

**kiss me one more time, make all my problems disappear**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76695626) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76695626>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Mature</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Background Troy Barrett/Harris Drover</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Troy Barrett</a> , <a href="#">Harris Drover</a> , <a href="#">Luca Haas</a> , <a href="#">Wyatt Hayes</a> , <a href="#">Zane Boodram</a> , <a href="#">Evan Dykstra</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Sub Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Subdrop</a> , <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Frottage</a> , <a href="#">Shower Sex</a> , <a href="#">Semi-Public Sex</a> , <a href="#">Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)</a> , <a href="#">Post Season 1 of Heated Rivalry</a> , <a href="#">Jealous Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Autistic Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Found Family</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 5,267 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |

# kiss me one more time, make all my problems disappear

by [maraudersmqry](#)

## Summary

Haas was too focused on watching Ilya circulate around the room, the captain making his usual rounds with the teammates. Shane could see the awe in his features, how much he admired his husband.

But all it did was sour the feeling forming in his gut.

*Stop. Stop it. Luca is just a kid. Be good.* He strictly tried to reel himself in. *Be good.*

IN WHICH Shane drops before practice. Ilya has to do his best to bring his husband back up.

## Notes

Hello! Before you go on any further, just note that there are spoilers within this fic. Such as how Shane's team reacted to his coming out with Ilya. If there's anything you absolutely do not want to be spoiled on, I don't recommend reading this.

For those that stayed, I hope you enjoy this oneshot. I've lately been obsessed with Shane sub dropping, so I thought I'd give a whack at it. The other characters are briefly there in the beginning, but aren't relative to the story.

Comments and kudos are greatly ate up and digested into a new work! We won't be getting season two for another year, so I don't know about y'all—but these fics are about to be the only thing getting me through it.

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

Shane knew practice was going to kill him as he put on his gear. The fabric felt unusually rough against his skin, scratching against places that made him feel like he was about to lose his mind. His head was stinging like a headache was threatening to come on, and no matter how many times Shane adjusted his neck, the feeling just didn't go away.

He was unusually cold, even for being at the ice rink.

His teammates were laughing and being rowdy as usual, Hayes and Dykstra trying to hit each other with towels. Barrett was talking to Harris in some corner, leaning suggestively close, which let everyone know what the topic was about. Boodram was telling Haas how to grill a steak to perfection.

"You have to sweet-talk it. The steak is doing you a favor. Giving you a delicacy. When you let it know how much you appreciate it, the juicier it turns out!"

Haas was too focused on watching Ilya circulate around the room, the captain making his usual rounds with the teammates. Shane could see the awe in his features, how much he admired his husband.

But all it did was sour the feeling forming in his gut.

*Stop. Stop it. Luca is just a kid. Be good.* He strictly tried to reel himself in. *Be good.*

The Ottawa Centaurs quickly felt like a family when Shane joined their team last year, freshly outed (fuck you, Brad) and married (thanks, Brad?). They had team nights where they would alternate between houses, play video games, cook food, and forget problems. Everyone's partner was intermingled within the group, a whole message chat that everyone was a part of.

Kids were handed off when they could be; exhausted parents were more than happy to take a break.

Shane appreciated the closeness. How fast they had welcomed him into their family when his own team found it impossible to accept Shane. His team, with which he played for more than ten seasons, disregarded Shane as if he hadn't helped them win three Stanley Cups. His team that thought he purposely let Ilya win.

It was a good riddance from that team that rarely got together, unless it was in a bar after a win. Otherwise, they only got together when crammed into hotel rooms or sat close at airports. No one invited the other for dinner, that was, until Shane had made friends with Hayden. Now he had a real team. A team that felt like a family. A team where the members would just casually stop by your house to drop off hard apple cider. Or extra steak. Or a niche comic to add to Shane's growing Nightwing collection.

No one to question Shane if he slipped on the ice on purpose.

