

(Man)Handled

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/89263056) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/89263056>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike's Children , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Non-Traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Hockey Player Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Was Never a Professional Hockey Player , Chef Shane Hollander , Implied/Referenced Homophobia , Hockey-Typical Violence , Hockey Fights , Past Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Sexual Tension , Soft Dom Shane Hollander , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Anal Fingering , Light Dom/sub , Kink Discovery , Rough Oral Sex , Shane Hollander is Obsessed With Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , 4+1 Things , One Shot , Drunk Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of The Hollanov Household
Stats:	Published: 2026-07-26 Words: 9,345 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

After years of being with Shane, Ilya thought that he knew the ins and outs of their relationship as well as the back of his hand. That all went out the window for Ilya after they played a game of hide and seek with their son. Maybe Ilya wasn't entirely as knowledgeable about his sexual preferences as once thought. Maybe, he liked to be tossed around a little too.

OR: 4 times Ilya gets a sexual awakening from Shane + the 1 time Shane decides to act upon it for Ilya. Inspired by a very specific scene near the end of *The Long Game* (iykyk, no spoilers).

Notes

This is a one-shot spinoff of my original [it's always been you](#). It may be read as a standalone (with limited confusion) but will be much better understood if the complete series is read first. The other one-shots, however, are optional for understanding the plot.

Without a doubt, Ilya had always found his partner attractive. Since the first time he laid his eyes on Shane in their university class, Ilya was a goner—Shane had effectively ruined everyone else, men and women included, for Ilya. However, there was always a time where Ilya found Shane to be ungodly attractive: when Shane was working out.

For some reason, Shane always wore tight shorts and a tight top when exercising, or occasionally, he would wear a loose sleeveless top where the arm holes were a little too big and left nothing to the imagination. When Ilya first saw Shane running along the Ottawa River, long before they got together, Ilya nearly tripped and fell into the river, completely entranced by Shane's muscular physique. Ilya had seen more than his fair share of muscular men with him being in the profession that he was in, but none of them were this beautiful. Shane practically glistened in the sun with beads of sweat rolling down the sides of his head and sweat pooling at his chest, outlining his pecs—it was unlike anything that Ilya had ever seen before.

Now, they were engaged, had their baby boy Misha, and lived under the same roof, so Ilya got to enjoy the sights of Shane Hollander working out in his sexy clothes often. They also just recently entered monumental stage in Misha's life where he had his sleep schedule down pat—he slept and woke up at the same time every day so Shane and Ilya had more time to themselves, giving Ilya the luxury of seeing Shane exercise.

Even though Ilya was the professional athlete in the relationship, Shane trained as if he were one too. Ilya loved it. By their competitive natures, they always pushed each other to train harder, even if the original intention was just to beat the other at who could run faster, bench heavier, squat more, etc. It was just an added bonus that they both gained over ten pounds of sheer muscle since starting to exercise together, with Shane beating Ilya with an extra pound gained.

Ilya's hands floated underneath the barbell as Shane continued with his bench presses. Shane took quick, forceful exhales as he raised the bar, and his face was becoming increasingly rosier. His brown eyes were filled with nothing but grit and determination as he continued his reps. Not to mention, Shane's skin-tight, white shirt was now damp with sweat and showing more of his physique. Ilya was supposed to be making sure that Shane didn't falter and hurt himself by bench pressing two-hundred plus pounds, but all Ilya could do was stare at how beautiful Shane was and enjoy just how sweet he smelled.

“What rep am I on?” Shane huffed.

“Three,” Ilya absentmindedly replied, watching how Shane's chest moved as he pushed up the bar.

“Liar. Maybe if you actually paid attention instead of looking at me like a creep, you'd know that I've actually done ten—that's two more than you did on your last set.” Shane set the bar on the rack with ease.

“I'm just enjoying the view.” Ilya shrugged, secretly enjoying the ferocity in Shane's voice.

Shane hummed with a microscopic smile as he headed over to the treadmills.

Since they discovered their enjoyment of working out together and pushing each other to the brink of total collapse, Ilya went ahead and bought two of almost everything for their home gym—two treadmills, two rowing machines, two sets of dumbbells, etc. It was exhilarating.

Shane started with a light jog and Ilya joined him with a faster pace. Without acknowledging Ilya, Shane increased both the speed and incline of his machine. Ilya was tired on the account that he hadn't been sleeping so well lately due to his mental headspace, but beating Shane brought him so much joy, so much so that Ilya exponentially increased his speed and incline too.

As Ilya tried to maintain his steady breathing, he tried his best not to look at Shane, who decided that his shirt was too constricting and peeled it off mid run. Looking at him would only make Ilya's heartbeat skyrocket and Ilya wasn't about to let Shane win by using such a dirty trick. Instead, Ilya accelerated his speed and fixed his gaze in front of him, looking through the window to enjoy the view of their backyard.

Still, Ilya was glad that Shane knew that Ilya was still head over heels for Shane even after having a baby. If anything, pregnant and postpartum Shane only made Ilya crazier for him—it made Ilya appreciate Shane's body in more ways than he originally thought possible. Ilya knew that if he glanced over, he would see how Shane's naturally hairless body was unfairly smooth and glistening, or how it was covered with silvery stretch marks that proved Shane's dedication to his own health and the health of their baby.

Ilya didn't know if he could love or want Shane in his entirety more than he already did.

A few minutes into their race, they had both maxed out their respective machines and were running as if their lives depended on it. Ilya was sweating so much it felt like he was being rained on. His mouth tasted dry and metallic, and his legs were so sore that he believed that when he stopped, he would probably drop and turn into a puddle. Still, Shane persisted, looking just as exhausted but wholly unwilling to give up. They both shot looks at each other, waiting for the other to stop their machines.

Ilya finally gave up, slapping the raging red stop button. Even though he could have pushed himself for maybe another minute tops, he didn't think it was worth killing himself over. After all, they'd probably have this very competition or some other one, the next time they worked out. They also had a baby to take care of, which they wouldn't be able to do if they were both sore messes.

