

The Power of the Prostate

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The Power of the Prostate

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Summary

“Shane didn’t know I was flirting with him until I pointed my dick at him in the showers!”

“Ilya!” he hissed.

“What? Is true. I was flirting with you all day at that photoshoot, and you didn’t notice.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “No, you weren’t, you were just being an asshole.”

“I told you you looked pretty!”

Notes

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

“Damn, Rozy, your man is popular,” Bood says, craning his neck.

Ilya looks over his shoulder to see Shane at the bar, talking with a woman. Haas is waiting next to them, holding a handful of beers by the neck.

Ilya waves his hand. “People flirt with him everywhere we go, but he never notices. He thinks she’s just being polite.”

Bood, Hayes, and Dykstra laugh.

Ilya does too, thinking about the earnest way Shane talks to everyone, not noticing when they are practically drooling over him.

Luca appears at his side and starts to pass the beers out. Shane slides into his seat next to Ilya. He turns automatically towards his husband, sliding a hand onto his thigh.

“You get that girl’s number, Holzy?” Dykstra asks.

“What?” Shane’s face scrunches up in confusion. “Why would I?” He turns to look at Ilya with a questioning look.

Ilya loves his beautiful, oblivious husband. He leans forward and kisses him, whispering, “мой.” *Mine*. Even if he knew when people were flirting with him, Shane would always be his. It’s just a bonus that he doesn’t notice. Makes Ilya feel more special, more loved.

Shane kisses him back.

“She looked like she wanted a piece of you,” Bood tries to explain.

Shane turns back to the table.

“Was probably the freckles,” Ilya muses.

“She wasn’t flirting with me,” Shane defends himself. “She just said that I was, like, a good role model for Asian kids in sports, or whatever. I get that kind of thing all the time.”

“Haas, was she flirting?” Hazy asks. “Seemed pretty obvious from here.”

Luca hunched in on himself. “Sorry, Shane, but she was flirting with you. A lot.”

Everyone roared with laughter.

Shane looked around the table.

“I told you,” Ilya crowed. “Shane didn’t know I was flirting with him until I pointed my dick at him in the showers!”

“Ilya!” he hissed.

“What? Is true. I was flirting with you all day at that photoshoot, and you didn’t notice.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “No, you weren’t, you were just being an asshole.”

“I told you you looked pretty!”

Shane pauses and then narrows his eyes at him. “That was you just chirping at me.”

“No it wasn’t, Hollander. That was me trying to get into your pants.”

“Well, you can’t blame me for not noticing that one, right?” Shane looked around the table for support.

“I’m with Holzy on this one,” Bood said, shrugging. “It could be taken either way.”

Ilya straightens. “Well, later I told him I told CCM that I wanted to do the photoshoot with him. If a man told you that, a man that you have craaazzzy sexual tension with, wouldn’t you take that as flirting?”

“Oh my God, Ilya, you set up your first date on a photoshoot?” Hazy asks. “That’s so romantic.”

“Well, until Shane couldn’t figure out I was flirting. I had to up my game.” Ilya grins, remembering the sight of Shane getting half hard in the shower just from looking at him. That’s when he knew he wouldn’t get punched.

“Wait,” Dykstra furrows his brows. “Did you two hook up in the shower?”

“No. Shane said not here. Then, when we got out, he said we could forget about it if I wanted. But I did not want that.”

“We met up in my hotel room later,” Shane says.

“Wow, Roz really went after you,” Hayes says, clinking his bottle against Shane’s.

“You do not know half of it,” Ilya says, slinging his arm around Shane’s shoulder. “But after I saw the freckles...” He dramatically tips his head back and puts a hand on his heart. “And then I saw his ass in the showers, and I knew I was done for.”

“You only like me for my body then?” Shane asks, looking up at him with a smile.

“гораздо больше.” *Much more.*

“Bol’she,” Shane whispers back. His eyes are shiny now for some reason.

“Do you want to go home and recreate our first hookup?” Ilya asks. “For old times?”

Shane smiles at him and leans forward to kiss him slowly.

Dykstra whoops. “Marriage hasn’t slowed you guys down at all.”

“I don’t get that whole ‘married sex is boring’ thing,” Hazy says. “I have not found that to be true.”

“I don’t know, marriage has sex lulls, you know,” Dykstra said. “But it doesn’t have to be boring.”

“Lull?” Ilya mouths at Shane.

“Slows down,” Shane whispers back.

“Ah. Yes, it sucks when one of us gets injured,” Ilya says with a nod.

“There are other reasons for lulls,” Shane laughs.

“Like what? If you are in love and not hurt or sick, why wouldn’t you want to fuck?”

“Like stress?” Bood says with his eyes narrowed.

Shane shifts in his street. “I don’t think stress counts for us. After sneaking around for so long, it might be an aphrodisiac.”

Ilya turns to him.

