

loyalty is a knife

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loyalty is a knife

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Summary

It's been a hell of a year for the Centaurs. Shane and Ilya are playing their first playoffs together as teammates. An old teammate makes Shane doubt his loyalty. Ilya reminds him just how loyal he is.

Or; the one where they win it all.

Watching Ilya Rozanov work out was damn near obscene. His smooth, glistening body, covered in beads of sweat as he shoulder-pressed a 150lb barbell above his head was a sight to see. Shane was sure that, with enough incentive, Ilya could press *him*. That would be a PR he'd happily be part of.

"What a sight, right?" Harris said, interrupting Shane's thoughts. Shane startled. Had Harris been standing there long?

Shane coughed, making a sorry attempt at collecting himself. "Um, yeah, I..."

"Enough said," Harris winked. Shane flushed at being caught, a burning heat rising below his eyes. Not the first time he had been caught with a wandering eye in the Ottawa Centaurs gym. Or locker room. Or really anywhere in the practice facility.

Shane had been on the Centaurs since July, when his contract with the voyageurs ended and he became a free agent. Since then, Shane and Ilya had been an unstoppable force. Even though they rarely played on the ice at the same time, save for a few power plays, their chemistry was undeniable. They dominated the league in points, and Shane's position on the second-line made it so their power in the center ran deep.

"No, I just lost my focus for a sec," Shane tried, but even as he said it, he heard the quips before they came out. He rolled the dumbbell over in his palm, trying to ground himself and not get lost in a hole of embarrassment.

"You seem to be losing your focus a lot lately, huh? I thought we hired you for your keen mental discernment," Troy Barrett said. Jesus, was everyone watching him drool over his husband?

Shane made a noise between a grunt and a whimper, trying to end the conversation there. Unfortunately, his husband had the worst timing in the world.

Ilya dropped his barbell onto its support and lifted his upper body to come to a seated position. His grey T-shirt clung to the contours of his body, a dark ring of sweat pooling along his neckline. His curls stuck to his forehead, not unlike when he and Shane were... intimate. Shane shuddered at the thought.

Ilya noticed the three of them aggregated in the corner by the dumbbells, looking straight at him, and lifted his hand to his ear to pull out one of his earphones.

"Are you talking about me?" Ilya said coyly, playing with the cord of his earphones. His charm is infuriating.

Troy let out a laugh. "Your husband is obsessed with you."

Ilya's grin cracked his face in half. "Can you blame him?"

"Ugh, you guys are horrible," Shane groaned.

The truth was, Shane *was* obsessed with him. He didn't realize how good it would feel to share everything with each other. A bed, a gym, a *team*. It all felt so right. And it still felt so new, despite the past few months of working together. So forgive him if he wanted to savour every moment he spent with his husband, especially after years of hiding.

"All right everyone, listen up," Coach Wiebe said as he entered the gym. Ilya winked at Shane. Shane cleared his throat and turned to face his Coach. "This is it. Our second year in a row in the playoffs starts tomorrow. This is our chance to show everyone that it was not a fluke. We've got a great chance of really winning this thing this year, especially with our new additions."

Shane felt a slap on his back as Troy whooped. Somehow, Shane felt himself turn an even deeper shade of red. He had been welcomed with open arms by the Cens, but it sometimes shook him just how much he was a part of this team. After playing for the Voyageurs for the better part of a decade, it still felt weird to have a different logo on his jersey. Shane recalled that his first goal as a Centaur – Ilya wouldn't let him forget it, he'd kept the puck – had caused quite the roar in the arena where they played. They called him a *hometown hero* now.

"Now, I know you all want to decorate this place with banners as much as I do, so let's get to work."

Coach Wiebe was right. They really did have a chance at winning this whole thing. In the first round against Buffalo, every pass connected, their defence was on fire, and Hayes was an iron wall. They swept them, 4-0.

Their second round against the Admirals was mildly tougher. Scott Hunter might have been older, but he was still as fast as an arrow when he needed to be. To make matters worse, Luca Haas had been rocked into the glass in their third game and was put on a mandatory three game rest. The Cens readjusted, and Ilya took on Luca's position on the wing. Shane came up to center on the first line. Their chemistry on the ice was unbeatable. It was like they were in each other's brains. He wasn't sure he would ever enjoy playing hockey after being abandoned by the Voyageurs. Playing with this team – playing with Ilya – it made hockey *fun* again. They won that series by game 6, 4-2.

In their last series in the eastern conference, they were matched up against Montreal. Because of course they were. Whatever angry, homophobic gods were responsible for this were probably laughing down at Shane as he took to center ice to kick off game seven.

