

first-person plural possessive

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by [oliviagirce](#)

Summary

"Sorry, what?" Shane tore his eyes away from Ilya.

Wyatt snorted, amused. "You know you can go over there, right? The days of gazing longingly at each other and hoping nobody notices are behind you, buddy."

Notes

This takes place after the last chapter of *The Long Game* but before the epilogue, and thus contains spoilers for the whole series. Thank you so so much to my amazing team: mistresscurvy, ziusik, fairestcat, and loverave for beta reading, cheerleading, and both Russian and Canadian sensitivity reading and assistance!! Happy yuletide, hildigunnur! I had so much fun writing for you! ♥

Post-reveals, I am adding a tag for the *Heated Rivalry* TV show, because while this is very much book fic, it was also (probably obviously) deeply inspired by the extremely wonderful show.

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

September

Shane was sitting at the kitchen table when Ilya and Anya got home from their run, nursing a cup of coffee and reading the paperwork Farah had sent over that morning. There was more paperwork involved in being married than Shane would've predicted, and this—the mountain of forms required to sponsor Ilya for permanent residency—made Ilya more anxious than he liked to admit, so Shane had gently pushed him out the door with Anya to try running out his nerves.

He could hear Anya's cheerful barking and the warm, indulgent tone of Ilya's replies coming from the living room. It was so sweet, and already so familiar after only a couple of months, that Shane could feel his face doing something embarrassingly mushy. He kept his gaze fixed on his iPad, pretending to be industriously studying the incredibly invasive questions of form IMM 5532, as he listened to Ilya come into the kitchen and pour himself a glass of water.

"Troy and Harris's housewarming party is tonight," Ilya said, so offhandedly casual that the hair on the back of Shane's neck prickled. He looked up, and every thought went right out of his head.

Ilya had been wearing a shirt when he'd left, but now he was leaning against the kitchen counter in nothing but his skin-tight running shorts, the high-end performance fabric gripping his thick thighs and the mouthwatering outline of his cock in a way that Shane wished *he* was. Was it weird to want to be your husband's running shorts? Probably, but Shane wasn't sure he cared. He was wearing his glasses, so he could see every bead of sweat on Ilya's glorious chest in high definition, gleaming in the morning sunshine that poured through their kitchen windows to caress his broad shoulders and perfect pecs. Shane wasn't usually so turned on by sweat—objectively, it was kind of gross—but it was *Ilya*, and Shane wanted to eat him alive.

"Huh?" he said intelligently, which was really leaving himself wide open. But instead of teasing him, Ilya turned away, his face shuttering. Shane blinked, trying to shake himself out of the haze of horniness.

"Troy and Harris's party," Ilya said, clipped. "Tonight." He opened the fridge and started vigorously rummaging around.

"I know?" Shane hadn't meant it to sound like a question, but he was baffled. "I'm in the group chat." He frowned at the obvious tension in Ilya's shoulders. He should be stretching and cooling down after a run. Or letting Shane heat him up again. "Harris texted to ask if we could bring extra ice."

Ilya let out an explosive breath and slammed the refrigerator door. "*Are* we bringing extra ice?"

Shane pushed his chair back and went to him. Under his hands, Ilya's shoulders tightened even more, and then relaxed all at once. "It seems kind of rude not to," Shane offered.

"Yes," Ilya said quietly, "but, last time—"

"*Oh*," Shane said, finally getting it. The last time there'd been a Centaurs team party—Bood's party on Boxing Day—Shane had shut Ilya down cold.

Everything was different now: they were out; they were married; most of the Centaurs had come to their wedding. *Shane* was a Centaur, even if training camp didn't start for a few more days, and he had his very own invitation to this party to prove it. Things couldn't be *more* different. But that didn't mean the fear just went away. They'd been hiding for a long time, and they both had bad days.

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's waist from behind and kissed the back of his neck. "I know I'm boring," he said, as lightly as he could, "but I have been to a party before. It can't be *that* bad."

Ilya snorted, shoulders shaking, and turned in Shane's arms.

"Hi," Shane said.

Ilya ducked his head, and then leaned in to kiss the corner of Shane's mouth. "I am very stupid sometimes," he said, sounding embarrassed.

Shane couldn't let that stand. "Not stupid." He used his captain's voice, which made Ilya's mouth turn up in the crooked half-smile that never failed to make Shane weak in the knees. He pulled Ilya with him until he was backed up against the counter with Ilya draped along his front. Ilya's bare skin was warm under his hands, and his dick was at least half-hard in his tight little shorts.

"Oh, are you the captain now?" Ilya said silkily, and Shane shivered and got his hands into Ilya's sweat-damp curls, dragging him down into a hungry kiss.

"Yes," he panted, when they broke for air. Ilya's mouth was red from Shane's kisses, and he didn't look sad or worried or scared anymore, or like he was anywhere but in the moment, making out with Shane in their kitchen. Shane tried to squirm closer so he could rub his hard dick against Ilya's thigh. "So, you should listen to me."

Ilya made an amused, derisive noise, and lifted Shane onto the counter. "Fuck," Shane gasped, as Ilya pushed his legs apart and got between them. "Ilya—"

"Yes, kapitan," Ilya said, low and mocking, which was so hot that Shane shuddered all over, his dick leaking pre-come into the front of his sweats. Ilya's eyes darkened and he shoved a hand into Shane's pants, taking hold of his dick with a casually proprietary grip that made Shane absolutely crazy. He hadn't bothered to put on underwear that morning, and Ilya knew it, because Ilya was his *husband*; Shane's dick belonged to him.

