin propped on his folded arms. "You look very serious," he murmurs.

Shane doesn't glance away from the screen. "I am serious. We play Toronto, they're beasts this season."

"You look especially serious in glasses," Ilya adds thoughtfully. "Like sexy librarian." he whispers in his ear but it's still close enough that all the guys nearby can hear them.

From across the aisle, Wyatt groans. "It is literally seven in the morning."

Troy doesn't even look up from his phone from where he's sitting next to Ilya. "They've been awake for twenty minutes and it's already like this."

Shane finally looks up at Ilya, eyes soft despite the dry tone. "We are not like anything. We're sitting quietly."

"You are sitting quietly," Wyatt says. "He is practically drooling."

"I am not drooling," Ilya says indignantly, then softer, to Shane, "Though I could." Shane bites the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling.

Troy leans forward in his seat. “Okay, real question. Do you two ever stop?”

Shane blinks. “Yes.”

Ilya blinks. “No.”

Wyatt points. “See? That’s what we’re saying. You’re incapable, but you’re married so it’s fine.”

“We are perfectly capable.” Shane says calmly.

“Of what?” Troy asks.

“Of being professional.” Shane replies.

Ilya straightens up a little. “We are elite athletes.”

“Oh we know that, but we just get more husband-based conduct behind the scenes.” Wyatt mutters.

Shane ignores him. “We don’t let anything interfere with our playing.”

“I know, but. . .” Troy narrows his eyes. “You kissed for a *minute* in the tunnel last week.”

“That was motivational,” Ilya argues.

“It was adorable, but my point still stands.” Wyatt counters.

Shane adjusts his glasses and sits up straight. “Fine. If you think we’re incapable of restraint -”

“Oh, here we go,” Troy says.

“We can go the entire day,” Shane continues evenly, “without kissing.”

The bus goes quiet. Wyatt sits up. “You absolutely cannot.”

Ilya scoffs. “We can. Easy.”

Troy grins slowly. “From now until after the game?”

“After the final buzzer,” Shane clarifies.

“No loopholes,” Wyatt says. “No ‘technically that was a forehead’ nonsense.”

Ilya gasps. “No, no no. . .” he starts.

“Deal.” Shane says.

He glances at Ilya and there’s a flicker there; challenge accepted. Ilya’s grin turns sharp. “Fine. No kissing. All day. Is easy.” he shrugs.

Wyatt leans back, satisfied. “What do we win?”

Shane shrugs. “Dinner. You pay.”

“And when you lose?” Troy asks.

Ilya shrugs lazily. “We won’t.” Wyatt gives him a lethal side eye. “Fine, dinner *and* drinks on us.”

Wyatt holds out his hand. “Deal.”

Shane shakes it. Ilya shakes Troy’s. The bet is on.

—

It starts fine.

Morning practice? No problem. They don’t usually kiss on the ice anyway. It’s all drills and sweating and getting used to the arena before the crowd arrives and they have to clear the ice.

Locker room? Easy.

Except Ilya keeps hovering. When Shane unties his skates, Ilya stands too close out of habit.

“You’re breathing on me,” Shane says mildly.

“You like it.”

“That’s not the point.” he replies and huffs a laugh, getting a smile out of Ilya that warms him to his core.

Wyatt watches from his stall. “This is already painful.”

—

By pre-game meal, it’s worse. They sit across from each other at the long table. Ilya rests his chin in his hand and just stares at Shane. The three foot gap between them feels like an ocean from where they sit, even though Shane’s foot is planted firmly against his under the table; a silent reminder that he’s there and close.

Shane takes a sip of water and smiles. “You are being dramatic.”

“I am suffering.” he groans as he pushes his food around on his plate. He looks like a kicked puppy, sad eyes and everything, as he watches Shane like he’s memorizing every movement.

“Eat your chicken, you’re fine.” Shane replies with a small roll of his eyes and a smile. He taps his foot against his three times under the table, a silent *I love you* among the business of the dining room.

“I could be kissing you if it were not for stupid bet.” Ilya presses on, taking a bite of his lunch like it had personally offended him.

