

if the fates allow

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by [alspancakes](#)

Summary

“я тебя люблю,” Shane said softly, basking in pride at what he knew was near-perfect pronunciation.

I love you. Saying it felt more natural than breathing.

Ilya groaned and tugged Shane close for a fierce kiss.

“Do not speak Russian to me right now or we will never go to this party,” Ilya threatened against Shane’s lips. “And I promised Dykstra’s daughter I’d destroy her in foosball.”

*

or, Shane and Ilya's first Centaurs christmas party as a married couple. set after The Long Game

Notes

set post-Long Game, so heads up for spoilers here...

(spoiler: they get married and live happily ever after)

merry christmas happy holidays enjoy this filthy sweet loving smut

i think almost all of the russian is translated within the text

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

“I’m kind of nervous,” Shane murmured as they stepped out of the uber and onto the sidewalk. Ilya had been a step ahead of him, but he turned on his heel to face Shane, full of worry.

“Why, малыш?” Shane was малыш now, *baby*, along with about a dozen other Russian terms of endearment. “We are seeing these people every day, usually dressed a lot worse than right now. Tonight, we look very sexy.”

Shane chuckled at Ilya’s logic. As if that was what he was worried about.

“It’s not that,” Shane shook his head. “I don’t know, it’s...” he honestly wasn’t sure how to put it. “It’s like, I don’t know. I don’t know why I feel nervous. This feels different than other times, maybe.”

Ilya hummed and laced his fingers through Shane’s, squeezing his hand and tugging it to his lips. He pressed a kiss to Shane’s knuckles, holding his hand against his lips.

“It’s everybody we love here,” he said with a tentative smile as he brought their hands back to their sides. “All love, yes?”

Shane nodded, a lump welling in his throat as he listened to Ilya talk about his teammates. *Their* teammates.

“Nothing to be scared of,” he squeezed Shane’s hand again and kissed him on the cheek. “Except if Hazy is the one doing the cooking.”

Shane laughed at that, and that seemed to loosen something in Ilya too, a brightness sparking in his eyes.

“я тебя люблю,” Shane said softly, basking in pride at what he knew was near-perfect pronunciation.

I love you. Saying it felt more natural than breathing.

Ilya groaned and tugged Shane close for a fierce kiss.

“Do not speak Russian to me right now or we will never go to this party,” Ilya threatened against Shane’s lips. “And I promised Dykstra’s daughter I’d destroy her in foosball.”

Shane laughed, forcing down the lump in his throat, dispelling his notions of fear. Shane would be fine. He’d be with Ilya.

Wyatt Hayes’ house was full of Centaurs players and their wives and girlfriends (and *boyfriends*) and kids for their annual Christmas party. And despite the way he’d worried before they walked through the door, Shane already felt so at home.

The Hayes’ Christmas party had begun in the early evening, but it showed no signs of slowing down as the night wore on. Their basement was fully finished and stocked with everything the kids could need to play, giving the parents some space to enjoy time with each other. And for Ilya to let Dykstra’s daughter destroy *him* at foosball.

Wyatt and Lisa had a pretty great setup, with two brilliantly lit and decorated Christmas trees, one in the foyer and a larger one in the living room, along with some beautiful garlands hanging from the bannisters and above the door frames. Shane couldn’t help but think that Hazy had absolutely *nothing* to do with this elaborate decor, but regardless, he loved it. Food and drinks were flowing, and with the next five days off, the team could actually afford to party a little bit.

It sort of felt like the first party where Shane and Ilya could actually be... Shane and Ilya. Not Hollander and Rozanov. Not ‘Captain’, not ‘new guy’. Shane finally realized that this was

why he had been nervous. But it wasn't nerve wracking anymore. Now, it was sort of... thrilling.

Sure, there had been parties throughout the season since they'd been public, since they'd been *married*. For fucks sake, some of these guys had been at their *wedding*. It wasn't like Shane and Ilya had been hiding their relationship in the time they'd both been Centaurs, not at all. It had been a full six months since they got married. But they weren't exactly huge on PDA, and there hadn't been a ton of opportunities. Most of the time other people saw them, they were working, in professional settings. They didn't act like strangers to each other anymore, but it wasn't like they were all over each other in the locker room or at practice. There was of course the occasional hug or cheek kiss, but Shane was pretty anxious in general, and he didn't want their relationship to be the sole focus of his first season on a new team. Ilya knew and respected that. They did everything they could to avoid letting their relationship bleed into or overshadow their work.

