

Reward

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Reward

by [lovy_shilya](#)

Summary

“Shane,” Ilya mocked, copying his lover’s tone. “I do not need my shoulder to fuck.” he said.

“It’ll still be better not to put any strain on it.” Shane insisted, guiding him to walk backwards until the back of Ilya’s knees met their couch, and he was made to sit. There was a blush colouring his cheeks, but his eyes were dark and filled with desire as he stared Ilya down. “Just- just sit there, I’ll claim my reward myself.”

Oh.

Oh fuck.

Or Ilya is injured, but that wasn’t going to stop Shane from getting rewarded for their win.

Notes

This fic inspiration struck out of nowhere while I was writing my longer fics. The hockey at the start may not be fully accurate, i tried my best but I am still learning about the sport, and the rules are still pretty new to me, so I don't know where the line is drawn yet. Also, the shoulder thing. And yes this is my first time writing smut. Basically, I'm saying read this with horny eyes and don't scrutinize it too much.

Thank you for my beta reader [@hollanovsdog on twt](#), [hairdie on ao3](#), for reading this you're the best person ever.

Anyways have fun!! Once again, Kudos and comments are appreciated but not required <3 thank you for reading this regardless. Happy New Year's Eve!

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

Ilya is benched.

Surprisingly, it wasn't because he'd pissed someone off or gotten a penalty for unsportsmanlike behavior. It's only because some stupid, large defenseman hit him against the boards so hard he had to get escorted off the ice. And now his shoulder was too fucked for him to continue playing. The team doctor advised him to rest for a week at *least* before returning for another check-up to see if he could still join whatever match was left for the rest of the season.

It sucked, sitting here while the centaurs played. But he'd be damned if he didn't come back to watch anyway, wreaking havoc from the sidelines.

Ilya wasn't worried. Upset, sure, because he had to miss out. But he knew they were in good hands. That the other team wasn't shit compared to his team. Compared to his *Shane*.

Speaking of, his husband was on fire today. Knowing him, it was a combination of an actual desire to win and fury for the way they had injured Ilya. Either way, he was absolutely tearing up the ice. Not giving the other team even an ounce of a chance, he was practically skating circles around them.

Ilya had never felt so proud and so aroused in his life.

"Yeah! Let's go!" Ilya yelled for his husband as he zoomed past the benches, "They're weak, moya llyubov, you don't have to go this hard! Don't make them cry!"

He cackled when he saw Shane shoulder-check the player who had hit Ilya earlier. He didn't need anyone fighting his battles for him, but damn did it make him feel things to see his man avenge his honor. His knight in shining jersey.

It was an absolute bonus that the other team had been glaring daggers at him the whole time he was cheering and chirping from the sidelines. *Hah*, he was getting in their heads, from the

benches! They were too easy. They looked like they wanted to shut him up, but what were they going to do—*bench him*? He was already benched.

And it wasn't like his shittalk was that bad. The other team was already against him since the beginning of the match. Hence, the boarding.

And he hadn't even done anything yet. But they were probably some of the players who were very against his relationship with Shane. Sucks for them, a little injury wasn't going to stop him from being loud and proud about loving his husband.

If anything, it makes him want to be even more obnoxious. He was absolutely going to force Shane to let him and Harris post a cute video of them on the team's socials. The fans loved that. While the haters foam at the mouth every time. It's a win-win.

Ilya, along with the other fans from Ottawa, booed and protested loudly when the referee put his husband in the sin bin for unnecessary roughing. "That's bullshit, and you know it!" He called out for the hell of it, knowing full well it was the right call. The referee gave him a dirty look, and he grinned back. Oh, he was definitely on thin ice. Gotta shut up now.

He glanced at the penalty box, pleased to see his husband was already looking at him. He gave him a small wave. Shane's eyebrows were furrowed, and he gestured at his shoulder, obviously asking how it was feeling.

It still hurts, but Ilya rolled his shoulder anyway to show him that it was fine and tries not to make it obvious that he absolutely regrets the movement when it made the pain flare up. Not his smartest moment. And from the way Shane was glaring at him, he didn't think so either.

Ilya waved him off. It's fine.

It isn't long before his husband was allowed back in the game, and he went back to cheering for him, much to the other team's displeasure. He only got louder with every new goal, and he practically jumped out of his seat when Shane scored the winning goal.