"Remind me again, what are you captain of?" Ilya traced his fingertips up and down Shane's shaft, so tortuously lightly that Shane wanted to scream.

"Uh—" Shane tried to pull himself together, which wasn't easy. He tugged at the stupid running shorts until Ilya stepped out of them, naked and smirking. Then he caught Ilya's face in both hands and kissed the smirk off his mouth. "I captained the Montreal Voyageurs to three Stanley Cups," he said firmly, and felt Ilya's breath of laughter against his lips.

Ilya pulled back so they could see each other. "But you're not their captain now."

Shane opened his mouth, but Ilya pressed his index finger against Shane's lips, stopping him. Shane sucked on the finger and felt the warmth of Ilya's approving smile like it was sunshine running through his veins.

"No," Ilya concluded, smug and satisfied, "now you are just an Ottawa Centaur. One of the team, probably only second line. In the *group chat*."

"Shit," Shane gasped. His dick jerked, spurting more pre-come into Ilya's hand, and he started to laugh as Ilya pulled his finger out of his mouth. "Jesus Christ, why is that hot?"

Ilya's mouth twitched, and then he was laughing too. "I am hot, and it's my group chat," he offered after a minute, still grinning, "so—"

"It's your *team*," Shane corrected. "Kapitan." His accent still wasn't great, but Ilya's eyes went wide.

"Fuck, Shane," he breathed. He let go of Shane's dick to unceremoniously strip his sweats off. Shane yanked his shirt over his head at the same time, and then Ilya shoved him flat on his back on the counter and bent over to swallow his dick.

Shane shouted so loudly that the neighbors could probably hear him. He wrapped his legs around Ilya's back and dug his fingers into Ilya's hair and hung on as Ilya took him to pieces. Sometimes—often, these days—Ilya liked to take his time, sucking him off so slowly that Shane went completely out of his mind. This wasn't that, though; this was a concentrated, expert effort to get Shane off as quickly as possible, and it was only about a minute before Shane came wildly down his throat. "Oh my god, Ilya," he panted as Ilya sucked him clean.

"Have not lost my touch," Ilya said hoarsely, releasing him. Shane's dick gave a last desperate twitch. Ilya was jerking himself off, and Shane wanted to reach for him, but he wasn't sure he could move.

"Best in the world," he said breathlessly, "they should give you an award."

Ilya stroked his dick faster, straightening so he could look down at Shane spread out over their kitchen counter. "Stanley Cup in dick sucking."

"I might beat you, though," Shane pointed out. "I'm pretty good." He stretched his arms over his head and arched his back, looking up at Ilya through his lashes. Ilya's eyes were dark and hooded, his lips parted as he gazed down at Shane. He was so beautiful that Shane ached, even though he knew it was all for him. "Or—" he said, licking his dry lips. "We could win it together. Because I'm on your team."

Ilya's eyes snapped closed as he shuddered and came, striping Shane's stomach and chest. He was still shaking as he slumped down to rest his head on Shane's shoulder, smearing come everywhere. It was gross, but also hot. Shane put his arms around his husband and stroked his hands up and down his sweaty back.

"You're on my *team*," Ilya murmured, half-muffled against Shane's collarbone. He sounded awed.

Shane pulled his head up so he could kiss him. "Yeah," he said, soft and adoring. "Always."

*

Troy and Harris's new house was out in the country, not far from Harris's family farm—although not *too* close, Troy had said, cheeks flushed with pleasure as he'd told Shane and Ilya about it over dinner in July. Ilya had been there before, when he was helping Troy house-hunt, but Shane had only seen pictures. The pictures hadn't really captured the charm of the sprawling, red-painted farmhouse with its wide lit-up windows and wrap-around porch. Somebody—Harris, probably, because it was adorable—had hung Christmas lights along the porch railing, even though it was only September.

There were a lot of cars already there when Shane and Ilya arrived, but as Shane started to open his door, Ilya stopped him with a hand on his thigh. "What?" he asked, frowning. "We're already late."

"Not my fault you can't resist me in the shower." Ilya patted his leg. "It's okay, they won't mind. We brought ice." He slid his hand higher. "But we should stay for at least a few hours."

"Yeah, I figured." Shane narrowed his eyes. Ilya was skirting dangerously close to heavy-petting territory. "I wasn't planning on bailing, even if I'm no fun at parties."

Ilya shook his head sadly. "So hard to be seen with you, my boring husband."

Shane flushed hot all over, and then got even hotter when Ilya gave his dick a hard squeeze through his nice jeans. "Try not to turn into a pumpkin before 10," Ilya said.

"Oh, fuck you," Shane groaned, knocking his head back against the seat. "Can I have some of that ice, then?" Ilya laughed and released him, finally opening his door and getting out of the car. Shane took a minute to sternly talk down his dick before following his stupid asshole of a husband up to the house.

Harris let them in, pink-cheeked and smiling. "Thanks for coming!" he said, hugging them both. "Can you believe this place? How did I manage to snag such a rich boyfriend?" He laughed and took the ice from Ilya, leading them into the kitchen. "Most people are out back," he continued. "Bood took over the grill, so there's, like, *so* much delicious food."

"Yes, yes," Ilya said impatiently, "but where is the most important member of the household?"

Harris grinned. "Chiron's out back with the rest of the dogs. You didn't bring Anya?" He said the last part to Shane, since Ilya was already loping out of the kitchen.