Yet only being around people right now worsened Shane's mood. Even if they were his friends. Even if he usually appreciated their company.

The pit in his stomach deepened as sweat formed against his temple. Despite the cold shivers that wracked his body, Shane still managed to feel hot at the same time. His vision was going cloudy with unshed tears as he bit on his lip, willing himself to act normal.

*What is wrong with you?! Pull yourself together. Not even a little over a year of being on the team and you're already showing how much of a failure you can be.* He couldn't stop the thoughts invading his mind, his heart picking up with every pounding word.

The morning had started fine. Shane kissed Ilya awake until they had a quick fuck followed by taking Anya out for a walk, then they ate breakfast together. The weather was nice in early October. Rays from the sun beamed down on them, warming them from the chill that was starting to set in in the mornings. It was a nice difference from the freezing winters.

Everything about today was great, yet Shane didn't feel great. He didn't even feel fine. There was a nagging feeling in his gut. A feeling that roared at him to go home and cocoon himself in the room. Shane didn't want to listen to it because *fuck*, he never missed practice. He wouldn't start now when he'd only been on the team for a year.

He felt weighed down, like the ground was trying to siphon him in. Shane couldn't help but sit on the bench, hanging his head as he rested his elbows on his knees. His gear hugged everything too tightly, sucking him beneath it until Shane felt like nothing. He wished it would just squeeze him out of oblivion by now. Shivers wracked his body despite the sweat forming, disappointment in himself clawing at Shane.

Ilya suddenly appeared at his side, half-dressed and missing his upper gear. Shane sat up straighter, following Ilya's happy trail up his body until he met hazel eyes. They were full of concern, reserved only for Shane. Shane felt himself almost crumble at that, barely holding himself together.

*You can't even breathe properly.* The voice inside him mocked. *You're weak. Useless. Ilya will realize just how much he doesn't need you soon enough.*

"What is wrong?" Ilya asked loud enough so only they would hear it.

Shane wanted to fall into the voice, wanted to let him take over completely. Wanted to not worry about a single thing.

*"I want to go home,"* Shane wanted to say.

Instead, he shook his head, not having the words to explain. Yuna Hollander didn't raise her child to be a quitter. Let alone to quit on something as simple as practice.

Ilya huffed through his nose, sitting on the bench next to Shane so they were eye level. Some of the other guys had looked at them, but as soon as their eyes landed on the scene, their gaze darted away. They were clearly curious about what was going on, but gave them privacy instead. If he were back in Montreal, half the guys would be in their business about now.

Shane jutted out his bottom lip against his will. He felt pathetic. Probably looked like it too.

*Pathetic, Shane. Nothing new. You always find new ways to disappoint.*

He wanted to cry. And he wouldn't be fucking crying here. Not in front of everyone. The cold feeling that surrounded him grew endless, the thick gear he had on doing nothing to stop the numbing that began to set in his fingers. He needed his gear off before it suffocated him.

But despite all he was feeling, his body remained frozen. Hands unwilling to extract the protective pads and everything else that came after it.

Ilya grabbed his chin, prodding the lip with his thumb. With this position, Shane had no choice but to look Ilya in the eyes. He wanted to listen, to follow orders without delay. Yet his tongue wouldn't move in accordance.

"Shane. What is wrong?" He asked more firmly this time.

It was a tone that left no argument between them. A tone that Ilya only used when he was actively domming Shane.

His eyes went lidded, the urge to follow his Dom's every order short-circuiting something within Shane's brain.

*Be good. Be good for Ilya.*

Shane couldn't say he wanted to go home. That he wanted to cuddle with Ilya without any clothes so that their bodies could become one. With how comfortable and accepted he felt on the team, he still didn't like overly public displays of affection. It wasn't because he felt ashamed of Ilya or their relationship in any way. It just felt... weird having eyes on them as they shared something personal. No one was meant to see Shane like that, just as no one was meant to see Ilya in such a way.

