

Centaurs In Love

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76174531) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76174531>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Ryan Price (Game Changers) , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Post-Canon , Shane and Ilya are Centaurs together , locker room shenanigans , Coach Wiebe is a sweetheart , the Centaurs are the gayest team , Ryan Price is scarred for life... again , sensual showering , Blow Job , Fluff and Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Spicy Hollanov
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 2,220 Chapters: 1/1

Centaurs In Love

by [oopsireaditagain](#)

Summary

It's Shane's first day at Centaurs training camp. Everyone (especially Ilya) is very welcoming. And a friend decides to drop by for a surprise visit. :)

Notes

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

September 2021 — Ottawa

As a tired-looking Nick Chouinard entered the Centaurs' locker room to dress for the ice, mumbling to himself about how taking a vacation with three kids felt like the *opposite* of a vacation, Ilya walked to the front of the room and turned to face the assembled team.

"Happy first day of training camp. I have captaincy things to say." He waited for the last bits of conversation to trail off before continuing. "During my time with the Centaurs, I have shared a lot of things with you. For a while, we were terrible, losing all the time. Nobody bothered to come see us. Then we got our shit together and started being good and we made it to the fucking playoffs. We got to see Harris fulfill his dream of seducing a player."

Someone made a quiet "bow-chicka-wow-wow" sound that earned some scattered chuckles.

"There was also that time we thought our plane was going to drop out of the sky and kill us all." A chorus of groans rumbled around the room. This was why Ilya didn't do speeches very often. "Yes, that was arguably the worst. Maybe shouldn't have brought that up. Uh, remember when we first met Chiron? Think about Chiron instead of the plane. The point is that this team has seen a lot of highs and lows in the past few years. What I get to share with you today is going to be my favorite Centaurs experience until we win the Stanley Cup next summer. We have a new teammate whose wedding you have already attended because it was also my wedding. Everybody say hi to Shane Hollander!"

The locker room became a jubilant cacophony of whoops, clapping, and yells of welcome as Shane appeared from around a corner, where Ilya had instructed him to wait for dramatic effect. The trade wasn't news to any of them, but this was going to be Shane's first time skating with his new team. His head was ducked slightly as he smiled and gave a sheepish wave, coming to stand beside Ilya. "Hey, guys."

Ilya slung an arm over Shane's shoulders and reveled in the way he didn't need to make it seem like he was trying to be obnoxious. He squeezed Shane against his side and beamed, doing nothing to disguise how much he adored his husband. "You may be thinking that Hollander will get special treatment because he has been sleeping with your captain. And I do love him more than I love any of you—"

Wyatt made a dramatic, gasping noise and clutched at his chest, pouting at Ilya.

"Sorry, Hazy. Anyway, you do not need to worry! We have never let what we are get in the way of our performance before and that will not start now. On the ice, Hollander is just another Centaur. But if he happens to stare at me while we are changing..." Ilya shrugged and grinned so wide his cheeks started to hurt.

A few of the guys laughed. Luca looked down at his socked feet with a tiny smile. Harris let out a wolf whistle from where he stood beside Troy's stall.

Shane stiffened slightly. "Oh, god. Harris, are you *recording* this?!" His cheeks had turned a delightful shade of pink.

"Through the magic of editing, the part that goes on the team's socials will be squeaky clean," Harris said. He winked and some of the tension in Shane's body lessened.

"In that case," Ilya began, but he then Shane smacked a hand over his mouth.

"Nope! You're done now. We— *Ilya!*" It was Shane's turn to abruptly stop talking. Ilya had wiggled the tip of his tongue along Shane's palm, causing Shane to yank his hand back and smack Ilya in the stomach with his other hand.

"You guys are too fucking cute!" said a delighted Bood.

Shane wiped his licked hand on Ilya's sleeve. "Oh my god. Hi, I promise we won't be this weird all the time. Well, I won't. But you guys know Ilya by now so you're probably used to him being a menace."

Ilya huffed but didn't interrupt.

"I just want to say that I really appreciate how nice you all have been already. I'd spent my whole NHL career with Montreal until this summer and... it just means a lot that you guys have been so welcoming when we haven't even started practicing together yet."

"We might not know you well, but we've seen how happy you make Roz. *And* it's because of you that we have him here. So far, that's two great reasons to like you," said Wyatt.

Shane made a small coughing noise. "Thank you, Hayes."

Ilya noted that Shane was starting to get uncomfortable so he said, "Okay, so we all agree that Hollander being here is great and that him being my husband is a little odd but will be fine. Now that this is out of the way, let's start working our asses off so we win the fucking Cup this season!"

As promised, Shane and Ilya were all business once they got on the ice for training camp. Mostly. There was one face-off where Ilya couldn't resist giving Shane a quick kiss before the puck dropped. He'd joked about doing it before but now he could *actually* do it, so how was he supposed to resist?

When they were done for the day, Coach Wiebe pulled them aside. He'd wanted to make sure Shane was doing okay with this big adjustment. Trades were always a bit rough after spending so long with one team and Wiebe seemed to sense that Shane's desperation to move to the Centaurs went beyond wanting to be with Ilya. Wiebe was a wonderful man and a very compassionate coach, reassuring Shane that the Centaurs would give him their full support.

That conversation had ended with Wiebe saying, "I know it's sort of cliché to say that a team is a family, but this group is truly special. I hope they become like brothers to you soon. Well, except for this guy." He gestured at Ilya with a warm smile.

"Yes, that would be pretty gross," Ilya said, lightly nudging Shane with an elbow.

Shane's face had been starting to lose its exertion-induced flush but pinkened anew. "Thank you, Coach. I think I'm going to be very happy here."

Coach Wiebe clapped them both on their padded shoulders and lovingly shooed them off to the showers.