Shane rolled his eyes at Ilya's departing back. "My parents took her for an overnight," he said to Harris. "They said they never see her, which for the record is a flat-out lie. They had her the whole time we were in Spain, and we've only been back a week."

Harris laughed again, too loud in that way of his that was also very charming. He wasn't really Shane's type—too nice—but Shane got what Troy saw in him, and why Ilya had made friends so fast. "Maybe they need their own dog?" Harris suggested. "It worked for Ilya. Or maybe that's just what they're like as grandparents." He raised his eyebrows. "You're an only child, right?" Shane nodded, and Harris's grin widened. "Just wait until you guys have kids."

"Oh, yeah," Shane said, suddenly dizzy. It was—he wanted that, a lot, and it felt absolutely insane to be talking about it with someone else. "That'll be—I bet," he said, nonsensically.

Harris's eyes were knowing. He patted Shane on the shoulder and then took a couple bottles of cider out of the fridge. "Want one? I won't be offended if you say no, I know you're careful with your diet."

"No," Shane said, "or, I mean—yes, thank you. That sounds nice." He took the bottle of cider Harris held out, trying not to wince at his own awkwardness. "Ilya said your family makes it?"

Impossibly, Harris seemed to light up even more. "Yes!" He opened Shane's bottle for him. "C'mon, let me show you around." He led Shane out of the kitchen and into the rest of the house, launching into a monologue about his family's apple orchard. The whole place was full of color—art and rugs and decorative throw pillows and cozy blankets draped over plush chairs—plus a sort of hilarious apple motif in a lot of the decor. Shane guessed that was mostly Harris's influence, but he could see Troy, too, in the sturdy, comfortable furniture and clean lines. The house already looked lived in, even though they'd only been there for a few weeks.

He followed Harris out onto the back porch, and then down the stairs to a massive patio. Bood and Troy were at one end, arguing cheerfully over the grill. Shane couldn't tell who was winning, but it smelled amazing, and there was a huge table covered in food—healthy salads and sides and things, along with enormous platters of meat. Shane was pretty sure he would've been able to eat at this party even if it had still been last year, which was weirdly nice. He swallowed around the lump in his throat, and then Wyatt slammed into him for a hug, almost sending his cider flying.

"Jeez," he said, patting Wyatt's back with his free hand and holding the cider out of range. "Nice to see you too, man. How much have you had to drink?"

"I'm high on life, Shane Hollander," Wyatt said, grinning as he stepped back. "This is gonna be the best year ever, you know that?"

"Yeah." Shane smiled at him; Wyatt's good humor was infectious. "It's a pretty good team, huh?" His eyes found Ilya across the patio. He was sharing one of the outdoor couches with

Luca Haas and Evan Dykstra and a woman who must've been Dykstra's wife—Shane hadn't met her yet—and Chiron was sitting at his feet, gazing adoringly up at him as Ilya scratched his ears.

"Shane," Wyatt said, and Shane blinked. Wyatt had been saying something to him, and he hadn't been paying any attention.

"Sorry, what?" He tore his eyes away from Ilya.

Wyatt snorted, amused. "You know you can go over there, right? The days of gazing longingly at each other and hoping nobody notices are behind you, buddy."

Shane stared at him. Wyatt grinned and tapped the side of his nose. "I'm just saying, once I knew, a lot of things I'd noticed over the years made more sense. Goalie, remember?"

"Oh my *god*," Shane said, and drained half his cider. "This is weird."

"So weird," Wyatt agreed, laughing, and bumped Shane's shoulder with his own. "Great, though. Go get your man."

"I'm getting something to eat," Shane said firmly, and booked it across the patio to the food before Wyatt could say whatever horrible thing he thought of next.

Troy came over with a platter of ribs as Shane was loading up his plate with salad and roasted vegetables and the delicious-smelling grilled chicken. "Hey," he said, with one of his shy smiles. "Get these before they're gone, this team goes crazy." Shane took some—Ilya loved ribs—and nodded his thanks at Troy.

"You seem like you're settling in pretty well," he said, which was a huge understatement.

Troy blushed and ducked his head. "It's been a pretty big surprise, but—yeah. Nowhere I'd rather be, you know?" He glanced past Shane to where Harris was talking with Cassie Boodram, and the look of adoration on his face was one Shane had seen in a lot of photographs of himself, recently.

"I know," Shane murmured, and went to find his husband.

Ilya's couch was full of people, so Shane perched on the arm beside him. Ilya immediately wrapped his arm around Shane's waist, holding him in place. "Brought you ribs," Shane said.

Ilya leaned over Shane's plate and kissed him on the mouth. It wasn't a long kiss, but it wasn't chaste, either, and Shane was bright red when Ilya released him. "Thank you, *moya lampochka*," Ilya said.

Shane glanced awkwardly around as Ilya helped himself to the ribs, but barely anyone was paying attention to them—and the people that were looking were smiling. "I remember that honeymoon phase," Dykstra's wife said warmly, reaching over her husband to shake Shane's hand. "I'm Caitlin."

"Shane," Shane said.

Caitlin laughed, which Shane deserved. "Yeah, I know," she said. "You guys just got back from Spain, right? I've always wanted to go, but Evan insisted on this resort in Cancun for our honeymoon." She grinned. "Which I guess was fair since we barely left the room."

"We went to the beach in Ibiza," Ilya said. His hand on Shane's waist was heavy and warm, and he was somehow managing to eat a rib gracefully one-handed, which was unfairly attractive. "But Shane burns very easily, so back to the hotel room we went." He shrugged, eyes dancing. "So sad."