It was for them, and them only. An outsider's eyes felt like a bug under his skin.

He couldn't say that he was pretty sure he was dropping, because Ilya had pampered Shane all morning after they had fucked. He shouldn't be dropping, so he wouldn't be dropping. It had been a while since the last time he dropped, the enhanced emotions mostly finding him when Ilya and he were still working out their relationship and communication. Back then, they were meant to mean nothing, just a quick, exciting hookup that lasted years. So he would drop every once in a while, because shit—one of them was always gone so fast, and Shane never had the guts to ask for aftercare.

But that had been then. When Ilya was so hellbent on pretending he didn't feel the spark between Shane and him. It was completely different from the Ilya he knew now.

That morning, after Ilya fucked him hard and fast, Shane had rested his face against his husband's chest, listening to how his heart beat a rhythm that calmed into a steady one. Then they took Anya on a short walk, touching in some capacity at all times. Ilya was so reassuring, calling Shane his perfect, good boy. Reminding Shane that he was Shane and he *loved* him for that simple fact. He was pulled out of his earlier headspace, content in the quick scene they had.

Ilya had fed him his breakfast that morning. Shane went back into that dopey, floating mind space, unable to focus on anything besides Ilya and when to open his mouth to accept the food. It felt so easy to take what Ilya gave him. Each bite left him sinking further into that frame of mind. The frame of mind where only Ilya and his praise existed.

They left for practice soon after, Ilya driving as he gripped firmly at Shane's thigh. It took everything in him not to get hard from the touch. To not rut into the hand connected to his husband, who kept lathering the praise on throughout the whole ride. The floating feeling remained until they had pulled into the parking lot.

Ilya pulled him in by his neck, placing a dirty, rough kiss on Shane's lips before exiting the car.

Then Shane started to feel like shit.

"I don't—" He couldn't finish his sentence.

If he thought the tears were building up previously, they certainly were now. He could feel the weight of the droplets hanging in the ducts in his eyes, pure stubbornness refusing to let them fall. He stopped short on his sentence before they fell.

He bit his lip and looked down, forcing his mind to focus on the gear that wrapped around Ilya's thighs. It looked similar to Shane's own gear, but it was more worn out since he had had his for longer.

Shane didn't know how long he kept his gaze fixed on that central spot, feeling an icy heat rise in his lungs. The stupid gear was making it impossible to breathe. He could feel himself crashing, unsteady and falling.

He felt large hands engulf either side of his face, cupping his cheeks delicately. It forced Shane to look up, noticing that no one else was in the locker room anymore. Where had they all gone? To practice? When? Shane hadn't even noticed them leaving.

"What...?" The Canadian muttered under his breath, the words illegible in the real world.

Ilya's hands slipped until only one remained, the fingers working their way into his jaw. The slightly younger man kept his grip light, craning Shane's neck further until their eyes met.

The Russian man's eyebrows were furrowed into the middle, his lips puckered thin like they only got when he was concentrated or about to come. He tenderly rubbed his thumb against Shane's freckles, watching them disappear then reappear under his prints.

Before Shane could process what was happening, he kissed his forehead and let him go. He felt his heart stutter from the loss of touch, rejected without the use of words.

*He doesn't want you—*

But then the hands returned, guiding Shane to stand.

"Up, moya lyubov'." Ilya lightly commanded.

Shane recognized the firm tone and stood, no room for argument when Ilya was domming. With the blood rushing to his ears and air leaving his lungs, it was hard to understand and process anything. But Ilya's dom voice made Shane want to listen. To be good. To prove that he was more than trash that could be sent away without a second thought.

"I'm going to take off your gear, yes?"

Shane shook his head, his heart spiking. With his heavy tongue, he said, "We have practice! We need to..." he couldn't articulate his thoughts; the words jumbled into a mess of nonsense.

Ilya looked softly at him, pecking his lips that promised more later.