As if to prove a point, Shane continued to run for several seconds as Ilya caught his breath. When he finally hopped off the treadmill, Shane was shining with sweat. He raised his arms above his head as he breathed heavily. Shane told Ilya that standing like this made him catch his breath more easily, but Ilya always thought that it was another way of Shane trying to mess with him. That position was deadly—it made Shane's arms look more sculpted and it made Shane look like a supermodel.

“Enough,” Ilya panted.

“Enough what?” Shane asked, eyes half-closed from exhaustion.

Ilya walked up to Shane and hooked his arm around Shane’s waist, pulling him close. “You are killing me... on purpose.”

A small smirk formed on Shane’s face. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Ilya walked towards the mirrored wall, forcing Shane to walk backwards until his back hit the smooth surface. With Shane’s smooth muscles under Ilya’s grip and Shane’s sweet autumnal scent perfuming the room, Ilya couldn’t control himself anymore. He was dazed from exhaustion and utterly drunk from Shane’s scent.

Ilya craned his head down just until their lips were grazing. “I think you do.”

“I was just focusing on winning. Maybe you should too,” Shane spoke, eyes sharp with challenge. His warm hand rested on Ilya’s chest.

“Oh but I’ve already won. I have you right where I want.”

Enough was enough. Ilya raised Shane’s chin and brought their lips together. Shane moaned the moment Ilya swiped his tongue against his lips, easily accepting Ilya’s entrance. Ilya could taste the salt of their sweat on their tongues, reminding him that Shane was the only person to ever motivate and push him like this. Shane was the only person who ever made Ilya feel as alive as he did now.

Shane hooked his leg around Ilya as his hand pushed away the material of Ilya’s shirt, searching for bare skin. Ilya couldn’t help but grunt in approval as he felt their hardening members brush against each other through the material of their shorts. As they continued to explore one another, Ilya lifted Shane up, causing the other to wrap his legs around Ilya’s torso.

Just as Ilya sat them down on the press bench, he caught a glimpse of the clock hanging on the wall. It was three o’clock now—time for Misha to wake up if he wasn’t already awake.

As they pulled away for air, Ilya rested his forehead against Shane’s, looking straight into his eyes. Ilya saw nothing but love.

“Our *malyshka* is probably already awake,” Ilya sighed.

Although this was more than nice while it lasted, Ilya loved being a father more than anything else. There were only a limited amount of times where he would be able to see his baby boy gleefully awake in his crib before the hockey season swept him away or, god forbid, before Misha would outgrow his crib and needed a big boy bed. Ilya intended on treasuring every single time he would get to see his baby.

Shane immediately twisted around to look at the clock. “Oh yeah.”

As they both stood up, they were confronted with the consequences of their actions. For one, Ilya was exhausted. But the bigger problem was that he had a raging boner, which Shane also

had one to match. Shane bashfully looked at Ilya before turning away to pick his previously tossed shirt from the floor. Ilya tried his best to distract himself by towelling himself off.

“Why don’t you take a shower first?” Ilya suggested. “I’ll go get Misha.”

Shane kissed Ilya’s temple. “Thank you.”

Shane was going to kill Ilya.



Misha’s face was fixed into an open-mouthed smile, showing all of his eight tiny teeth, as he splashed away in the bathtub. The tall pile of bubbles that Ilya had put onto Misha’s head swayed with his movement.

“Are you so happy to be in the bath?” Ilya cooed in Russian.

As content as Ilya was to be helping Misha through his favourite time of day, Ilya was exhausted and sore everywhere. His morning race with Shane really did a number on him, more than their usual home gym competitions.

Misha happily squealed in response, splashing the water with more force. Ilya didn’t care that he was getting wet from Misha’s excitement. This was pretty normal for Misha’s bath routine—the boy loved playing around in the water. Even though Shane and Ilya provided Misha with a variety of toys to keep him entertained during bath time, Misha always ignored them. Instead, he loved swishing around in the water, splashing it to and fro, or playing with the dense foamy bubbles. Once the season ended, Ilya had to take Misha for swimming lessons.

Ilya took a washcloth and started to gently wash Misha, making sure to clean up any of the remaining spaghetti and chicken parm from dinner. Just like his papa, Misha loved his grandpa’s cooking. Completely unbothered, Misha continued to happily play as Ilya cleaned him up.

“Close your eyes, Malyshka,” Ilya said as he gently leaned his baby back to rinse his dark chestnut hair.

Misha closed his hazel eyes so firmly that his cheeks were all scrunched up, making them look extra pinch-able. Even a year after his birth, Ilya still couldn’t believe that he had such a beautiful and cute son. But he shouldn’t be too surprised since Misha was Shane’s son.

Once done with bath time, Ilya wrapped Misha up in a towel that made him look like a tiny bear with its hood. He made sure to be quick with drying Misha off. As well behaved as Misha was—and he was an unbelievably good and easy baby—he always seemed to have a stroke of mischief in him. He was Ilya’s son after all. That mischief usually came right after bath time and before bed time. Shane guessed that this was Misha’s way of getting his remaining energy out.

With his all-star speed, Ilya rubbed the organic oatmeal lotion that Shane bought over Misha’s soft skin. He still made sure to stop and blow raspberries onto Misha’s stomach,

making him scrunch up his little face and laugh with joy. As soon as Ilya got Misha to step into his diaper, it was like the spirit of a cheetah possessed his son as he bolted out of the bathroom, giggling the entire time. Clutching onto Misha's clothes, Ilya chased after him with sore legs and a smile plastered on his face.

"Misha, we have to get you dressed, malyshka!" Ilya exclaimed as he slowly followed.

Misha sprinted into the nursery, still as jubilant as ever.

"Your daddy will be upset if you don't go to bed soon. We don't want that, do we?"

His tiny feet peaked out from underneath the dove grey curtains he hid behind.

"Oh no, where did my baby go?"

The curtains shook with Misha's laughter. Ilya walked around the nursery, making sure to gently brush against the curtains as he "looked" for Misha, causing his baby to just about explode in another fit of laughter.

