

Drunk in Love

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Drunk in Love

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

The Centaurs are on a winning streak and nothing gets Shane going more than winning

Notes

Thank you to experiments_in_poetry for entrusting me with this idea! I love writing PWP and this was a fun one!

Enjoy! 💖

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

Monk's

The Centaurs were on a winning streak.

No one was really talking about it directly because talking about it directly meant potentially jinxing it but the whole team was very much in a celebratory mood.

They were off to an incredible start and Ilya was really pleased and excited about how they were doing.

They'd started off the seas on with an incredible bang.

Shane had received a hero's welcome at coming back home to Ottawa, everyone so excited to finally claim their hometown boy as their own.

Ilya had been so proud to see it. So glad that Shane was getting the reception he deserved.

Everything was just kind of exciting for him right now.

Being out and married and playing with his husband on the same team were all spectacular things that Ilya hadn't been sure would ever be possible for him.

There was a lot of chatter about that externally. A lot of weirdness online, from homophobia to parasocialness that Ilya didn't really care for, but he was doing his best to ignore all of that as much as he could.

He didn't want anything to taint the happiness he was feeling after so long of feeling, well, depressed.

And right now, he just wanted to enjoy this most recent win.

The Centaurs had given Montreal a proper trouncing, the final goal had been Ilya's off of Shane's assist, and Ilya had never seen Shane so buzzy before, at least not up close like this.

There was so much they knew about one another and yet so much they didn't know, so much they were learning about each other now that they were together so frequently.

Sharing a locker room with Shane was like being exposed to an entirely new layer of his husband that Ilya had only seen and known perpherially and was now experiencing the full force of.

Not even the All-Star games had been a proper taste of Shane in the locker room.

It was like seeing him in technicolor.

Ilya hadn't known it was possible to love someone so much and have room for more of that love.

He'd always loved Shane, since that first meeting in Saskatchewan, and he just loved him more and more every day. It felt impossible, but it was just how he felt.

He'd watched Shane celebrating with the guys after the win, his face all flushed and crinkled as he smiled, laughing, joking around.

He and Ilya didn't really exchange a lot of PDA around their teammates but there was certainly a lot more touching than Ilya had expected, seeing as Shane was the more reserved one between the two of them.

Shane playfully punching at Ilya's arm with both fists and general roughhousing in a way that they normally only exchanged behind closed doors.

It was nice, though surprising. Ilya hadn't been expecting it.

They had all showered and changed and the plan was to go to Monk's for some post-win drinks.

Shane had been to Monk's a few times before, playing pool, just relaxing with the guys.

This evening was a little rowdier, simply because they were all riding the high of the win.

Even Luca Haas, normally shy and quiet, was excited.

It was fun to see him and Shane together. Luca had relaxed a bit now that he was in his second season with the team and while it was obvious that he admired Shane, he was more comfortable being in Shane's space, talking to him, asking questions.

Any excuse for Shane to talk about hockey but Ilya knew that Shane enjoyed imparting his wisdom on younger players. And he and Luca had similar personalities; polite, a little nerdy, shy in some circumstances.

It was sweet.

Ilya went to the bar, greeting Alain, who glanced behind Ilya at the Centaurs filling the bar, and then back at Ilya.

"A round for the boys?"

"Yes, please."

Troy and Bood found Ilya at the bar, both of them smiling.

"Beers on you, Cap?" Bood asked.

"The first round, yes," Ilya replied, handing over his card to Alain.

Beers were doled out, Ilya tipped Alain handsomely, tucking his card back into his wallet, and settled himself casually against the bar, talking with Bood and Troy.

"Harris is going to join us," Troy said, looking at his phone, before tucking it back into his pocket.

"Good! He should!"

Ilya sipped his beer, scanning the crowd of players. No sign of Shane, which was odd. He furrowed his brows, placing his beer down, and turned his attention back to Bood and Troy.

They talked about the game, the highlights, how everyone was really clicking this season, things feeling good.

They didn't talk about the win head on, more just talking around it, everyone very cautious.

This was a fragile thing, especially for the franchise as it was.