Wyatt groans from down the table. “It hasn’t even been six hours, dude.”

Troy grins and looks over at them. “You look twitchy, Roz; sure you’re going to be able to make it?”

Ilya raises an eyebrow. “I am perfectly fine.” he replies and sits up straighter, as if he suddenly realized how his slouched posture and wistful sighing looked to his teammates and

kept eating as normal. He asked something to Wiebe down the table when he sat down and it effectively shut the team up and had them lock in on what coach had to report back before pregame started.

Under the table, Shane smiles as he feels Ilya's foot tap back three times as he leans back in his chair and listens. When he looks across the table Ilya has his head turned towards the team but his eyes are still looking over at him. Shane grows warm and winks at him when no one is looking, keeping their feet still solidly next to each other under the privacy of the dining table.

Not a kiss, just touching; working like a small fix in the meantime while they wait for the day to keep moving so they can inch closer to when they're allowed to kiss again.

After lunch, they get some mandated space when Shane takes his turn in the media room. The facility hums the way it always does on game day; fluorescent lights all on, folding chairs out, and recorders already held up before Shane even sits down.

Logos are hung up behind him and there's a mic clipped to his hoodie as he shakes hands and says hello to a few of the reporters he's become friendly with over the years. His face is calm and neutral; the face of professionalism and sportsmanship for his team.

Shane adjusts the mic when he sits down and offers a polite nod. "Good afternoon, Toronto." There's a murmur of greetings back and he smiles as he sits down and locks into answering questions.

The first few are standard.

How are you feeling going into tonight?

What adjustments do you expect from Toronto?

How has the power play been clicking lately?

He answers smoothly, making them laugh at certain moments and responding with honest and thoughtful responses about Ottawa's play. Precise and controlled, the way he always does.

Then a reporter in the second row clears his throat.

"There's been some chatter," the guy says, flipping a page in his notebook, "about ice time distribution lately. Some people feel like you've been getting favorable deployment. Do you think being married to your linemate affects coaching decisions at all?"

The room shifts. A couple heads turn.

Shane blinks once. "Um, no." He feels something stir in his gut as he processes the question.

The reporter presses. "Because statistically, your zone starts have been - "

"I'm aware of my stats." Shane says evenly.

A beat. The guy smiles, thin. "It's just that some critics feel it might be hard for a coaching staff to separate performance from. . . personal dynamics."

There it is. Personal.

Across the room, Wyatt, who'd lingered in the back to grab a protein bar and watch the circus, straightens.

Shane doesn't raise his voice, doesn't roll his eyes, he just folds his hands on the table and takes a deep breath.

“If you’re asking whether I get special treatment because I’m married to Ilya,” he says calmly, “the answer is no.”

The reporter shrugs. “Optics matter.”

“So do results.” Shane replies. A couple murmurs ripple uncomfortably in the room.

The reporter leans forward. “But you can understand why people might question whether there’s bias.”

Shane tilts his head slightly. Thoughtful, dangerous in how quiet he is. “I’ve played in this league for over a decade,” he says. “I’ve earned every minute I’m given.”

No edge. Just fact.

“Ilya has, too.”

Another pause.

“And if you think how this team has been playing has anything to do with who we go home with at night instead of how we play on the ice. . .” The room goes very still and Shane clenches his jaw and tilts his head, letting out a huff of a laugh that holds no humor, no joy. “Then you haven’t been watching very closely.”

A few reporters shift uncomfortably.

The guy tries again. “No one’s questioning your talent, just whether or not -”

“Whether or not what?” Shane cuts in, still measured, still composed.

That lands harder and there’s a solid hush that falls over the room. Shane adjusts the mic, voice steady but firmer now. The room had already gone tight after the first implication, but the reporter isn’t done.

He shifts in his seat, pen tapping lightly against his notebook. “There’s the visibility factor,” he adds. “You and Ilya are. . . very public. Some people feel that it turns attention away from the game itself.”

Shane’s posture doesn’t change. “What do you mean by that?” he asks calmly.

The reporter hesitates just enough to make it obvious he knows exactly what he’s saying. “You’re the first married couple actively playing together at this level. You’re very open about it. There are pride nights, features, media campaigns. Some fans say it becomes more about the relationship than the hockey.”