Shane leaned against the doorframe, toothbrush in his mouth, as he watched Ilya with amusement. The two of them were probably making so much noise that Shane heard it over his nighttime routine. Ilya winked at Shane before sneaking up to the curtains.

Ilya peeled back the curtains, revealing Misha who was holding onto his own arms as he squealed. "Got you!"

Scooping Misha in his arms, Ilya bolted out of the nursery, leaving Shane stuck in confusion. "Daddy, you must come find us now!"

Ilya threw open the baby gate and ran down the stairs, baby in hand. He knew that Shane would have to first spit out his toothpaste and put away his toothbrush before chasing after them, which gave Ilya an even bigger head start. As he barrelled into the living room, his mind was blank. He and Shane—mostly Shane—kept the house so tidy that there wasn't really anywhere for a 6'3 man and a giggling toddler to hide. Ilya did the only thing he could think of. He opened up the folded throw blanket on the couch and curled up underneath it, holding Misha to his chest. They could pitifully hide with the mountain of cushions that Shane bought. Under the darkness of the blanket, Misha still happily laughed.

"Malyshka, we must be quiet. We do not want Daddy to find us," Ilya whispered.

"Quiet," Misha attempted to whisper.

"Very good, Misha! We say 'quiet!'" Ilya beamed. Misha didn't talk very much, so each word was like a gift to Ilya and Shane. Ilya couldn't not praise his baby, even if they were trying to hide from Shane.

In a brief moment of silence, Ilya heard Shane's footsteps rapidly coming down the stairs and immediately come into the living room. Ilya's heart raced as Misha squirmed against his chest, still as happy as a clam. He knew that there was no way that Shane didn't spot them

already, but Ilya was just as happy as his son—he lived for moments like this where they were playing as a family that Ilya could only dream of having as a child.

As soon as the blanket was ripped off of their figures, the cold instantly hit Ilya. He held his giggling, half-naked baby closer to his chest. Ilya pretended as if Shane weren't there, as if Shane's figure wasn't looming over them.

"Found you!" Ilya could hear the smirk in Shane's voice.

"Misha, if we close our eyes, then he can't see us!" With closed eyes, Ilya put his hand over his baby's face, feeling Misha's long eyelashes flutter against his palm.

Suddenly, Ilya felt Shane's firm hands underneath him and his weight (along with Misha's) was entirely suspended in the air.

"Holy shit," Ilya gasped.

Eyes wide open now, he could see how Shane was lifting them up with ease, as if Shane wasn't just as sore and tired as Ilya was. Of course Shane was strong enough to pick them up—Ilya knew first hand what Shane's body was capable of. But Ilya didn't know how to feel about it. This was the first time that Shane had ever picked Ilya up, literally sweeping him off of his feet. His stomach was doing weird flips and he was nearly breathless as Shane carried them to the stairs. Misha was none the wiser about Ilya's panic, as he happily clapped to the beat of Shane's footsteps.

Just as easily as Shane picked them up, he put them down at the bottom of the stairs, a few feet away from the baby gate.

"Okay, fun's over. It's bed time now," Shane announced.

Ilya was completely dazed and could only stare at Shane from where he'd dropped them off. He could feel his heartbeat in his throat as he watched Shane take Misha out of Ilya's arms. Shane was completely unfazed by what he had just done—he just smiled and took Misha up the stairs.

"I'll get him ready for bed," Shane said. "If you brush your teeth now, you'll be able to catch us for story time."

One of these days, Shane was actually going to kill Ilya, and Ilya was going to happily let him.

After Shane physically recovered from Mari's birth, Shane decided that it was time for him to return to the ice. He said that he needed something to distract himself from the pain of delivering their baby too early, so he joined a local beer league. Ilya was more than happy to support Shane's journey back to hockey. It was long overdue.

Yuna and David offered to watch over Misha and Mari for the day so that the two of them could momentarily step away from their parental duties. Ilya giddily sat on the side of the rink as the teams warmed up. He did try to conceal his identity, donning his usual undercover cap and hoodie, so that Shane could get the spotlight today. Still, Ilya was immediately recognized as they entered the rink. Shane thought nothing of it and luckily the people who recognized Ilya left him alone after a few pictures were taken.

Thickly swallowing, Ilya's eyes followed Shane who approached the face-off dot. Shane was wearing a dark blue Canadian Bear League jersey and he chewed on his mouthguard, which was half hanging out of his mouth. Even underneath the glare of his visor, it was evident that Shane's eyes were sharp with determination. In other words, Shane was unbelievably sexy.

Ilya didn't know what would have happened if Shane's hockey career was never disrupted. If he had to play against Shane, Ilya wondered if there would be much playing happening. But, by their competitive natures, they would have probably revelled in stealing the puck from one another and checking each other into the boards. Ilya didn't dwell on this fantasy for too long—their lives were already beyond amazing.

As soon as the puck hit the ice, Shane took off. It was clear that the years spent away from the ice didn't do much damage for Shane. Hockey was second nature to him and it showed in his every glide and overall puck control. Ilya was utterly captivated by Shane's grace and strength.

There were two golden rules in beer league hockey: be “friggin’ chill” and be respectful. In other words, violence of any kind was not tolerated. Somehow, a few of the players of the opposing yellow team didn't get the memo. There more than a couple of unacceptable chirps—the typical homophobic and omega-derogatory chirps that used to be typical on the ice—and cross checks that went completely unnoticed. Now that there were several active hockey players who were out and proud, Ilya himself included, such derogatory slander was no longer seen as acceptable. There were still NHL players who still spewed the hurtful language here and there, but they would immediately face the wrath of ally players.

Ilya watched in fury as the referees played dumb and ignore every unconstitutional act. Even though Shane looked unbothered on the ice, Ilya knew that Shane was probably seething, just as Ilya was. Closed-minded people like those on the yellow team were exactly why Shane Hollander wasn't in the NHL right now.

