

Kiss Me At Midnight

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44084323) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44084323>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	New Year's Eve , New Year's Kiss , Smut , Fluff and Smut , Dirty Talk , Semi-Public Sex , Clubbing , Post-Canon , Implied/Referenced Homophobia , Implied/Referenced Sex , Los Angeles , Alcohol , Shane POV
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-05 Words: 3,918 Chapters: 1/1

Kiss Me At Midnight

by [Layne_162](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are spending their first New Year's Eve together. Shane wants to have fun somewhere they won't be noticed so Ilya plans a special night out.

Notes

This fic is NSFW, including consensual semi-public sex and canon-typical dirty talk.

There are brief references to instances of homophobia that occurred in canon, as well as brief references to anxiety related to those homophobic events.

New Year's Eve 2022 - Los Angeles, CA

When Shane and Ilya arrived at their hotel room after the Centaurs' matinee game, Ilya dropped his duffel bag on the floor and immediately collapsed onto the bed.

"I'm tired," he groaned into a mound of pillows.

Or at least, that's what Shane thought Ilya said. It was hard to tell with the pillows muffling his words.

Shane removed his jacket and shoes, and put them away in the small hotel closet before flopping on the bed beside Ilya.

"Nap time?" Shane asked as he gently ran his hand over the smooth fabric covering Ilya's back.

Ilya turned to his side, resting his cheek on the pillow.

"Yes. Need to sleep now if I am going to kiss you at midnight."

They'd never spent New Year's Eve together before due to conflicting schedules. He'd spent past New Year's Eves at bars and house parties, watching his teammates kiss their wives, girlfriends, and random women they'd picked up that evening. Knowing he couldn't do the same, that he couldn't casually kiss someone he was attracted to in public, was ...alienating. But this year, he and Ilya were together in L.A. Not only were they together, but they were *out*. It was kinda exciting.

"Oh, ya?" Shane smiled.

"Yes." Ilya grasped the loop of Shane's loosened necktie and pulled Shane close. "I am going to make sure everyone in the hotel bar knows who you belong to."

Well, fuck.

Shane could feel the heat creep across his face as Ilya pulled him into a kiss. He cleared his throat and laughed nervously. "You're awfully horny for someone who said he needs a nap."

"Thinking about kissing you has that effect on me."

"Mmm," Shane mumbled as he nestled into Ilya's chest.

If Shane was being honest, Ilya's talk about showing him off, about claiming him, usually turned him on - but something about this was making him more anxious than horny.

After taking a few moments to gather his thoughts, Shane spoke up.

"I want that but maybe - maybe not in the hotel. Not in front of our teammates."

Ilya leaned back so Shane could see his raised eyebrow. "You do not want me to kiss you in front of our teammates? They have seen us kiss many times."

"No, I don't want them to see us kiss like *that*," Shane looked away. "You know what I mean?"

"Ahh, I see," Ilya said with faux seriousness. "Fine. I will give you boring kiss. Very professional."

Shane lightly punched Ilya's chest. "That's not really what I meant either. I want you to kiss me with, um, passion. Just not in front of our team."

Ilya looked at him curiously.

"It didn't go so well the last time my team saw us really kissing," Shane added.

Ilya's expression instantly turned serious. He cupped Shane's face in one of his hands and brushed Shane's cheek with his thumb. "This is a good team, I promise. Not like Montreal. But if you don't want to makeout in front of our team, then we won't. No problem. I just want to kiss you at midnight, even if it's just here in our room."

The tightness in Shane's chest loosened and a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"Maybe I will find us somewhere else to go," Ilya said mischievously, pulling his phone out of his back pocket. "Somewhere people won't know us, yes?"

Shane chuckled, "And where would that be exactly? The moon?"

"So much ego." Ilya tutted as he typed something into his phone. "This is L.A. No one gives a shit about hockey. And there are richer, more famous celebrities here."

Well, that was true. He was rarely recognised when in L.A. when he wasn't with Rose.

Suddenly, Ilya put down his phone and rolled on top of Shane. He was beaming.

"Can I take you to a gay club? We are not far from West Hollywood."

Shane supposed that would be alright. No one would give a second thought to two men making out in a gay bar.

Ilya bent his head lower until the tips of their noses were touching. "We could dance, make out. No one would care."

A shiver shot across Shane's skin as Ilya placed a quick kiss under his jaw. He really would like that. He wanted to go out and have fun like a normal couple - he just didn't want to deal with any leaked photos or homophobic hockey players the next day.

"Okay. But if anyone recognises us, we leave," Shane said in what he intended to be a stern voice, but it was hard to sound serious when his husband was gazing at him all adoring-like.

"Of course. If you say go, we go. If you ask to stop, I stop. Ok?"