"Do not worry, solnishko. Today was optional practice. We do not have to be here." Ilya explained.

If Shane were in his right mind, he would have refused. Would have insisted they stay whether the practice was optional or not. Ilya was the captain and the season was starting next week. He was meant to be there and set an example for the rookies. But he wasn't in his right mind, so he didn't fight it as Ilya stripped Shane out of the hockey get-up until he was only in his boxers. His husband neatly folded his belongings, sliding them into Shane's cubby.

Hands caressed down his side, steadily placing on his hips. Shane couldn't stop the upper half of his body leaning forward on instinct, every part of him wanting comfort from his husband. It had been so long since he dropped. He forgot how horrible it felt.

"You are dropping." Ilya stated, running a hand into Shane's hair.

He pressed the other man more firmly into his collarbone, trailing down until he was gripping at the base of his neck.

"Nod if you are listening to me, Shane."

God, Shane was obsessed with the way Ilya said his name. He said it as if he were speaking to a deity, so loving and devout that Shane felt his heart rate rise every time he was reminded of Ilya's love.

He nodded.

The grip Ilya had on him hardened, pressing into the stiff muscles of his neck that left him sighing in gratitude as his hip was squeezed. A kiss was placed on the top of Shane's head, centering the man once more.

"We will shower here, because I know you hate sitting in the sweat from your gear. You do not like to be dirty, right, sweet boy?"

Shane nodded in agreement. He hated when he or Ilya left the ice rink unwashed, dragging back whatever germs the other men had brought into the car and eventually the house. Call Shane what you wanted to, but dirty was never one of them.

Shane pressed a light kiss to the exposed juncture between Ilya's shoulder and neck.

"Hm, I knew so. Maybe in the shower, I will rub your dick. After we are clean, we will get dressed and leave. Leave for home." Ilya clarified the last part, pulling Shane's head back so their eyes could connect.

As much as he avoided the contact, Shane wanted to melt into his Dom's hazel. Ilya wanted to keep Shane solid for a little bit longer. When Shane tried to drop to his knees, the other

man kept a firm hold on his elbows.

"Net." *No*. Ilya took his gear off, even if he just denied Shane access. He didn't bother folding his stuff, uncaring if it stayed on the ground or not. "Did I say suck my cock, Shane?" He placed his leading hand on the small of Shane's back. "Be a good boy and come shower."

All Shane wanted to do was be good for Ilya, so he followed the man into the showers, mind drifting away from his rejection and into the hands expertly massaging the soap into his hair. The NHL provided a wide range of products for its players, but Shane noticed Ottawa got the cheaper brands compared to Montreal. And Boston, for that matter. And Toronto, according to Wyatt.

But still, even if the mint smelled more like chemicals and less like a toothpaste brand shoving a commercial down your throat, the person applying it was all that mattered.

Ilya deftly worked the shampoo into his hair, using his skilled hands in a controlled head massage. The water pelting against his chest was soothing, like a beat knocking against his skin. He could feel his husband's body all around him, the man surrounding him even outside of his thoughts.

"Mm," Shane moaned as he leaned into the touch, gripping Ilya's forearm behind him.

He closed his eyes out of tendency, drifting away from the bad place and into the headspace he adored. It wasn't immediate, but soon his depressing thoughts turned to studying Ilya's movements.

The touch wasn't to stop him, but to stabilize Shane.

"Feel good, sweetheart?" Ilya purred, the words ghosting on the back of Shane's neck.

Shane could only manage the movement of his head in agreement. Ilya stepped closer to him, placing his half-hard dick on top of Shane's ass. It took everything within Shane not to roll

his hips into a seductive motion. Ilya hadn't instructed him to do so, so he wouldn't.

"Words, milyy. You are doing so good for me. So good, Shane." Ilya's Russian accent got thicker the longer he talked, arousal displayed.