"Hollander," came a squeaky voice from across the center circle. The arena comes to life as Aaron Goulding, a fresh-faced 19 year old rookie, lines up against Shane for the puck drop. Aaron was supposed to be the *new Shane Hollander*. Shane had to admit, he was fast -- but his inexperience was obvious. Shane smirked at Goulding's attempt at being tough.

"Aaron," Shane replied coolly. The only place Shane ever felt cool was on the ice.

"It's an honour," Goulding said. Shane smiled into the floor.

"Is that your attempt at chirping me?"

"Not at all. I was drafted onto this team before you left, so I thought we'd be teammates. Just wanted to tell you it's a privilege to be facing off against you."

"I'm not going easy on you, kid," Shane laughed. Shane won the face off.

He passed it back to Troy, who entered the offensive zone before trying to pass it again, where it was intercepted by Hayden Pike. Hayden took it to a corner, where Shane slammed into him. They fought for the puck against the boards through gritted teeth.

"What, no former-team loyalty?" Hayden laughed. *He's just chirping*, Shane reminded himself. He probably meant it lightly, but that comment burned. Hayden was stupid like that.

Shane's brows furrowed as he freed the puck from behind Hayden's stick. It struck Shane that, if not for Hayden's FanMail fuck up last summer, Shane would still be playing next to him, in those same colours. Shane felt his chest tighten at the thought of it.

"Sorry to interrupt," Ilya came in fast, grabbing the puck from where Shane had freed it. "Is our hockey game getting in the way of your catchup, boys?"

"Shut up," Hayden muttered, chasing after Ilya.

Shane repositioned himself, coming into center. Ilya passed it back to him as they entered the Montreal zone, only for Shane to pass it right back when he spotted the opening in Montreal's defence. Ilya saw it too, and shot the puck with a gunman's accuracy into the top left corner.

The Cens won that series, 4-3.

"You okay?" Ilya said, emerging from the steam like a vision as he towelled off in the locker room. The rest of the team was gone already, off celebrating their win. They had a few days before they started the finals in the playoffs against Winnipeg. Ilya wasn't too worried about that series. He knew the Cens were a stronger team, and in relatively good shape. Ilya had decided to let the team off the hook for the night; let them get drunk if they wanted to.

Shane was still in his sweaty clothes. He'd managed to get his padding off before he sat down on the bench to stare into the distance, lost in thought. Shane shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"Liar," Ilya purred, his accent stronger after a tiring game. "What's wrong?"

Shane sighed. "I don't know, I just... I thought I'd be happier right now."

Ilya sat next to him. It didn't take a fucking rocket scientist to realize what was causing Shane's distress. "Is this about what Hayden said?"

Shane shook his head. Then nodded.

"Hayden is a fucking idiot."

"No, he's not. He's right."

"Uhh," Ilya started, "no, he is not. Is a fucking stupid guy."

"No, I mean, I left Montreal as soon as I could. I thought that was the team I would retire with. He's right, technically," Shane said. "I don't have loyalty to that team."

"Gee, I wonder why?" Ilya said snarkily. Shane glared at him. Ilya sighed petulantly, facing him. "You don't owe them anything."

"I kind of do, though. I have my career because of them."

"You have your career because of *you*," Ilya said, pulling Shane's chin up towards him. He looked him in the eyes intensely. "Do you need another visit to the trophy room?"

Shane blushed. His eyelids fluttered shut at the feeling of Ilya's fingers gripping his face. He leaned forward, resting his forehead against Ilya's thighs. Suddenly, Shane remembered that Ilya was only wearing a towel, the feeling of wet beads of water dripping off his hair and chest and onto the top of Shane's head. He smelled like Shane's stupid seaweed body wash.

Shane tilted his head up, his eyes half-lidded, and looked up at Ilya. Ilya had been filled with desire since they'd stepped off the ice. Winning always used to do that to him – winning *with Shane* made him insane. All he wanted in that moment was to shake Shane out of his sour mood.

Ilya's face shifted from pure concern to something more heated. His grip on Shane's chin shifted to the back of his head to grip his hair as he loosed a breath. Shane nuzzled into Ilya's crotch, his hands roaming to feel Ilya's strong chest. Ilya felt his cock twitch at the sight of Shane, so desperate for him.

Shane made a pawing motion at Ilya's towel, firmly tucked into itself. Ilya glanced around the room, ensuring no one was around. He let Shane unwrap his towel, taking him into his mouth from where he was seated on the bench. Ilya breathed in shakily as he let Shane bring him closer to the edge.

"Fuck," Ilya hissed. "Feels so good."

Shane moaned against him, the vibrations causing Ilya to buck his hips against Shane's mouth. Ilya never got tired of this. They had never really done anything in public before, and Shane's reckless abandon only made him want him more. Ilya pulled Shane up to kiss him before trying to pull Shane's pants down, moving his mouth to his neck. Ilya tasted the salty sweat on Shane's skin.