Ilya didn't think the Centaurs had ever had a win streak quite like this and he knew it couldn't last for the entire season, that was impossible. He did want to see how far they could go though.

He felt confident in this team, even more so with Shane.

And Shane had something to prove.

He was having fun though, which made Ilya happy. He didn't want Shane to continue to pressure himself.

Montreal had been hard and difficult enough and Ilya wanted Shane to feel at home with the Cens. He wanted him to feel welcomed and appreciated.

He honestly wanted him to feel loved, for him to be happy here, with him, but that had always been true.

He sipped some more of his beer, continuing his conversation with his teammates.

Maybe ten minutes later he felt a hand on his lower back and then Shane was pressed against his side.

"Oh, hello," Ilya said, lifting an arm to place it around Shane. He looked down at his husband, happy to see him, surprise that he was deciding to be so close.

Shane looked back up at him, smiling, his cheeks still all flushed.

"Hi," Shane replied and snuggled up against Ilya.

"Where were you?" Ilya asked curiously.

"Talking to Luca, Nick, and D."

"Okay."

Shane hummed, giving Ilya a squeeze.

This was not exactly like Shane.

Ilya wouldn't necessarily say that they shied away from all forms of touch when they were in public or with the team.

They would brush hands, touch backs, lean in close, exchange a quick kiss. All fleeting gestures, nothing lingering like this. Ilya wondered how much Shane had had to drink.

He wasn't a huge drinker anyway and Ilya teased him about being a lightweight, but this had him a little concerned.

Particularly because Shane was acting like Bood and Troy weren't standing literally right next to them.

He was like a cat in heat.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" Ilya asked Shane, in Russian.

"Mhm," Shane replied, nuzzling his nose against Ilya's neck, one arm wrapped around Ilya's waist, his free hand resting on Ilya's stomach.

Shane pressed a kiss to Ilya's neck. Not a quick peck either, but a slow, lingering press, like something he might do if they were at home on the couch together, and he was trying to instigate something.

Ilya blinked, honestly surprised, waiting for Shane's hand to slide down lower and grab his dick or for him to moan or something.

Ilya wasn't necessarily against exhibitionism except for the fact that he and Shane hadn't talked about it and he was pretty sure there would be some HR issues if that happened in front of their coworkers.

He glanced at Bood and Troy who were looking at them, very obviously just as confused as Ilya.

Ilya patted Shane's hip to get his attention.

"Shane..."

Shane just hummed again, blissfully unaware or perhaps just purposefully ignoring their teammates in favor of kissing and nuzzling and mouthing at Ilya's neck like they weren't in a public place.

"Is he okay?" Troy mouthed at Ilya, brows furrowed.

Ilya made a face to suggest that he had no idea, giving a kind of half-shrug. He wasn't mad about the situation, just confused.

It was quite possible that the win streak, combined with the win tonight, and how it had transpired, was hitting all of Shane's buttons. Which would make sense and Ilya couldn't help

but chuckle. They had just never experienced anything like this until now. Not in this kind of context anyway. The All-Star games didn't quite count.

"Beloved, I love this, but are you okay?" Ilya asked, in Russian.

Shane leaned away so they could look at one another. He honestly seemed kind of drunk but Ilya couldn't smell any alcohol on him. It was definitely just Shane being high on this win and just the culmination of everything so far.

He blinked slowly at Ilya, eyes dark with desire, set on Ilya's mouth, before shifting to meet Ilya's eyes.

"Yes. I am fine," Shane replied, in Russian.

"Do you want to take this someplace else?"

Shane swallowed. "Yes."

"Okay."

Ilya nodded and finished his beer, placing it on the bar.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said to Bood and Troy. "We are going home."

Both Troy and Bood looked at Ilya in understanding and nodded.

"Have fun," Troy said and Bood laughed, giving them a little salute.

Ilya chuckled, steering Shane away from the bar.

"We are going home," he said to Shane, in English. Shane had slid a hand into the back pocket of Ilya's jeans, squeezing one ass cheek.

"Good," Shane sighed. "Want you so bad."