“Turn on,” Shane translates for him.

A slow smile takes over Ilya’s face. “You must have been very stressed this morning.”

Shane covers his red face with a hand and sinks down in the booth.

“Sleep deprivation,” Hazy says. “Obviously, we don’t have a kid yet, but I’ve heard stories.” He shudders.

Bood nods emphatically. “Pretty sure Cassie threatened to castrate me if I even hugged her. It was rough.”

Ilya shrugs. “I don’t think we have ...lulls.” He tests out the new word carefully.

“Except for playoffs,” Shane says, reemerging from behind his hand.

“Fucking playoffs,” Ilya grumbles. “Only thing I don’t like about winning the cup is no fucking. This year, I am not celebrating with any of you. I am taking my husband home and having many, many orgasms.”

“Shut the fuck up, don’t jinx us before the season even starts!” Dykstra says.

“I don’t know, since we don’t have a kid, Lisa and I haven’t really had any lulls,” Hazy muses. “Kinda the opposite.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Dykstra laughs.

“Like, we try new things.” Hazy shrugs. “You know.”

“No,” Ilya grins. “We don’t. What things?” Shane is thinking he is a shit stirrer right now, but Ilya doesn’t care. He stirs the shit all the time; it is who he is.

Hazy fiddles with the label on his beer can for a minute before he squares his shoulders. He looks at Bood, Haas, and Dykstra slowly. “You boys ever had a prostate orgasm? Because that stuff is otherworldly. I thought I saw God, honestly. Turns out it was just Lisa.”

“Hazziy!” Ilya reaches out for a fistbump.

“Damn. Maybe we’ll have to try that,” Bood says.

“Do straight men really not experiment with prostate?” Ilya asks the table, seemingly deep in thought. “Seems like such a ... tragedy.”

“I mean, I haven’t. Kind scared to, honestly,” Bood takes a sip. “Seems ... messy.”

“Eat more fiber,” Shane says, and grabs the pretzels from the middle of the table to munch on a few.

Ilya puts his arm around him. He loves to see him eat an unplanned snack.

“Is nice,” Ilya assures him. “You don’t have to do pegging, or whatever, just a finger or two will work.”

“Do the pegging,” Hazy says seriously.

“Why?” Bood asks.

Hazy looks around and then leans close in to talk quietly. “Stays between us, boys. But half the reason it was so hot was because of the thrusting and the way Lisa’s tits bounced. I’m not joking, I think about it daily.”

“Huh,” Bood sits back, looking deep in thought.

“I think maybe start with fingers,” Dykstra says. “Start slow.”

The table falls silent for a moment. Ilya turns to Haas. “You not going to share, Haas?”

“Ilya,” Shane says in a warning voice.

He knows what Shane is saying—*Don’t stir the shit*.

Haas blushes but sits up a little. “I’ve tried it,” he says quietly.

“Haas!” Ilya reaches over Shane to shake Luca’s shoulder. “This is how we beat the other teams, through the power of the prostate.”

Shane bursts out laughing. “That is not a thing!”

“Sure it is,” Ilya shrugs. “Means we will try new things, not set in our ways.”

“Oh, you ready to try new things?” Shane asks with a glint in his eye.

Ilya looks at him and remembers this conversation from a few days ago.

“Would you ever want to bottom?”

He raises his eyebrows slightly, and Shane tilts his head forward by a fraction.

He pulls his wallet out and throws some cash on the table.

“I have to take my husband home,” Ilya says. “He is very stressed.” He winks.

“Oh my God.” Shane moans.

“What?” Ilya stands and kicks his chair back in. “Come on, дорогой, I will take you home.”
Sweetheart.

“I can’t believe I married you,” Shane mutters.

“You love me.” Ilya sings.

“Goodnight, guys,” Shane says.

A chorus of goodnights follows them out the door.

* * *

Wyatt hadn’t realized he was going to ask until Rozy skated closer to the goal.

“Why are you skating weird? Did you pull a muscle?”

“No,” Roz grinned from under his helmet. “I had some of that boring married sex last night.”

“Oh.” Wyatt blocked a shot and shook his hand out before he understood what Ilya was really saying.

“After you and Lisa did this, did you feel very ... open and vulnerable afterwards? I feel strange.”

Wyatt blinked. “Yeah, course. I was pretty clingy for a day. It happens. Why are you asking me? You must do this all the time.”

Roz tapped the ice with his stick. “We don’t change positions much.”

“Much? Or like, not at all until last night?”

“Yes,” Roz said.

“Rozy. Are you telling me I had a dick in my ass before you ever did? You’re married to a man!” Well, artificial dick, of course, but still!

He shrugs, smiling a little. “I like to do the fucking.”

“Did you see God, too?”

“No.” He smiles a dopey smile towards the other side of the rink. “Just Shane.”

End Notes

Thought I could be a passive Hollanov shipper, but alas, here we are.

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