His arms flexed with every passing motion, a determined look set in his eye. One that Shane could openly see once Ilya flipped him around, placing the crown of his head under the spray. He could sense the suds running down his shoulders and onto his back, effectively down the drain as Ilya maintained his tender touch.

"Ilya," He whimpered, hoping that alone would convey what it needed to.

Based on the way Ilya bit his lip and grabbed the body wash, it did.

"I am so sorry, Shane." Ilya said as he squirted the blue gel into his hand, spreading the soap along his hands before he placed them wide-palm on his chest.

Ilya squeezed his pecs with less fervor than usual, his eyes clouding with the same guilt that would stumble upon him anytime Shane dropped. Shane didn't like that look on him, so he tried to wash it away with his own kiss.

Ilya fell into it easily, setting the pace to a slow one. Controlled. Ilya explored the entirety of his mouth as Shane docilely took it, pacified by his husband's mouth on his. It was warm and everything Shane needed it to be. Their lips moved in sync without a rush, the couple languidly kissing each other in the team's public showers, the Russian towering over Shane's form.

Being four inches shorter than his husband wasn't that much of a difference, but when Shane wanted Ilya to cover him in every aspect... it wasn't a hard task to complete. All he had to do was give himself to Ilya and the rest came naturally.

"I should have known... this morning. You looked so—fuck, what is the word? Out of realm, like you were still far away." He didn't let his hands wander, strictly using them to clean his and Shane's bodies.

Ilya was placing tender kisses along Shane's neck, reverence articulated in the way his lips lingered on his husband's skin.

It electrocuted fire in Shane, the ruining cold that was in his body gone for good. "No, it's—not your fault."

Ilya nibbled his lips against the spot on Shane's shoulder that always made his dick harden. Shane could feel it reacting to Ilya's ministrations without fault, twitching between his legs. In this position, his and Ilya's cock's were so close together, mere inches apart from giving Shane the pleasure he desired.

Ilya had caught sight of it as well, teasingly pushing his hips into Shane's before pulling away. It was a small dose of what he had to offer, lips curling up as Shane whimpered from the loss.

His hands trailed lower, rubbing the soap into Shane's sides and hips. He hardened his touch, nothing to hurt, but a firm reminder that Ilya was there. He was with Shane, taking care of him like he always did.

"We discuss later?"

That sounded *wonderful*.

"Yeah, later's good."

Ilya pressed his lips against Shane's, no longer the delicate movements he had earlier. Shane leaned into the kiss, reveling at the way Ilya occupied his own. His time. His body. All of his

thoughts were on Ilya and the teasing hands and sharp mouth. Even if he wanted to move his hips, they would be firmly denied by Ilya's awaiting grip.

They played this game often. How long could Ilya deny Shane before the older man attempted to control the situation, where Ilya and his pleased smirk would promptly stop him. Sometimes it wasn't Shane who caved first, but rather Ilya himself. In those moments he was just as needy as Shane, unwilling to let anymore distance or space stand in their way.

When Shane pulled away, it wasn't to catch his breath but to speak to Ilya. He wasn't in the mood for games.

"Please?" He looked down at his half-hard dick, looking especially pathetic next to Ilya's full erection.

"You like?" Ilya teased, kissing Shane quickly. Their lips parted with a smack that resonated over the water spraying onto them.

"Shut up—" Shane's insult was interrupted by a moan. His own moan. Because Ilya was suddenly stroking his cock at an impossible pace.

"Mmm, I don't think you want me to. Is this okay?" He bit Shane's ear, delighting as his husband shivered against him.

When Shane gave him the verbalized consent he needed, he kept on. "This reminds you of anything?"

Shane's brain was still fuzzy around the edges. All he could think about was this moment, how Ilya was leisurely moving his hand up and down. His back was taking the brunt of the water, so it was obvious when Shane's dick began to slick up from his excessive precum.