"I'm still gross," Shane said shyly. Ilya pulled back and smiled at him.

"Let's get you clean, then."

Ilya paused at his locker, grabbing a spare towel and a packet of lube, before dragging Shane into the showers. He pulled Shane's shirt off, revealing glimmering, sweat covered skin. His pants came next. Ilya sank down onto his knees, looking up at Shane, before pulling down his briefs.

"Fuck," Shane breathed. "I'm still sweaty, you don't have to."

"I want to," Ilya said, his voice husky. "I like it."

Shane moaned as Ilya finally took him in his mouth, his playoff beard scratching against his thighs. Ilya, tasting the salty sweat on him, moaned right back. They spent a few minutes like that before Shane pulled him up. "I'm going to cum if you keep doing that."

Ilya laughed. It was so easy to rile Shane up, even after a decade of being together and nearly a year of marriage. He turned to the shower, turning the knob on. Cool water splashed onto both of them. Shane yelped.

Ilya grabbed his bar of soap and began rubbing it against Shane, paying careful attention to Shane's ass. Shane whimpered against him, his head falling onto Ilya's shoulder.

"Remember the first time we were in a shower together?" Ilya purred against Shane's ear, his teeth catching on the cartilage. Shane moaned against him, rutting his hips forward. "Mm, so eager."

Shane laughed against him. "I can't help it."

Ilya broke against him, squeezing shampoo into his palm and rubbing it into Shane's hair. He spent a minute massaging Shane's head, eliciting the most angelic, filthy noises from him. When he rinsed it out, Ilya pulled them out from the spray, grabbing the packet of lube and tearing it open with his teeth. Shane looked at him with doe eyes, ready to be told what to do.

"Turn around," Ilya said. "Bend over."

Shane obliged quickly. Ilya bit his lip to keep from smiling too much at how obedient Shane was for him. He squeezed some lube out onto his fingers and moved them to Shane's ass, toying with him gently. Shane moaned at the contact.

"So good for me," Ilya said. Shane moaned in agreement as Ilya opened him up, blissed out.

Ilya spent a few minutes working Shane open before positioning himself behind him. Ilya sighed as he moved slowly behind him, filling him up, his hand pressing between Shane's shoulder blades. Shane gripped the shower wall. Ilya hoped the noise of the shower would be enough to cover Shane's shameless moaning as he pounded into him. Shane had clearly forgotten where they were, too preoccupied with his overflowing desire. Ilya couldn't say he was mad at the show he was putting on.

They moved in sync, both eager for release.

"How is that for loyalty, huh?" Ilya groaned. "Loyal to your husband's cock."

"Shut up," Shane blushed.

"Is all you need," Ilya groaned, speeding up.

"Yeah," Shane agreed. "Fuck, I'm close."

Ilya wrapped a hand around, gripping the base of Shane's dick. He stroked him a few times before Shane released onto the shower floor. Ilya knew Shane would be pleased with the easy clean up. Ilya pulled out, then sprayed Shane's ass in his cum. He just wanted to mark his territory, really. Fuck Hayden. He had no right to criticize Shane's decision, especially after how the Voyageurs had treated Shane. The only person Shane had to be loyal to was Ilya, and vice versa. They'd exchanged rings over loyalty.

Ilya brought Shane back into the stream, cleaning him off. Shane wordlessly hummed as Ilya massaged him. Ilya turned off the shower, passing Shane a towel and letting him dry off. They both couldn't keep their eyes off each other. It felt bigger than just a quick fuck.

Ilya felt like the well of love he had for Shane was bottomless. He was struck by how grateful he was to have Shane here, in Ottawa. How he'd changed his life for him. How they both had.

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They made it to the final round. They were playing against Winnipeg, who had come in as a wildcard. Ilya didn't think they had much to worry about, given the team's inexperience, but these things always surprised him. He had lots of playoffs experience, compared to the rest of the team. That said, he had only won the cup once, years ago, when he was still with Boston. Shane seemed more worried, despite the three cups under his belt.

Shane seemed to be right, because the Cens were tied for 3-3 in the series, and it looked like they were going to lose this game too.

Luca, who had been back for the first three games after his injury, was put back on injury rest, despite his protests that he was fine. Ilya saw how Luca grimaced as he stepped off the ice after a particularly brutal hit.

"It's for good, yes? For long career," Ilya said. Luca's grimace softened. Sometimes, he really was a good captain.

"You're up, Rozanov," Coach Wiebe said between periods. Rozanov sprayed some cool water on his face from his bottle. He had already played 18 minutes in this game and felt his exhaustion coming. He felt a thousand years old. *Almost as old as Scott Hunter*, he chuckled to himself. This third period was going to be rough.

