

(you're) just my size

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by [thesleepyskipper](#)

Summary

They'd both given each other spectacular blow jobs, but Shane didn't have time to linger or bask in the afterglow. They needed to rehydrate and get some electrolytes in them given that their next game was only two short days away, his mind already churning over strategy. He padded over to the kitchen, leaving Ilya sprawled on the couch.

"Lasted almost a minute, that's got to be a record, Hollander," he chirped.

...or, a post-BJ disagreement over a Centaurs hoodie turns heated, but in a *fun* way.

Notes

Thank you to my incredible beta reader [quill_and_ink](#) for always making time for me! Shout out to Lana for always encouraging me and being my partner-in-crime for all things fandom (and this gorgeous banner!).

Am very excited to be participating in this little collection with all of my Shane's Secret buddies! Lots more fun to come with this bunch, so keep an eye out.

Written for the prompt "*Is that my hoodie?*" "*...No?*"

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

Shane reclined against the plush green couch, the feel of the velvet smooth and comfortable against his bare ass. He stood up and grabbed his favourite pair of charcoal grey sweatpants off the floor, where they'd been thrown in a moment of passion. Ilya's own navy blue pair stayed behind in a puddle, given his more carefree nature about walking around the house without clothes on.

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"Lasted almost a minute, that's got to be a record, Hollander," he chirped.

Shane laughed, though he could feel the blush rising on his cheeks. "You're such an ass." Despite having done this for many years at this point, Shane still found that Ilya could work him up to the point where he sometimes shot off like he was a teenager again. It was only moderately embarrassing, and he knew that Ilya actually loved the way it stroked his ego.

In the kitchen, Shane grabbed them each a bottle of Gatorade from their dedicated drink fridge. He shivered, holding the cold plastic bottles. It was Ottawa in the dead of winter, after all, so it wasn't too surprising that the furnace was struggling to keep up with the -10 degree temperature. He spotted a Centaurs sweatshirt that he'd left on one of the bar stools and tugged it on over his head. Luckily, the team had invested in some branded gear from a new vendor this year and it felt extremely soft, even without anything else underneath.

He walked back out to the living room, holding one bottle in each hand and tossed it towards Ilya's gorgeous face. He snatched the bottle out of the air with one hand, looking way too fucking pleased with himself. It was a well-known fact that Ilya had some of the fastest reflexes in the league.

Before Shane could find a way to wipe that stupid smirk off his face, Ilya's expression became puzzled. "Is that my hoodie?"

"...No?" Shane stammered. The smirk returned. Shane still wanted to remove it. "How would you know anyways? We play on the same fucking team."

"Is mine." Ilya could be such a stubborn asshole and Shane fucking loved him for it, even if he didn't know why.

Shane admittedly had a hard time letting things go himself, so he guessed he could be a stubborn asshole too. "And how can you be so sure?"

"I just..." Ilya paused, most likely to find the right word. "Is mine."

It was a really good thing that Shane loved Ilya as much as he did, because right now he couldn't decide if he wanted to punch or kiss that ridiculous face of his.

Before he could make up his mind, Ilya tilted his head slightly as the right corner of his mouth crooked up. After all this time, Shane knew that this was Ilya's "*I have an idea*" face, and these ideas were usually dumb, foolish, silly, or a combination of all three. And often got one or both of them into trouble. He wasn't sure which category it would fall into today, but he knew that Ilya was really fucking proud of it either way.

"Let's make a bet."

These weren't the first time Shane heard these words slip from Ilya's lips and he was certain they wouldn't be the last.

Shane let out a put-upon sigh, fully unprepared to hear whatever was going to come out of his mouth next, but knowing full well he would agree to it. It was impossible for Shane Hollander to say no to Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya took his sigh as consent to continue. "If it's mine, you give me a show." Shane's face heated as he remembered the show he put on for Ilya all those years back in Vegas. "I want a full striptease, so you might need to put on *more* clothes." He winked - that same fucking wink that threatened to end him every time - and waved a hand in the direction of their bedroom upstairs. Definitely a rare occurrence for Ilya to ask him to wear more rather than less. It wasn't a secret how much they both loved the feeling of skin on skin contact with one another.

"And if I win?" Shane wasn't giving in so easily. He hated to lose; they were both insanely competitive bastards after all.

Ilya considered him for a moment. "You won't." Shane pouted, but Ilya was mostly immune to his angry puppy-dog eyes now. "Okay. If it's yours, I'll eat you out in the shower until you cry."

"Wait," Shane argued, his hands naturally gravitating to his hips, not yet ready to agree with the proposed stakes. "How come both of these make it sound like I lose?"

"Are you really losing though?" Shane would never get sick of the cocky look Ilya shot at him. It was the same one he wore in bed, the same one he wore on the ice after scoring, the same one he used to wear when they met at the face-off circle when they were on opposing teams. "Pretty sure you come for me either way."

Fuck. He was not only right, but just the thought of it made Shane half-hard.

"Fine," Shane conceded grumpily, giving into Ilya as he so often did.

Shane plucked at the fabric front of his hoodie. "So how do we fucking tell anyways..."

Like magic, Ilya appeared in his space out of thin air, crowding him. Shane could feel the warmth of his presence without even being touched. This was truly one of Shane's favourite things and it would never get old. Ilya's face was so close to his, Shane could feel his breath ghosting over his lips.

Just as Shane thought Ilya was about to close the last inch between their mouths, Ilya's hand reached around and pulled at the back of the neck of his sweater. "Extra-large. Is mine, of course."

"No fucking way." Shane protested, knowing he would be swimming in an extra-large, but definitely not prepared to admit that to his husband. He still didn't appreciate the digs at his size, though he did appreciate the fact that Ilya's larger stature could make him feel small in his arms, safe and comforted and taken care of.

Ilya laughed, the bright and delightful kind that Shane cherished hearing more than anything. The kind that meant he was truly happy.

"Is small." Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's neck and pressed their soft lips together. Shane melted until Ilya added, "Guess that's you, peanut."

Shane scoffed. "What the fuck? Peanut?" That was a new one.

"Heard your BFF Hayden use it on one of his seventy-five kids last week."

Shane took a second and realized he had won the bet. "I wear a fucking medium and you know it," he countered, chest puffed up with pride.

"I know, *moy arakhis*."

Despite the condescending nickname, Shane had to admit he liked the way it sounded in Ilya's native tongue.

Speaking of Ilya's tongue, that one little taste of Ilya's lips made Shane eager to take it in his mouth, so he wrapped his own arms around Ilya's waist and kissed him, swiping his tongue inside until they were tangled together and Shane was struggling to hold back a whine. It started out tender, but quickly became dirty and all-consuming. Before things could get too heated, Shane took a breath and whispered over Ilya's lips, "I win, baby."

Ilya said nothing in response, but instead peppered Shane's jaw with delicate kisses all the way up to his earlobe and whispered, "I think we both do, Hollander," before dragging him into their bedroom to fulfill his promise.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, and for any kudos and comments, which are always appreciated!

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