

then i'm the sweetest taste

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then i'm the sweetest taste

by [butterflylungs](#)

Summary

Ilya walks closer, his attention catching on the phone. Shane's heart kicks up a notch, and he isn't fast enough to grab the phone before Ilya snatches it from the floor. He pauses for a few seconds on the video that's playing, amusement dancing on his face, at odds with the way his pupils are blown out. How long had he been standing there, watching Shane?

Notes

- inspired by various bts we got
- title from church by jade

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

Harris bursts into the changing room after practice, the door slamming open so loudly he startles Shane from what he was doing—which was definitely *not* ogling his husband from across the room in his tight, black undershirt.

“Jesus, what the fuck!” Wyatt yells. Troy shoots on his feet, looking concerned, meanwhile Ilya calmly raises an eyebrow. The usual amount of commotion in the Centaurs locker room, all in all.

“I got the approval for the TikTok account!” Harris says enthusiastically. Troy deflates, falling back on the bench.

“The what?” Shane asks, confused.

Harris stares at him like Shane has just grown a second head. “The TikTok account?”

Shane glances at Ilya for help, and notices his husband pressing his lips together really hard as if he’s trying not to laugh.

“Harris, you are speaking to the wrong person about this,” Ilya comments.

“Hey,” Shane replies, betrayed, meanwhile Harris frowns and then perks up in quick succession. “Well, no matter, I’ll get you up to speed on it. The Ottawa Centaurs’ official TikTok is a go! I’m gonna have so much fun.” Harris is beaming at all of them. The team offers him a bunch of smiles and congratulations; Harris is well-loved among them, a part of the team even if he’s not a player. It helps that he’s dating Troy.

“Congrats, babe.” Troy walks over to Harris to give him a quick kiss on the cheek. Harris smiles at him, softer and more private. “Wanna inaugurate the account?” Harris asks.

A couple people whistle playfully, including Ilya.

“Horndogs,” Troy mutters. “But sure. Have any ideas?”

Harris starts speaking in a quick but low tone to Troy, and that’s it—they’re in their own world; everyone else goes back to their business. Sometimes it still takes Shane by surprise that *this* is allowed: the easy affection, the freedom, the openness. It’s difficult to let go of over ten years of wariness. There are days where he feels like he’s walking on thin ice, waiting for the surface to crack under him and swallow this new life, this happiness.

Shane goes over to Ilya. “What the hell is TikTok?”

*

Shane finds out pretty quickly what TikTok is. It’s a few days later and he’s using Ilya’s phone to scroll through the account—@NHLOttawaCentaurs—because he refuses to download another app he won’t use on his own phone.

It's just a bunch of videos with sounds and music he doesn't recognize playing over it. There's a few compilations of Troy skating and various skits with the other players. It's definitely a change from the team's Instagram account; the tone of the account appears to be a lot more lighthearted.

Ilya throws himself next to Shane on the bed, wearing only a pair of sweatpants, curls damp from the shower. "Oh, that's a good one," he says. It's a short clip of Ilya firing off a puck towards the net and scoring a goal against Wyatt with pop music blaring over it.

He has to admit it looks good, but Ilya always does. "It's fine," he says non-committedly. "I just don't get why Harris was so excited over this."

Ilya shrugs. "It's his passion. You get excited about hockey, he gets excited about social media."

"I guess." Shane locks the phone and sets it aside.

"Sorry, I did not hear a lot of enthusiasm for that really hot TikTok of me," Ilya points out with a teasing grin.

Shane rolls his eyes, but he can't help but raze his eyes over Ilya's exposed torso. There's a few drops of water still clinging to his skin, and Shane has the urge to lick them off. "Stop fishing for compliments."

"Fishing? Who is fishing? No fish here." Ilya climbs over him, knees sinking into the bed on either side of Shane's hips. "You should put TikTok on your phone, maybe."

Shane's hands automatically go to Ilya's sides to steady him, and he starts tracing a pattern on his bare skin with his thumb. "Huh? Why?" He's already distracted by staring at Ilya's mouth, only a few inches away from his.

Ilya grins. "To jerk off to my videos when you are missing me, of course."