He leaned over the board, grinning widely when he saw Shane duck away from their team's celebratory hug to skate over to him. They were definitely getting shit for that later, but he didn't really care about that now. "Look at you, player of the game." He hummed, pulling him closer by his waist. "God, that was so hot." He added, just to watch the pretty red flush decorate Shane's freckled cheeks.

Fucking MLH rules, fucking Crowell and his bullshit conditions of no PDA in games. Ilya wanted to kiss Shane right now. Everyone and their mothers knew they were married, so who gives a fuck that they're kissing in front of people? They can all suck his di—

"Oi, lovebirds!" Wyatt Hayes called out, skating over with a dumb grin as if he knew he was interrupting them. "C'mon, save the love talk for later. Are you going to join us to celebrate or what?" he questioned, just as the others skated over so they could all go back into the tunnel.

Ilya rolled his eyes, dodging with ease when Bood tried to mess up his hair, snorting when Shane wasn't so lucky, hair sticking up everywhere in a way he knew he hated. "Fuck off, Bood," his husband said, not really sounding upset as he approached Ilya. Still high from the winning dopamine.

He smiled, not even caring when the team made some comment about them being attached at the hip.

With a hand around Shane's waist, thumbing gently under his jersey and padding, he leaned in to whisper. "You'll get your reward later." Shane made a squawking noise at the same time Luca did, and the rookie immediately sped walked away from them.

Oops. Okay, maybe not a whisper. He'll apologize to him later.

Unlike him, Shane had the decency to let the team pass, entering the locker room in high spirits before he glared at Ilya, "With that arm? I don't think so." He scolded, reaching out but not touching, so his hand was just hovering awkwardly above Ilya's sling. "How bad is it?"

“Not bad.” Ilya said, “A little bad.” He corrected when Shane looked at him with an annoyed expression.

“You’re an idiot for doing that earlier, by the way,” Shane chastised as they walked. Ilya laughed lightly, leaning in to press a quick kiss on his cheek before they entered the locker room.

“Is really fine, I promise,” Ilya swore, and it’s mostly true but mostly just so Shane would stop fussing about him. “I’ll tell you if it starts hurting more, yes?”

“You better,” Shane said, squeezing his bicep before they finally got into the locker room, where the team was in high spirits. Ilya watched for a while, happy with how his husband was finally warming up with their team after spending way too long doubting if he belonged. As if the team hasn’t already accepted him the moment he signed, as if they don’t respect him.

“Roz.” Someone called out, “You two are coming to the bar with us, right?”

“Obviously!” Ilya replied, finally tearing his eyes away from his husband to clap Troy on the shoulder, “Have to celebrate the win, yes? I’ll pay.” The team cheered then.

Shane looked at him with fond annoyance, “You didn’t bring your wallet, remember?”

Oh right.

“Shane pays.” The team cheered again, laughing at the look Shane shot him. Oh well, they share everything now anyway. So Ilya just gave him back a boyish grin as they both changed out of their jerseys.

The bar was fun, they'd all drunk their own choice of alcohol—Shane and Ilya themselves only had one drink each when the team did celebratory shots, but otherwise remained sober—played on the pool, which Ilya won every time, no matter what Troy said, and chatted about this and that. They didn't stay very late, most of them had eventually left to go home to their respective families and lovers. Shane and Ilya waited a respectful amount of time before they too excused themselves.

And now, they were giggling into each other's mouths like giddy teenagers. Shane was trying to put his key in the door to their home, while Ilya was being a menace and not letting him pull away for more than a few seconds.

"Ilya." Shane laughed, placing a hand on his chest firmly to actually stop him. "Stop, give me a damn second." Ilya pouted on his shoulder while his husband rolled his eyes at him, *meanly*, and opened the door.

Ilya was immediately back on him as they entered, kicking the door behind him and locking it blindly. Preoccupied with kissing Shane's jaw down to his neck, grazing his teeth on the spot that made him weak at the knees.

"Ilya." Shane moaned, hands gripping his shirt. His head rested against the wall before he seemed to remember himself, "*Ilya*, your shoulder." Then he pushed Ilya away again. It took all his willpower not to let out a sound of frustration.

"*Shane*," Ilya mocked, copying his lover's tone. "I do not need my shoulder to fuck." he said.

