

MVP Award Competitions Never Stopped

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MVP Award Competitions Never Stopped

by [RogerRozander](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are both nominated for the MVP award their first year playing together. And Ilya has a plan to recreate another night in Vegas.

“Thank you for helping me with the English.” Ilya said.

Yuna handed the paper back to Ilya and cupped his cheek. “It really is beautiful. And I never would have guessed I would secretly hope Shane wouldn't win an award, but I also never expected to have a second son who deserved it just as much.”

Ilya felt his throat tighten at the sincerity in her words. No matter how many times Yuna outwardly expressed her adoration of him, Ilya never stopped feeling overwhelmingly grateful for his mother-in-law's fierce love. He was about to respond when Shane came through the door of the Las Vegas suite they were sharing with Yuna and David. Ilya's heart skipped as it always did when he saw his husband.

“Mom, did you just say you are hoping Ilya wins? What the heck?” Shane said. Hurt and anger flashed in his eyes. Ilya knew Shane loved that his parents saw Ilya as a second son, but Ilya could understand why it still might feel like a betrayal for Yuna not to want Shane to win.

“Of course not honey. I was just telling Ilya that I will be happy tonight no matter what happens.”

Shane looked unconvinced but moved on anyway. “Are you ready? Dad is waiting for us in the hallway. We don't want to be late to walk the red carpet.”

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Shane was excited to be back at the NHL awards. He didn't go last year, for obvious reasons, but this season had been more than he dared hoped for. The Centaurs accepted him with open arms, he fit on the line with Dillon and Haas, he and Ilya made up the highest scoring power play line in the league and they had won the goddamn Cup. Sure, the media was still getting used to his marriage and the first half of the season it was the only thing they were asked about in post-game interviews, but he'd proven himself. They'd proven themselves.

They made it through the red carpet and now they were wandering down the hallway to the theater where the awards would start shortly. Shane's mind flitted back to what he overheard his mom and Ilya talking about and he found himself so lost in thought that he didn't notice Ilya tell his parents to go find their seats without them. So when Ilya grabbed him and shoved him into a bathroom, it took Shane a minute to get his bearings. He looked over at his grinning husband waiting to see why he had been manhandled on their way to an award ceremony.

“Well...” Ilya said.

“Well what?” Shane responded, confusion etched in his face.

“Well are you going to suck my dick?” Ilya responded, his crooked smile on full display as Shane realized what was happening.

“Fuck you, why don't you suck mine?” Shane tried to spit the words at Ilya, the same way he did in a different bathroom ten years ago. But he was unable to hide his smile.

“Maybe, ask nice” Ilya responded.

“Please.”

“You want me to get on my knees on the dirty bathroom floor and suck your dick, you're going to have to ask nicer than that.”

“Please get on your knees and suck my dick. Please” he said. Breath hitching. Knowing where this was going, the blood was rushing to his dick.

“No. I will not do anything to you in here. We will go back out there, and sit in our seats, and then go to the party. And then, when you have been waiting all night for it, you will come to my hotel room. And I will maybe do more than suck your dick.”

Shane feigned outrage. “You're really going to leave me like this?”

“Yes. For now. But I will make you a deal, if you win MVP tonight I will suck you, fuck you, whatever you want.”

“And if you win?”

“I'll let you know.”

Shane was nervous as they got to the MVP award. It was very unusual for two players from the same team to both be nominated for that award. But, it was undeniable that the Centaurs were the best team this season and depending on who you ask, it was either because of Shane or Ilya. Shane had more goals, but Ilya had more assists and their overall points differential was only +2 to Ilya. The award was going to one of them if the voting was fair. But Crowell and the old guard were still homophobic assholes and Shane wouldn't be surprised if they gave it to someone else on principle. He wanted to win, as always, but as long as it was either him or Ilya, he would be happy.

The announcer called out the winner - Ilya. He was excited for his husband but part of him was disappointed it was not him. He looked at his mom who was practically bursting with glee. Seriously? What the fuck is going on? He knew Yuna loved Ilya but he also knew she would always put Shane first. This was strange.

He was pulled out of his thoughts by Ilya's voice as he started his acceptance speech.

“Thank you for giving me, the best hockey player in the league, this award.” Shane rolled his eyes as the crowd chuckled.