Caitlin and Dykstra both laughed. Shane covered his face with one hand, blushing furiously. It was deeply bizarre to be discussing their sex life with another couple, but the much larger problem was that he was suddenly remembering that day in Ibiza in vivid detail.

Ilya dropped his finished rib on Shane's plate and tugged Shane's hand away from his face so he could kiss his knuckles. Shane tried to glare at him, but it was a lost cause; his face was giving him away just as much as Troy's had. "Eat," Ilya said softly, and Shane huffed and turned his attention to his food.

He almost jumped out of his skin when Ilya's hand slid under his shirt, stroking along his waist to the small of his back. It was a light touch, almost absent-minded as Ilya chatted with Caitlin and Dykstra about Spain and stole bites from Shane's plate, but that only made it more erotic. It was just so *casual*, like he'd been touching Shane in front of their teammates for years. Shane shivered, and watched the smug curve of Ilya's smile out of the corner of his eye as Ilya tucked his fingers down the back of Shane's jeans.

Shane leaned forward to drop his mostly-empty plate on a table, and then he slid off the arm of the couch and onto Ilya's lap. Ilya started, surprised, but quickly got with the program and wrapped his arms around Shane.

"Sorry," Shane said insincerely. "More comfortable down here, I think."

Ilya huffed a laugh against Shane's neck and shifted so Shane could feel his dick pressing into his ass—still soft, but undeniably present. "Much more comfortable."

Chiron bumped his nose insistently against Shane's knee, which made everyone laugh. Shane reached down to pet him, both because Chiron was extremely cute—although in Shane's totally unbiased opinion Anya was cuter—and because it let him wriggle around on Ilya's lap, feeling his cock start to harden under him. After a minute, Ilya tightened his hold and pulled Shane back against his chest.

"Stop," Ilya said in his ear, and then, louder, "you're hogging the puppy."

Shane snorted. "We all know who the real puppy hog is here, Rozanov." He relaxed into Ilya's arms, but with the way he was sitting, that only really managed to bring his ass *more* into contact with Ilya's dick.

From the other end of the couch, Luca Haas said, "It's definitely you, Ilya."

Ilya sighed heavily. "I miss when you were scared of me, Haas."

Luca had been pretty quiet so far, concentrating on something on his sketch pad, but now he said, "I wasn't *scared* of you."

"No, no, that's right," Ilya agreed, in the sly tone that meant he was about to say something terrible. He tapped his fingers against Shane's chest, a seemingly idle touch that landed directly on Shane's nipple. Shane swallowed a gasp and caught Ilya's hand, tangling their fingers together. "You had a sexy poster of me on your bedroom wall."

Luca shrugged sheepishly, and then he shot Shane a half-embarrassed smile. "I had one of Hollander, too. Right next to yours, actually. My two favorite players." He grinned. "I used to imagine, like—what if you played together?"

Ilya gave a surprised whoop of laughter and squeezed Shane's hand. "Oh my god, Hollander, do you hear that? We've been together this whole time. *In Luca's bedroom.*"

"I'm so sorry about him," Shane said to Luca, lips twitching. It was hard not to laugh, but he was also getting kind of turned on—from sitting on Ilya's lap, from Ilya touching him, and, most awkwardly and inappropriately, from the idea of Luca Haas hanging their posters side-by-side. He knew Ilya could tell, because he started petting Shane's hip.

Luca shook his head, smiling, and tore something out of his sketchbook. "Um, anyway. This is for you guys. Just, like, a little welcome-to-the-team thing."

"Holy shit," Dykstra said admiringly, passing the paper to Shane. "It looks just like them."

Shane stared down at the pencil sketch of himself and Ilya in Centaurs jerseys with their arms around each other. Carefully, he touched his finger to the edge of pencil-Ilya's perfectly crooked smile. "Wow," he breathed.

Ilya made a pleased noise against Shane's neck, which did not help his pants situation. "Luca, this is amazing," he said, sounding a little choked. "You will make me cry."

"Oh god, please don't," Luca said, alarmed.

"Shane, get up." Ilya squeezed his waist. "I need to hug him."

"Yeah," Shane mumbled, clutching the drawing and scrambling to his feet. "I have to—I'm gonna find somewhere safe to put this." He met Ilya's eyes for one burning moment, and then fled.

On his way into the house, he found Harris, who cooed over the drawing and pointed Shane in the direction of his home office. "Help yourself to a file folder or whatever," he said. "I'm still settling in, there's stuff everywhere—just grab whatever you need."

In Harris's office, Shane reverently placed the drawing in a folder and set it on the desk. Then he waited, staring out the darkened windows with his hands in his pockets. It was only about another minute before he heard the door open again and then click firmly shut, and he turned just as Ilya reached him and caught his face in his hands. He moaned shamelessly into Ilya's mouth, hunger and desperation and relief, and wrapped his arms around him. Shane was at

least half-hard, although he was pretty sure nobody else had noticed, and so was Ilya—he could feel the hot line of him as Ilya backed him up against the wall beside Harris's desk.

"Fuck," Shane said breathlessly. "I—"

Ilya kissed him again, his tongue stroking possessively into Shane's mouth. Shane kissed him back just as hard, but when he reached for Ilya's belt, Ilya caught his wrists.

"Really?" Ilya said against his lips, amused. "Here?"

"Shit," Shane groaned. "Sorry, I just—" It was hard to think with Ilya holding his wrists. "Obviously we shouldn't. It's Harris and Troy's house. Someone could probably see in those windows, right?" He sucked in a breath, trying to get himself under control.

