

Love Out Loud

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Summary

Their teammates, all of their teammates, were staring at them with smirks on their faces. He turned back to Ilya, who had a cocky grin.

Of course he did, Shane thought. Ilya was a man of no shame. He was confident and sexy, and he knew it. Shane was sure Ilya would fuck him in front of the whole world if he let him.

-- OR --

After a win, Ilya treats Shane to a night of rewards. Their teammates hear their celebrations.

Notes

I cannot believe I am posting my fourth(!) Contribution to this incredibly talented fandom.

Thank you all for the support on my other works.

I wasn't sure what I was going to write next until [this](#) post came across my Tumblr, and inspiration struck.

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

It was the middle of January, and the Ottawa Centaurs had won their game against Florida with an impressive 6 - 2 score. Shane, of course, had made four of the goals. Three of which were assisted by his husband. Luca Haas, the young hotshot of the team, scored the other two.

The locker room was lively, men cheering and boasting about how much their power plays have improved. Ilya, being the Captain that he was, praised Wyatt Hayes for all the saves he made in the net.

While the men conversed about going out for drinks, partying in gorgeous hot Florida before returning to their snow covered home base of Ottawa, Ilya leaned over to Shane.

"We should celebrate, yes?" He said, his voice low.

Shane's cheeks were flushed, he couldn't help the way Ilya made him feel. Even after all this time, his stomach jumped when his husband spoke in that tone.

"With the team?" Shane questioned, though he (hoped) knew the answer.

Ilya chuckled, "If you'd like an audience."

Shane had to turn his head towards his cubby, he lifted one hand to cover the other side of his face. He was sure his entire body was red now. "No, just you."

"Good answer, Hollander." Ilya kissed him lightly on the cheek, and finished getting changed.

Shane could feel what his husband did to him in every inch of his body. He had goosebumps, his face and body warm with anticipation, and his cock semi-hard under his pants.

God, he wanted to get back to the hotel. Now.

But alas, there were post-game interviews, conversations his husband had to have with the coaches, and the agonizing long drive back to the hotel.

Ten minutes.

The drive was only ten minutes.

But it felt like a goddamn lifetime as Ilya sat next to Shane on the bus, his hand resting on Shane's thigh.

They had rules about professionalism. It didn't matter that they were out, and that the entire team was supportive, Shane was still the new guy, and he didn't want to rub his relationship in anyone's face. So, when they were with the team, the PDA was kept to a minimum.

He hated these stupid rules in moments like this, when his husband's gorgeous curls were still damp on his forehead, and his eyes glistened with hope and happiness. He wanted to jump him right then, on the bus, teammates be damned.

No. He wasn't going to do that. He was going to wait, very nicely say goodnight to the team, and then, at a totally normal pace, make his way to their hotel room.

Okay, so, he may have sprinted the second the elevator dinged on their floor. But his hard on was growing in his pants, becoming almost painful, and Ilya knew that. He always knew how to work Shane up and get him exactly where he wanted him to be.

They'd barely shut the room door behind them before Shane shoved his husband against the wall, attacking his lips with a desperate need.

Ilya pulled back, chuckling. "So needy Hollander."

"Don't care." Shane mumbled, dropping to his knees and pulling Ilya's pants and briefs down with expert speed.

He sighed happily when he saw his husband was just as hard as he was, and massaged the tip with his tongue, giving him a few rough strokes before taking him fully.

"Fuck, Hollander." Ilya grunted, tugging Shane's hair.

Shane loved it, he loved when his husband called him by his last name, he loved the way his voice trembled whenever Shane wrapped around him.

He loved doing this.

He bopped his head, one hand making its way to Ilya's balls, eliciting another gorgeous moan from his husband. Shane adjusted his pace as he listened to Ilya, pulling back and slowing down ever so slightly when he knew he was on the edge.

Ilya groaned, "Fuck, Shane...", he came in a hot, heavy burst, and Shane happily swallowed every last drop.

Shane grinned, wiping his lips, and stood to take his husband in for another needy kiss. Their lips parted only long enough to take off their clothing, discarding the pieces in a trail on the floor.

Shane laid on his stomach on the bed, desperate, wanting, and ready for his husband. But Ilya seemed to have a different plan.

Shane felt his husband's fingers slide between his cheeks, placing soft, messy kisses on his shoulder and back. He was teasing him.

Fucking hell.

"Come on, Ilya. Please." He whimpered.

"Mm, no...no. You have to wait." Ilya tested. "You looked so sexy on the ice tonight, Hollander."

Shane's face was, no doubt, beet red. He couldn't help it, he loved when Ilya spoke to him like this.

"How many goals was it, hm? Three?" He laughed deeply, Shane knew he was testing him.

"Four, you asshole." He grunted.