Shane splutters and shoves Ilya off; Ilya compliantly goes with it, laughing all the way down. "I hardly even get the chance to miss you, asshole. We're together all day!"

"Yes," Ilya coons. "Is wonderful. But I do go to therapy sometimes, and leave you all alone in this big house..."

"Oh, my god. Come here." Shane tugs Ilya to him in a hot, deep kiss, just to shut him up, obviously. The fact that it spirals enough that both of them need to shower again is not important.

*

Harris has tried to get Shane on board with Tiktok. Shane politely follows his directions, although he's not really interested and he would much rather focus on skating than saying silly things to a camera. Harris must pick up on his disinterest, because after a while the only appearances Shane makes on the account are shots taken from afar, when Shane is busy practicing.

Ilya, on the other hand, is always up for it. He seems to have fun, and he always laughs heartily when Harris shows him the videos before posting. He found the one of him dragging Barrett across the ice with his stick looped to Barrett's blade particularly funny. It makes Shane smile fondly to himself; it's good to see Ilya be his rambunctious self.

Apparently the engagement on the account is growing steadily. Ilya's TikToks are the ones that get the most likes. Shane is privately proud, even though it's such a silly thing. To him, though, it's not silly, and he knows that it's not to Ilya either. Both of them had feared losing their careers and their fans if they were outed. To get a sense of support from the public, even in the comments of a fifteen-second video, is reassuring.

He doesn't really ask too many questions when he notices Harris filming a lot of clips of Ilya over the period of a few days, because at that point—over a month after the account opening—Shane has grown pretty accustomed to it.

Well, until he walks into the changing room and sees Ilya whip his shirt off in front of Harris, who's holding up his phone in front of him. Shane pauses, raising his eyebrows.

"Do I want to know?"

"Probably not," Zane replies, walking past him.

"You will see," Ilya says mysteriously. Harris shoots Shane a friendly smile before focusing on whatever he's doing on his phone.

Shane goes over to Ilya, leaning close so that only he can hear. "See what, you with your shirt off? Not really news."

"Oh, I'm old news then?" Ilya smirks. "Not what you said last night."

Shane blushes a bit. "Shut up."

"Me? Never."

*

Shane has a particular relationship with social media, which is to say he doesn't have one at all. The only times ever opens Instagram is to share news from the team and to check Ilya's account to see what he's up to (yes, he still feels bad he never paid attention to the hints of their relationship that Ilya was leaving all over his account, trying to share their love with the world in the only way he could).

They still keep their lives fairly private, but Ilya has enthusiastically taken to posting the occasional picture of them instead of those cryptic messages that only he and Shane would understand. Shane was a bit nervous at first, stomach still churning with anticipation over the newness of the situation and the Voyageurs' reaction a lingering cloud over his head, but the comments have been—for the most part—positive. It helps that the Centaurs have been extremely supportive (if not sometimes annoyingly teasing) to both of them through all of it.

He ends his workout lost in these thoughts, and after having wiped the sweat off his face he grabs his phone and mindlessly navigates to Ilya's page. He's in their home gym, Ilya out to grab something to eat with Svetlana, who's briefly in Ottawa for a visit. Shane likes her, but he decided to give them some alone time. They can't be attached to the hip 24/7 just to compensate for thirteen years of long-distance. At least that's what Shane tells himself.

His eyes catch on probably one of his favorite pictures of them that Ilya posted. Harris was trying to take a solo shot of Shane in his Centaurs uniform to post on the team's page when Ilya skated in, grabbed Shane's hip, and licked his face playfully as the shutter went off.

It didn't end up on the Centaurs' page, obviously, but Ilya did post it on his own account, with a tongue emoticon as the caption. Shane had been outwardly worried about coming off as unprofessional and inwardly satisfied that they could finally do something like this. Something so *normal*. He has been walking around with this weight on his shoulders, this secret that he had to keep, for so long that the absence of it is still startling; it feels like taking a step and finding only empty air beneath his feet. Sometimes the instinct to hide, the fear, still overrides rationality.

Shane still has nightmares about them being found out. And then he wakes up on a sharp intake of breath to find his husband snoring lightly behind him, bodies curled into each other like parentheses, in the home that they live in *together*; and it's enough for him to settle.