"You always leak so much, sweetheart. So good for me. So wet." Ilya didn't quicken his pace, rubbing his thumb over Shane's head, spreading the fluid around.

Shane couldn't find it in him to be embarrassed about it anymore. He's come a long way from hating how much precum the tip of his cock oozed, especially when Ilya was so taken by the feature.

"You remember all those years ago? The looks you were giving me in the showers?"

Shane shook his head.

"No? Oh, Shane. I don't think you realized what you were doing. Trying to wash your body, but your eyes couldn't help but keep looking at me." His R's rolled thicker against Shane's ear, the heat sending a blush to Shane's cheeks. "Just like now."

"Fuck off," He weakly managed in return.

"There was so much lust in the way you looked at me. Like you couldn't wait to have my big cock in your ass. Or maybe, your mouth? Would you like that tonight, Shane? Want me to fuck you and that mouth of yours? I know how much you crave both."

He sped up his ministrations, angling them so the water gave relief to the dry strokes.

"Ah," Shane whimpered as his body folded in half, his head resting on Ilya's collarbone. "Please, Ilya. Need—*ah*—need it."

Shane bit and sucked at the exposed skin, watching as the pale dermis turned darker the longer he sucked. Ilya groaned, tilting his neck to the side to give Shane more access. The Canadian happily trailed his lips along Ilya's pulse, lessening his force the higher he went up. While they liked to leave marks on each other, hickeys above the neckline were strictly not meant to last longer than a few hours during the season.

He found the special spot behind his husband's ear, rolling the skin between his teeth before letting go.

"Yours too. Yours too." He desperately managed out, bucking his hips into each stroke.

It felt wrong not to have Ilya's dick pressed up against his in this moment.

Ilya gripped the base of his hair and forced Shane's head up, sliding his tongue into the shorter man's mouth as he took his and Shane's cock in hand. His wide palm easily wrapped around them without problem, calloused fingers roughly smothering their heats together.

Chest to chest, Shane was tweaking one of Ilya's nipples with his digits, using the edge of his nails to bring the sharp pain Ilya liked applied to his nipples. His free hand roamed to Ilya's back, slowly falling lower until he had a grasp on the ass he adored so much.

It earned a moan from Ilya, so Shane gripped harder.

Sometimes Shane was sad that he wasn't a top, never getting to see the way Ilya's roundness would move on him. Then Ilya would fuck him as Shane clenched onto his globes for dear life, content to hold onto them rather than fuck into them.

They moaned into each other, Ilya maintaining a controlled pace that left both of them reeling. Shane could feel the bulging veins of Ilya's dick pressing against his, the head of their cocks rubbing together every time Ilya brought his hand near the tips.

Their vocal sounds were echoing around the room, *fwap fwap fwap* drowned out by their deep groans and the singular shower they had running.

His foreskin nudged into the tip of Shane's cock every time, too. Stimulating him just a little bit more with each passing movement. Ilya's breathing was harsh exiting his nostrils, his silent sounds of pleasure spurring Shane on just as the audible ones. Their tongues were dancing together in a similar fashion their cocks were—wet and messy.

Shane let himself fall into the feeling, the building wave of relief washing over him entirely. He couldn't even remember why he was upset in the first place.

His hips unwillingly bucked into Ilya's hand, erratic and about to burst.

"M gonna cum. Can—Can I—"

"*Net*. Such a good boy, waiting for me, Shane. You have been so good, so lovely." He picked up the pace, Shane crying out as he held off his impending orgasm.

"That's it, solnishko. Hold it for me." Ilya growled out.

It was the tone that would make Shane fall to his knees. The tone that left Shane only wanting for Ilya's cock to be in him, somehow, someday. But that wasn't a part of the plans he had set. At least not while they were still at the ice rink. Shane had to wait for that for just a bit longer. But if one thing served them true over the years, it was that the wait can be worth it.