A few reporters glance sideways and Wyatt, still near the back wall, feels his jaw lock. Shane folds his hands again. “Our relationship exists,” he says evenly. “We don’t market it during the game.”

A couple quiet snorts. The reporter still presses. “But do you think being openly gay and married creates a distraction? For the team? For the league?”

The word lands heavier than the rest.

Openly. Gay.

Shane’s eyes sharpen. “Do you ask straight players that?” he replies.

The reporter stiffens. “That’s not what I’m saying.”

“It is, though,” Shane says, still controlled, not quite heated. “You’re suggesting that who we are off the ice somehow dilutes what we do on it.”

“No, I’m suggesting that the spotlight - ”

“Isn’t ours to control.” Shane finishes. “We show up, we practice, we compete. We score. The rest is noise.”

The reporter tries again. “Some fans feel like the narrative becomes symbolic instead of competitive.”

Shane leans forward slightly now. “If someone can’t focus on a breakout because two players happen to be married,” he says, voice steady, “that sounds like a focus problem.”

There’s a ripple of discomfort.

“And for the record,” he continues, tone still maddeningly calm, “being gay doesn’t make me slower. It doesn’t change my shot. It doesn’t alter my defensive reads.” A beat. “It just means I go home to my husband at the end of the day.”

Someone in the back coughs to cover a laugh.

“But you can see how some traditional fans might,”

Shane doesn’t raise his voice. He doesn’t have to.

“If a fan thinks love is more distracting than a goal,” he says, “they’re watching the wrong parts of the game.”

Silence. Shane lets it breathe.

“We’re here to win hockey games,” he adds. “Not to make anyone comfortable.”

That lands hard. The reporter doesn’t have a follow-up ready this time. Shane sighs, controlled in an angry way that has people remember just how fucking *cutthroat* Shane Hollander is. Just how he got to where he is now in the first place.

“You want the focus on the game?” he says. “Watch tonight.”

He stands, no rush, no shake in his hands. He’s about to walk off when he smiles to himself and leans back into the mic that’s sitting on the table.

“And when we score,” he adds lightly, almost conversational, “I promise the puck won’t care who I’m married to.” Then he walks off. “See you after the game.” He calls over his shoulder.

He unclips the mic and walks off the platform.

No slam or dramatic gesture, just absolute control and cold hard facts. He was fucking Shane Hollander. No one was going to argue his excellence.

Wyatt watches the whole thing from the back of the room with his mouth slightly open.

And then he’s furious.

—

The locker room door swings open harder than necessary.

Ilya looks up from taping his stick. “Why do you look like you are about to fight someone?”

Wyatt points at Shane, who walks in a second later like nothing happened.

“You,” Wyatt says. “You absolute menace.”

Shane blinks. “It’s fine.”

Wyatt throws his hands up. “Its not fine. That reporter basically said you’re only good because you’re married to him and you just, you,” He makes a vague explosion motion with both hands. “,mic dropped him.”

Ilya freezes and his eyes go sharp. “He said what?”

Shane shrugs, tossing his hoodie into his stall angrily. “He implied bias.”

Ilya stands up slowly. “Implied bias? To who, to you? For what?”

“It’s fine,” Shane says, like they’re discussing the weather. “I answered, they’re not going to say anything for the rest of the day.” Ilya looks at him and sighs, shaking his head.

Wyatt looks between them, incredulous. “Fine? No. No, it’s not fine.”

The room is starting to quiet and the guys are listening now.

Wyatt jabs a thumb toward the door as he's pacing. "You guys should have seen it. They think because you're married, because you're gay, that somehow that makes you less competitive? Less earned? Have they ever seen you play fucking hockey? You're fucking *Shane Hollander* they don't get to say shit like that to you."

Ilya's jaw tightens. Shane's expression hardens, not angry, but steeled. Wyatt stops pacing and looks directly at Shane. "You were calm. Too calm; I don't know how you did that, I wanted to rip that guy's fucking head off."

Shane shrugs slightly. "Yelling wouldn't have helped."