He's still—embarrassingly—mooning over the picture when his phone buzzes with a new text from Harris.

Harris (1.02pm): vm.tiktok.com/ZRTLKJjx ;)

Shane frowns, curiosity piqued, as he clicks on the link; it takes him to a page that asks him to download the TikTok app. Frustrated, he texts Harris back.

Shane (1.03pm): I don't have the app, what is it?

Harris: (1.05pm): Trust me, download it!

Shane sighs, defeated, and complies. When he clicks on the link again this time it opens. It's a video of Ilya. It's a—Shane feels his face heat immediately—sexy video of Ilya. In that moment, Shane realizes why Harris was following Ilya around and filming him with his shirt off.

The video starts with Ilya skating over to the boards and giving the camera a playful wink; then it cuts to a few quick clips of Ilya skating with the puck, flinging it into the goal; Ilya drinking from a water bottle, water pouring down his chin and neck; Ilya taking his shirt off, toned pecs and abs on display; Ilya in the gym, bench pressing an indecent amount of weight, sweat dripping down his forehead, curls messy and stuck to his forehead.

When it ends Shane, almost on autopilot, replays it. And replays it. And replays it.

It must be the adrenaline from the workout still coursing through his body, because it makes no sense for him to get horny from a bunch of clips of his husband when he's got the real

thing around him all the time.

And yet.

Shane leans against the wall, hand drifting down his stomach. He's already at half-mast just from watching the video; it's almost embarrassing, the effect Ilya has on him. He cups his erection over the material of his workout shorts, leaning his head back against the wall and massaging himself.

He could stop. He *should* stop—but why? He's alone, and a quick jerk-off won't hurt. Shane closes his eyes and he sees Ilya: shirtless, body hard and toned, the happy trail that always drives Shane crazy, his beautiful curls and sweaty face. It all plays like a reel on the back of his eyelids.

He teases his cock over his shorts until he's fully hard against his palm; his phone has been dropped somewhere; Shane barely registers the music still playing from it. He finally slips a hand under his shorts, sparks flying up his spine when his fingers wrap around his cock.

He exhales a breathy moan, feeling his cheek redden. He shims down the shorts just enough to take out his cock, his thumb gathering some of the wetness at the tip before his hand starts flying over the hard length of it.

He bites down on his bottom lip, trying to contain the noises slipping from his mouth. His stomach is tight with pleasure and excitement, skin hot, nerves crackling with the incoming orgasm. He's not going to last long but that's okay—he's chasing relief like he chases the puck on the ice, tunnel-eyed and relentless.

Which is probably why he doesn't hear anyone come in.

“Having fun without me?”

Shane's eyes fly open as he freezes with his hand on his dick, on the edge of climax, his breath so heavy you'd think he just ran a marathon. Ilya is standing in the doorway, his mouth pulled into a smirk and his gaze laser-focused on Shane.

Caught, Shane lets his erection go—with difficulty—but before he can say anything Ilya continues, “I did not tell you to stop.” His voice is a rumble in his chest.

Shane's hand automatically drops back to his cock at the tone, his lips parting on a shudder. Embarrassment and pleasure are a heady mix in his chest. “I'm close,” he confesses.

“Of course you are.” Ilya walks closer, his attention catching on the phone. Shane's heart kicks up a notch, and he isn't fast enough to grab the phone before Ilya snatches it from the floor. He pauses for a few seconds on the video that's playing, amusement dancing on his face, at odds with the way his pupils are blown out. How long had he been standing there, watching Shane?

Fuck.

“I see,” Ilya murmurs. “You do miss me sometimes, then.”

“It wasn’t—what you think—” Shane bites out; his hand is still moving over his cock, chasing relief, unable to stop.

“Oh?” Ilya raises an amused eyebrow. “My mistake, then. The app must have opened by itself while you were jerking off.”

Shane chokes on a laugh, his hips canting into his hand. Heat is unspooling through him, a white-hot thread. “Asshole,” he mutters, giving up on denying it. There’s no point anyway; it’s obvious what he was doing. Ilya bites down a fond smile and then kneels in front of Shane, watching him intently. Shane stares back, half-lidded, his vision blurry. Ilya likes to watch Shane get himself off sometimes; they don’t do it often, because Ilya likes touching Shane even more. Every time it takes Shane back to that night in Vegas, so many years ago.

