

Work Bonus

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by [RyRyCaptain](#)

Summary

Ilya: No goals. I am not sure you deserve the treat I promised you earlier ;)

Shane: I don't remember you saying anything about scoring. Only winning.

Ilya: I don't know, Hollander. I may have to be convinced.

OR

After Shane's first game in the league without Ilya, Ilya rewards him for the team's win.

The Ottawa Centaurs had won their first game of the season 2-0 against their Florida rivals. Shane should be thrilled, the rink had been packed with fans cheering on their home team and Wyatt Hayes had shut out the other team with a few highlight worthy saves. Both Zane Boodram and Troy Barrett had scored goals, leading the team to victory, but despite all of this, Shane didn't feel the same excitement he normally felt winning. While his teammates were celebrating, he had been rushing through his after game routine in order to get out of the locker room as soon as possible.

It was the first season that Shane and Ilya weren't playing together as Ilya had decided to retire after they'd won the Stanley Cup back to back over the last two seasons. When Shane joined the Centaurs during free agency 5 years ago, the team had begun creating a dynasty with the two best forwards in the league. Shane was forever grateful that he'd gotten to play with Ilya during those five seasons, but he wished they had more time together. Shane had been convinced that they would retire together, but Ilya was done with hockey and Shane knew that he had at least a few years left with the sport he loved.

Despite Shane's mixed emotions, he knew that Ilya was excited to focus on other things like the Irina Foundation, spending the day with their dog Anya, and finally being a hockey WAG. Ilya had spent the day stressing about his first impression as a WAG even though he'd already known a majority of the women who made up the group. Shane had managed to distract him before the game started and when Ilya had left the house to meet the WAGs before the game, he'd been thrilled to catch up on all of the gossip.

Shane may have missed seeing Ilya on the ice, but he was excited to have someone waiting for him outside the locker room. He dug his phone out of his bag and powered it on, he disliked the distractions that came with it buzzing away from notifications during his pregame rituals or when he was trying to stay focused in between periods. As soon as the screen turned on, he navigated to his texts, sending a quick thank you to his parents and Hayden who'd sent him congratulations on the win. When he opened his thread with Ilya, he saw multiple messages waiting for him:

Ilya: I cannot believe you missed that shot.

Ilya: Congrats on the assist. It is still not a goal though.

Ilya: Wow that save by Hayes was impressive.

Ilya: I have started a bet with Harris about who will score a goal first. You or Troy?

Ilya: You owe me \$100 bucks. I cannot believe Troy scored before you.

Ilya: No goals. I am not sure you deserve the treat I promised you earlier ;)

Ilya: I am proud of you.

Shane's heart warmed at the teasing, happy that Ilya had taken the time to text him during the game even though he knew that Shane kept his phone off. He racked his brain, running

through the various ways he could respond to the messages, before replying.

Shane: I don't remember you saying anything about scoring. Only winning.

Ilya: I don't know, Hollander. I may have to be convinced.

Shane smiled and set his phone down to finish getting dressed. Once he was done, he turned towards his teammates and congratulated them on the win. A few of the younger guys were going to celebrate at a nearby club and attempted to invite Shane, but he passed on the invitation. He wasn't a fan of the chaos that came with the scene and he had better things to do with his night.

He exited the locker room, finding Ilya and Harris leaning against the wall and laughing. Shane was glad that Ilya didn't have to be the only husband in the WAG group and that the Centaurs as a whole were extremely supportive of their relationship. It had been rough when they were outed to the league and Montreal had turned their back on Shane. Thankfully, he'd been accepted with open arms by the team he'd grown up rooting for.

Ilya's eyes lit up when he spotted Shane, waving him over. He walked up to the men and Ilya gave him a kiss. "You will never guess what Harris was just telling me," Ilya said excitedly. "His parents found another dog at the orchard. It is a sign."

Shane looked at the two men suspiciously. He wasn't going to say no to an abandoned dog and Ilya knew that, but part of him wondered if it was all a ploy for Ilya to bring home a dog from the shelter that he'd fallen in love with. It all felt too coincidental for a dog to appear at the orchard the same day Ilya suggested getting Anya a companion.

"That's awful. People who abandon dogs like that are evil," Shane agreed. "Do you have any leads on who did it?"

"My family set up cameras around the property because it was happening so often. They already have the license plate to the cops, but Troy and I were going to foster her until she found a home," Harris said.

"That's great. What type of dog is she?" Shane asked. He wasn't going to say no, especially now that Ilya was home all day, but he still wanted to see what he was getting himself into.

"She's a mixed breed. Not very big either. Here, I've got a picture." Harris pulled out his phone and showed Shane a picture of a small dog curled up next to his dog Chiron.