“Even though I am the best hockey player, there are a lot of people that helped me win this award. To the Centaurs owners and the team management, thank you for creating an inclusive environment that gives space to the players to excel at hockey and thrive as a team and as

individuals. To coach Wiebe and the entire coaching team, thank you for pushing me to be better everyday. You find a way to motivate the team with the perfect balance of encouragement and harsh truths. You took a group of talented individuals used to being superstars and made us into a team that dominates together. To my line mates Bood and Barrett, thanks for being there to take advantage of my great plays.” He winked and grinned as the crowd laughed. ”And to the second best hockey player in the league,” more laughter, “and my husband, Shane, thank you for everything. You are the best thing in my life. I never knew I could love anything the way I love hockey until you. Our marriage is my most cherished accomplishment and this season, this year and this life would be meaningless without you. You make me a better hockey player, a kinder friend and a better human. I cannot wait to spend the rest of my life showing you how much I love you. Thank you for choosing me, I will always choose you too. Also, I am the better hockey player. I love you. Thank you!” Ilya waved and walked off stage.

Shane was trying (and failing) not to cry, he knew he had cameras and eyes trained on him. Now he knew why Yuna wanted Ilya to win. It was a perfect speech. So sincere and vulnerable. It was the Ilya he knew but the rest of the world never got to see. He didn't know how he felt about sharing that private side of Ilya, but it felt good to be claimed publicly.

He knew he should wait until the end of the ceremony, they would be wrapping up soon, but he needed to see his husband. So he shot a look at his parents who were giving him knowing smirks and told them he would see them at the after party. He rushed off on his way backstage, stopping when he got a text from Ilya. “2704.” Hell yes.

Ilya cracked the door for Shane and was pacing the room. He and his husband lived together now, they had been having sex for 12 years and everything they did was exciting. But recreating that night from his first MVP win was doing something for Ilya. He felt nervous to see the man he was in love with all those years ago. But this time he could admit his feelings to himself and to Shane.

When Shane came in, Ilya wanted to play it cool but he couldn't. He pinned Shane against the wall and kissed him hard. He pushed his tongue into Shane's warm and wet mouth, stealing the breath from him and dominating him completely. They were both breathing hard as Ilya forced himself to pull away. He stroked Shane's cheek and gazed into his eyes.

Shane spoke first. “You know, last time we didn't kiss. You ushered me into the bedroom and watched me open myself for you, but our mouths never met. I remember because I regretted it. Even then I loved the intimacy of kissing you.”

Ilya's heart melted. He also remembered not kissing, it was part of the game he was playing that night. But he regretted it now. Regretted not giving Shane the moment of connection he wanted. That they both wanted.

He kissed Shane again, more slowly this time. Putting all of the love and adoration that had built over years into it.

Ilya pulled away again and in his deep sultry voice said, “last time I wanted to fuck you against the window but I knew you would say no. I thought I wanted to recreate that night. I have thought about it so many times over the years. I thought I wanted an updated image. But, standing in the room, lit up from the city lights, I want something different. If you're feeling brave, I want to take you from behind, against the glass, while we look down on Vegas below.”

Shane looked frozen in fear, Ilya could tell his mind was racing. So he peppered soft kisses along his jaw, under his ear and down his neck. Shane let out a soft moan and relaxed into the touch.

“Yes. I want to try it. I want you to have me against the window.”

“Take off your clothes and go to the window.”

Ilya went into the bedroom to grab the lube and quickly undressed. When he got back Shane was naked but pacing a few feet from the window. Ilya walked up behind him, wrapped his arms around Shane's strong body, pressing his erection against Shane's ass. He whispered into Shane's ear, “will be okay. We are safe.” Then he moved around grabbing Shane's hand and maneuvering him to the window. “Bend over, put your hands on the glass.”

Shane obeyed while Ilya poured lube onto his fingers and sank to his knees behind Shane. He started massaging Shane's hole, getting him ready. Shane moaned and pushed back into Ilya as he sank a finger inside.

“You take my fingers so well, even when you have to struggle to hold yourself up.” Ilya saw Shane in the reflection, his face twisted with pleasure as he moaned and closed his eyes. “No. Your eyes stay open. Look down at the thousands of people on the street below. Walking around not knowing that you're bent over begging for me to come inside you.”

“Ilya, please.” Shane moaned as Ilya worked in another finger. He kissed his ass cheek and then sucked in one of his balls. Shane felt Ilya's scruff scratch his inner thighs. Ilya laughed to himself as he watched Shane get more and more desperate.