The team still went out clubbing after the occasional game, but Shane and Ilya rarely joined. It seemed to be a thing that mostly single guys did, which Shane and Ilya really only used to do to keep up appearances, back when they were a secret and long distance. But now, they had unlimited access to one another, had their own *house* and the same bed to return to every night. What could possibly compare to that?

As the Centaurs had gotten better over the last year or so, it seemed like the house parties had also become fewer and further between. Which suited Shane just fine. He wasn't sure he was ready to party as much as it seemed the Cens used to, when Ilya first started out with them. Now they were more focused on the cup, or at least the playoffs. Less focused on weed and drinking. The culture had shifted. It was fucking awesome.

Shane and Ilya had actually hosted a halloween party at their house that fall, which, in the lead up, sort of felt like *that* would be their first *party* as a couple. But of course, the best laid plans and all. One of the rookies ended up throwing up for most of the night, with Ilya stepping in to care for him, effectively killing the mood between hockey's newest husbands. Shane used the opportunity to bond with Bood and Haas, and the night ended pretty tamely.

So, in that sense, the Hayes' Christmas party *felt like* their first party as a couple. And Ilya wasn't letting Shane, or anyone else for that matter, forget it.

First, it was his hands. Hands *everywhere*. All over Shane. Ilya's arm was around Shane's shoulders when they arrived, then his hand slid down to hold Shane's, walking through Hayes' door as a very clear unit. They were met with cheers and smiles as usual, and Ilya squeezed Shane's palm in his. It was instinct for Shane to begin to let go, to almost shake him off. But Ilya held him tighter, and it was oddly comforting to just keep their fingers laced.

Ilya could hardly keep his hands to himself, as it turned out. He never let Shane out of arm's reach, following him around the house like a dog looking for treats, his arm snaking around Shane's waist or fingertips dancing across his low back at every given chance. More than once, Shane noticed Ilya's finger slipped through the belt loop on his jeans, tugging Shane an inch or two closer. Shane would be telling a story to a teammate or their wife, and suddenly Ilya's thumb would be stroking soothing circles over the dimples at the base of Shane's spine, the rest of his big hand wrapped firmly around Shane's hip. It wasn't even sexual, though that switch was seemingly just *waiting* to be flipped. No, it was more comforting. Grounding.

Maybe even a little possessive.

It certainly was more physical contact than Shane was used to in such a setting. But he wasn't complaining. Ilya kept both of their glasses filled as the night wore on, padding Shane's senses with a pleasant buzz, just enough to make him feel relaxed and light.

Then it stopped feeling like the craziest thing in the world, when Ilya's lips would brush against Shane's cheek or jaw. It actually felt pretty okay. Cassie, Bood's wife, had apparently been watching one of their many amorous embraces, because when they pulled apart from a kiss, she was there, smiling.

"You guys are so cute," she said with a grin.

"Yes," Ilya replied succinctly, pressing another quick kiss to Shane's cheekbone. Shane rolled his eyes and fought back the smile that threatened to break across his face. "We are."

Shane scoffed as he looked up at Ilya. "Sorry," he said to Cassie, pulling his eyes from Ilya, shaking his head incredulously.

“Don’t be sorry at all,” Cassie smiled. “I love it.” She squeezed Shane’s arm gently. “I’m really, really happy for you guys.” She looked around the room and smiled idly. “We all are.”

Later into the night, after the players with families and young kids had drifted away, the stragglers migrated outside to Hazy’s firepit in the backyard. It wasn’t a *warm* night, but it wasn’t Canadian-winter-cold either. Hayes had blankets galore and the fire was roaring. No wind and no clouds meant they were sitting beneath an inky midnight blue sky, with stars sprinkled overhead forming bright constellations. At first, Shane had sat in his own adirondack, beside Ilya, their hands finding one another on the wooden arm rests. When Shane noticed his husband’s glass was empty, he ventured inside for refills, topping himself up and pouring Ilya another glass of wine. On his way back outside, Shane stopped in the doorway for a moment, taking it all in. These men had quickly become some of his best friends in the few short months he’d been a part of the Centaurs franchise. They had embraced Ilya so fondly all those years ago that Shane really shouldn’t have been surprised, but he supposed that actually said more about his time in Montreal than it did about the Cens. Maybe all teams were like this.

But Shane doubted it.

He knew what they had was special.

And suddenly he felt warmth blooming in his chest and a smile tugging at his lips.

When he returned to his spot at the firepit, Ilya wore a devilish smirk that made Shane’s knees feel weak. He reached out both hands for the glasses, and Shane handed them off. Ilya placed them on the ground at his feet and then his hands were swiftly around Shane’s waist, tugging him back and down onto Ilya’s lap.