Shane nodded as Ilya brought his lips back to Shane's and kissed him again. Slowly. Luxuriously. He sucked on Shane's lower lip as he tugged Shane's tie loose and unbuttoned his collar with one hand. Ilya's lips trailed down to the hollow of his neck where Ilya pressed his tongue against Shane's skin. He was just beginning to nibble at one of Shane's collarbones when Shane rolled his hips up to meet Ilya's and let out a soft moan. Ilya reached a hand between them to cup Shane's dick through his pants, sending a wave of arousal through Shane's body. After a too-quick squeeze, Ilya suddenly peeled his body off of Shane's and stood up.

"Where the hell are you going?" Shane breathed heavily.

"To hang up my suit. I need it for Anaheim game," Ilya shrugged casually, as if he hadn't been touching Shane's cock moments ago.

Shane narrowed his eyes and gestured at the embarrassingly snug crotch of his suit pants.

Ilya ran his gaze up and down Shane's body then gave him a crooked grin and a wink. A wink!

"Smug asshole," Shane grumbled.

"Later. I want you wanting me tonight."

Shane glared, but unfortunately, he couldn't help but find the whole situation a little hot.

"C'mon," Ilya said as he offered Shane a hand off the bed. "Let's put away our suits and take a nap. You will need your energy later, moy pomidor."

Shane snorted and shook his head, but took Ilya's hand anyway.

Shane watched as Ilya slammed his empty beer glass down on the bar and slapped a hand on Bood's shoulder.

"Well, boys, has been fun, but Shane and I need to leave."

"Where the hell are you two going?" Bood asked, looking at his watch. "It's barely past ten on New Year's Eve. You can't be going to bed already."

"Oh yes," Ilya said, making a big show of yawning and putting his arm around Shane. "We are very old and sleepy. Good night."

Shane gave the group a small, sheepish wave. "Happy New Year's guys."

As Ilya steered them towards the exit, Shane could hear Bood and Barrett loudly speculating about where they were actually going.

"You know they don't believe we're going to bed, right?" Shane whispered as they walked through the lobby of the hotel.

"Of course not," Ilya leaned in conspiratorially. "But they don't know the truth either, and that is what matters."

Shane put his arm around Ilya's waist and couldn't help but give him a quick kiss to the cheek.

"What was that for?" Ilya smiled.

"I like it when you're a little sneaky." Shane knew he was blushing a bit. "Plus, it's pretty cute that you planned something for us at the last minute."

Ilya gave Shane's shoulder a squeeze then pulled him closer to his side.

"So where *are* we going?" Shane asked as they waited for their taxi outside the hotel. Ilya had just told him to dress for a club.

"A club Rose recommended. The, um," Ilya looked down at his phone, "The Priory. She said it will be crowded so it will be easy to blend in. Her queer actor friends go there all the time without being noticed or pictures leaking. She also mentioned a queer sports bar you might like, but - "

"People would definitely recognise us in a queer sports bar."

"Yes, exactly."

Shane nudged Ilya with his shoulder. "Thank you for this. Seriously. I know my anxiety can be a pain."

Ilya shook his head. "Not a pain. This will be fun for both of us."

"You know I love you, right?"

"Of course, what's not to love?"

"Dick," Shane said affectionately, as Ilya gave his shoulder a squeeze.

When they arrived at The Priory, the lengthy entry line wrapped around the building.

"Um, looks like they might be full," Shane said.

"Not too full for us. Rose's friend Miles got us on the list."

"Oh, that was nice of him." Shane made a mental note to thank Rose and Miles tomorrow.

As soon as they got inside, Ilya reached for Shane's hand and wove them through the crowds. Between the two of them, they got a few polite nods and flirty smiles, but no one seemed to know or care who they were. It was exhilarating.

Ilya found a recently vacated stool at the bar, and sat down, pulling Shane into his lap. With his hands tight around Shane's waist and his chin hooked over Shane's shoulder, Ilya asked, "What are we drinking tonight?"

"Hmm," Shane said, relaxing against Ilya's chest. "I'm not sure."

"Well, what kinda night do you want to have?"

Shane turned his head to give Ilya what he hoped was a flirty look, "A fun one, obviously."

Ilya waggled his eyebrows as he waved for the bartender.

"What can I get you folks?" asked the young person running the bar.

"A gin and tonic, a house lager, and two shots of vodka."

"Jesus," Shane rolled his eyes, not really meaning it.

"What? You said you wanted to have fun?" Ilya said, kissing Shane behind the ear. Shane didn't know what had gotten into him tonight, but the kiss made him giggle a bit, as if he was flirting with a stranger and not his husband whom he'd known for over a decade.

The bartender chuckled as they pulled out two shot glasses and set them on the bar. "You two are cute. I don't think I've seen you here before."

"No," Ilya responded easily. "My husband and I are visiting from Canada."

"Oh, that's fun. Vacation?"

Shane began to tense up. Where were these questions going? Ilya squeezed his waist, reminding him to relax.

"Yes, too much snow in Canada. We needed some sun."