"Oh she's tiny," Shane cooed. He was already half in love with the dog himself now just from seeing the photos. Ilya looked thrilled as he took in Shane's reaction. He probably could already tell that Shane was going to say yes.

"I guess we could take her off of your hands," Shane said, trying to come off as nonchalant. "Ilya has been wanting another dog anyways, and she seems like the perfect edition."

"I knew you weren't going to be able to resist her cute face," Ilya cheered. "I cannot wait to pick her up and spoil her rotten."

“Great,” Harris said. “You can get set up with whatever you need and come pick her up when you’re ready. Just text me before you head over.”

“We will be there tomorrow after we pick Anya up from the dog hotel,” Ilya declared. “There is no need to wait any longer than needed.”

“Ok. Tomorrow it is,” Shane agreed. “Right now, we’ve got to get home and get to bed.”

“Yes, bed. I think you’ve earned it,” Ilya said suggestively. He turned towards Harris and said goodbye to the man before grabbing Shane’s arm and pulling him towards their car.

Shane barely sets his gear down before Ilya pushes him up against the wall with a bruising kiss. Ilya ground his hips into Shane’s, rubbing their hard cocks against each other. Shane broke apart from the kiss with a moan.

“You’ve been such a good boy today,” Ilya purred. “First you distracted me with that lovely blowjob before the game, then you agreed to let us get another dog. What did I do to deserve all of this?”

Shane didn’t have a reason for his behavior other than the fact that he would do almost anything Ilya asked. He was head over heels for the man and had been for longer than either of them would admit. Instead of saying that, he played along with Ilya and smirked. “I don’t know. I must be in a good mood today.”

Ilya hummed at him and dug his hands into Shane’s hair, resuming their kiss. Shane pushed on Ilya’s chest, guiding the other man backwards into their living room and onto the couch. He straddled Ilya’s hips, allowing himself to be in control of their grinding. Ilya broke apart their kiss long enough to allow them to tear off their shirts before trailing kisses down Shane’s neck, sucking on the sensitive skin there. Shane knew that he’d end the night with a dozen hickeys across his body and the guys would tease him endlessly at their practice the next morning, but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

“Oh my god, Ilya. Please,” he begged mindlessly. His dick was aching hard in his pants at this point and he could feel the front of his underwear becoming damp with pre-cum.

“What do you want?” Ilya teased him.

“God you’re such an asshole sometimes,” Shane complained. “Fuck me please.”

“Take off your pants then.”

Shane stood and chucked his pants off while Ilya did the same. Ilya’s dick was long and hard against his stomach, and if Shane hadn’t blown him earlier, he’d be tempted to do it again. Shane was pulled out of his stupor by Ilya searching in the end table for the condoms and bottle of lube they kept hidden there.

“Are you going to keep standing there? Or are you going to let me fuck you?” Ilya asked.

“Fuck you.”

“Well I am trying, but you are standing there distracted.”

Shane snatched the lube out of Ilya’s hand and squirted some onto his hand before working himself open. One finger turned into two and then two turned into three before he was ready to take Ilya. Ilya stroked himself at the same time, teasing the head of his dick and enjoying the show Shane was putting on. “Fuck, Shane. You look so good when you do that.”

“Yeah,” Shane hummed. “I think I’m ready for you.”

“Fuck yourself on me,” Ilya commanded, and Shane straddled Ilya, sinking down onto his cock. He loved how full he felt when he took Ilya. Nothing compared to it.

Shane lifted himself off of Ilya’s lap before slamming himself back down. Both men moaned simultaneously, and Shane settled into a rhythm, circling his hips until he felt Ilya’s dick hit his prostate. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck,” Shane cried out. His hips stuttered and he tried to hold off his orgasm, not wanting to finish too soon.

Ilya knew him all too well though, and took Shane’s dick in his hand, matching their rhythm. Shane couldn’t hold back anymore and lost it. Cum streaked up their stomachs and Shane rode out his orgasm, squeezing Ilya’s cock. Ilya followed shortly after, filling the condom up in spurts.

Shane pulled off, sitting next to Ilya on the couch to catch his breath. Ilya kissed his forehead before standing up to tie off the condom and dispose of it. While he was up, he grabbed a cloth to wipe off their stomachs. “That was so good, baby,” Ilya praised while running the cloth against Shane’s stomach. They would still need to get a shower to wash off before bed, but Shane couldn’t be bothered to move from his spot at the moment.

“It’s always good with you,” Shane agreed.

“Of course it is. I have a magical cock,” Ilya jested.

“Fuck off.”

“Ok,” Ilya agreed. “I guess you’ll get to the shower yourself then. I won’t carry you.”

“No,” Shane whined. “I’m sorry. My legs are jello now. Please carry me.”

Ilya laughed before picking Shane up, and he fell in love with the other man all over again.

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