Heat washed through Ilya at Shane's words. He was being incredibly bold, which was a surefire way to get Ilya all worked up. Not that he didn't love this kind of attention from Shane but just stating what he wanted...

Yeah. That just did it for him.

They grabbed their jackets and headed out to the Mercedes.

They got into the car and Ilya hadn't even started the engine before they were kissing, hot and messy, as if they hadn't seen one another for days.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya murmured when they parted, hard in his jeans, and the impending ten minute ride home feeling like it was going to take an eternity.

"What is going on?" He smiled a little.

"I don't know," Shane laughed, as if coming back to himself a little. "It's just everything, I guess. Tonight was amazing and I love playing with you. And I love you."

Ilya smiled wide, leaning in to kiss Shane again, warm, calloused hands holding his face, brushing into his curls.

"I love you, too."

"Let's go home."

Ilya did not need to be told twice.

Shane was so horny he felt a little like he was going to combust.

He felt kind of drunk, totally wrapped up in the thrill of their win streak, of beating Montreal in spectacular fashion. They got their asses handed to them and Shane was relishing in it.

He loved that that final goal had been Ilya's, with Shane's assist, on the power play. Being on the same ice as Ilya was incredible.

Ilya had talked to him about maybe moving to right wing, if they wanted to play on the same line, which Shane hadn't expected or even asked for.

It meant a lot to him for Ilya to offer that. This whole experience did.

Being welcomed with open arms onto the Centaurs. Being so thoroughly loved by Ilya. Getting to share this experience. It was difficult at times, a lot of big changes, and change had always been difficult for Shane, but the pay off was coming faster than he would have expected.

And Ilya was more than worth it.

Shane looked at him as he drove them home, wanting so badly for Ilya to be inside him, and just wanting to have him as close as possible as quickly as possible.

He loved their new life together, all the things they were building that were theirs, the experiences they got to share as a pair, no longer having to squirrel away time to be together.

And Shane loved seeing Ilya as Captain.

He was fun and cool, always encouraging and supportive, unafraid to poke fun, always able to take a joke.

He was easy-going but never let the team off easy.

He had a great balance which Shane had never quite been able to achieve.

All of this was such a luxury that Shane didn't want to take for granted.

He rested his hand on Ilya's thigh for the rest of the short drive home. Ilya pulled into their driveway, and parked in the garage.

They got out of the car and Shane jogged around the Mercedes to wrap his arms around Ilya, forcing them to walk into the house like a drunken four legged creature.

Inside, Shane pushed Ilya against the wall next to the garage door entrance once it was closed.

"So eager for it," Ilya purred. "My little slut."

Shane bit his lip, shamelessly feeling Ilya up; running his hands over his firm chest, down his stomach, fingers sliding underneath the fabric of his black t-shirt to touch skin.

"Need you," Shane breathed as Ilya brushed their mouths together, his hands on Shane's ass, pulling him close. Shane kissed Ilya's neck, nipping lightly at his skin.

Ilya smelled like his cologne and Shane rubbed himself up against him as Ilya's thigh slid between Shane's legs. Shane mewled softly.

Anya had come running to greet them but both Shane and Ilya were too preoccupied to notice her.

Ilya hefted Shane into his arms, carrying him toward the stairs, and Shane clung to him, kissing him deeply, tongues tangling, wet and warm.

Shane's whole body was hot and he really was impossibly needy. He wished he'd put in a plug, he wasn't sure he had the patience for Ilya to open him, but he also didn't think Ilya would give him a choice.

He loved going slow, opening Shane up until Shane was begging for it, and then pushing inside.

Shane moaned softly at the thought, which made Ilya laugh.

"Thinking of me fucking you?"

"Yes."

Ilya growled, biting Shane's ear. "Me, too."

They made it to their bedroom and Ilya dumped Shane unceremoniously onto their bed.

"Take off your clothes," he commanded. "Open yourself for me."

"Fuck," Shane murmured, eagerly tearing off his clothes, and tossing them to the floor.

Ilya, on the otherhand, walked casually around the room, turning on a bedside lamp, and pulled lube from the drawer, tossing it within easier reach for Shane.