As Shane circled around the opposing team's net, Campbell (#9) for the yellow team was hot on his tail. He was probably more than a handful of years older than Shane based on the greying dark hair peaking through his helmet. In the blink of an eye, the older man forcefully boarded Shane, causing the protective barriers of the dasher boards to thud and shake. Ilya gritted his teeth. That was definitely not allowed and worthy of a penalty—suspension was necessary to the rules of the beer league. Ilya shot up to his feet as the referees did nothing. Still, Shane quickly recovered and passed the puck to his teammate, who attempted to score with a backhand shot.

While the normal fight for a goal ensued around the yellow team's net, Campbell seemed to be talking to Shane, almost backing him up in the dasher boards. Ilya couldn't hear anything other than sticks slapping against the ice, but could see that Shane said something back and

held his hand out to keep Campbell at a distance. Clearly, Shane was still trying to abide by the rules of the league.

Ilya firmly planted his feet onto the ground from his seat—there was nothing that he could do but painfully watch as things unfolded. He wondered if Shane felt this helpless when he watched Ilya played. God—and Ilya liked to torment other players by getting underneath their skin, causing fights to ensue. Instantly, Ilya decided that he needed to be better—he needed to be better for Shane to not cause him worry and he needed to set a better example for his children. He couldn't afford to be the brash, hot-headed player that he used to be with the Raiders anymore.

Shane's level-headedness seemed to rile Campbell up even more. Even from a distance, Ilya could see how the vein in Campbell's increasingly reddening neck was popping out as he started to yell at Shane. Clenching his fists, Ilya's nails dug into his palm as he watched. Ilya couldn't understand why this Campbell was getting so mad anyways—this was just a low-stakes game and Shane had done nothing wrong. But then Ilya thought about players who he'd used to play against, like Dallas Kent, who just liked to play hockey as an excuse to unleash their inner rage onto unsuspecting players for no reason other than to feel good about themselves.

Over the deafening sounds of the game, Ilya managed to catch some words.

"You play like an omega, bitch," Campbell screamed. "You coward like one too! No wonder you haven't scored a single goal yet."

Ilya's stomach dropped and his face was hot. How dare he say that? Shane was better than any of the players on the ice—he was more sportsmanlike than anyone too, and Campbell had the gall to say something as insulting like that?

Eyes shooting over to the referee, Ilya was enraged that they still seemed completely oblivious to it all. If he had to, Ilya himself would go onto the ice to stop whatever was happening. But Shane was completely capable of handling himself. Ilya just hated that Shane had to go through something like this.

Despite all of this, Shane still remained calm. Even when Campbell was jabbing his gloved hand at Shane's chest, Shane looked angry but didn't act upon his emotions. Ilya didn't understand how the game was still progressing with two of the players being so occupied.

Though, it seemed like Shane had finally had enough. He snapped. He grabbed Campbell by the shoulders and threw a punch. In return, Campbell was quick to throw his hands too. With extreme self control, Ilya fixed his eyes on the fight—he didn't want to watch the love of his life getting hurt but he needed to keep doing so just to make sure nothing escalated further.

As Campbell's bare fist landed onto Shane's cheek, blood dribbled down from Shane's lip. Ilya's stomach was churning with so much worry he wanted to throw up.

Finally, referees and players alike peeled Shane and Campbell away from each other—far too late for Ilya's comfort—and escorted each to the penalty boxes. It looked like Shane had done

his fair share of damage on Campbell as his face was definitely going to be black and blue tomorrow. Knowing that did make Ilya feel slightly better.

Even though Ilya had hated every moment of the fight, there was a little part of him that loved seeing Shane get down and dirty like that. The raw power that Shane had was driving Ilya crazy. Shane was not a violent person and was as passive as people came. The only time that Ilya had ever seen Shane on the edge of violence was when Shane protected Rose from the quarterback Jackson Smith during first year. Even that experience alone was enlightening to Ilya, so seeing Shane all riled up and using his muscles with force like this reignited something within Ilya.

Shane sat down in the penalty box and took off his helmet. His black hair was wet against his forehead and his face was flushed. As he wiped away the blood from his lip with the back of his hand, Ilya caught the pleased look that tugged at Shane's lips.

Ilya palmed at his crotch. He should not be as hard as he was now.

Ilya was drowning. At least that's what the kids were convinced of. Several little hands were grabbing him by the arms and chest as he dramatically lolled his head about. The Hollander-Rozanov family were at the Pikes' house, playing in their pool with the children at the peak of summer as Hayden manned the restaurant. Ilya had no complaints about that at all. Jackie, on the other hand, stepped out for a moment to take a call.

"Uncle Ilya! You gotta stay alive!" Jade shrieked. After all these years, Ilya could finally discern the twins by their voices alone. Even though they had nearly identical voices, Jade's voice was just slightly more nasally.

"We'll save you, Papa!" Misha laughed.

Ilya gargled some water in his mouth for dramatic effect, now slowly sinking into the water. The children splashed about in the water, all trying to haul Ilya over to the shallow end of the pool. Some feet accidentally kicked Ilya as they tried to tread through the water, but their little feet didn't do much damage or harm. It was all in the name of good fun anyways.

"Come on guys, we have to pull him to safety!" Ruby exclaimed.

Slowly and gradually, Ilya felt himself near the shallow end, now needing to support his body with his feet on the pool tiles.

"Ah, you saved me!" he gasped, shooting up in the water. "You are all my heroes. Everyone one of you!"

The children all burst into laughter, all beyond happy that they completed their mission. The twins and Amber immediately continued with their game of mermaid while Arthur and

Misha ran out of the pool over to Shane. Shane had originally been playing in the shallow end with Mari, who looked absolutely adorable in her polka dot swimsuit and ducky floaties. But now that Mari was down for her afternoon nap, Shane was lounging on a chair, happily soaking in the sun and getting some well deserved rest.

“Daddy, throw me please!” Misha requested with his arms in the air.

Shane lowered his sunglasses. “Throw you?”

“Yeah, into the pool please!”