"No," Wyatt agrees. "But the 'watch tonight' thing? That was ice cold."

Ilya's head turns toward Shane, softer now. "You said that?"

Shane avoids his eyes, just slightly, blushing. "Something like that."

Wyatt throws both hands up again. "He told the guy the puck won't care who he's married to."

A couple players whistle low.

"Damn," Troy says. "That's a good line."

Ilya steps closer to Shane, voice low but clear. "They think loving me takes away from your game?"

Shane meets his eyes now. "They think 'visibility' does."

“Visibility,” Ilya repeats, tasting the word like it’s sour. “We are visible because we exist.”

“Yeah,” Wyatt says firmly. “And because you’re good. They don’t put cameras on bad players.”

There’s a murmur of agreement around the room. Haas pipes up, hesitant but earnest from his locker. “Honestly? You two being out there. . . it makes the league look better. Not worse.” A couple guys nod.

Troy points at him. “Correct answer.” Ilya exhales slowly from where he stands, some of the sharpness easing from his shoulders.

Wyatt claps his hands once, sharp and loud. “Okay, cool. Then let’s fucking ruin Toronto’s day.”

“I think that was the plan along, buddy.” Shane smiles as he starts getting ready at his locker for the game.

“It was; but we have to fucking destroy these people now.” he nearly growls. “They don’t talk about you like that. About us like that.” he adds, puffing up his chest. “Let’s fucking kill them.”

A couple guys grin and nod from around the locker room.

“Actually,” Wyatt says, turning back to them, “before that.” He points at Shane, then at Ilya. “Kiss him.”

The room bursts into laughter and Ilya raises an eyebrow. “What? So eager to buy me dinner?”

“Kiss your husband.” Wyatt repeats. “Because if they think you can’t be elite athletes and be married and beat Toronto, then I want that image burned into the universe before puck drop.”

Troy calls from across the room, “For morale.”

“Exactly,” Wyatt says. “For morale.”

Shane looks at Ilya and there’s something there. Not defiance, certainty.

Ilya steps closer. “For morale.”

Hands gentle on Shane’s waist. “I mean if you insist.”

Shane’s fingers hook into Ilya’s jersey. The kiss isn’t dramatic, it’s not for show. It’s steady. Certain and unapologetic. The room applauds and it’s all overdramatic and silly, but Shane can’t help but smile against his mouth.

When they pull back, Ilya rests his forehead against Shane’s.

“We win,” he murmurs.

Shane nods once. “We win.”

Wyatt exhales, satisfied. “Good. Now go drop five on them and make that guy write about your power play instead.”

The room erupts. The music turns up as they get ready and sticks bang against the floor. As they head down the tunnel later, Shane bumps his shoulder into Ilya’s.

“Preferential treatment,” Ilya mutters, eyes dark with focus.

Shane huffs. “Yeah.”

Then softer. “Let’s make it unfair.”

And when they step onto the ice, it isn’t about optics. It’s about absolute domination.

They play unreal.

Sharp. Fast and in sync. At one point, things are going so well Shane can’t help but laugh after a particularly hard pass to Haas who sinks it like it’s the easiest thing in the world.

When Ilya and Shane end up out at the same time, they can feel the energy from their teammates like fire on the ice. Every time they connect on a play, there’s that look, the one that usually ends in a quick celebratory peck on the bench.

Instead? They just bump helmets. Harder than necessary.

Wyatt skates past after one particularly filthy give-and-go. “This sexual tension is powering the top line.”

“Shut up,” Shane snaps, but he’s smiling and laughing as he says it.

Shane scores once. Ilya scores twice. They combine on another that makes the highlight reel before the second period is even over, a no-look pass from Ilya that lands tape-to-tape like it was magnetized, Shane wiring it top corner like gravity doesn’t apply to him.

Final buzzer.

They win 6–2 and it's not subtle. It's not squeaked out in overtime or scraped together on a lucky bounce; it's dominant. The crowd roars and Shane and Ilya find each other automatically at center ice, grinning, breathless.

Gloves lift. Sticks tap. The bench spills onto the ice.

