

I'll take the bait if that's what you want

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by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

He lets him be for a bit— letting him get some of his stretches in. When he knows that Shane’s nearly done, he skates right back over to him and plops down in front of him on the ice. Shane is to his left as he gets into position to do his first stretch.

“What are you doing?” Shane asks in a harsh tone.

Is he still riled up from before? Turned on and thinking about them fucking right here on the ice?

OR

Ilya flirts with Shane while he's trying to do his pre-game stretches and Shane is getting a little too turned on by it

Notes

hiiii :))

my bestie hannah sent me a tiktok of hockey players warming up pre-game & asked me to write a hollanov fic of ilya teasing shane during warmups. this is set post the long game in shane's first year playing for ottawa with his husband. i will link the tiktok below— shane's stretch is at around 30 seconds (player in red) and ilya's stretch is at around 8 seconds.

hope you enjoy this! ♡

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

Shane has always taken his pre-game warm ups seriously whether he was a child, in his twenties, or now as a thirty year old man.

Ottawa is playing against the New York Admirals tonight, so Shane sets himself up on the ice, ready to start his warm up routine.

He tries to tune out the sound of the fans watching them all warm up or run drills before the game, and solely tries to focus on his warm ups. Now that he's thirty he's noticed that if he doesn't stretch properly, he's fucked up for a couple days after a game. He can't have that when they're in season as they have games very often.

This first season as an Ottawa Centaur has been the best year for Shane— and for his relationship with Ilya. People always say not to work with your partner but Shane can't think of anything better than to spend all this time with his husband.

Husband!

He still gets giddy inside when he thinks about the fact that Ilya Rozanov is his *husband*. Their team knows, everyone they love knows, and the world knows. Shane has never felt lighter than he has since marrying the love of his life, coming out publicly with their relationship, and being part of his team from his city. It really feels so full circle for him in the best way possible.

Shane moves onto his next stretch which always tends to get a reaction from fans sitting really close to the glass. If he had to describe it, he'd say it kinda looks like he's trying to twerk.

He's on his knees, slightly parted, and he's leaning his hands onto his hockey stick, as he starts moving his pelvis— kinda like he's thrusting in short bursts.

He looks up in time to see Ilya skate over to him as he says, loud enough for Shane to hear but not anyone else, "Fuck, look at that perfect ass."

"Ilya—" Shane warns even though he can feel himself blushing.

Ilya watches him as he skates around him. "All mine, baby," he says with a wink.

Ilya doesn't often use pet names but when he does it always does it for him. He loves it when Ilya calls him *baby* or *sweetheart*— it gets him so hot, he can feel his dick twitch in all his gear.

He curses to himself, "Shit," before stopping the movement, and looking up at Ilya from where he's sitting on his knees on the ice, hands still holding his hockey stick.

Ilya comes to a stop in front of Shane and smirks down at him. Before he can say anything, Shane says, "Ilya— stop. We agreed on no flirting during games."

"The game has not started yet," Ilya says, smirk still in place as he looks down at him with so much love and attention, and *fuck*— he looks like he wants to fuck him right here on the ice for everyone to see.

Ilya raises his eyebrows and says, "You are thinking about something dirty aren't you, sweetheart?"

"*Fuck, Ilya,*" Shane says in warning but it also comes out as a soft moan. He shakes himself out of it and looks up at his husband like an angry kitten as he's ridiculously revered to him as before and Shane does not agree with. "Fuck off, I need to keep stretching," he says, waving him away.

Ilya laughs. “Okay,” he says with a fond smile. He skates away and Shane can finally breathe, remembering exactly where they are now that his focus is not on his man.

Shane continues his stretches in peace.

Ilya loves to rile Shane up. He’s so fucking cute when he’s angry and annoyed— like an angry kitten with his perfect little nose all scrunched up, his beautiful freckles all pushed together.

It doesn’t help that his husband was doing stretches that looked just downright sinful. How could he *not* go and flirt with him?

He lets him be for a bit— letting him get some of his stretches in. When he knows that Shane’s nearly done, he skates right back over to him and plops down in front of him on the ice. Shane is to his left as he gets into position to do his first stretch.