They had been delayed for long enough that they were several steps behind everyone else in the process of undressing, showering, and redressing. Just two guys were left finishing up in the showers by the time Ilya and Shane were ready to start theirs, and after a brief overlap, they were alone.

Mindful of the echoey tiles, Ilya quietly said, "So, are you going to get hard every time we shower, do you think? Might get awkward when our teammates are around." He glanced pointedly at Shane's inflating dick.

"Fuck off," Shane said without any heat. "I'm not *completely* unable to control myself around you."

Ilya raised an eyebrow but said nothing, simply smirked as he massaged shampoo into his hair.

"Since we are alone, though..." Shane let his sentence trail off and raked his gaze up and down Ilya's body suggestively.

"Oh, did you want to finally suck me off in a locker room shower like you were imagining when we were nineteen?"

"That may have crossed my mind once or twice over the years." Shane was fully hard now and Ilya wasn't far behind.

"Once or twice. Sure." Ilya ran his fingers along his wet body while rinsing out the shampoo.

Shane had been using the provided body wash for its intended purpose but was now being a bit overly diligent in washing his groin. Ilya chuckled when he noticed.

"Here is what will happen: we're going to finish showering because hockey makes us gross. Once we're nice and clean, we're going to break in your new stall and give you a very warm welcome to the gayest team in the league."

"Yeah?"

"What we do would make Commissioner *Kozyol* shit himself if he saw."

"Mm... what's that one mean?"

"Is not important. The point is that I have *plans* for you, Hollander. So listen to your captain, keep your hands to yourself, and get clean."

What followed was simultaneously ridiculous and sensual, each man attempting to push the other past his limit and make him reach out with a groping hand or hungry mouth. Shane's ass

and Ilya's cock both got about three showers' worth of body wash and attention. Eventually, they rinsed off all the soap, dried themselves, and headed back to the dressing room with tented towels around their waists.

Their game of soapy seduction chicken had given their teammates plenty of time to clear out, which was fortunate for all parties. It wasn't like any of the Centaurs would have been particularly surprised if the married couple came out of the showers being visibly aroused, but it would have been unprofessional, to say the least.

Ilya steered Shane towards his stall and pushed on his shoulders until he sat on the cushioned bench. Ilya combed his fingers through Shane's wet hair once before dropping to his knees between his husband's spread legs.

"As your captain, it is my job to make sure that your needs are being met." Ilya loosened the knot on Shane's towel and slowly pulled it open. "Is there anything you need from me, Hollander?" He dropped a light kiss to the inside of Shane's thigh.

"Suck me, Ilya, please," was Shane's breathy reply.

Ilya moved to Shane's other thigh and sucked on the skin there, aiming to leave a mark.

"That's not what I meant and you know it, asshole."

"Should I suck your cock, then?" He circled Shane's tip with his tongue, letting his hot exhale tease it further.

"Ugh, yes! Need your mouth."

Ilya gladly obliged, sliding Shane's length slowly in and out, working it a little further in each time. When his nose brushed Shane's pelvis, he hummed contentedly and started fondling Shane's balls with one hand.

He'd only bobbed his head two more times before Shane started to tap his shoulder frantically. Ilya grunted, assuming Shane was trying to warn him in case he didn't want cum to shoot into his mouth, but then Shane pushed on his forehead.

"Ilya, I think I hear footsteps!" Shane whispered. "Get off!"

Ilya did, but only long enough to say, "Whoever it is has no reason to come in. Is fine."

Shane seemed like he wanted to protest further until Ilya sank back down, taking him all the way into his mouth with one smooth glide.

The footsteps got louder. Idly, Ilya wondered if they actually *were* about to get caught. The idea made his own cock strain a little harder against his towel.

"Rozanov? Barrett said you—" The footsteps stopped suddenly. "Oh for fuck's sake!" Ryan Price moaned from the doorway.

Ilya popped off Shane's dick with an unmistakable, lewd noise and turned to smile at him cheerfully. "Hello, Price!"

"Please tell me you were just... tying his shoes or something?" Ryan asked, facing the way he'd come from and sounding like he already knew the answer.

"Not exactly."

Shane shoved lightly at Ilya's head, pushing it out of the way of the sides of his towel as he hastily covered himself. "Jesus, Ilya, let me—"

"Come back in five minutes?" Ilya said in Ryan's direction before turning back to give Shane a wolfish grin.

"Ilya!" Shane's face had turned approximately the same red as the Centaurs' color scheme, judging by the way it matched his surroundings.

"Yes, fine, two is probably enough," Ilya conceded.

Ryan and Shane both made noises of distress.

"I just... Fabian has a show in town and I wanted to come say hi and thank you again for having me at your camp. But, uh. I'm gonna... go somewhere else. Visitors' locker room, maybe."

His footsteps were a lot faster as he left.

Ilya managed to contain his guffaw until Ryan was *probably* too far away to hear it.

Shane slumped back into his stall. "One of these times, he's going to be so traumatized that we'll need to find another defenseman to help at camp."

"Yes, well, it is a good thing we were only on stage one of my plan. If we had gotten much further along, you would have had my cum leaking out of your ass when we go talk to him."

"Oh god," Shane muttered.

Ilya tugged Shane's towel open and licked along the still-hard cock he found waiting for him. "New plan: I finish what I started. Then we say to hi to Ryan and apologize for scarring him again. When we get home, you will bend over like for a face-off, but I give you a fuck instead of a puck."

The answering whimper from Shane was all Ilya needed to get back to work.

He'd sometimes wondered over the years what it would be like to have Shane on his team, to share a home permanently. As it turned out, it was even better than he'd imagined.

And they were just getting started.

End Notes

Poor Ryan. >:)

Please consider leaving a comment if you enjoyed this and/or have other things you want me to write about! <3

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