“Jesus Christ,” Shane chuckled, wrestling against Ilya’s embrace. With every move, Ilya tightened his grip around Shane, and from behind his neck Shane could hear, and *feel* Ilya shushing him, pleading with him to settle down.

“We’re gonna break the chair,” Shane scoffed.

“Mmm, would not be the first time,” Ilya murmured against Shane’s neck.

“Ilya—” Shane squirmed. “I’m too heavy, I’ll crush you—”

Ilya chuckled, and Shane felt it flutter through him. “You are not heavy, Зайчик” he said with a quick kiss to Shane’s neck. *Bunny*, that was one of Ilya’s favorite nicknames for Shane. Apparently a common term of endearment over there. Whether or not that was really true, Shane didn’t know if he cared to find out. “And if you crush me, then I will die a happy man.”

Shane rolled his eyes as he heard a muffled “*awwww*” coming from Harris sitting beside them, and a “*damn, Roz, nobody’s taking him from you*” from Troy.

“Just relax, Душа моя,” Ilya pleaded, and Shane begrudgingly complied. *My soul*, that was another one Shane got a lot. Another diminutive that seemed to be common in Russian. Shane was learning them, alongside all sorts of other vocabulary. It felt so good to hear him and understand, to see Ilya in all the ways he was.

Ilya reached down for their drinks and handed Shane’s glass over, then tugged a blanket over their laps, finally replacing his arm back around Shane’s belly. Shane took a deep breath and went through a quick grounding exercise, finding his shoulders tense and rigid, his jaw locked tight. He let himself relax back against Ilya, allowed his shoulders to drop from his ears and his jaw to hang loose. The heat from the flames before them warmed his face, and Shane let it soak through, warmth from Ilya’s embrace surrounding him.

From there, it was hard to resist the pull of sleep. He felt so warm, snuggled close to the person he loved most in the world, surrounded by friends who already felt like family. Shane never felt like this, comfortable in front of others in general, but with Ilya all around him to boot. The alcohol had certainly greased his wheels, but even more than that, Shane felt like he was truly somewhere that he *belonged*. Maybe for the first time. So he let his eyes droop closed and drifted off, knowing there were strong arms around him to keep him safe.

Waking in the cold felt odd, like they'd left a window open in the bedroom, just a crack, letting in a sliver of night air. That couldn't have been right, though; they never really did that. Shane's neck hurt from the angle he'd been sleeping at, and he wondered why he was laying *on top* of the body he usually felt beside him.

It was instinct, when Shane rocked back against the hardness in Ilya's lap. Shane was hard too, like he was every morning. He groaned softly under his breath and stretched out his legs, his feet poking out beneath the thin blanket. It was then that Shane realized he was still wearing shoes, and *then* that he realized he wasn't in his bed at all.

Fuck.

Hazy's Christmas party. Shane had been asleep. In Ilya's lap.

And he was fucking *hard*.

Shane's eyes flew open and he startled, making a futile attempt to break free of Ilya's grasp.

"Shh, shh," Ilya whispered, his lips against Shane's ear. "Всё в порядке, моя любовь. you were just asleep." *It's okay, my love.*

Shane looked down in his lap and found the blanket swirled around them, obscuring any inconvenient evidence of his arousal. *That*, at least, was a relief. No one around them seemed to mind. Actually, half of them weren't even paying attention, and the other half were just smiling in a sweet, knowing sort of way.

"How long?"

"Not long," Ilya murmured through a quick kiss. "Maybe twenty minutes."

Twenty minutes?! “Jesus Christ,” Shane murmured, shaking his head with a laugh, craning his neck to peer back at Ilya. “I’m so sorry.”

“Why sorry?” The firelight danced in Ilya’s eyes. His smile was soft and loving, one reserved only for private moments. Late nights and early mornings.

Shane shrugged. Ilya reached up and kissed his cheek. “We will go home now,” he said concisely. “I will, ah, call uber,” Ilya said with a grunt, clearly attempting to get his phone out of a pocket beneath Shane.

“No, I got it,” Shane replied, producing his phone and pulling up the app, focusing hard on the task at hand, praying by the time he had to stand up his erection would be flagging.

The ride home was quiet, with only their fingers laced on the seat between them to keep Shane grounded. It was one thing to be out, and be out together, and be out and together and *married*, but it was entirely something else for Shane to sit in his husband’s lap for a ten minute cab ride. No matter how badly he wanted it. So Shane sat in his own seat and bided his time. The entire population of Ottawa didn’t need to witness their PDA. Shane glanced at Ilya from across the backseat and Ilya let go of his hand, moving instead to grasp Shane’s thigh, his palm a warm weight.