When Shane let out a particularly gutting moan next to Ilya's ear, the Russian man pushed him against the tiled wall. He didn't care for the water that fell in his face, too preoccupied with ensuring Shane's head didn't slam against the tile.

Shane kept himself positioned as he was, satisfied with the way Ilya's long hair was pooling over his hand and how big his ass felt in his hand. He gripped both possessively tight, rolling his hips once more as soon as Ilya started.

Ilya was less rolling his hips, but more so slamming Shane into the wall with every thrust. He worked his hips as if he were in Shane, unforgiving and dominant. Shane wished his back was to Ilya, face forced against the wall as Ilya fucked into him good from behind.

As if reading his mind, Ilya snuck a finger into Shane's mouth. Shane sucked it in without a problem, wrapping his lips around the digit as if it were Ilya's cock being shoved down his throat. He caressed it with his tongue, dousing it in his saliva as he worked the finger like it was Ilya's cock.

"Fuuuck," Ilya pressed it deeper, his thrusts into his palm beginning to grow uneven and less measured. "You want to cum, Shane? Be good, cum for me. Now."

His words were precise and smooth, the voice of a man who had done this a thousand times over. His lips were scrunched up in the way Shane adored, jaw ticked at how hard he was clenching it.

Shane followed the command, his body working on overdrive to shoot the load out the second Ilya demanded it. "Mmf, shit. Ilya."

His head tilted back from the pleasure, pushing off the wall and into Ilya's grasp. It felt like too much, but not enough.

Ilya was following him soon after, punched out growls vibrating against his chest as he swiped another kiss from Shane. It was a swift peck, one involved with no tongue or lip locking of any kind.

"Shane," Was the first thing he said when they parted.

"Ilya," Shane's voice sounded heavier, as if he just woke up from a nap that left him questioning what time zone he was in. His eyes were lidded, a perfect compliment to match his dopey smile.

Shane knew he probably looked like he was high on a few different substances, but he couldn't find it in himself to care. All he could think about was Ilya. His husband, the man standing in front of him, who made it his life's mission to care for Shane.

Ilya planted featherlight kisses on the crown of his head, guiding him back under the water before he could get cold. "I love you,"

"I love you, too."

"We clean for real this time." Ilya instructed, pumping soap onto Shane's body once more.

Shane didn't respond, content to let Ilya's palms roam over his body. The man kept his touch delicate, cleaning Shane's cock without a hint of sexual arousal. It was almost like getting a massage, except the masseuse was a mouthy Dom who had more in store for later.

Throughout the aftercare, Ilya muttered words of encouragement and praise in Russian. They were phrases that Shane distantly recognized, but he was too far in his head to cling to them long enough to translate.

By the time he was coming out of the fog, he was already in his boxers with a Snickers bar pressed to his lips. Shane was sitting in front of his cubby in the locker room, and Ilya was standing in front of him expectantly.

"Eat, sweetheart." He tried shoving the candy into Shane's mouth.

Shane's eyes went wide, ready to smack the *death* bar (only during the season, now) away from his body. Nothing unhealthy should even think about entering Shane's perfectly curated diet.

"Yes, you eat it. Vy zhe znayete, chto sakhar pomogayet." *You know sugar helps.*

Shane begrudgingly took a bite. He tried to ignore how the flavor bloomed against his taste buds. It was a flavor he would do his best to forget after today, at least until the season was over and he could be more lenient about what he consumed.

"Where'd you get this anyway?" Shane asked around a mouthful.

Ilya was dressing himself, putting on the clothes he had arrived in. "Was there on bench when we got out."

He froze mid-bite. "You mean...?"

Ilya nodded. "Probably Harris. Nothing to worry about. That man and Troy go round after round in his office." The was something akin to pride in the way he said it.

And because Shane still had the content ball of yarn wrapped tightly around his heart, for once in his life, he let it go.

## End Notes

alternative title: you are thicker than a snicker

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!