Ilya pressed his thigh between Shane's legs, which seemed like the opposite of slowing things down. "You'd like it, if someone could see."

Shane's eyes slid closed. He really wasn't as much of an exhibitionist as Ilya seemed to think, but— "Maybe," he admitted, "but it's more—" He opened his eyes again so he could look at Ilya's beautiful face; his eyes were warm and wicked at the same time, which was so *Ilya* that it made Shane's heart feel like it might explode. "Everyone knows," he said, helplessly. "Everyone *knows*. I didn't know how good it would feel to just—be together, in front of our teammates."

Ilya kissed him again, sweeter. He released Shane's wrists when Shane tugged and slid his hands down to Shane's ass, instead. Shane dug his fingers into Ilya's hair and nipped at Ilya's lips until the kiss turned dirty and demanding.

It wasn't that it was new, for people to know. They'd been out for months, and Shane was pretty sure that every single person on the planet, and probably some in space, had seen Hayden's video. They certainly hadn't been subtle in Spain, or at their wedding, which at least half the people at this party had attended. The whole Centaurs organization seemed to vocally approve of their relationship, which was honestly pretty wild.

But there was something very different about being together here, with their hands all over each other, with the team they were *both on* treating them like the couple they were, that was—well. It was heady fucking stuff.

Shane hooked a leg around Ilya's hip, pushing their dicks together. Ilya's hold on his ass tightened, but after a minute of slightly frantic grinding, he pulled back and said regretfully, "We should not fuck in Harris's office."

Shane sighed and dropped his head onto Ilya's shoulder. "No," he agreed. "But, uh—" He looked down between them, at their very obvious erections. "If we stay at this party much longer, there's a pretty big chance I'm gonna, like. Jump you in front of everyone."

Ilya laughed and kissed the top of Shane's head. "You can wait." It was like an electric shock to Shane's system. He jerked in Ilya's arms, suddenly right on the edge. "Don't come," Ilya chided. "You would probably have to borrow pants from Troy."

"Fuck you," Shane gasped, jerking his hips away from Ilya's. He lifted his head and glared at him. "This is your fault."

Ilya shook his head, mouth quirking. "I told you in the car, try to make it to 10." He stroked his fingers over Shane's face, cupping Shane's cheek in his palm and rubbing his thumb roughly over his mouth, which felt hot and kiss-bitten. "Everyone will probably know what we've been doing in here, but if you hold out for two more hours, you can have a reward."

Ilya *knew* Shane couldn't resist a challenge like that. He'd probably been planning this the whole time, which was so freaking hot that part of Shane wanted to insist that Ilya take him home and fuck him immediately. The larger and hornier part knew what he really wanted, though. "What about you?" he asked, letting his tongue trace the tip of Ilya's thumb. "What happens if you break first?"

Ilya grinned, teeth flashing. "Then you choose the reward."

"Deal," Shane said.

*

They went back to the party.

Shane took a detour to the bathroom to splash water on his face and straighten his hair, but there was nothing he could do about the hectic flush in his cheeks. He stopped in the kitchen to get himself a ginger ale—Harris's cider was delicious, but he didn't think he should risk lowering any more of his inhibitions; they were on shaky enough ground with Ilya as it was.

When he went back outside, Zane Boodram actually wolf-whistled. "Oh my god," Shane muttered, half to himself and half to Troy, who was standing near the stairs with a bottle of cider and a plate of cake. "Is this just what it's going to be like, now?"

"Oh yeah," Troy said, grinning. He toasted Shane with his cider. "But honestly? It's kind of amazing to have my team roast me about a relationship they actually know I'm in."

Shane's eyes went automatically to Ilya. He was talking with Bood and Nick Chouinard, but he met Shane's gaze, heated. "That's something," Shane said to Troy, because it really was. "Where did you get that cake?"

He stayed away from Ilya, trying to cool down. He had some of the cake, and then got caught up talking about Vancouver with Wyatt and Lisa, which turned into Wyatt showing him five billion adorable pictures of his nephew.

But it didn't matter: his body knew exactly where Ilya was, every moment. Even when he was concentrating on a conversation with someone else, his senses were tuned in to Ilya's voice, his laugh, his smell, the movement of his body—a magnetic pull Shane couldn't have shrugged off even if he'd wanted to. He didn't want to, though. He never really had.

Eventually, Ilya came to him, wrapping himself around Shane from behind and pressing a smacking kiss to the side of his head. "Not a very fair contest if you stay all the way over

here," he whispered in Shane's ear, and then he propped his chin on Shane's shoulder and said, louder, "Hazy, is Isaac playing hockey yet?"

While Wyatt got the pictures back out, Shane reached for Ilya's hand, stroking his thumb over Ilya's knuckles. If this was how Ilya wanted to play it, then it was game fucking on.

Shane lost track of time for a while, after that, because no matter where they were, or who they were talking to, they were touching. Ilya draped his arm around Shane's shoulders, tucked himself against his side or his back, squeezed his waist and patted his knee in emphasis; Shane toyed with Ilya's fingers, leaned into his side, sat on his lap again when there weren't enough chairs, tucked his hand into the back pocket of Ilya's jeans. It was incredibly high school, except that Shane would never in a million years have done anything like this in high school—and also it was Ilya, so it was pretty much full-out sexual warfare.