When they arrived home, Shane slid out first and Ilya followed, his arm wrapping around Shane’s waist like it was magnetized. He tugged Shane closer as they walked up the path toward their front door, and Shane couldn’t help but giggle as their shoulders collided.

“So touchy tonight,” he murmured against Ilya’s neck, his face pressed up against his husband’s warm skin.

He could feel Ilya’s hum through his throat.

“I finally get to be,” Ilya replied, his voice low and hoarse. His hand came to hold Shane’s jaw, pulling him back just enough to look deep into his eyes before crashing into him with a kiss.

They stood there, outside their own front door, for a few moments, drawing out a very long, very sweet kiss. Shane didn’t even care that the porch light was on overhead, that their neighbors would have a pretty good show if they knew or cared to look. He didn’t care at *all*. Because here was Ilya, in his arms, kissing him, holding him, rooting him to the spot.

Ilya pulled away first, and as Shane chased his lips for another kiss, he chuckled.

“Is cold, моя любовь,” he murmured against Shane’s lips. *My love*. “We can kiss inside.”

“Mmmokay,” Shane hummed his reply. For a moment after the lock clicked, Shane expected the rush of brown and white fur to meet them at the door, nearly crouching down to meet Anya as she greeted them. But no such rush occurred, and it was then that Shane remembered they’d left Anya with his parents for the night. And thank fucking god for that, because as soon as the door shut behind them, Ilya was on top of him.

He pressed Shane up against the door with a passionate kiss, his hands cupping Shane’s jaw and holding him tight, steady.

“I love you so much,” Ilya murmured between the swipes of his tongue. “And I love getting to hold you,” he kissed Shane’s cheek, “and kiss you,” he kissed Shane’s lips, “and touch you,” he kissed Shane’s neck, “in front of *everyone*,” Ilya groaned, rocking his hips against Shane’s, pressing him back harder against the front door. “Getting to show them all that you’re mine.”

It seemed like he’d maybe been holding that in all night.

Shane laughed as Ilya’s hands left his face and groped at the backs of his thighs. It no longer felt foreign or wrong to be picked up by Ilya. No, it was quite the opposite, where now this space, mid-air in Ilya’s embrace, felt like the safest place on earth.

“They know,” Shane murmured in Ilya’s ear as he walked them towards the bedroom, taking giant steps across the living room and kitchen, hurrying with everything he had for their bed.

“Hmm?”

“They know,” Shane repeated with a little laugh as Ilya gently deposited him down on the mattress, their fluffy duvet surrounding Shane’s supine form. “They know I’m yours.”

Ilya shook his head as he ripped his coat off, his flannel shirt quickly following, until he was bare from the waist up. Shane quickly did the same, yanking his shirt off, propping himself up on his elbows and scooting further back onto the bed.

“They don’t,” Ilya retorted, climbing over Shane’s body like a panther set to pounce. “They don’t get to see it all,” he said softly from between Shane’s knees. His hands worked swiftly on Shane’s belt buckle and the fly of his jeans, tugging them down over his ass. Ilya’s head was still shaking. “When we are at practice or on the plane,” he said as he pressed a kiss to Shane’s belly, “they don’t get to see it all. What I feel for you. What I am, with you.”

Shane covered his face and sucked in a deep breath. Ilya was so intense, in all aspects of his life. He was an intense lover, and Shane was still getting used to the fact that he got to have this all the time, every day, from now until forever. It seemed that Ilya was, too. Because the intensity, the urgency, the all-consuming need had yet to fade.

Ilya nuzzled his nose against the base of Shane’s cock, which was rigid and already leaking. He wrapped a hand around Shane and took him into his mouth, and the sudden sensation was nearly too much. Shane covered his eyes again, crying out a low whine as Ilya set to work, sucking Shane down in long, smooth strokes, the tip of Shane’s cock slamming against the back of Ilya’s throat.

He pulled off for a moment, and there was a real beauty in knowing someone so well, knowing their next move, because as Shane spread his legs wide with eyes shut, Ilya found him there, too, fingers slicked with spit and prodding against his hole.

“Want them all to see how I love you,” Ilya murmured, wet lips against Shane’s groin, one hand working his cock, the other pressing fingers inside. “полностью.”

Completely.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane whined, spreading himself wider, holding himself open at the knees while Ilya’s hands were busy.

