

the game is on again

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane curses the team by having playoffs sex.

flufftober day 8: Cursed

Notes

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

Everyone knows sex during the playoffs is cursed. You don't do it, no matter how bad you may want it. You keep it in your pants, and you move on.

Ilya Rozanov has never been big on curses, though, and he's high off of tonight's win. They've won three games in their seven game run against the Voyageurs, and it feels *fucking good*. All they have to do is win tomorrow and they'll advance to the next round. Easy peasy. The Ottawa Centaurs have him and Shane Hollander, they're *going* to win.

He doesn't think about it when he slides his hand up Shane's thigh when they're watching the highlight reel from the game on ESPN later that evening. So maybe Ilya thinks watching the replays a little hot, especially after that amazing goal Shane made in the third period, the one that put the Centaurs ahead and was absolutely glorious.

Immediately, Shane swats at Ilya's hand and he hisses as he pulls back, affronted.

"What the fuck, Hollander?" Ilya grumbles as he settles into the couch and turns to face his husband, mock hurt on his face.

"No playoff sex."

Ah, of course Shane would buy into that superstition. It's something Ilya knows about him; now that he thinks about it, they didn't have sex once until they'd won the cup last year. And before that, they hadn't hooked up when they'd played each other in the playoffs in Shane's last season as a Voyageur. So, yes. It checks out. But Ilya is bound and determined to get what he wants tonight. He's keyed up, and he needs to let the energy out somehow. He tries again, this time crowding into Shane's space, arms bracketing him in against the couch, a rogue grin spreading across his lips.

"Is a silly superstition, Shane," Ilya points out as he nuzzles into the spot between Shane's neck and shoulder. He nips the skin there, teasing him playfully, as his hand skates across Shane's hip. He hears the hitch in Shane's breathing, feels his muscles bunch with tension and want, and he knows he's going to win this one.

"I— no, it's not." Shane's head falls back onto the couch as Ilya kisses up Shane's neck and to his jaw, raking his teeth over the patchy stubble there. "We have to wait," he insists as he feebly pushes at Ilya's chest. If he truly wanted Ilya gone, Shane was definitely strong enough. This is a pathetic display of his strength.

"Shane," Ilya purrs, the word round and soft and bright as it falls from between his teeth and skims along Shane's skin. "We are married. It is not bad luck to fuck your husband, I think."

"Plenty of players are married," Shane points out as his fingers bunch into a fist at the hem of Ilya's shirt, pulling Ilya in closer against him despite his words. Shane rucks up the hem of Ilya's shirt, and his fingers trace along Ilya's waist, holding him tightly there.

"What is one blowjob, Shane? You deserve it after that goal in the third," the words are whispered into the shell of Shane's ear, and Shane hiccups a small noise out, part protest, part

desire. Ilya palms Shane's erection through his sweats, and he's gleeful to find Shane half-hard already. It means he's winning.

"God, you're the worst," Shane breathes out, but he doesn't sound like he means it. Ilya takes it as consent, and sinks down in between Shane's knees, triumphant.

They fucking lose.

They lose, and Shane knows it's his fucking fault.

They lose, and Shane immediately starts beating himself up, which he knows Ilya is aware of by the way he puts his arm around Shane's shoulders in the locker room to keep him from punching a wall.

Once everyone has cleared out from the locker room aside from the two of them, Shane finally lifts his head from his hands and grimaces at Ilya miserably.

"This is *our* fault, Ilya."

Ilya blows a raspberry and shakes his head. "No, the team played terribly tonight. That is *not* our fault."

Ilya sits on the bench beside Shane, still in his jock and his sweaty undershirt. The rest of the guys knew to leave Shane alone after that game, and they'd all called their good nights as they'd left, aware that they needed to give Ily and Shane some space, mostly so Shane could cool off.

All he's doing, though, is revving himself up. Ilya's hand comfortingly goes to Shane's thigh, and Shane launches into a rant about everything that went wrong tonight. It's like the worst highlight reel ESPN could show, and Shane hates that the words are pouring out of his lips like a flashflood, because he doesn't *like* being so critical. But all he can see are the mistakes, and he loathes this side of himself, the perfectionist who demands the best.

When he finishes, he's breathing heavily, his chest rising and falling, his hands balled into fists at his side, his vision growing blurry with the threat of tears. Ilya's hand cups his cheek and his thumb smooths across the soft skin there, and it sends a shiver down Shane's spine. Then Ilya pulls him in, not for a kiss, not for a hug, just to let Shane thunk his forehead against Ilya's chest and breathe him in. Ilya's hand traces soothingly up and down Shane's back, and he makes soft noises as he lets Shane find calm in his own way, on his own time.

Finally, Shane comes down from the rage-filled high he'd been on. It's like the storm clouds have parted and he can see clearly again.

"I love you," Shane mumbles into Ilya's chest.

A low chuckle rumbles from Ilya, and he runs his fingers through the hair at the nape of Shane's neck.

"I love you, too, sweetheart. And it wasn't your fault."

“But –”

“No ‘buts.’ You know you cannot win every one every year.”

Shane does know that, and he’s so thankful for a husband who keeps him grounded and reminds him as much.

“You’re right. Let’s get cleaned up and go home and have fucking sex.”

End Notes

Kudos and Comment if you enjoyed plz!!

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