

keep your eyes off him

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by [still_dancing](#)

Summary

“I’m Marcus,” the very annoying man sitting entirely too close to Shane says with a cocky grin. He takes his hand off Shane’s thigh to extend it to Ilya, who eyes him with disdain.

“I’m his husband,” Ilya responds, accent harsh.

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ilya gets possessive ;)

Notes

i don’t know shit about hockey and i wrote this in approximately 22 minutes.

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

Occasionally—meaning *very* rarely—Ilya manages to convince Shane to come out with the team to celebrate a win. Sometimes, if it's a big win, it's easier to drag him away from his boring post-game routine and to a nightclub. Usually, though, Shane just wants to shower, go to his hotel, crawl into bed, and read until he passes out.

However, every so often, he feels just a little bit needier. He just wants to be near Ilya. Even if it means watching his husband and their teammates get wasted and make a fool of themselves. Tonight is one of those nights. They beat Montreal 4-3, *in Montreal*, and Shane wants to celebrate it with his husband. Preferably privately, but he can wait a few hours for that. He's feeling patient.

He asks for a ginger ale out of habit when they get to the bar—not one he's been to before, surprisingly—and then watches as Ilya does three shots in a row and then drags Wyatt out onto the dance floor. He sits there for fifteen, maybe twenty minutes, sipping on his ginger ale and then ordering a beer when it empties. Ilya comes back to the bar twice, once to do another shot and take a sip of Shane's beer, and then once more just minutes later to wrap his arms around Shane and beg him sweetly, against the curve of his neck, to please come dance with him.

Shane politely declines his husband's request, smiling at him softly. "I'm tired," he murmurs, brushing a hand through Ilya's golden curls. He kisses him quickly, soft, flushing slightly with the shameless PDA. His adorable, 6'3" Russian hockey player husband *pouts* at him, grumbles something inaudible in Russian, and then flounces off.

Shane is still smiling while he watches Ilya wrap his arms around Luca, who had assisted Shane in scoring the game-winning goal against Montreal. He drags the wide-eyed rookie out to the middle of the floor, where some of their other teammates are jumping to whatever song is playing. Shane watches from afar, amused.

He goes to take a sip of his beer and finds it empty. He turns back to the bar, signalling the bartender for another.

When he turns back to find his husband in the crowd once more, there's a tall, broad man sidling onto the stool next to him.

"Marcus," the man says, holding out a hand for Shane to shake. Surprised by the forwardness, Shane takes his hand by instinct. "What's your name?" He asks.

"Shane," He replies by rote. He looks the man over, noting his frankly garish orange t-shirt and ripped jeans. He's tall, brunette, looks like the average American quarterback.

"You don't look like you're having much fun," Marcus says with a smirk, leaning closer to Shane. Self-assured, cocky.

He shrugs. "Tired."

"You here with someone?" He questions.

Shane tilts his beer towards the dance floor. “My team.”

He knows he should say *my husband*, but the deep-ingrained need for secrecy silences him.

“Need a nice guy to keep you company?” Marcus asks flirtatiously. He’s even closer now, and Shane leans away.

“No thanks. I’m married,” he says, eventually.

“I don’t see a ring.”

Shane reaches for the chain on his neck, and is quietly surprised when he finds it empty. *Fuck*. He’s gotten so used to having it hanging from his neck during games and practice, he must have forgotten to grab it from the bathroom counter at the hotel after he’d showered and changed.

“Still married,” he says shortly after a pause. He takes a swig of his beer and looks away from the man at his side, disinterested.

“Happily?” Marcus questions, in what is probably supposed to be a teasing tone. Shane barely resists rolling his eyes.

“Yes. I’m really not interested, dude,” he responds, half trying to sound apologetic, half not caring in the slightest. He doesn’t like rejecting people, it makes him cringe, but this guy came on *strong*, so he can’t really find it within him to care.

“Come on,” he coaxes, laying a hand on Shane’s leg, thumb against his inner thigh. “I’ll show you a good time.”

Shane side-eyes him, and then turns to look into the crowd, searching for his husband’s recognizable size. *Where the hell is Ilya?*

A hand grips the back of Shane’s neck, tight, and he feels himself being pulled backwards into a warm, familiar chest. Strong arms wrap around him, and Shane ducks his head to hide his smile.

He feels a hot mouth against his ear. “Who’s this?” Ilya murmurs as he mouths at Shane’s neck once more.

“I’m Marcus,” the very annoying man sitting entirely too close to Shane says with a cocky grin. He takes his hand off Shane’s thigh to extend it to Ilya, who eyes him with disdain.

“I’m his husband,” Ilya responds, accent harsh. Shane turns his head to look at him, catching the glower on Ilya’s face out of the corner of his eye. Shane feels a rush of arousal, his cheeks flushing. He’d never say it aloud to anyone—not even Ilya—but he finds it just a little bit hot when he gets possessive over Shane.

Marcus’s smile falters. Shane watches recognition come over him, eyes flicking between Shane and Ilya quickly, then away. Even people who don’t follow hockey tend to recognize them when they’re together, as some of the only out male professional athletes in the world.

“Ah.”

The arms around Shane tighten. “Yes.”

The expression on Marcus’s face turns nasty, guarded. “He didn’t say no.”

“I did, actually,” Shane responds, taking another sip of his beer. “You just don’t seem to be good at listening.”

It’s almost rude, but having Ilya at his back makes Shane feel braver. His scary, Russian, attack dog husband. Who is no longer enjoying his night, dancing around with their teammates, and instead is having to stare down a man who saw it fit to harass a married man and ruin Shane’s night.

“I—I’ll leave you two alone then,” Marcus says finally, stuttering, and all his bravado from before seems to disappear as Shane and Ilya watch him hop off his stool and walk away.

“Bye,” Ilya says sourly, after he’s well out of earshot. Shane huffs a laugh.

“Thank you,” he says sweetly, smiling up at Ilya. He moves out from behind Shane, circling around him to take the recently-vacated stool. He runs a hand up his leg confidently, thumb stroking at the highest point of his inner thigh and smirking when Shane shifts nervously.

“Want to leave?” He asks.

Shane really does. They’re flying out early tomorrow to Denver, and he wants to *actually* celebrate with his husband before it gets too late.

“Yes, please,” Shane says with a grin.

Ilya takes the beer from his loose grip, finishing it off swiftly, and then stands, extending a hand to Shane. “Shall we?”

End Notes

i need season 2 immediately 6 episodes isn't enough

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