Around 9:30, the families with kids started to leave, and Shane got a few minutes of reprieve when Ilya went to the bathroom. While he was gone, Harris plopped down beside him and started telling him about a social media thing; Shane didn't mean to tune him out, but the next thing he knew, Ilya was standing over him with the kind of indignant, smoldering look Shane thought he might miss now that they weren't rivals.

"Oh, shit," Harris said, laughing. "I stole your spot, huh?" He winked at Shane.

"No, stay," Ilya said to Harris, expression softening. "It's your house."

He smiled slowly at Shane, and then folded himself down to sit on the ground at his feet. Shane's breath caught as Ilya leaned his head against Shane's knee and gazed innocently up at him. *Dirty fucking pool*, he thought, dick twitching. He slid his hand into Ilya's hair, and Ilya made a purring sound of pleasure that went straight to Shane's cock.

"You guys can stay here tonight, if you want," Harris offered. "Luca passed out in one of the guest rooms, but we have a couple more. There are sheets on the beds and everything."

Ilya snorted. "He's asleep already? It's like 9:45. Old person bedtime."

Shane wriggled around to get his phone out of his pocket, which made Ilya grumble and lift his head. "9:48," he said, once he could check. "That's a perfectly respectable bedtime."

"For an old person," Ilya teased, reaching for Shane's phone. Shane gave it to him, and Ilya poked around for a second, doing something—setting a countdown timer, Shane realized, when he handed the phone back. 00:11:33. "Or a boring person, like Shane." His voice was unbearably fond.

"Thanks for the offer," Shane said, "but I think we're gonna go home."

"Maybe," Ilya said.

There was a slightly awkward pause, and then Harris visibly shrugged off the tension and clapped his hands together. "Okay, well. Ilya, did I tell you about the pet interviews I think we should do?"

Ilya turned excitedly to Harris, draping his arm across Shane's thighs. "No, tell me!" He stroked his fingers idly along the seam of Shane's jeans, and while Harris talked, Shane watched the countdown clock on his phone. When there were two minutes to go, and Harris was still talking animatedly about interviewing team pets for social media, Shane decided it was time for the big guns.

He curled his hand around the back of Ilya's neck, thumb petting the soft skin behind his ear. Then he leaned down and said, very quietly, in Russian, "Ilyusha. Let's go home."

Ilya froze, like Shane had just grabbed him by the balls. Then he exhaled shakily and stood, pulling Shane to his feet. "Okay, thanks, Harris. Pets, yes. Good party. Bye."

Harris laughed so hard that he had to put his head down on his knees. Ilya took Shane's hand and towed him away. Harris yelled after them, still laughing, "Drive safe, kids!"

"This team is very undignified," Ilya muttered as he dragged Shane through the house—tutting at him when Shane made a detour to the office for Luca's picture—and out to their car. "And *you* are—" He said something in Russian that was too fast for Shane to catch, and before he could ask, the timer on his phone went off.

"So—huh," Shane said, looking from his phone to Ilya. They were at the car, but Ilya was still holding his hand. "Did I win?"

"No," Ilya said sharply, and then he frowned. "I guess—tie?"

Shane tilted his head. "Overtime?"

"Okay," Ilya said, drawing it out. "Get in the car, Shane."

Shane got in the car.

*

Three seconds after the front door of their house was closed and locked behind them, Shane had Ilya up against it and was dropping to his knees. Ilya laughed softly as Shane yanked his belt open and shoved his pants down until he could pull out Ilya's hard cock, which hardened even more in his hand. It was so pretty—flushed and thick and perfect, Shane's favorite dick in the whole world. He sucked on the head, keeping his mouth loose and relaxed as he tongued the delicate folds of Ilya's foreskin.

He wasn't exactly sure what they were counting as OT, but Ilya had spent the drive home with his hand on Shane's thigh for every second he didn't need it to drive. Shane had kept Ilya away from his dick—and from having to pull over on a dark road outside Ottawa so Shane could drag him into the backseat—by holding his hand. And trying to ignore the fact that holding his husband's hand was still giving him an erection. So, it was probably still a draw.

Shane kissed and licked his way down Ilya's shaft and then back up to the head, worshipful. He loved doing this; loved the way Ilya tasted, the way his dick got hotter and harder and

wetter under his tongue. When he finally sank his mouth down over him, he loved the way Ilya filled him up.

Ilya moaned as Shane took him deeper. Shane's eyes were watering—something that used to embarrass him but now just felt really fucking good. He *wanted* to work for it, wanted to take Ilya as far down his throat as he could; when he did, it was like everything else disappeared, all his ordinary day-to-day anxieties going up in smoke. It was even better when Ilya got his hands into Shane's hair, his thumbs stroking lightly over his ears and his neck and the line of his jaw, and started talking.

Shane wasn't focused on the words at first, just the sound of Ilya's low rumbling voice in Russian and English, praise and curses and endearments. But he tuned all the way back in when Ilya said lovingly, "You're so good, sweetheart. Cock-hungry little slut."

He shuddered and moaned around Ilya's dick, feeling a lot closer to coming than he should've with nobody touching him. Ilya cupped his cheek and slipped his thumb between Shane's spread lips, right alongside his cock. "Gorgeous," he murmured. "Fuck, Shane, I love you like this." Shane sucked harder, hoping he could get Ilya to fuck his mouth.

Instead, Ilya pulled Shane off his dick. Shane chased after him, but Ilya chuckled and held him back. "Gorgeous," he said again. "Stunning, but—is this the reward you want?"