Ilya finds Shane immediately, of course he does. They gravitate toward each other like it's muscle memory. They're grinning, breath fogging in the arena air, adrenaline still humming through them. Shane reaches out, gripping the front of Ilya's jersey and he doesn't hesitate for a second.

They kiss. Right there at center ice. Not rushed, not hidden behind gloves. Not toned down.

The crowd noise swells, a mix of cheers and surprised laughter and the general roar that follows a big win over Toronto. Some of their teammates whistle. Wyatt, skating past, just pumps a fist like, yeah, that's right. They pull back slowly, foreheads brushing for half a second.

"Distracting?" Ilya murmurs, breathless.

Shane's mouth curves. "Only for them."

They separate before it turns into anything more, tapping sticks with teammates, and waving before making their way off the ice with the rest of the team, getting claps on the back from Coach Wiebe as they go.

On the way down the tunnel, media is already lining up and Shane walks by, ignoring interview requests with a polite wave and smile. Camera and boom mics appear out of nowhere. Bright lights shoved a little too close to flushed faces.

“Ilya! Quick word!”

He slows just enough to be polite. A reporter jogs alongside him. “You and Shane kissed at center ice after the win. Was that intentional given the. . . pregame conversation?”

Ilya blinks at him then scoffs. Not rude, but with enough attitude that reports picked up on it.

“Intentional?” he repeats.

The reporter presses, “There were questions earlier today about visibility and whether your relationship becomes part of the narrative for Ottawa. Do you think your relationship is getting in the way of the game?”

Ilya gives a short, sharp laugh. “We scored six goals,” he says. “If the narrative is still about a kiss, that sounds like a you problem.”

A couple players behind him choke back grins. The reporter tries again. “So you don’t think it sends a message?”

Ilya shrugs, already backing toward the locker room door.

“The message,” he says lightly, “is that we’re very good at hockey.” A beat. “And gay! Who knew you could be both!”

He pushes the door open.

“Oh,” he adds over his shoulder, grin flashing, “and in case it was distracting, check the scoreboard.”

Then he disappears into the locker room to the sound of Wyatt absolutely losing it inside.

“THAT’S WHAT I’M TALKING ABOUT,” Wyatt yells as Ilya walks in. Shane looks up from unlacing his skates, eyes warm and proud and just a little smug.

Ilya points at him. “We are apparently a narrative.”

Shane hums. “A winning one.”

Wyatt throws an arm around both of them. “Yeah, yeah. Power couple. Whatever. Just keep being ‘distracting’ like that and I’ll never make you a bet on anything ever again.”

Troy calls from across the room, “No, don’t say that they need the tension.”

Ilya leans down, presses one more quick kiss to Shane’s sweaty temple, softer now, private.

Shane sits at his stall, unlacing his skates with steady hands, like he didn’t just score and then kiss his husband at center ice in front of twenty thousand people.

Ilya, on the other hand, is buzzing. He drops down onto the bench beside Shane and bumps their shoulders together. “Six,” he says under his breath.

Shane doesn’t look up. “Yes.”

“Against Toronto.”

“Yes, I was there.”

Ilya leans closer. “You were very good.” he whispers with a small kiss to his cheek and Shane flushes but ducks his head to fiddle with his skates to hide it.

“So were you.” he finally replies, looking up at Ilya over his shoulder and watching a warm smile settle on his face.

Wyatt passes by and smacks both of them lightly on the backs of their helmets. “Go shower. You’re disgusting.”

“Jealous?” Ilya calls after him.

“Of your PDA? Absolutely not.”

The room dissolves into more laughter. The edge from earlier, the irritation, the sting of those questions, has burned off into something sharper. Victory does that.

They finish up, pull on sweats and hoodies, hair still damp, faces scrubbed clean of game intensity. The adrenaline has softened into something warmer now, quieter, but still thrumming under the surface. When they step out of the locker room together, the hallway is calmer. Media mostly cleared. Arena staff moving efficiently around them.

For a moment, it’s just the echo of their sneakers on concrete.

Ilya reaches out and hooks his pinky briefly around Shane’s; a small and private gesture just for them.

“You okay?” he asks quietly.

