

indulge in it

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by [Vienne](#)

Summary

They're lounging on the sofa, Ilya's head in Shane's lap as he scrolls idly on his phone, Shane with a book before he places a bookmark on the page he's been failing to read for the past five minutes. Before he can stop himself, Shane says, "I still can't believe that Scott Hunter's gay."

Ilya doesn't even stop texting before he says, "I can. He has a gay vibe."

Notes

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

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Shane feels his face making an expression. "What even is a 'gay vibe'? Do I have a gay vibe? Do *you*?"

"You are really thinking about this." Ilya chucks his phone somewhere over towards his feet and rolls over in Shane's lap to face him. Shane wants to touch the place where his eyebrows fade out, wants to kiss the moles, his pronounced mouth: a vague wanting he's always had. He forgets, sometimes, that he can indulge in it now.

Outloud, he says: "Do you remember my fight with Scott Hunter a few years back?"

"Are you *blushing*?" Ilya responds, outraged, moving to sit up. "Shane! Why are you embarrassed? Are you thinking about Hunter?"

"Shut up!" Shane snaps and shoves Ilya off his lap.

"Of course I remember your fight with Hunter, it was a beautiful moment for me. I wanted you to kill that old man." Ilya untangles himself on the floor and hugs Shane's shins, propping his chin onto Shane's knees. "The most nice and boring boys in hockey. He was playing like shit, anyway."

"I freaked out because he made a comment about you."

"Wow, really?" Ilya almost looks pleased, definitely a little smug. "I knew I was on his nerves. What kind of comment?"

"He was like, *You even sound like him*, or something like that. I didn't even -- I chirped him in like, a normal, friendly way. Scott's always been a good guy."

"To a cute player like you, maybe. But why would 'him' be me?"

"I don't know, it just was. He was definitely talking about you, and --- *what are you doing*?"

"I am giving you a handie," Ilya says clearly. His palm is on Shane's crotch. He has a straight face, but Shane sees the light dancing in his eyes. "Why? Should I stop?"

"You're such an asshole," Shane groans, probably for the thousandth time since he met Ilya; Ilya, for his part, cackles once before pulling away and saying, "Sorry, sorry, I am listening. Hunter. Scott Hunter. You think Scott Hunter knows about us? Because of our gay vibe?"

Let's stop saying gay vibe. "Is that insane?"

“We-ell,” Ilya says, dragging the word out. “I thought Hunter was a fellow faggot, so maybe he can also tell. You know. Gaydar. But he has no proof, and many hockey guys are kind of gay.”

“Gaydar’s not real,” Shane says. “And hockey’s the most homophobic sport in the world?”

“NFL is the most homophobic sport in the world. And I mean, straight-gay. So macho it’s gay. You know Marley? Marleau? For example, he slaps the older guys on the ass all the time. *Gay*. But Marley himself is so straight.”

“Ass-slapping is different,” Shane says, and before Ilya can narrow his eyes and ask who’s been slapping Shane’s ass, he continues, “but how do you know that? That Marley’s straight?”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “I don’t *know*, one hundred percent, but I am pretty fucking sure. My gaydar is excellent. I know Marley is straight, I know Svetlana also likes girls, I knew Sasha --my old coach’s son--- was gay within minutes of speaking to him. I knew that you liked men because you reacted to me. I always can tell. Even Scott Hunter... he reacts, too, a little, even if he hates me.” Ilya’s mouth curves up, mean. “Probably jealous my knees don’t give out every time I get on the ice.”

Shane thinks vaguely of Rose’s tall friend Miles, who had, admittedly, maybe kissed the back of Shane’s neck and ground up against him at the club. In retrospect, Shane could’ve known or guessed. But he hadn’t.

“Anyway, at least Hunter is hot for a dinosaur. Good representation. If he didn’t have a boyfriend, I’d let him fuck me.”

“*Excuse me?*” Shane had been feeling something uneasy and jealous at the discussion of Svetlana and Sasha and Scott fucking Hunter *reacting* to Ilya, but this is unbelievable. Let *him* fuck *Ilya*. The thought is horrifying, in a way that makes Shane feel a little sick and a lot horny. He hauls Ilya up and pushes him back onto the sofa, situates himself between Ilya’s long legs. “I can fuck you.”

“Oh, yeah?” says Ilya, grinning. “I have thought about bottoming before, but you are so fuckable and cute I keep getting distracted whenever I see you. Do you want to?”

Shane’s not actually sure. “You don’t need Scott for it.”

“I love jealous Shane,” Ilya says, and hooks a leg around Shane’s waist, pushes his hips up in a facsimile of sex. They’re both hard. “I bet money that Hunter thinks you are also cute. Remember when we had sex next to his hotel room? Do you think he heard you? Your slutty noises?”

“Stop talking,” Shane says, but his voice breaks in the middle of it. They’re rocking together now, and Ilya’s eyes are lidded and intent.

“He probably got off on it, imagining it, imagining watching it. And you know Hunter. He would feel *guilty*. But he still would have done it. Thought about taking your sweet mouth for

himself.”

“Ilya,” Shane says. “Roz.”

“Hey, Hollzy,” responds Ilya, and digs blunt nails into Shane’s back. He continues: “Let’s call him up for a repeat,” and then Shane comes.

Shane is still twitching and a little sensitive when Ilya flips their positions, pushes down both their boxers and fucks Shane’s thighs at a punishing pace. “I can never look Scott in the eye ever again,” Shane says, burying his head in his arms. His face feels like it’s on fire. In the privacy of his mind, he can almost admit it: Scott Hunter is hot, huge with broad shoulders and dark stubble and steady eyes. And the fact that he’s actually gay isn’t helping the shadow of the tiny aborted half-crush Shane might’ve nursed when he was a rookie.

Ilya’s panting a little, but he comes too and flops down onto Shane’s back. God, the couch must be disgusting.

“It’s okay,” Ilya says. “We can avert suspicion. Maybe you will look like you are being homophobic.”

End Notes

guysssss ilya was such a brat around scott i cannot be the only one into the dynamic

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