“What are you doing?” Shane asks in a harsh tone.

Is he still riled up from before? Turned on and thinking about them fucking right here on the ice?

Ilya turns his head to the left to look at Shane and says, “I have to stretch too, Hollander,” but he knows that Shane knows what he’s doing there. He loves to still tease Shane and call him by his last name now that they’re married and because their jerseys still have their own last names and he knows it does something to him.

Ilya is on his knees and his hands are holding the hockey stick to the ice. He does a similar movement to what Shane did earlier when he came to tease him, before he goes onto his

skates, and mimics fucking. He's thrusting his hips up and down as he turns his head to look at Shane who is only a foot away.

Ilya's looking right at Shane as he does this over and over. Shane's watching him intently, his eyes dark and his lips slightly parted. Ilya turns his head to look ahead of him. Ilya moans deeply but only loud enough for Shane to hear him. He turns his head to look at him again and now Shane's biting his lower lip. Ilya winks then smiles at him which gives Shane that angry kitten face again.

He knows Shane's turned on and is trying to hide it. He knows his husband very well— better than anyone. He knows Shane will play the game hard and that thrills Ilya.

"You're such a fucking asshole," Shane tells him before getting up.

Ilya chuckles, going back onto his knees to look at his husband who's standing over him. "Don't worry, baby, I will do this move on you later tonight," he tells him with a wink.

Shane is visibly into it but trying not to show it. "You're lucky you're on my team now, or I'd destroy you tonight," Shane tells him.

Ilya stands right in front of Shane. "Like I am going to destroy that ass later," he teases in a deep voice.

Shane gasps softly but it almost sounds like a moan. "Are you trying to make sure I play like shit tonight?" Shane asks, annoyed.

"You know that you never do play like shit," Ilya tells him, smiling at him. "I am just flirting with my husband because he looks so *good* and I cannot wait to beat Scott Hunter and then go home and fuck you over every surface we can find."

Shane scoffs. "You won't make it past one round tonight," teasing him.

Ilya raises his eyebrows. "I am not the one who fell asleep after getting a blowjob last night," he teases back. Shane blushes and Ilya smiles at him fondly. "I know I am the best," he teases.

"Fuck off," Shane laughs.

The game is about to start so Ilya shoves Shane gently before skating away before looking back to see Shane skating after him. They laugh as they come to a halt, Shane shoving Ilya back before coach Wiebe gathers the team's attention.

Ottawa wins 3-2.

They celebrate briefly before heading for the showers. The team is getting themselves ready to leave to go celebrate but Shane and Ilya have other plans on how they want to celebrate.

Everyone heads out except for Shane and Ilya who are the only ones left in the locker room.

Shane shoves Ilya up against the nearest wall and says, "Never do that shit again before a game."

Ilya looks into his eyes, a smirk on his lips, as he watches his husband in awe. Shane's fist is in the collar of Ilya's t-shirt, his face mere inches away from his. "You were hard weren't you? For how long? Whole game?" Ilya asks, reminiscent of the time he sexted Shane before they were about to have a game against each other all those years ago.

"You're an asshole," Shane tells him but he's got a small smile on his lips before he closes the distance between them and kisses Ilya hard on the lips.

Ilya moans deeply into the kiss as he grabs onto Shane's hips, pulling him into him hard. Shane moans, grinding down onto Ilya's thigh that is between his legs. Ilya kisses down to Shane's neck. Shane moves his head slightly to the side, giving Ilya better access to his neck as he grinds down hard against his big thigh.

Ilya moans in his ear, "*Fuck, Shane,*" then kisses his jaw. His hand comes up to hold his face as he devours him again, his tongue in his mouth, moving so fluidly against Shane's.

Ilya was right— Shane was hard pretty much the whole game and now he's finally got Ilya pinned against the wall as he grinds down hard against his thigh, feeling his big cock press against him. He's also hard and it's spurring Shane on even though he'd never normally allow this type of behavior in the very public locker room.