“You are so gorgeous, мой мир,” Ilya hissed, the Russian mixing beautifully on his tongue and in Shane’s mind. *My world*, he said. Ilya wasn’t gentle, far from it, as he tugged on Shane’s cock with persistence and pressed against his prostate with every stroke of his fingers inside of him.

“Ilya, stop, *stop*,” Shane gasped, clenching and pulling away, pushing Ilya’s hand from his cock. “I’ll come so fast. Stop.”

“I want to make you come over and over and over,” Ilya said darkly, pressing another kiss to Shane’s belly as he got to his knees. “I want to run you dry, Малыш, and lick you clean.”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane sighed as Ilya called him *baby*. “трахни меня,” Shane whined, begging his husband *fuck me* with wet eyes and a desperate need in his gut. “Пожалуйста,” he added, *please*, breathless, because long ago he learned that Ilya liked it when he would ask nicely.

Ilya groaned and his eyes fluttered shut. His nostrils flared as he breathed in deep. “Да,” he grunted, tearing off his own pants, finding the lube in the bedside table in a second. Ilya slicked his length and notched himself against Shane’s hole, waiting for Shane to breathe out so he could slide home.

It was bliss, being joined together like this. Tied at their core, tethered. Two souls as one.

“я тебя люблю,” Shane whispered in Ilya’s ear before he began to move. *I love you*. Shane’s arms wrapped tight around Ilya’s broad shoulders, and his legs scrambled around Ilya’s waist.

His husband, his *husband*. His world.

“я тебя люблю,” Ilya repeated back, finally starting to thrust, pulling back to hold Shane open at his knees. “Love you like this, Shane. When you’re like this for me.”

“ТОЛЬКО ТЫ,” Shane murmured, pulling his husband down for a kiss. *Only you*. “всегда ТОЛЬКО ТЫ.” *Always only you*.

Ilya grunted at that and picked up his pace, pressing another rough kiss to Shane’s lips as he hammered home. His cock dragged over Shane’s prostate again and again with every stroke, and soon enough they were both babbling in incoherent tongues, Russian and English swirling in the air between their lips, all the words they said and the things they left unsaid somehow known. Like steps in a dance, Ilya took his cues from Shane’s body and helped him through a blinding orgasm. Shane crested his climax from Ilya’s cock alone, and as he tensed and clenched around his husband’s length, they needed no words. Ilya reached between them and brought Shane over the line, milking him dry, reducing him to a shuddering, sloppy mess in his hand. As soon as Shane hit his peak, Ilya’s rhythm faltered, his own hips stilting and gyrating erratically, acting on instinct to seek every last drop of pleasure he could glean from Shane. With a final long, low moan, Ilya collapsed down onto Shane’s chest, letting go of his knees at last. Shane’s legs splayed out on either side of Ilya’s hips, and though his husband wasn’t particularly light, Shane felt like the pair of them could float up into the clouds at that moment.

Another familiar lyric of Ilya’s Russian fell from his lips, straight into Shane’s ear in a low whisper.

“Ты меня убил.”

You kill me.

Shane hummed in agreement.

“At least you will die a happy man.”

“Mmm, yes,” Ilya replied lowly. “Put it on my tomb. He died doing what he loved. Coming inside Shane Hollander.”

Shane scoffed a laugh, shoving his husband off him playfully, his release now cool and slick and smeared across their bellies. Ilya refused to let him go completely, tugging Shane instead side by side, their legs still tangled, Ilya’s fingers in Shane’s hair, his release leaking out between Shane’s legs. He pressed his lips to every available inch of Shane’s face, kissing his closed eyelids and the tip of his nose and back again.

“I love you,” Shane murmured, running a hand through Ilya’s hair, holding him at the nape of his neck. “I love our life. I love...” Shane trailed off, wondering how to quantify it all. “I love just getting to be with you, everywhere.”

Ilya gave him a soft, thin smile. “Is everything I could ever dream of. To love you like this, with everything I have.”

Shane relaxed into the warmth of his husband’s embrace, feeling the weight of the words they’d exchanged settle into his skin. No one could set him on fire like Ilya Rozanov. No one could even hold a fucking candle.

In the morning, they’d wrap presents and pack up some food. Eventually, they’d head over to the Hollanders in the early evening, reuniting with Anya and celebrating Christmas eve with Shane’s parents. With *their family*. And the day after would be their first married Christmas morning. Shane felt giddy with excitement, looking forward to it. Looking forward to everything.

End Notes

thanks so much for reading!

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