"It'll still be better not to put any strain on it." Shane insisted, guiding him to walk backwards until the back of Ilya's knees met their couch, and he was made to sit. There was a blush colouring his cheeks, but his eyes were dark and filled with desire as he stared Ilya down. "Just- just sit there, I'll claim my reward myself."

Oh.

Oh fuck.

Ilya groaned, head falling against the back of the couch, “You’re killing me,” he whined, raising his head again so he could watch with a greedy, appreciative gaze as his husband peeled off his clothes. He waited, watching the show in front of him before shimmying down his own jeans, chucking them carelessly, unlike Shane, who still took the time to fold them up neatly, then unbuttoned his top open as his lover got on his knees in front of him. “Fuck, Shane. So good for me,” he praised.

Shane moaned lowly at the praise, hands holding onto Ilya’s thighs, and he widened them so his husband could fit in between, his eyes already trained on the bulge on Ilya’s boxers with a heated gaze that made Ilya twitch.

He bit his lip when Shane lowered his boxers until his dick was free from its confines, and moaned low in his throat when those beautiful dark eyes looked up to stare at him as his lover leaned in to press a wet kiss on him.

“Shit,” he whispered, reaching out to place a hand on Shane’s head, petting lovingly for a bit before his fingers tightened on those silky dark strands. He didn’t try to move him, content to just let his husband suck and lick as much as he wanted.

He only moved when he felt the mouth around him slack, and Shane looked up at him with desire, allowing him to start controlling the pace so he did. Groaning out loud as he lowered Shane to take even more of it, and he let him, sweet and pliable in his grip as he felt his orgasm build up.

When he felt like he was about to burst, he pulled Shane away, grunting when his lover’s mouth seemed to refuse to leave him, licking at the head until Ilya tugged his hair sharply. And now Shane was glaring up at him, effect ruined by his reddened, spit and cum-slicked lips, and glassy eyes.

Any other day, he would’ve loved to indulge his oral fixation, unfortunately, right now, “I want to be inside you.” He said, pulling Shane up until he was able to kiss him deeply, tasting himself on the other man.

“Oh fuck,” Shane breathes out, clambering on the couch until he is straddling him. “Right, I got distracted.”

Ilya snorted, “Obviously.”

Shane huffed at him, “Shut up,” he said. And Ilya might’ve gotten a word out, if his lover hadn’t reached down to slick up Ilya’s dick with the lube they kept hidden inside one of the small drawers in their coffee table for times like this, and to line Ilya up against his hole.

“Woah, woah.” Ilya said, his good arm moving to grab Shane’s biceps to stop his movements, “We are excited, yes, but no need to hurry.” He said, worried about his husband potentially hurting himself.

Shane looked up at him, “It’s fine. I’ll be fine.” He promised, smiling at him way too shyly for someone who was about to ride his dick, seeing the furrow on Ilya’s eyebrows made him add on, “I already got ready.”

Jesus. When the hell could his husband have possibly managed to prepare himself? They were together the whole damn day. Was it at the locker room showers? Was it at the fucking bar? Holy shit, both those possibilities sent pure desire down his body.

“You little slut.” Ilya rasped out, his voice rough, half in awe and half in arousal.

“Shut up,” Shane said, scoffing at him. Though he did look pleased with how much he had affected Ilya, “You love it.” And he did. He was unable to say that, though, because Shane had chosen that moment to sink down on him, and both of them moaned in unison as Ilya filled him.

Ilya’s hand shot out to grab onto Shane’s waist, gripping tightly. His other hand, which was still stuck in the stupid sling, twitched, wanting to grab him too. To pin him down and fuck him stupid the way he loved. But this worked too, this worked so amazingly well.

There was no more time for conversation as Shane started moving, bouncing up and down the length of his dick with his sinfully thick thighs. Neither of them was shy with their pleasure, moaning freely and unashamed.

“That’s it.” Ilya gasped, throwing his head back but keeping his eyes on his husband, who was so good, so beautiful, so talented, so wonderfully *his*. “You’re doing so well. So amazing for me. Such a good boy.” Shane’s moans were getting louder with every word Ilya was saying, so he continued. Watching the flush go down his husband’s chest. Leaning in to catch the bead of sweat that trailed down his neck. Licking down until he could suck and bite on his pec.

“Shit, Ilya,” Shane said, his hands coming up to rest on Ilya’s shoulders, mindful of his injury even when he was so far gone. “Say that again.”