He walked casually back to the foot of their bed, leaning back against their dresser, arms crossed over his chest, legs crossed at the ankles.

Shane had shifted back towards the pillows, making himself comfortable, and grabbed the lube.

He didn't dally, opening his legs, happily on display in a way his much younger self would never have been able to be.

Ilya's lips curled up into that sexy crooked smile of his, his hazel eyes watching Shane greedily.

Shane loved these moments, when it was clear that Ilya wanted him as much as he wanted Ilya. That was almost always the case, except sometimes Ilya liked to play games, acting as if he was more in control than he was.

But Shane liked this.

He liked Ilya watching him, he liked knowing that he was desired, that he would be given what he wanted.

And fuck he wanted Ilya.

"That goal was sexy as hell," he said, wrapping a hand around himself, slowly stroking, using his other hand to roll his balls in his ball.

"Oh yes?" Ilya replied, head tilted slightly to the side. "Do you like when I score off of your assists, moy lyubimyy?"

"Yes," Shane breathed, biting his lip. It was true. He and Ilya were so in sync on the ice, not even having to think. It was so intuitive and there was something really intimate and hot about that.

"Tell me," Ilya hummed and Shane panted, stroking himself a little faster.

"I just love how easy it is with you on the ice. Not having to think too far ahead. Knowing where you'll be. Not even having to see you. I can just hear you, your strides. You're so fast."

Ilya's lips parted and Shane smiled a little. Ilya love being complimented and Shane did love to give them (when warranted).

"It just fucking turns me on how good you are."

Ilya laughed and Shane couldn't help his own smile, his cheeks going even warmer.

"Me, too," Ilya replied. "I love watching you skate. I love being on the ice with you. It really is so easy..."

"Right?"

Shane bit his lip as he grabbed the lube, still stroking himself, only pausing to pour lube onto his fingers.

He teased a finger against his rim, watching Ilya's eyes as they shifted to watch what Shane was doing.

"You can hear me on the ice?"

Shane nodded, lips parting. "Yeah. I know how your skates sound..."

Ilya looked like he hadn't expected Shane to say that, like he hadn't expected Shane to know that kind of thing.

"Take off your clothes?" Shane asked.

Ilya licked his top lip, looking into Shane's face this time. "Ask nice."

"Please take off your clothes, baby?"

Ilya smiled, chuckling softly, and started taking off his clothes.

Shane slid a finger into himself.

He moaned softly at the intrusion, which wasn't nearly enough, but he was going to be so good for Ilya.

He fingered himself slowly, carefully, occasionally nudging up against his prostate, which made him gasp, his cock leaking all over his hand. He added a second finger.

Ilya was naked now, still by the dresser, his own hand wrapped around his dick, stroking slowly.

Shane wanted Ilya inside him everywhere, all at once. He wanted to wrap his mouth around his cock, have Ilya fuck his face, just as much as he wanted Ilya's dick in his ass.

"You want this?" Ilya asked and Shane nodded. "Then keep going."

Shane added a third finger.

He lay there, wanton and needy, fucking himself on his own fingers, touching himself, wanting Ilya so badly he was going to start begging, which is what he knew Ilya wanted.

"Ilya, please."

"Please what?"

"Fuck me. *Please*. Want you inside me."

Ilya hummed. "Because you asked so nice."

Shane removed his fingers as Ilya crawled into bed, looking like a big cat on the prowl. No one had the right to look so elegant *crawling naked* like that, but Ilya managed to pull it off.

Shane wrapped his arms around his husband, pulling Ilya close, mouth open, making a soft moaning noise as Ilya pressed their tongues together, licking into Shane's mouth.

He heard Ilya pop the lube cap, leaning away only for a moment to slick himself. Shane lifted his legs back, wanting Ilya as deep as possible.

Ilya rested his hands behind Shane's knees, pushing into him, filling him up. They both groaned in unison at the sensation and Ilya stilled once he was all the way in.

"Okay?" he asked and Shane nodded.