“The real thing is better,” Ilya says, whipping his shirt off, exposing his chest, his big shoulders, miles and miles of skin that Shane is obsessed with. He moans, hand moving faster, and he’s so close, so close. Ilya reaches out and cups his face, his thumb grazing the corner of Shane’s mouth.

Shane parts his lips, wanton. “Fucking beautiful,” Ilya says, and it sounds reverent. His thumb slips between Shane’s lips and Shane sucks it in, laps at the warm skin, whining softly as he’s about to crest on the edge of release—

“Stop,” Ilya whispers, and Shane lets out a frustrated whimper. He somehow manages to still his hand, but he’s still squirming, desperate. “Ilya, c’mon,” he pleads around Ilya’s thumb.

“I want to have some fun, too,” Ilya says. He hooks his thumb in the corner of Shane’s mouth, forcing it open, his gaze razing over Shane’s face. Shane knows how he must look: sweaty, blushed, desperate. Just like Ilya likes him. Ilya presses a kiss to Shane’s bottom lip and then says, “Turn around, get on your knees.”

Shane is lightheaded, dizzy with both the need to come and the pull to do whatever Ilya asks of him. He flips around, on his elbows and knees, presenting his ass to Ilya. He feels Ilya’s hands graze over his back, under his shirt, and then slip over his ass. He’s still wearing shorts.

“These are ridiculous,” Ilya mutters. “So tight and slutty.”

Shane buries a smile in the crook of his elbow. He’s well aware of what Ilya thinks of his workout shorts; many of his yoga sessions have been rudely interrupted by Ilya and his obsession with his ass in these.

He shakes his ass a bit, just to tease, and Ilya groans. “Fuck.” He kneads his ass vigorously before pulling the material down, letting the band rest just under the swell of his ass. Shane’s cock is hard and weeping, but Shane keeps his hands off it, even though the temptation is almost irresistible. He knows Ilya will make it good for him.

He yelps softly when Ilya parts his cheeks, exposing his hole. “Pretty, even here,” Ilya whispers. Shane buries his face in his forearm, knees trembling from anticipation. Ilya ghosts his mouth over his opening, the cool rush of his breath tying Shane’s belly into knots.

Ilya's tongue on his rim is a firework of sensations; a shudder goes through him, and it takes all of his willpower to stay on his knees. He mumbles something nonsensical as Ilya languidly licks around his hole, hot and wet, getting Shane to relax, getting him loose.

"Feels good," he slurs, canting his hips back, seeking more. Ilya squeezes his ass, licking around the rim and teasing the tip of his tongue against his hole until he deems Shane loose enough to slip his tongue inside. It's so good, it's *amazing*; Shane loves it. He loves how intimate it is, loves feeling the heat of Ilya's tongue work inside him, loves seeing Ilya's chin smeared with his own spit when he's done. His ears are ringing, covering the moans that are leaving his mouth.

He almost screams Ilya's name when he feels a finger slip inside him, alongside Ilya's tongue. Ilya fucks him steadily, finding a rhythm, working his finger and tongue in and out of him. Heat is coiling at the small of Shane's back, pleasure pulsing through him in steady thrums. His cock, weeping and forgotten, is heavy between his legs. If it didn't mean moving away from Shane, he would rut against the gym mats to give himself some friction.

Ilya hooks a second finger in. Shane must be drooling on his forearm by now. He's desperately rolling his hips back, meeting Ilya's thrust, but he has to hold back because he doesn't want to hurt Ilya. It's maddening. It's not enough. He needs more, he needs to be full to the brim. He hopes this isn't one of the days where Ilya wants him to come from getting eaten out alone, because Shane thinks he'll cry if he doesn't get Ilya's cock inside him.

"Ilya," he hiccups. "Please."

Ilya's tongue slips out of him, but he keeps the two fingers in, keeping him full, fucking him teasingly. "You need something bigger in you, yes?"

Shane nods, fucking himself back on Ilya's fingers more desperately. Ilya presses a tender, lingering kiss to his shoulder and then slips his fingers out. He grabs Shane's hips and guides him to his back, the gym mat scratchy under him. Ilya tears the shorts off him, leaving him in a shirt and socks, and then slides his own waistband down just enough to free his cock.