"Oh, so you *are* letting me choose?" Shane's voice was so raspy that it came out sounding less sarcastic than he'd intended. His brain was starting to come back online, and with it the ache of his rock-hard dick. He pressed his forehead to Ilya's hip, shoving a hand down over the front of his jeans to ease the pressure.

Ilya clicked his tongue and pulled him to his feet. "So hot, when you're too desperate for my cock to wait." He gave Shane an infuriatingly slow kiss. Shane angrily shoved his tongue into Ilya's mouth and started trying to step out of his shoes and get Ilya's jacket off at the same time.

"I've been waiting for fucking *hours*," he said, when Ilya stopped kissing him for long enough to get their shoes and jackets and shirts off without tripping over them. He kicked off his pants, too, and then took Shane by the belt loops of his stupid too-tight jeans and started walking him backwards toward the stairs.

"Yes," Ilya agreed, "you were so good, you waited." Shane flushed hot at the praise, which made Ilya's eyes darken even more, so full of love and lust and affectionate hunger that Shane dragged him down to kiss again. "You earned that reward," Ilya said, half into his mouth.

"Ilya—" Shane breathed.

"Shane," Ilya said seriously, "you said you wanted to go home. So I am taking you home. To our house. To our bed."

"Fuck, please—"

Ilya took Shane's ass in both hands and lifted him. "Oh, shit," Shane gasped, but he immediately wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist and his arms around his neck, and then Ilya was carrying him up the stairs to their bedroom like an *insane person* who was not insured for several million dollars.

"Jesus Christ," Shane said. "If you fall and give us both concussions before training camp even starts—"

"Do not joke about that," Ilya said. "I would never drop you."

Shane turned his face into Ilya's neck and kissed the soft spot under his jaw, helplessly turned on. He felt like his fucking *heart* had an erection. "But don't distract me," Ilya added sharply. He didn't sound winded—a few days out from training camp, they were both in fairly peak physical condition—but he squeezed Shane's ass, and Shane hung on tight until they reached the top of the stairs.

Ilya carried him the rest of the way down the hall into their bedroom and set him down on the end of the bed. "Pants off," he ordered, and Shane nodded frantically as he finally unzipped his jeans and kicked them off, his dick slapping wetly against his stomach. Ilya maintained eye contact as they both stripped off their underwear, his expression hot and satisfied. Once they were naked, Shane scooted up the bed and reached for the pump-bottle of lube on his nightstand.

They kept lube in basically every room of the house, but the huge bottle in the bedroom got the most use—it was the good stuff, anyway, and Shane got a healthy handful and then reached for Ilya as he followed Shane onto the bed. He grabbed Ilya's wrist with his dry hand and poured the lube into his palm.

"Eager," Ilya teased.

"No shit," Shane said dryly. He scooted up a little more, and then hooked his leg over Ilya's shoulder. "Get to it, Rozanov."

Ilya shook his head, mock-mournfully. "So demanding," he said, but he was already reaching down to push two lubed fingers into Shane's ass.

Shane arched his back, groaning as his head fell back against the pillows. Ilya's fingers were thick and confident, and they knew Shane inside and out. Ilya twisted them inside him, rubbing lightly over his prostate but mostly ignoring it; he was getting Shane ready, not getting him off. "Sometimes I think we should keep a plug in you all the time," Ilya said meditatively, reaching his free hand up to Shane's chest and tweaking a nipple. "But it would be hard to play hockey, probably."

"Jesus." Shane laughed, and then moaned when Ilya ran a third finger around his rim. "Yeah, probably."

"I also like this part," Ilya confessed. "Getting you ready for me."

"Fuck, Ilya, please—"

Ilya kissed the side of his knee. "How do you want it, Hollander?"

Shane took his leg off Ilya's shoulder and turned over onto his knees. "Hard," he said.

Ilya gave a little snort of laughter. "Obviously." He held Shane's ass tightly with one hand as he lined himself up. "Why do I even ask these things?"

"I hope that's a—rhetorical question—" Shane got out, as Ilya started pushing into him, and then he shouted wordlessly as Ilya gave him a long, hard thrust, bottoming out all at once.

"Too many words," Ilya said sharply. "Shut up and I will fuck you how you like."

"I like *you*—" Shane said, a little deliriously because Ilya *was* fucking him exactly how he liked, hard and deep and relentless, perfect in a way no one else had ever been or ever would be. He dropped down to one elbow and reached his hand back, blindly trying to catch at any part of Ilya he could reach. He was too far away, up on his knees as he pounded into Shane. "Ilyusha," Shane whispered, "I want to feel you everywhere, all over me."

Ilya groaned, fervent, and leaned down until his chest was flush with Shane's back. Shane's other elbow went out from under him and then Ilya was pressing him fully into the mattress, his lips at the back of Shane's neck. "Shane," Ilya murmured, gratifyingly breathless. He reached for Shane's hands and pushed them up over his head, holding his wrists to the bed.

"Fuck, I love you," Shane gasped. The angle was different like this, shallower but somehow even more intense. Ilya fucked him in slow, hard, burning-hot waves, nailing his prostate on every thrust. Shane turned his face to the side so he could breathe and wriggled his hands around until he could twine his fingers with Ilya's, holding hands even as Ilya kept him pinned.

With their hands clasped above Shane's head, neither of them could reach Shane's dick—but he and Ilya both knew it wouldn't matter; he could easily come like this, from a little friction against the bed and Ilya inside him, fucking him so perfectly that Shane's eyes watered. He was making a lot of noise, moaning into the pillow and saying Ilya's name over and over. Ilya cursed breathlessly, thrusts speeding up as he chased his orgasm, and then he bit the back of Shane's neck and said in Russian, "I love you so much," and Shane came explosively into the sheets with Ilya right behind him, clutching tightly to his hands.