"Ready to be on my left, Rozanov?" Shane skated to the bench, smiling smugly.

Ilya groaned, trying to hide his smile. "Coach, this is why *I* must be center. Hollander is egotistical monster in center."

"Just focus on scoring some goals, all right?" Wiebe sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Ilya swung his legs over the barrier, meeting Shane where he stood on the ice. Ilya glanced up at the score, which, to his dismay, showed them down one in the last period. They needed to get some fucking goals in.

"It is your fault we are down, yes?" Ilya prodded. Shane rolled his eyes.

"Egotistical, eh? Big word for you," Shane bantered. They always got like this when they were losing. Pissy, sore losers, the both of them. Somehow, egging each other on made them play better.

The third period went well. They tied with five minutes left, Bood scoring with an assist from Shane.

The game went into overtime. Ilya was a little annoyed that Shane had been right about how tough Winnipeg would be. As they prepared for what Ilya hoped would be a final face off, Ilya toyed with his cross necklace. For a moment, he willed his brain off, closing his eyes and focusing only on the sounds of the ice scraping under his skates. The sound of the crowd dulled as his breathing grew louder in his ears. Ilya pulled his necklace to his mouth, toying at it with his tongue. He reminded himself that this would be his and Shane's first cup together. Hopefully of many.

Ilya opened his eyes as he took one last deep breath. His focus was pinpointed. There was only one acceptable outcome here.

His eyeline connected with Shane as Shane got into position. This was Shane at his best. Calm, collected, concentrated. He looked especially pretty with his hair slicked back with sweat, though his lousy attempt at a playoff beard ruined the image a little.

The whistle sounded and the game was on. Shane won the face-off and Ilya was right there, moving in sync with him. Years of playing against each other, of being hyperaware of where the other was on the ice at all times, have made their chemistry unassailable. Shane passed the puck back to him, and for a second it felt like no one else was on the ice with them. It might as well have been the case. They weaved around Winnipeg's defencemen with ease. It felt like they were playing against a minor league team. More than that, it felt like they were extensions of one another, calculated and determined.

Ilya moved with speed he didn't know he still had, feeling like he was on his first shift of the game again. He faked a snapshot at their goalie, who moved to block, and passed it to Shane with his backhand. Shane pocketed the puck in the bottom right.

The organ sounded at their goal. It took Ilya a second to realize that was it. They had won. He looked around at his team piling onto the ice, coming to tackle him.

"We fucking did it!" Troy shouted, banging into Ilya. He stood, mouth slightly agape, not believing it. It had been years since he had done this. Years, since his first and only cup win with the Bears. Thinking back on that moment, which felt so distinct from this one, he realized that that win was basically worthless to him.

He was in such a different place now; older, married, on a team that he actually fucking liked. For the first time in his career, he didn't feel entirely responsible for their win. He watched as Shane was tackled by the rest of the team, his helmet lost somewhere in the pile as Bood kissed his cheek. Ilya was suddenly very grounded and determined to get to him. He pushed Troy off him and kicked his feet against the ice.

The boys around Shane saw him and parted like the sea, and suddenly there was a clear path to him. Ilya realized there was always a clear path to Shane. Their eyes met, and instantly, they were crashing into each other. Ilya adoringly pressed his lips to Shane's, his hands coming up to caress his cheeks. Ilya angled Shane's head up to deepen their kiss, gentle and unhurried.

"Time to shave this tiny mouse off your face," Ilya said, somewhat too enthusiastically, lips still pressed against Shane's.

"Shut up," Shane snorted. He breathed against Ilya, eyelids shuttering closed. They both leaned against one another, letting a beat pass.

"We are totally outdoing Scott Hunter, am I right?" Ilya whispered against Shane's mouth. Shane laughed against him.

"You're overly competitive," Shane mumbled against him, grinning.

"Fuck that, we just won the fucking cup!" Ilya screamed, pulling away and holding Shane's arm up. The crowd erupted into cheers and flowers started pouring onto the ice. Ilya and Shane were both incredibly grateful they were on home ice. It dawned on Shane, maybe a little too late, that his parents were in the crowd.

Someone brought out the cup. It was given to Ilya, who was meant to do a victory lap as captain. He looked to Shane and couldn't imagine doing it without him.

"Grab the top," Ilya said. "Come with me."

Shane did. He wrapped his hand around where the cup tapered into a bowl. They both skated around the rink, holding the cup above their heads with one hand, the other hands locked together.

Leave it to a gay hockey porn show to drag me out of my writing slump kicking and screaming. Hope u enjoyed :-)

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