"You can let go," Shane sighed, patting one of Ilya's arms. Ilya released his leg and Shane wrapped it around Ilya, straightening out his other leg.

"Are you sure?" Ilya asked, raising his brows at Shane.

Shane nodded. "Yeah."

Ilya pushed Shane's other leg back astonishingly far and while Shane felt the stretch, it wasn't painful.

"Jesus fuck, Hollander," Ilya rumbled and Shane hummed, fisting a hand in Ilya's curls.

"Come on."

Ilya gave a few tentative thrusts, making sure Shane wasn't in any pain, before resting Shane's leg on his shoulder, leaning forward, and fucking him hard.

"Is this what you wanted, hm?"

"Yes. Fuck. Ah—!"

Shane had an arm slung across Ilya's shoulders, the other pressed against their headboard as his husband fucked him hard and fast into their mattress.

Shane fucking loved the way it felt.

He loved the way Ilya filled him up, leaving no empty space. He loved the kisses Ilya pressed to his neck, his mouth, open-mouthed and sloppy.

Shane loved how it felt to be this close, to feel Ilya's breaths on his face, for their room to be filled with the smells and sounds of sex.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya said, in Russian. "I love fucking you, being inside you."

"Me, too. So much. Want you to fill me up."

Ilya turned his head to kiss Shane's ankle, before reaching for his other leg, and bending Shane completely in half.

"Oh *fuck*—!"

"So good for me, beloved. So sweet."

Shane made a helpless sound, the angle was insane, Ilya jackhammering into him hard and fast. Shane wanted this to go on forever and he also wanted to come immediately. It was so, so, so good.

"So good, baby. So good. God. Just like that. Don't stop."

Shane reached between them, stroking his cock furiously as Ilya fucked into him.

"Yes. Let me see it."

"Fuck. I'm gonna come. Ilya. I'm coming, I'm—!"

Shane could hardly keep his eyes open, his orgasm rushing through him hard and fast. He came all over his hand and chest, spasming around Ilya as Ilya fucked him through his orgasm.

He came a moment later, mouth in a perfect 'O', letting out nothing more than a low gasp. Shane loved watching Ilya as he came. It was one of the most beautiful things to witness.

Ilya let his forehead collapse onto Shane's and Shane hummed, closing his eyes. Ilya released his legs and he wrapped them around his husband, wanting to keep him like this for as long as was comfortable.

Ilya pressed small, tender kisses to Shane's cheek and neck and jaw and ear, which tickled.

"Hey," Shane chuckled, wiggling, and Ilya laughed softly, nuzzling his nose against Shane's cheek.

"I love you so much," Shane murmured, turning his head to look at his husband, petting his face gently.

"I love you ,too," Ilya replied. "Very much."

They kissed, warm and tender, before settling down, just holding each other, until Ilya's softened dick slid out of Shane.

They got out of bed together, cleaning up in the bathroom, before changing into pajamas.

Anya was unhappy she had been ignored so they made sure to make amends, before taking her out for her last walk before bed.

They went together, dressed in sweats, since they were only going down the block and back.

They held hands and Shane kissed the back of Ilya's. Ilya glanced at him, smiling, all shy and sweet, and Shane pressed close, nuzzling his face into Ilya's upper arm.

His heart was full.

It was nearly November and they were married and building a life together. It was all *real* and *solid* and *wonderful*.

It was everything Shane could have ever wanted. It wasn't perfect but it was *theirs* and that was the most important thing.

They brought Anya back to the house after she'd finished her business. Ilya scooped her into his arms, cuddling her, talking to her tenderly, and giving her kisses, while Shane gave her a treat for her suffering.

Shane made sure the doors were locked, the lights turned off, while Ilya took the dog upstairs.

They all settled in to sleep, Anya in her little doggy bed, and Shane and Ilya spooned up together.

Ilya kissed the back of Shane's shoulder, his stubble a familiar, pleasant scrape against Shane's skin, and Shane was once again so grateful that he would wake up tomorrow, still in Ilya's arms.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#), [Bluesky](#), or [Instagram](#) to get updates on what I'm working on!

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! 💖

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