They lay like that for a minute, with Ilya draped heavily over Shane like a weighted blanket. Eventually, though, Shane started to notice the wet spot he was lying in and squirmed. Ilya laughed softly and rolled off him, so Shane turned over too, edging out of the wet spot and tucking himself into Ilya's side.

"Worth the wait?" Ilya asked, nuzzling into Shane's hair.

Shane smiled dreamily. "Yeah. Every time."

Ilya hummed in agreement, petting Shane's chest. Shane was so comfortable that he really didn't want to move, but he was also covered in his own come, and Ilya's come was starting

to leak out of his ass, which was pretty disgusting. "We should clean up," he said, but without much commitment.

Ilya sighed. "You never appreciate the afterglow."

"I appreciate *your* afterglow," Shane said, which admittedly made no sense.

Ilya snorted and pushed himself up on his elbow. "I will clean you up," he said firmly, and started kissing his way down Shane's chest.

"Oh, um—*oh*, fuck," Shane said. Ilya's mouth was hot and overwhelming as he licked the streaks of come from Shane's abs, tongue lingering over the lines of his muscles. Shane's hands went involuntarily to Ilya's curls, and Ilya made an approving noise as he nosed into Shane's pubic hair, and then slowly kissed his softening cock. "Oh my god," Shane gasped. He felt like he'd been struck by lightning, his whole body shivering through another pulse of arousal so intense that his dick was trying to get hard again as Ilya licked him clean.

"Think you can go again?" Ilya asked, voice smoky as he moved his mouth down to suck on Shane's balls.

Shane clung to Ilya's hair, breathing hard. "I—no?" he tried, knowing Ilya was going to take it as a challenge.

Ilya smiled up at him, and then he got between Shane's legs and hoisted them back over his shoulders so he could lean down and swirl his tongue around Shane's hole.

"Holy shit," Shane groaned, "Ilya, fuck, fuck—"

"Shh," Ilya said, and sucked on his rim. Then he slid his tongue into Shane's ass, still loose and slick and tender, and started licking up his own come. Shane made a noise he'd never heard himself make before, high and frantic. He felt like he was already coming again, like he'd been coming forever, wave after wave of hot pleasure pouring through him. Then Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane's dick and he actually did come, mostly dry and shuddering, and so hard he blacked out for a second.

When he opened his eyes again, Ilya had let his legs down—they were still quivering—and pillowed his head on Shane's heaving stomach so he could gaze up at him. "Jesus fucking Christ," Shane croaked. "What the fuck."

Ilya's mouth quirked. "I thought if I told you I wanted to eat my come out of your ass, you'd say it was too gross." He wrinkled his nose in a very good imitation of Shane.

"I—probably," Shane admitted. He was too wrung out to blush. "I mean, objectively, yeah, but—holy shit, Ilya, that was so fucking hot."

"Yes," Ilya said, smile widening. His eyes were very soft. "But probably we should shower."

Shane nodded and squeezed Ilya's hand. "You're gonna have to give me a minute, though. I don't think I can move."

*

Later, after they'd showered and changed the sheets and gotten back into bed, Shane said sleepily, "Wait, who won?"

Ilya opened one eye. They were lying on their sides, facing each other, but Ilya's face was half-buried in his pillow; he was already half-asleep. "Was still a tie, I think." He frowned. "Even if I did get you off twice."

"That wasn't the contest, though," Shane protested.

Ilya sighed and opened his other eye. Then he pushed himself up so he could lean over and kiss the corner of Shane's mouth. "We both won, *moya lyubov'*."

"Oh," Shane whispered. He was so in love with Ilya that sometimes it felt like the entire sun was inside his chest, and he couldn't stop his eyes from welling up a little.

"Don't cry, *sladkiy moy*," Ilya said, kissing the tears from the corners of Shane's eyes.

"I'm just so fucking happy," Shane said wetly. "I love playing against you. I always loved playing against you, competing with you. I thought—I thought that was the best we were ever going to get, and it was good enough for me, for a long time." He shook his head and took a shuddery breath. "But now we get to play together. We get to win, together. Even when we lose—"

"We will not lose," Ilya interrupted, which made Shane choke on a laugh.

"Even when we *inevitably lose*," he finished, smiling helplessly at his husband, "we do it together. You and me."

"There is also the rest of the team," Ilya pointed out.

Shane kicked him, and Ilya trapped his foot between his ankles and tangled their legs together. "Our team," Shane said. It felt more real than it ever had before, even with all the paperwork and the jersey and the press, the party, the welcome wagon.

"Does this mean you've changed your mind about a team orgy?" Ilya asked, eyes sparkling.

"Ilya," Shane said, exasperated.

Ilya laughed. "I know, I know," he said. "There is no one else for you. Only my dick will do."

"Asshole," Shane said affectionately, and kissed him.

When they parted, Ilya leaned their foreheads together and said, soft and sincere, "This is all ours." He wrapped his arms around Shane, pulling him closer until they were sharing the same pillow. "Our bed. Our house. Our city. Our team."

Shane nodded and kissed him again. "Ours," he echoed—a promise he didn't need to make, because it was already true.

End Notes

Listen, there's just no way post-TLG Shane isn't out there weaponizing Russian diminutives. I believe in him!

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