"Four. Yes, you're right." Ilya reached to the bedside table and grabbed the bottle of lube that they'd unpacked immediately after arriving earlier that day. He hummed to himself as he poured some lube in his hand, gently rubbing his fingers between Shane's buttocks. "Four. That is how many times you will come."

"H-huh?" Shane's body jolted in anticipation, and fear. "You know I can't."

"Have a little faith, hm? You can do anything, and I will remind you of that." He slowly, achingly slowly, pushed one finger inside of Shane.

Shane's head dropped to the pillows, a string of curse words slipping from his lips. He clenches ever so slightly around Ilya's fingers, moaning and desperate for more. But Ilya knows what he's doing, he's always known exactly what to do to bring Shane to the edge. His movements are deliberate, as he adds another finger and curls them inside of Shane.

"Fuck...Rozanov." Shane moaned, "Fuck...I need you."

"Mm, I know you do." Ilya kissed his back, "You keep playing like that and we'll get the cup, hm?" His lips made a pop on the "P" sound. He reached a hand around Shane's body and began stroking his cock. Just as he'd been with his fingers, he was slow and gentle. "So sexy, Hollander."

Ilya finally picked up his speed, adding a third finger to fill Shane up, and it was mere seconds before Shane exploded all over Ilya's fist, huffing and moaning.

Ilya pulled his fingers out and tapped Shane's ass, "On your back. Want to see you."

His voice was deep, and Shane couldn't ignore the way it made his cock twitch. He blushed again, how could even the sound of his husband's voice make his cock react in such a way?

Those thoughts were soon gone as the feeling of Ilya's throbbing cock against his hole was all he could focus on. He took a deep breath, preparing himself for his favorite sensation.

"Open your eyes, Hollander." Ilya demanded, and of course, Shane obeyed.

He opened his eyes and saw his husband's expression, a small grin formed on his lips. His eyes were dark with desire and need, a sight that Shane knew all too well. He loved when Ilya was like this, on top of him, bossy and controlling, but just as desperate to be inside Shane, as Shane was to be filled by him.

"Ilya...please." Shane whimpered, practically begging.

Ilya moaned out a laugh as he filled Shane up, he wasn't being slow or deliberate anymore. Shane could feel his cock throbbing inside of him. Ilya slammed into him over and over again, the headboard banging against the wall.

Shane reached up to steady it, a desperate, half ass attempt to not be loud, but his husband took that as a challenge and fucked him harder. Shane's thoughts were anxious, what if Boodram could hear us? He wondered, only long enough for Ilya to read the fear all over his face and chuckle.

"Fuckin' hell, Shane...so good." He growled, leaning forward with his hands on the headboard to steady himself.

Ilya reached one hand down and lifted Shane's leg over his shoulder, the slight change causing Shane to squeeze around his cock. "Fuck...Holy shit, Shane." He attacked Shane's lips with a needy kiss.

"Jesus Christ...fuck Ilya." Shane moaned out, breaking the kiss only to catch his breath, "I'm close...I can't-" he warned, but it was no use, he erupted over his stomach, and Ilya grinned.

"Fuck, Shane...I love you." Ilya didn't let up, he kept fucking Shane until he came inside of him, and then he pulled back, giving Shane no time to adjust before wrapping his mouth around his cock.

Shane wasn't hard, but he knew it wouldn't take long. And fuck if he didn't love feeling of growing hard with Ilya's warm mouth wrapped around him. His cock twitched, only slightly with discomfort as he adjusted. His breathing picked up, soft moans slipping between his lips. He reached forward and gripped Ilya's hair, pulling gently. "Ilya....fuck, Holy fuck." He muttered, and Ilya swallowed every last drop.

Ilya moved up, his hands on either side of Shane's body, hovering over him and leaned down for a kiss. "Do you have one more in you?" He teased, his lips tracing down Shane's jaw and his collarbone.

"I don't...I don't know..." Shane whimpered. He ran his hands over his body and sighed, "I'm all sticky now."

Ilya laughed and stood up, taking Shane's hand. "Let's go shower."

Shane dropped to his knees in the shower, and the men continued to ravish each other's bodies. Ilya held Shane against the wall of the shower, praising him as he tucked him senseless. It was almost two in the morning by the time they'd finally fallen asleep. They'd pulled off the dirty bedsheets and fell asleep wrapped in each other, Ilya's face nestled in Shane's neck.

Shane stirred awake first, his fingers running through Ilya's hair. He gently leaned over to check the time on his phone, shit. It was quarter to eight, and they were supposed to be downstairs for team breakfast in fifteen minutes.

"Ilya..." Shane whispered, nudging him awake. "We have to get up."

"Mmm, no." Ilya whined, kissing Shane's chest, "In bed all day."

"We have a flight at one, and we need to go have breakfast."