Shane glances over. His expression is thoughtful, but light. “Yeah.” A beat. “I liked how we handled it.”

The bus ride back to the hotel is calmer than the morning. Guys scrolling through highlights. Someone replaying Ilya’s assist for the tenth time and Wyatt loudly narrating a slow-motion clip of Shane’s goal like it’s a nature documentary.

“And here we see the elite forward in his natural habitat,”

“Wyatt,” Shane says without looking up.

“,executing with lethal precision,”

“Stop.” Laughter ripples through the bus.

Outside, the city slides past in streaks of light. When they finally pull up to the hotel, it’s late enough that the lobby is quiet. Just a soft lamp glow and the faint scent of citrus cleaner in the air.

Shane and Ilya walk in side by side. No spectacle now, no cameras. Just two men in team sweats with damp hair and tired eyes. The elevator ride is silent but full, not tense, not heavy. Just charged in that way that comes after something meaningful happens.

When the doors close, Ilya leans back against the mirrored wall and looks at Shane. He scans him as if it's the first time he’s been able to take inventory of him that day. “You were very calm.” he says again, softer this time.

Shane shrugs slightly. “I didn’t want to give him what he wanted.”

“And what was that?”

“A reaction.”

Ilya steps closer as the elevator hums upward. “You did perfectly. I’m proud of you.” he nods and Shane just smiles and nods back, not needing more words to explain anything.

The doors ding open, separating them. Their hallway is dim and carpeted, footsteps muffled now. At their room, Shane slides the keycard in and the light flashes green and the door opens. The outside noise, the season, the media, the narrative, stays in the hallway.

They step inside together, and the night finally feels like theirs. The hotel room door clicks shut behind them with a soft, final sound.

For a second, they just stand there.

The game is still buzzing under their skin, the win, the noise, the way the crowd had swelled instead of shrinking. Ilya drops his bag by the wall and turns, watching Shane like he’s something he’s still trying to memorize.

Shane finally sighs hard and sits on the edge of the bed and puts his head in his hands and groans like the day finally caught up with him. He’s rubbing his eyes and sighing. “You’re staring.” Not needing to look up to feel Ilya’s eyes on him.

“I am appreciating,” Ilya corrects.

Shane glances up. “Appreciating what?”

Ilya steps closer, unhurried, and stands in front of him, placing one hand on his shoulder and threading the other one through his hair, pushing it off his face. “My husband. Who dismantled a reporter this morning and then murdered Toronto tonight.”

Shane exhales a quiet laugh through his nose and leans into the touch. “It wasn’t dismantling.”

“It was,” Ilya insists. “You were very calm. Very terrifying.”

“I was not terrifying.”

“You absolutely were. I almost felt bad for him.”

“You did not.”

“No,” Ilya admits with a smile as he pets Shane. “I did not.” he scratches his scalp as he plays with his hair.

“You were pretty smug in the tunnel,” Shane says.

Ilya grins. “I said check the scoreboard.”

“Yea, I heard.”

“*And?*” he eggs him on.

“*And,*” Shane says, leaning into him, “it was hot.”

Ilya hums, pleased. The stillness of the day finally hits them and it feels dizzying to suddenly be in the quiet sphere of each other, and not for the first time, Shane is outrageously thankful that this is his life and that he gets to have Ilya at the end of long days like this. Just them, the low hum of the air conditioner and city lights filtering in around the curtains.

“You know what I liked?” Ilya says quietly.

“What?”

“When you said we don’t hide.”

Shane’s thumb brushes along the hem of Ilya’s shirt when he reaches out to hold his waist and pull him closer. “We don’t.”

Ilya’s voice softens. “There was a time we might have.”

Shane doesn’t deny it. Instead, he leans forward and presses his forehead to Ilya’s stomach and kisses it over his sweatshirt. “Not anymore.” he says.

Ilya kisses the top of his head, grounding and slow; like he’s trying to breathe in all of the negative energy that had been swirling in his mind all day. Shane exhales, eyes closing as he lets himself decompress. Ilya’s fingers continue to scratch at his scalp and his other hand massages the base of Shane’s neck, deep and slow like he was pulling out the most stressful bits of his day.