Ilya added a third finger. “Rozanov!” Shane was getting very impatient. “Please. I'm ready. I need you.”

Shane whimpered as Ilya pulled away. He stood and pulled Shane up with him. He pushed them both closer to the window, Shane's chest against the glass, ass pushing into Ilya and face looking at the lights below. Ilya lubed himself and entered him in one quick thrust as Shane cried out. He stilled for just a moment waiting for both of them to be ready for more.

Ilya started to move slowly and whispered into Shane's ear, “what if someone in one of the other hotels has a telescope pointed at us? They could see how well you take me. How perfect you look when you are being fucked. How your cock leaks when it begs to be touched.”

Shane gasped and pushed back, begging Ilya to push harder and faster. “They would know... fuck... how my body reacts to you. Only for you. Please Ilya, I need it.”

Ilya let out a low growl. “Yes. Even as you look out at all those people blind to what you are doing right now, pushing against me, my perfect slut. You're so gorgeous when you beg me for more. I love watching you take my cock.”

“Ilya please...I need...” Shane was starting to whine.

Ilya's orgasm was getting close, but he needed to get Shane there first. “What do you need?”

“I need, fuck. Your hand.”

Ilya wrapped his hand around Shane's hard dick. It was leaking so much that Ilya didn't need any lube. “You're mine. I love the noises you make for me.”

“Yes, yours... Oh god, and you're mine.”

“Yes sweetheart, yours. Always.”

Ilya's hand sped up over Shane's cock as Ilya's hit his prostate in the perfect rhythm learned over years of practice. Ilya felt Shane's muscles contract around Ilya's dick. “Fuck. Oh fuck, I'm coming.” Shane nearly screamed.

“Yes, come for me. Fuck, I love you Shane.” And with that declaration Ilya followed Shane over the cliff.

Ilya saw Shane still trying to catch his breath, he knew the thought of being watched always did it for Shane. Ilya thought their first time in Vegas was hot, but this was something else entirely. Erotic and consuming but this time their love was spoken aloud.

“Gross. We need to leave a good tip.” Shane said as he surveyed the clear “we had sex against the window” marks.

Ilya chuckled, “yes moya lyubov, let's get cleaned up.” They kissed soft and sweet and made their way to the shower. They washed quickly because the party was still going on and they definitely needed to make an appearance. But neither of them wanted to get dressed and leave this room.

Shane must have just remembered why they needed to get dressed. Because even though they were both still naked and toweling off, he blurted out “Ilya, your speech today was beautiful.” Shane dropped his towel and closed the distance between them, placing a kiss to Ilya's lips.

“Thank you. Your mom helped me with the English. I wanted to be clear.”

“It was perfect. Everything you said, I feel it too. I love sharing my life with you. I have never regretted choosing you. It's always been you. It will always be you.”

Ilya kissed him again, with more urgency this time. “I know that, but it's still nice to hear. I worried you would resent me if your career suffered. I know you took a pay cut, you're

getting less ice time and you're not Captain. You deserve more. You are incredible. And I am sorry that you had to compromise on that.”

Shane looked at Ilya with his scrunched confusion face. “Ilya, I could never resent you. Yes, my choice to be with you changed the trajectory of my career, but more than that it changed the trajectory of my life. None of it matters without you. Winning three cups in Montreal, being on the first line, leading the team, it was wonderful. I thought I was happy. But winning the cup with you? Being on the power play with you? Practicing and traveling and pushing with you? That is indescribable. I didn't know what happiness was until you. And all of those things pale in comparison to waking up in your arms, cooking dinner together, walking Anya and sharing our life. That's all I want.”

Ilya thought he was going to start crying and that would be ridiculous- standing naked, looking at his naked husband in this room that smelled of sex, running late for a party where they definitely would be missed. It was too much. So he pulled Shane into a hug. Melding their bodies together as if they were one and whispering, “I love you.” They held each other for a minute before Shane stepped back.

“We need to get dressed. The sooner we go to the party, the sooner we can leave. And I am already looking forward to round two.” He winked as he pulled back and started to get dressed. “There was one problem with your speech though. We both know I am the best hockey player in the league, you've already admitted it to me. No take backsies.”

Ilya grinned and pulled his own clothes on. Fuck, he loved his husband so much.

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