Ilya easily flips them so that now Shane's back meets the wall. "Fuck," Shane moans, as he watches Ilya slide down to the ground onto his knees in front of him, working his cock out of his black dresspants. Ilya immediately takes him into his mouth, moaning around his hard length.

Shane moans, "*Fuck, baby,*" as he runs his fingers through Ilya's damp curls. Ilya's hand slides up Shane's shirt so that he can grab onto Shane's chest under his shirt. Shane thrusts gently into Ilya's mouth who moans deeply around him. "*Fu—* you like that? Want me to fuck your mouth, baby?"

Ilya moans deeply around him again, looking up at him through his lashes. Shane's not usually one to dirty talk but when he does, he notices just how much his husband likes it. Shane fucks into Ilya's mouth, his hands holding onto his head gently, lovingly.

"You look so good like this, baby," Shane moans. "You take it so good, *fuck—* perfect fucking mouth."

Ilya moans, taking everything Shane gives him. It's not much longer until Shane's moaning his name deeply and coming hard down his throat. Ilya gets up and tucks Shane back into his pants, kissing him hard on the lips.

Shane flips them again so that Ilya's back on the wall and he slips his hand inside his pants, taking his hard, leaking cock in his hand. "*Fuck*," Ilya moans, bringing his hand up to gently hold Shane's neck as he takes his mouth in a deep kiss.

They don't hear anyone come inside the room until they hear a, "Shit, fuck, sorry!"

Shane removes his hand and quickly turns around to see poor Harris hiding his face behind a clipboard. "Harris, fuck— I'm so sorry," Shane says immediately, turning bright red.

Ilya stays behind him, he can feel his erection pressing into his ass— *fuck*, if he didn't just come down his throat, he'd be hard as fuck right now. "Yes, sorry, Harris," Ilya says, not moving, just putting his chin onto Shane's shoulder. "We did not know anyone was here."

"I was just finishing up some things and was just about to go meet everyone," Harris tells them, he's since lowered the clipboard and is looking at them, feeling embarrassed.

Harris turns towards the door but before leaving turns to tell them, "I saw nothing," with a wink before leaving.

Ilya starts laughing behind him and Shane turns to eye him. "This isn't funny," Shane scolds.

"Oh, yes, it is," Ilya says, still chuckling. Shane can't help but start laughing when he hears Ilya laugh. "Oh my God," Ilya suddenly says before adding, "Imagine he came in a minute earlier, he'd see you coming in my mouth."

"That's horrifying," Shane says, smacking his chest. "Why would you say that?" he asks, laughing as Ilya laughs.

"It would be hot," Ilya tells him.

“Shut up,” Shane rolls his eyes, walking back over to his things. Ilya follows him and hugs him from behind. He can still feel that Ilya’s got an erection, just not as much as before Harris interrupted them. Ilya’s hands run up Shane’s shirt again, cupping his tits in his hands and squeezing as he presses up against Shane’s ass. “We can’t, not now,” Shane tells him, trying to swat him away but failing because it feels so good to have Ilya pressed up against him.

“He is not going to come back in here,” Ilya says hotly into his ear, nipping at his earlobe before sucking it into his mouth.

“*Fuck*,” Shane moans, pressing his ass back into Ilya.

Ilya moans, his cock now back to fully hard as he pushes it into Shane. Shane turns around in his arms, crushing their mouths together before he gets down onto his knees and returns the favor. It doesn’t take long for him to come down Shane’s throat— Shane swallowing everything he gives him.

Shane gets back up and Ilya pulls him into a deep kiss, tasting himself on his tongue. Shane holds him close as he allows Ilya’s tongue to explore his mouth. Ilya slowly pulls away and says, “Now I am ready to go home and fuck you.”

Shane laughs softly, shoving at his chest. “You’re such an idiot,” Shane smiles.

Ilya laughs. “You love me,” he teases, smiling softly.

Shane pulls him into another soft kiss and says against his lips, “Way too fucking much.”

Ilya blushes so he kisses him again and then the two of them gather their belongings and head to Shane’s car and back home to *really* celebrate their win against New York tonight.

End Notes

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