“Not anymore.” He agrees a moment later. He uses the hold he has on Shane’s head to lightly pull it back so he’s looking up at him. His eyes are tired but glassy in a way that never ceases to take Ilya’s breath away. “You are okay?”

Shane hums and nods slowly, like he’s coming back to himself. “I’m okay. I just,” his eyebrows furrow and he tries to look away for a moment but Ilya’s steady hands keep him in place. He gasps a small breath at it and Ilya holds his gaze.

“Just what, hmm? Tell me, Shane.” he commands, low and slow, and Shane blushes, warming Ilya’s palms so delightfully.

“Just want to not be in my head for a little bit.” He swallows hard and his eyes flutter closed at the admission. “Help me? Please.” he adds, the furrow between his brows back and his mouth pouty and kissable as Ilya holds him up.

“Such a good boy, Shane.” He responds and kisses the space between his brows, feeling it loosen under his lips. “I would do anything for you.” he sighs against his mouth before connecting their lips, feeling Shane let out a long and low moan at the contact. Ilya’s hand comes under his jaw to cup it and hold it steady in front of his face, his other hand still tangled in Shane’s soft hair.

With even the gentlest prod of his tongue to his upper lip, Shane is opening for him and whining when their tongues slide against each other and Ilya uses the grip in his hair to pull him back and to the side to widen his angle and get better access to his mouth.

Shane moaned against Ilya, hands still firm on his waist and Ilya let him hold close, until the sounds and vibration of Shane’s neediness against him made him painfully aware of how hard he was.

He kissed Shane sweetly before pulling away, in awe of the man in front of him as he whimpered and pouted as Ilya pulled away.

“Shh, I've got you.” Ilya murmured, his voice low and commanding, pulling Shane's focus to him alone. “You're going to let go for me. Be my good boy and suck my cock. Show me how much you need this.”

Shane's hands trembled as he reached for the waistband of Ilya's sweatpants, untying them with shaky fingers. He tugged them down, freeing Ilya's thick cock. It sprang out, heavy and already hardening, the musky scent hitting Shane like a wave, grounding him in the moment. He leaned forward, lips parting to take the head into his mouth, tongue swirling around the salty tip. A low groan escaped Ilya, his hand tightening in Shane's hair, guiding him deeper.

“That's it, good boy.” Ilya praised, his voice rough with arousal. “Deeper, *moy malysh*.” Shane obeyed, moaning and hollowing his cheeks as he bobbed forward, the thick shaft sliding over his tongue, stretching his lips wide.

Saliva dripped down his chin, mixing with the pre-cum leaking steadily now. His own cock throbbed in his pants, ignored for the moment, as Ilya's words washed over him, eroding the stress clinging to his thoughts.

Ilya rocked his hips slowly, fucking Shane's mouth with controlled thrusts, his free hand cupping Shane's jaw to feel the bulge of his cock inside. "Look at you, so good for me, moya lyubov. You're trembling for me, aren't you? My perfect Shane, so pretty for me."

Shane whimpered around the intrusion, the vibration making Ilya hiss. Tears pricked at the corners of Shane's eyes, not from pain, but from the overwhelming relief of surrender, his mind finally fraying at the edges as subspace crept in, warm and hazy.

Deeper Shane went, gagging softly when the head hit the back of his throat, but he pushed on, nose brushing Ilya's trimmed pubes. Ilya's grip turned possessive, holding him there as he thrust harder.

"Fuck, yes. Good boy, you're doing so fucking well." The dirty praise sent heat pooling in Shane's gut, his body relaxing into the rhythm, every suck and slurp pulling him further from the day's chaos. Ilya's balls tightened, drawing up as his breaths grew ragged.

With a guttural groan, Ilya came, hot spurts flooding Shane's throat. "Swallow it for me. Let me be inside you." Shane gulped it down greedily, the thick, salty load coating his tongue, some spilling past his lips as he milked the pulsing cock.

Ilya shuddered, stroking Shane's hair soothingly now, thumb wiping away a stray tear tracking down his cheek. "Such a good boy for me. My perfect, Shane, *fuck*."