“Misha, that doesn’t seem very safe, *Malyshka*.”

“Papa will catch me, right?” As Misha flashed Ilya an excited grin, Ilya saw so much of himself in his son. How could he ever say no to such a precious little boy?

“Papa will make sure you’re okay!” Ilya nodded at Shane.

With a hesitant look, Shane stood up from his chair. As if Misha weren’t already more than half of Shane’s height, Misha lifted his arms, ready to be picked up like a little baby. Shane picked him up and swung him back and forth a few times before gentling tossing Misha into the pool.

Misha landed in the pool with his knees tucked into his chest, effectively cannonballing into the water. As soon as Misha landed in the water with a large splash, Arthur asked to be next. Ilya helped guide Misha to the surface, if anything just to appease Shane since Misha was a strong swimmer.

“*So fun!*” Misha beamed as he paddled through the pool, already wanting to be thrown back in.

Soon, all of the kids were begging Uncle Shane to be thrown into the pool. One by one, Shane effortlessly threw the kids in the pool while Ilya stood by in the water to make sure everyone was safe. The kids did this over and over again. Eventually, they had to stop, right? The kids all seemed to have their parents’ tenacity and the fifth time they were thrown in seemed just as fun as the first. So, Ilya did the only thing he could think of to get the chaos loop to stop.

Climbing out of the side of the pool, Ilya walked up to Shane and shook off the excess water dripping off of him like a dog. The entire time, Shane’s eyes followed Ilya, making sure to scan Ilya’s body in its entirety.

“Daddy up!” Ilya said while holding his arms up exactly as Misha did earlier.

The children laughed in chorus, which was music to Ilya’s ears.

A shrill scream escaped Ilya’s lips—one that he didn’t recognize himself—as Shane hoisted Ilya up in his arms, making the kids laugh even harder. Ilya instinctively held onto Shane’s chest as Shane held Ilya by his back and thighs and walked towards the pool. Ilya could feel his own heart thudding in his chest with each of Shane’s steps.

“Don’t pretend like you didn’t just ask for this!” Shane smirked.

Shane was right, Ilya should have expected the consequences of his actions. What Ilya could not have anticipated was how much he liked being picked up and carried by Shane. In the one time that it happened before, years ago when Misha was still a toddler, Ilya was too shocked to wrap his mind around what happened. In their entire relationship, Ilya had always been the one to exert his strength over Shane—lifting Shane off of their feet or topping Shane during sex. Now that Ilya was on the receiving end of it, he was surprised that he liked it that much. Decidedly too much. Nothing showed Shane’s sheer brawn more than him picking Ilya up as if he weighed nothing.

In seconds, Ilya was thrown into the pool, landing into the water with a large slap. The cold water was a welcome presence to calm the heat pooling in Ilya’s stomach. Resurfacing, he could already see how happy Shane was—he beamed at the children who were cheering him on. Just when Ilya thought he couldn’t love Shane or his family anymore, time always proved him wrong.

Ilya was at a club, or maybe some bar. He didn’t know—he couldn’t remember anymore. He was somewhere where his team celebrated, lots and lots of drinks were being served, and music was blasting at full volume. The only things he knew were that the Centaurs had entered the semifinals for the Stanley cup and that he absolutely loved Shane and their family. If Ilya thought about his family too hard, he could end up crying at the club or bar he was currently in.

As the captain of the Centaurs now, he kept on getting poured congratulatory shots from his team and the waitstaff that he couldn’t refuse, so he drank them all. He was on shot number three maybe like two shots ago. He lost count. Fatherhood made Ilya a new man—it weakened his Russian liver and made him such a large lightweight. Years ago, Ilya would have laughed at the idea of five shots making him so shit-faced drunk.

Luca Haas and some of the other younger players were slumped over the bar, faces completely flushed from drinking. Even though Luca was no longer the youngest player on the team, he was always Ilya’s work baby.

“Could we get some water for them please?” Ilya asked the bartender. His own voice sounded fine to him, but considering that his tongue felt too big for his mouth, Ilya knew that he probably slurred his words and sounded like he just came from Russia. Shane and the team always liked to tease how thick Ilya’s accent got once drunk. Still, the bartender understood Ilya and promptly got several glasses of water ready.

“Thank you.”

Ilya took a swig from one of the glasses, as he didn’t want to get too hungover for the morning after. The hangover was all but inevitable now but he didn’t want to make it even

worse than it already was going to be. He had a family now. He had Shane too, whom Ilya loved so much. Just thinking about them made Ilya emotional again. Since when did he get so emotional when drunk?

“Captain!” Hayes exclaimed with his eyes half open. Lisa stood by his side, seemingly supporting him upright.

“Hazy! Good saves tonight!” Ilya patted Hayes’s back.

“Thanks Cap! We wouldn’t have gotten here without you.”

“You’re just saying that because you’re drunk, Hazy.”

The Centaurs already had two Stanley cups under their belt since Ilya joined, but this advancement into the semifinals still felt just as sweet. Just like every season, they worked and trained hard to earn their notoriety. Ilya was so incredibly proud to be on this team and he was so proud of their growth over the years. He couldn’t have asked for a better team or even coach. Ilya pitied any other hockey player who didn’t get to be on the Centaurs—they didn’t know what they were missing out on.

“And being drunk has made you a modest man,” Lisa laughed.

“Dr. Lisa Hayes, you wounded me.” Ilya placed his hand over his heart. “Am always a modest man.”

“Good thing that I’m not a heart surgeon then,” Lisa joked.

Ilya playfully scowled. “Have you seen Shane?”

Shane, the beautiful love of Ilya’s life, who didn’t like to party at all made sure to come to the semifinals party even though he was probably bone tired and wanted to go home. But, he was being so supportive of Ilya by coming and celebrating with the team. Ilya loved him so much. Shane was putting up with so much just for Ilya.

“I think he was sitting down somewhere over there.” Hayes raised his hand and gestured everywhere.

“I think Wyatt meant that Shane was sitting down at one of the booths near the back of the bar,” Lisa supplemented.