Ilya would gladly do as he said, “What, good boy?” He grinned, “*My* good boy? Because it’s true. You were so good today, so perfect. Now and back at the game.” Shane made a desperate noise at his words, so he continued.

“Wanted to kiss you right there, to show the world how proud I am. God, I would’ve taken you on the ice if we could get away with it,” he moaned when Shane tightened around him.

He crashed their lips together, swallowing the needy whimper that left Shane.

Shane was trying to continue riding, but Ilya could feel the way his thighs were shaking in effort. So his hand tightened around his waist as he planted his feet on the floor before he thrust up to meet Shane as he sank. Because goddamnit, his shoulder might be fucked, but he can still fuck his lover properly.

“Right there- *ah* yes! Yes, Ilya.” Shane choked out, his movements turning erratic as they chased their orgasm. “I’m going to-.”

“Do it,” Ilya encouraged through gritted teeth as he thrust up again. “Do it for me. So good. Fuck I love you- *Ya lyublyu tebya.*”

That did it for Shane, apparently. Because the next second, he was cumming with a loud keen. Covering both their chests with his spend. And it only took a couple more thrusts before Ilya was cumming after him, deep inside his husband.

Shane collapsed against him, and Ilya would've loved to hold him close, still buried in that tight heat. Unfortunately, he had landed on his bad arm, and Ilya couldn't stop the wince that escaped him. "Fuck, sorry," Shane said apologetically, sliding off him and collapsing on the couch instead.

"Is okay." Ilya hummed, eyeing the trail of cum that had slid out of him and reaching out to gather it so he could press it back inside, feeling satisfaction at the way he twitched.

Shane swatted his arm, "Stop," he said, and Ilya laughed but did anyway. Choosing instead to lick up the cum on his chest clean, teeth tugging on his husband's nipple until he started squirming. Once he was satisfied, he shifted above Shane until they could share a sweet kiss. They were both out of breath by the time they pulled away. "You're disgusting," Shane cringed.

"You love it," Ilya said, using his words against him. Then he moved both of them until Ilya was able to lie down with Shane pressed against his side with his good arm.

Shane melted against his arm, nuzzling closer and pressing a small kiss on his chest. "I love *you*. Unfortunately, that comes with everything else." He teased.

He laughed at that, "You are still bad liar." he teased. Then he remembered something and his eyes lit up mischievously. "So."

"So? What?" Shane asked, looking up at him with a curious expression.

"How did you do it?" Ilya asked, playful but so genuinely curious. "When did you manage to finger yourself open?"

The pretty blush was back. “I’m not telling you,” Shane said, stubbornly.

Ilya frowned, “What? No.” He complained, pulling him closer. “Am curious. You can’t say *that* and not tell me. Be honest, was it in the locker room?”

“I’m not telling you,” Shane repeated, sitting up. Ilya whined, following him. “We need to shower anyway. And clean up. And change your sling— *Ilya*.” he huffed when Ilya hugged his waist, to prevent him from standing up.

“Tell me,” Ilya pleaded.

Shane rolled his eyes. He looked at Ilya, contemplating before he spoke up. “You looked hot, and the bathroom was empty,” was all he said before he managed to wriggle out of Ilya’s hold and escape into their shower.

Ilya’s eyes widened, getting up to follow him. Eager to know more, “Which one? *Which one*?!” He entered the shower with his husband, removing his sling carefully so he could join him in the shower. “And why didn’t you invite me?”

Shane rolled his eyes, “Bar. I thought you were going to come with, but you were busy talking to Hayes.” Goddamnit Wyatt. “Can we drop it? I’m not proud of it, okay?”

Ilya grinned at him, “I think is *very* hot. You were so desperate for me, you couldn’t wait?” he said, crowding him against the wall.

“Alright, nope.” Shane said, “No more sex until after your arm heals. I’m serious this time.”

Ilya pouted at him. His husband wasn’t seriously telling him to wait, was he? He was about to say something until Shane spoke up again, “If you-” he cleared his throat. “If you manage until then. *I’ll* reward you.”

Fuck. alright. Never mind, Ilya can definitely wait until then.

End Notes

In my defense Shane drove to Ottawa with a dildo in that man is a freak too. And he is very down bad for his husband (who wouldn't?)

I hope you enjoyed that!

If you want, follow me on twitter [@hollanovyrei](https://twitter.com/hollanovyrei) .

Have a wonderful rest of your day!!

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