"You have been really good," Ilya praises, slotting himself between Shane's knees and lining himself up. Shane holds on to his biceps, the muscles hard and familiar under his fingers, as Ilya pushes himself inside. It's a welcome intrusion; Shane keens through it, tears gathering on his waterline, reveling in the pressure of Ilya filling him up until he's all the way in, slotted perfectly inside Shane as if they were made for each other.

Shane is breathing hard, and he tilts his chin up; Ilya obediently leans down to kiss him, deep and messy, licking into his mouth. He starts fucking Shane, finding a brutal and relentless rhythm, leaning over him so that Shane is caged by his body, full of his cock. Shane wishes he could stay here forever, under Ilya, surrounded by him. He locks his legs behind Ilya's back, trying to bring him closer, *deeper*.

Ilya's fingers card through the strands of his hair, gripping it hard. Ilya loves Shane's hair at this length, and he's vocalized it on more than one occasion. Shane thinks he might never get a haircut again every time Ilya tugs at it while they fuck.

His cock is trapped between their stomachs, occasionally sliding against Ilya's own dick, and Shane is trying to simultaneously meet Ilya's thrusts and find some friction on his neglected erection. It's overwhelming, Ilya fucking into him quick and rough. Shane accidentally bites Ilya's lip when his thrusts find Shane's prostate. Ilya laughs into his mouth and aims there ruthlessly, driving Shane further and further up the gym mats. He hopes he doesn't get whatever the equivalent of a rug burn is on his ass.

"Close," he whimpers. "Need—please—" Shane is unraveling, the wave of release building higher and higher, but he needs more to break.

Ilya slips a hand between them, gives Shane's cock a couple of hard strokes, and Shane is gone. The orgasm crests and punches through him like a hit to the stomach; he tenses, open-mouthed against Ilya's lips, panting and shaking. He feels his brain white out for a second.

Ilya fucks him through it, groaning Shane's name and slamming his hips into him hard once, twice, and he's coming too, filling Shane's hole with his come.

Ilya slips out and collapses on top of him, punching any breath Shane has left out of. Shane wheezes—maybe a bit dramatically—and Ilya bites his shoulder in retaliation. Shane lets him be, closing his eyes and enjoying the weight of his husband. He makes for a good weighted blanket, better than the actual thing.

He wraps his shaky arms around Ilya's shoulders, hugging him close and stroking his back over his shirt. They barely got undressed in their haste.

"I will have to ask Harris to make more of those," Ilya comments, voice muffled in the crook of Shane's neck.

Shane huffs. "The entire account can't be you half-naked or working out just because you want to rile me up."

"Why not?"

Shane shakes his head fondly, burying his fingers in Ilya's curls. He holds on as long as he can, wanting to savor this moment, but there comes a point where he has to give in. "You're starting to really crush me," he complains. Ilya rolls off him, not going far. He slings an arm and leg over Shane and cuddles closer to him, probably enjoying the afterglow before Shane makes them get up to clean up. He can already feel come seep out of him, and it's not very pleasant.

"It was fun, yes?" Ilya asks.

Shane sighs dramatically, but he can feel the smile on his face. "Yes," he admits. "Who knew I had that effect on you."

"Shut up, you're well aware," Shane mutters. He has, historically, never been good at resisting Ilya.

"I will send you more nudes."

“Oh, god.” Shane laughs, jokingly pushing Ilya away, even if he feels a swoop in his belly.
“Don’t do that, please. What if our phones get hacked?”

“Then everyone will get to see my beautiful nudes,” Ilya says simply.

“Show-off,” Shane accuses. “C’mon, help me get up. I need to shower.”

Ilya’s hand slips between his legs and finds his hole, gathering up the come there. Shane startles, sensitive. “Are you sure?”

“Yes!” he grits out, face flaming red.

“No second round?”

Shane hesitates. “In the shower?”

At that, Ilya doesn’t waste anymore time. The walk to the shower is littered with slow kisses and Ilya copping a feel of his ass. He never would’ve thought the Centaurs getting a TikTok account would lead to *this*, but he can’t complain.

End Notes

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