“Thank you.”

The walk to Shane felt like a long and dangerous trek. Ilya had to squeeze around the makeshift dance floor where Bood was breakdancing at the same time Harris and Barrett were slow dancing all to the same song. If Ilya was hearing things correctly, the song that was playing right now was “She’s Always a Woman to Me” by Billy Joel, which made both dance choices so much more disorienting to Ilya, but he was too drunk to process it. He only had enough brain capacity to fulfill his one goal: get to Shane.

Just as Lisa said, Shane was huddled at the very back of a booth, nursing a cold ginger ale. His face was a little flushed and downcast, no doubt because he was probably too overstimulated and too sober but wanted to stay for Ilya. Ilya loved Shane so much.

“*There you are, my beloved,*” Ilya sang as he slid beside Shane.

“You are so drunk,” Shane laughed.

“Is not true. At all. I am strong Russian man. Got vodka in my veins.” Ilya flexed his arms to prove his point.

“Okay, big guy. I believe you.”

“You do? I love you so much, Shane.” Ilya was practically sprawled over Shane now, desperate to get more contact.

“I love you too, you sloppy drunk.” Shane brushed some of Ilya’s hair away from his face.

Ilya didn’t care that his hair was blocking his eyes. All he saw was the most beautiful man in the entire world, and he was going to let Shane know it: “Shane, you are so pretty. I love your face and your beautiful little freckles. I love your muscles. I love your everything. I love that you stayed at this loud, crazy party for me even though you hate it here. I love you so much, *my beloved.*”

The more Ilya spoke, the emotional he felt. He really could not understate how much he loved Shane and how much he appreciated everything he had because of Shane.

“I guess it’s a good thing we’re married then, huh?” Shane’s eyes shone with amusement.

“Yes, we’re married, *my rocking chair*, and we have beautiful children, who are all waiting for us at home with their beautiful grandparents.” Ilya’s heart felt so warm and full.

“That is all correct, *Ilyusha*,” Shane replied with the patience of a saint.

“Can we go home now? I want to see them.”

“Of course we can.”

The alcohol was making Ilya’s legs feel like immovable tree trunks. He was able to successfully crawl out of the booth with Shane in tow, but once standing, it felt like he couldn’t take any steps forward.

“Shane, help. My legs don’t work anymore.”

“Yes, they do.” Despite his words, Shane draped Ilya’s arm over his own shoulder and placed his hand on Ilya’s waist. “Now let’s go home.”

Ilya felt like he was floating. Even though his feet were touching the ground and moving, Shane held up so much of Ilya’s weight as they walked. Shane’s face didn’t show the strain of

lugging around the 200 plus pounds of Ilya's dead weight. Instead, his concentrated eyes and furrowed brows were fixed ahead, making sure that they could both safely leave.

There was that fuzzy feeling again. Ilya always felt it when he was around Shane, but when Shane did something that required his strength, it made the feeling explode in Ilya's stomach—his entire body felt tingly.

"Shane." Ilya poked Shane's soft cheek as they exited the building. The cooler night air immediately hit them but Ilya still felt warm, especially where Shane's strong hand clenched around him.

"What?" Shane fished for his car keys from his pockets while still supporting Ilya's weight.

"Shane." Ilya poked him again.

"Yes?"

"Can I tell you a secret? Is very big secret."

"Go ahead. Your secret is safe with me."

"I love your muscles so much," Ilya whispered, craning his head over just barely enough so that his lips brushed against Shane's ear.

"Wow, that's an awfully large secret for me to keep." Shane smirked as he opened the car door for Ilya.

Ilya sat down in the car and waited until Shane sat himself down in the driver's seat. "No, *Shanya*, you don't get it. I love them so much. I love that you have such humungous, strong muscles, and that you can just pick me up or carry me through an entire bar or club or wherever we are. It is very hot."

Under the dim glow of the dome lights, Ilya could see that Shane's face was growing rosier by the second. "Well I'm glad I get to put them to good use then. Guess they're not just for show then."

"No, not at all. The muscles of Shane are for handling the Hollander-Rozanov children and Ilya Rozanov. They're amazing."

"Got it. Now let's get you buckled up so we can head on home."

Apparently, Ilya only had the strength to fasten his seatbelt because he couldn't remember anything else about the car ride home. The next thing he knew, the car had come to a stop and Shane was opening the passenger door for Ilya. The garage door was slowly coming to a close behind them.

"*My hero*," Ilya groaned. "Carry me please."

Shane breathlessly chuckled. "The father of my children wants uppies."

“Is not fair. I told you big secret and now you make fun of me.”

“I’m not making fun of you. This is just very new to me.”

“Me being attracted to you is new?” Ilya drunkenly smirked.

Without another word, Shane leaned over and gently kissed Ilya. The leftover, sweet taste of ginger ale lingered in Shane’s mouth, which Ilya just ate up. Shane’s hands instinctively found their way into Ilya’s hair, giving it a light tug. In return, Ilya grabbed Shane by the waist and started feeling the hard planes of muscle underneath Shane’s shirt.

“Okay, let’s get inside and get you some water and ibuprofen,” Shane said after they parted.

“Am not that drunk, Shane.”

Shane shot Ilya a knowing look.

“Okay fine, am very drunk still. I am more alcohol than I am man.”

Ilya climbed out of the car by himself. As soon as he kicked off his shoes in the mudroom, Shane came out of nowhere and swept Ilya off of his feet.

“Shit,” Ilya laughed as he wrapped his arms around Shane’s neck.

Shane wordlessly carried Ilya into the house, wearing a smile on his face. Ilya refrained from laughing from joy to make sure he didn’t wake anyone up. His in-laws and children had probably been asleep for hours by now. Somehow, without faltering or slipping once, Shane had carried every single pound of Ilya up into their bedroom. Ilya’s skin felt like it was buzzing. Gently, Shane set Ilya down on his feet before planting a kiss on Ilya’s lips.

“Not tonight. I want you to be able to remember it.”