Ilya peeked one eye open, eyebrow raised "You don't eat hotel food."

"No, but you love it." Shane pulled himself out from under Ilya's body. "Get dressed."

"Ugh."

Shane laughed softly, "Come on." He went to their suitcases and pulled out two outfits. Not that Shane would admit it, but he only packed Ilya's sweaters. It was something he'd started doing during his last season with Montreal. Because they were comfortable, softer than his, and because he loved wearing clothes that smelt like the love of his life.

As the two men finally made their way downstairs to their team, Shane's worst nightmare had come true.

Their teammates, all of their teammates, were staring at them with smirks on their faces. He turned back to Ilya, who had a cocky grin.

Of course he did, Shane thought. Ilya was a man of no shame. He was confident and sexy, and he knew it. Shane was sure Ilya would fuck him in front of the whole world if he let him.

He wouldn't.

He'd also worked very hard to keep their relationship out of the topic of conversation. Around their team, they were professional. They were on their best behavior.

Except for last night. The high of their win against Florida, and Shane's inability to control himself was the perfect combination to make him break his own rules.

And now his entire team was staring at him, and he was certain his face was redder than it had ever been.

Ilya patted Shane on his back and went over to get his food, while Shane pulled the neck of his sweater over half his face. He sat down in the seat across from Zane Boodram. Of course the only two empty seats were across from the man who was in the room next to them. It felt intentional.

"Five minutes." Shane mumbled, "You can make whatever comments you want for five minutes. After that, I'm never speaking to any of you again."

Ilya bursted out with a deep laugh, "A morning Q&A?"

Shane couldn't even bitch back at him, because the table erupted with laughter and players talking over each other.

"How do you play hockey after that?"

"We almost called the cops! We thought you'd killed each other."

"Hollander's our top goal scorer, Rozanov. Be careful with him!"

"What are you going to do to him if we win the Stanley cup?"

"When." Shane interrupted. He couldn't keep track of who was asking what, he didn't really care. He just wanted this to be over. But there was no if about the Centaurs winning the cup, it was only a matter of when.

Ilya chuckled, "Course you'd correct that." He leaned over and kissed Shane on the cheek.

Boodram shook his head, "I'm not taking the room next to you two for the rest of the season."

"Hah!" Hayes called out, "We should put them on their own floor."

"Oh my goooood." Shane whined, sinking deeper into his seat.

"I wish my wife treated me like that every time we won."

"Fuck off, Hayes. Your wife is a doctor. You should be celebrating her." Ilya argued.

Hayes threw his hands up in defense, "Alright, fair point. What happens when you score as much as Hollander?"

Shane scoffed, “He doesn't.”

Ilya raised a brow, munching down on his breakfast sausage, in that annoying, smug way he knew got under Shane's skin. “That a challenge?”

“You'd lose if it were, Rozanov.”

“Captain Rozanov, to you.” He smirked.

“Oooh, you got ranked, Hollander.” Boodram chuckled from across the table.

“Your wife's too hot for you, Boodram.” Ilya remarked, shrugging when it got a collection of “oohs” and “burn” from their teammates.

Shane rolled his eyes, thankful he had his husband's sweater on that was a size too big for him, covering the smirk on his lips. Ilya loved to tease Shane, but always got defensive when anyone else did it. It was one of his more endearing traits.

“Haas, you got anything to add? You could draw some pictures of our Captain and his lover.”

“Alright, nope. Five minutes be damned, you're done.” Shane huffed, he sat straight up in his seat and looked at his teammates, trying to push his embarrassment down. “We will keep it down in the future.”

“No, we won't.”

“Ilya-”

“Shane is...how do you say? He likes attention.”

For fuck sakes. Shane was beet red again, and he couldn't argue.

Even if his teammates going on about hearing him and Ilya was a nightmare, he wasn't ashamed of his desire for his husband. It was new, and different, to not feel like he had to hide that. They all knew he was gay, that he was in love and married to Ilya Rozanov, and they didn't care. They were sitting with him, talking to him like normal, teasing him about his sex life. This is what guys do.

If not for anything else, he was okay with it because Ilya had a beaming smile the entire time. Ilya was the one who loved attention, and he loved his teammates. They'd spent so long having to hide, and now they could just be together.

Before he got too in his head about it, Shane leaned over and kissed Ilya. His face was warm and he was certain his embarrassment was clear as day, but he didn't care.

Shane stood from his seat and pulled Ilya's hand, “Let's go back to bed.” He smiled. They were going to tease him regardless, so he might as well embrace it.

“The bus leaves in half an hour, love birds!” Hayes called out, the table erupted in laughter once again as Shane and Ilya stepped onto the elevator.

End Notes

As always, thank you for reading.

Kudos and comments always welcome, come find me on Tumblr @srainebuggie

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