But Ilya wasn't done. He pulled out with a wet pop, his cock glistening with spit and cum, and dropped to his knees between Shane's spread thighs without preamble. Shane gasped as his pants were yanked down roughly, his hard cock springing free, leaking pre-cum onto his abs where he lifted his shirt up and over his head, letting Ilya's hand wander up and grope and squeeze at his chest.

“Now it's your turn.” Ilya said, voice husky. “Let me taste you. Cum for me, Shane. Let it all out.”

Shane's head fell back as Ilya's mouth engulfed him in one swift motion, hot and wet, tongue pressing flat against the underside. He sucked hard, hollowing his cheeks, hand wrapping around the base to stroke what he couldn't take. Shane's hips bucked involuntarily, a sob tearing from his throat as the pleasure crashed over him.

“Ilya. . . fuck. . . please. . .” His voice broke, tears streaming freely now, not from sorrow but from the raw release, subpace swallowing him whole.

Ilya worked him relentlessly, lips sliding up and down the shaft, teeth grazing lightly to heighten the edge. He popped off just long enough to lap at the slit, tonguing the slit for more pre-cum, then dove back in, sucking with urgent pulls. Shane's hands fisted the sheets, body arching as the tension coiled tight in his balls.

“Gonna cum. . . oh god, Ilya.” Another cry escaped, tears soaking his lashes, as Ilya hummed around him, the vibration shattering his control.

Shane came with a shattered moan, ropes of cum shooting into Ilya's waiting mouth. Ilya didn't pull away, swallowing most but letting some dribble out, playing with it on his tongue before licking Shane clean, savoring the mess.

Shane collapsed back on the bed, chest heaving, mind blissfully blank, floating in that soft, submissive haze. Ilya rose slowly, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, eyes locked on Shane's flushed face. “You okay?” he asks and runs his knuckles over Shane's cheek, feeling the blush there. Shane just smiled dopily and looked up at him, tears still glistening in his lashes.

“Yea. Love you.” He whispers and Ilya can only smile before he leans in and presses their mouths together gently, like he's savoring the plush press of Shane's lips against his own.

“Did so well for me, I love you so much.” he whispered against his mouth. “So lucky to have you.” he adds and Shane doesn't even care that there are more tears leaking out of his eyes

and into his hair at his words.

Ilya traces the tears with gentle kisses and his tongue. Running a hand over Shane's chest soothingly while he floated, just reveling in the feeling of soft skin against soft skin.

After a few more moments they were both yawning and got up quickly to get ready for bed. Ilya kept a steady hand on Shane's lower back as he wobbled to the sink to brush his teeth before guiding him back to bed and under the covers.

They settle into each other instinctively, legs tangled, Ilya's hand tracing lazy lines over Shane's back.

"You played so well," Ilya murmurs against his jaw.

"So did you."

"I always do when I'm in love."

Shane huffs softly, still blushing and hazy. "That's not how that works."

"It is for me." He argues with mock intensity.

Shane pulls back just enough to look at him. There's that fond, disbelieving expression, the one that says *you're ridiculous but also you're mine*.

"I love you." Shane whispers.

"Yea?" Ilya teases.

Shane's mouth curves faintly. "Shut up."

Ilya grins and kisses him again to shut himself up. They roll slightly, adjusting, settling deeper into the mattress. The world outside the hotel room feels far away now; no reporters, no narratives, no questions about optics. Just the quiet aftermath of a good win and the steady rhythm of breathing in sync.

Ilya runs his thumb along Shane's cheek. "I love you too, so much"

Shane nods once before tucking his head under his chin to settle in, placing a kiss over his cross before he lays his head on Ilya's bicep and closes his eyes. It's the smallest little gesture but it means more to Ilya than words could ever say. He presses his lips to Shane's forehead for a long moment, just breathing him in and trying to make sense of how it was possible to love another person so much.

When they finally let the night settle around them, tangled together under the hotel sheets, the city still glowing outside, there's nothing distracting about it. Just two very good hockey players.

Who are very much in love.

End Notes

kisses for hot baddies who comment - thank you for reading ily <3

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