After two extra stories than usual, both Misha and Mari were down for the night. Somehow, Mari’s boundless energy had infected Misha and they were both giddy with excitement as Shane and Ilya tucked them into bed. They then ended up huddling in Mari’s bed and reading both *Good Night Moon* and *I Love You Forever*. Despite being almost double Mari’s age, Misha sat tight for both stories and eventually needed to be carried to his own bed as he was knocked out halfway through the second book.

Standing in the warm glow of their bathroom, Shane and Ilya were brushing their teeth. Shane was meticulously brushing every single tooth with his electric toothbrush, making sure to get the back of his molars and the space in between his front teeth as well. Even though Shane’s bedtime routine was quite intense and required several steps, Ilya loved watching Shane go through it—he thought Shane looked adorable, especially when Shane was patting his moisturizer onto his face.

After Shane rinsed his mouth, Ilya followed suit and did the same. Instead of moving onto the next step of washing their faces, Shane turned to Ilya, pulling him in by the waist. A knowing smile grew on Ilya's face. Now that Misha and Mari were older and Shane and Ilya felt ready, they felt like they were finally ready to welcome another member into their family. Naturally, they fell into a routine of getting ready for bed earlier so that they could start trying.

"So impatient," Ilya said. "You're not going to let me wash my face first?"

"We're both going to need a shower after I'm done with you," Shane smirked.

Ilya's knees grew weak upon letting Shane's words settle but he tried not to show how excited he was. After all these years, Ilya's attraction for Shane had only grown exponentially. Ilya felt so incredibly sorry for anyone who said that their sex lives grew tired and stale after marriage because it was the exact opposite for them.

"I can't believe my husband is willing to break his tried and true routine for me." Ilya brushed their noses together.

"Only for you, *Ilyusha*."

Shane's soft lips pressed against Ilya's mouth before his tongue promptly swiped against Ilya's lips, begging for entrance. Instantly, the spearmint of Shane's toothpaste mixed with the flavour of Ilya's peppermint toothpaste. Despite the minty freshness of their mouths, Ilya's body was hot and sought for Shane's warmth, using his hands to explore Shane's body. Shane's grip remained firm on Ilya's hips as he started rocking his own hips against Ilya, searching for friction.

Without breaking contact, Shane lifted Ilya off of his feet, causing Ilya to instantly groan against Shane's tongue. If Shane was doing what Ilya guessed, it was making Ilya even more aroused, almost aching so. As soon as Ilya's thighs made contact with the cold marble countertop, a shiver traveled up his spine.

"Tell me what you want," Shane panted against Ilya's mouth. His dark eyes seemed to be peering into Ilya's soul.

"Just you." Ilya could barely think already. He was drunk on Shane's increasingly stronger scent and just giddy from excitement.

"How?"

"In whatever way you're willing. Just need a lot," Ilya said in between peppered kisses.

They were abundantly aware of each others' preferences. Shane wasn't interested in more than bottoming, and likewise with Ilya when it came to topping. Still, it was nice to push a few boundaries once in a while.

Shane smirked. "A lot in what way?"

Ilya's heart was already racing, but hearing Shane's words made his heart pound even faster in his chest. "Rough."

“Ah, you want the Rozanov Special.”

Yes, Ilya wanted to be treated the same way he treated Shane—not that what Shane did for Ilya was insufficient. It was more so that Ilya wanted to experience the full force of Shane’s strength.

Ilya provided his answer by joining their lips together again. Shane grabbed onto Ilya’s hair and gave it a tug before navigating his hands to Ilya’s ass and hoisting him off of the countertop. Now that Ilya had a clear conscious while being in Shane’s arms, he was absolutely sure he was going to like this just as much as he liked topping Shane.

With a soft thud, Ilya landed onto their mattress and immediately propped himself on his elbows as he watched Shane take off his shirt and fold it. A small chuckle erupted from Ilya’s throat. While there were so many things between them that had undeniably and irrevocably changed, it was good to see that somethings still remained the exact same.

Shane climbed on top of Ilya, his arms nearly caging Ilya’s face, and stared at Ilya with a sharp gaze. “Are you going to be good for me?”

Ilya couldn’t find the words to express his thoughts—Shane had literally taken his breath away to the point where he couldn’t form words. Instead, he thickly swallowed and nodded. His body was nearly trembling with the overwhelming desire to be taken over by Shane.

Grabbing Ilya by the chin, Shane shoved his thumb into Ilya’s mouth, which Ilya happily sucked and swirled his tongue around. Then, Shane used his leg to press against Ilya’s aching hard member, making Ilya groan immediately.

“You’re moaning just from that? What are you going to do when I wrap my hands around your cock?”

Ilya hummed against Shane’s thumb as Shane pressed his knee more firmly onto Ilya’s crotch.

With a smug look, Shane took his finger out of Ilya’s mouth and pinned Ilya’s hands above his head with a strict demand to keep them there. Ilya’s breath hitched as Shane took him by the ankles and folded him in half, bringing Ilya’s knees to his chest. Ilya was nowhere near as flexible as Shane was, but he liked feeling the stretch of his muscles as Shane put him in this new position.

Holding Ilya’s legs in position, Shane licked down the entire length of Ilya’s shaft and mouthed Ilya’s balls. Ilya had to use all of his strength and willpower to not buck up his hips against Shane’s mouth—against his hot, wet tongue—or to use his hands to grab onto Shane’s hair. Ilya needed more.

He needed Shane.

Shane’s tongue was now working towards Ilya’s hole. Ilya’s heart was rattling against his ribs now. There were a few times that he and Shane had tried anal for Ilya and he liked it, just not

as much as he being on the giving end. Today, however, Ilya needed it. He opened his legs wider for Shane to get better access.

“Okay?” Shane asked, using a finger to delicately circle around Ilya’s entrance.

“*Fuck-yes.*” Ilya nodded.

A moan was exorcised from Ilya’s chest the moment he was met with Shane’s tongue. Despite being on the receiving end most of the time, Shane sure did know how to use his tongue. Ilya reminded himself to relax and just enjoy the sweet heat of Shane’s mouth, breathing in deeply to make sure that he wasn’t too tight for Shane.

As soon as Ilya felt Shane’s finger join in with his tongue, he couldn’t stop the Russian expletives from escaping his lips. His chest was heaving up and down as he tried to ride the waves of pleasure coursing through his body, only the waves were more like tsunamis crashing down on him over and over again.

“*Holy shit,*” Ilya grunted.

Ilya’s entire body jolted as Shane brushed up against what he could only assume was his prostate. Instinctively, Ilya grabbed onto the back of Shane’s head, tangling his fingers into Shane’s silky hair.

“No touching,” Shane reprimanded before slapping the back of Ilya’s thigh.

Ilya revelled in the sharp pang as he brought his arms back up over his head.

A disappointed grumble came out as Ilya felt Shane slip out of him. Before Ilya could look to see what was happening, Shane easily flipped Ilya onto his stomach as if he were a pancake on the griddle. Once again, the show of Shane’s sheer strength made Ilya’s stomach fizzle with excitement.

Now on his stomach, Ilya felt the mattress sink underneath him as Shane’s weight settled. Feeling Shane’s body heat hovering above him, Ilya’s skin prickled with goose bumps. With a firm grip, Shane parted Ilya’s ass and continued where he had left off.

At this point, Ilya didn’t even know what sounds he was making anymore. He was just responding to the blinding pleasure that Shane gave him, which pooled in his belly and his lower back. Still, he tried to contain himself—he didn’t want any of his kids waking up and walking in on their daddy and papa any time soon. Tonight was about pleasure, not trauma.

“Shane-” Ilya stopped talking to prevent himself from dry-humping the mattress.

“What is it?”

Ilya could picture it now: Shane lifting his head up with glossy, plump lips as his face morphed with concern. God, the image just did further damage on Ilya.

“I need to come,” Ilya groaned.

“Then come.” Shane’s smirk was very evident in his voice. “No one is stopping you.”

Of course Shane said that. It was a line Ilya often said to Shane, and being the recipient was as devastating as it was exhilarating.

Shane’s fingertips brushed up against Ilya’s prostate over and over again, so much so that Ilya’s jaw went slack and his eyes rolled to the back of his head. Thank fuck for his Shane-induced sexual epiphany or else Ilya might not have been able to experience such delectation. Soon, blinding pleasure washed over Ilya as he forcefully came.

“*My Shanya*,” Ilya panted against his pillow. He didn’t even register as Shane flipped him over so that he was lying on his back.

“That good huh?”

“Fucking amazing.”

Shane climbed back on top of Ilya, peppering kisses from his chest up to his neck. As his lips came up to Ilya’s trapezius, Shane clamped his teeth over it, making Ilya hiss in delight. Unbothered, Shane moved up to Ilya’s scent gland. As Shane laved his tongue over it a few times, Ilya melted even more under Shane’s touch. Ilya was especially sensitive here and loved it whenever Shane worked on that area. Just like before, Shane’s sharp teeth found their way around Ilya’s scent gland, clenching on the same area where Shane had made his mark years ago. Ilya fully believed that if Shane worked on this area for long enough, Ilya would be able to come hands free again.

“Was that okay?” Shane asked, his worrying eyes peering into Ilya’s.

“Okay? *My beloved*, you nearly just killed me.”

Shane’s face melted into a satisfied grin.

“It’s Daddy’s turn,” Ilya said. “Use my mouth. Show me just how hard you can fuck me.”

“Fuck me,” Shane replied, voice low with lust.

“No, fuck me, Shane. That’s what I asked,” Ilya shot back, making Shane laugh.

Even though Ilya’s body felt limp and slack, he sat upright on the floor by the side of the bed to give Shane the best angle possible. As Shane walked up to Ilya, Ilya could see how painfully hard Shane was and had been this entire time through the outline of his member against his briefs.

Ilya held Shane by his hips and mouthed against Shane’s cock, letting his saliva dampen the cotton material. Just like Ilya was wont to do, Shane firmly tugged on Ilya’s curls as moans fell out of his lips. Finally, no longer wanting to torture Shane any longer, Ilya took off Shane’s underwear and immediately licked off the precome that was forming at the tip. Ilya savoured Shane’s taste as Shane positioned himself, readying himself for what was about to happen.

Ilya's lips tugged into a smile as he took Shane in. A firm squeeze around Shane's ass helped Ilya indicate that he was now ready to take Shane in deeply.

Starting off slowly, Shane rocked his hips against Ilya's mouth, almost as if he was afraid to hurt Ilya. Ilya slapped Shane's ass, giving him the permission he didn't need to start fucking and using Ilya's mouth the way they both wanted. Taking the hint, Shane hiked his leg up so that it was on the edge of the bed—giving Ilya a much better angle to take Shane all the more deeper.

Both of them moaned in tandem, feeling each other in such a way—it wasn't completely novel to them but it definitely wasn't something they did often. The vibrations of Ilya's moans against Shane's member only caused Shane to pull on Ilya's hair harder. Ilya loved feeling the burning sensation from his scalp. Ilya's eyes began to water as Shane jackhammered into his mouth, feeling how Shane was hitting the back of his throat over and over again.

One of Ilya's hands traveled to Shane's balls and started fondling them the way he knew Shane liked. Upon immediate contact, Shane nearly lost his rhythm. Ilya hummed, encouraging Shane to continue, and Shane did just that.

"Fuck, Ilya. You take me so well with your mouth," Shane said through gritted teeth, probably on the edge of coming.

A few thrusts later, Shane spilled into Ilya's mouth, and Ilya eagerly swallowed.

Both of them collapsed on the bed, already spent from the first round. Laying side by side, their chests heaved as they gasped for air. A satisfied smile remained on Ilya's lips the entire time. He was truly spoiled to have Shane as his husband.

"I think it's time for round two, yes?" Ilya's voice was hoarse. "We have to get a baby in you somehow."

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