The bartender laughed politely, pouring them two shots of vodka and Ilya's beer. After they mixed Shane's gin and tonic, Ilya handed them his credit card and tucked a generous tip in the jar on the counter. If the bartender recognised Ilya's name on the card, they didn't show it. "Well, I hope you two have a fun New Year's Eve. Just let me know if you need anything else."

"Thanks," Shane nodded.

After the bartender walked away, Shane picked up the shots and handed one to Ilya. "May 2023 be better than this shitshow of a year."

"Hey, this year was not all bad," Ilya said, wiggling his ring finger.

Shane raised his hand to count all the ways this year had been a nightmare. "First, you almost fucking died. Second, we got outted. Third, I learned the city and team I dedicated my entire fucking career to were a bunch of homophobes who didn't have my back at all."

Ilya tucked a loose strand of hair behind Shane's ear. "Ok, yes, those were all terrible, but there were a few great moments in there too."

He supposed that was true. He'd proposed to Ilya. They'd joined the same team, moved in together, and gotten married. How could a single year contain both the worst and best moments of his life? Life was weird.

"Ok," Shane said, holding his shot aloft. "I still hope 2023 is better than this year, but may the good vibes of the past few months continue."

"Za shastye," Ilya added. *To happiness.*

The vodka was cold and burned as it slid down his throat. “Ugh, I always forget how terrible vodka is.”

“So offensive, Shane.”

“Shut up,” he said in Russian, which made Ilya laugh and press a kiss to his shoulder. He knew Ilya loved it when he spoke Russian even when it was to chastise him. Maybe especially when it was to chastise him.

After a few sips of beer, Ilya sat back in the stool so he could gaze at Shane. His face turned thoughtful as one of his hands drifted up Shane’s thigh. “You are so beautiful.”

Shane’s heart leapt in his throat. It wasn’t so much the words, but the way Ilya said them.

“Thank you for coming out with me tonight. I know it is not easy for you, but it means a lot to me-,” Ilya held a hand over his heart. “- to be able to touch you in the light after so many years of hiding.”

Shane put down his drink and sank both of his hands into Ilya’s hair, curling his fingers over the soft skin on the back of his neck. When he stared down into Ilya’s eyes, shining gold in the strobing lights of the nearby dancefloor, he was overwhelmed. He loved him so fucking much and it made him deliriously happy that he didn’t have to hide it from the world anymore. Sure, he didn’t always feel comfortable with public displays of affection in front of colleagues, but he never had to hide the enormity of his love for Ilya ever again. And that was something.

Shane adjusted himself in Ilya’s lap so that he could tip their foreheads together.

“I love you.” Shane wasn’t sure who initiated it, but as soon as the words escaped his lips they were kissing. He ran his hands through Ilya’s curls, using his fingertips to pull Ilya’s face nearer. He wanted to eliminate all the empty space between them and, based on the way Ilya’s arms tightened around his waist, Shane knew he wanted the same.

Ilya pulled back with a crooked smile, "It is just past 11. Save some for later."

He slipped a hand in one of Shane's pockets and gave his ass a squeeze, before returning to his beer. Shane could feel his cheeks pink. Not from embarrassment, but from want. He wanted Ilya to keep touching him. He wanted to feel so irresistible that Ilya couldn't help but touch him. He wanted -

"Finish your drink," Ilya interrupted his thoughts. "I want to teach you how to dance."

Normally that suggestion would make Shane nervous, and it still kinda did. He hated being bad at things and he especially hated being bad at things in front of other people, but the crowded club offered a strange sort of anonymity. Dancing also seemed like a good excuse to keep touching Ilya. He could face his fears if being near Ilya was the reward.

"Okay," Shane said downing the last of his g and t, "But I want another shot first."

After another round of vodka shots, Shane let Ilya coax him onto the dance floor. The DJ was playing a lot of pop and hip hop music that sounded vaguely familiar. Not knowing what else to do, Shane faced Ilya, placing one hand on Ilya's waist and holding his hand in the other. For some reason, that made Ilya laugh.

"What? Why are you laughing?!" Shane asked. "This is how we danced at our wedding!"

"Da, this is how we dance at weddings in front of family and coaches. This - ," Ilya tugged on Shane's hips and wedged a thick thigh between Shane's legs. "This is how we dance when is just us in a club."

Oh. That felt...nice. Shane glanced around, but no one was paying much attention to them. He moved his hips experimentally, doing his best to keep time with the music.

Ilya smiled down at him, "Not bad, Hollander."

The use of his last name sent a tendril of desire winding through his body, dissolving the last of his hesitation. They danced like that for a while - exploring, grinding, kissing, laughing. Shane buzzed on a pleasant plateau of arousal. He wanted more but wasn't in a rush to get there. This must be why people liked dancing so much, Shane thought.

"Hey!" Shane said several songs later when the DJ played a remix of Rihanna's Diamonds, "It's our wedding song!"

Ilya laughed as he pulled Shane closer, so close Shane's semi-hard cock rubbed against Ilya's thigh. Shane might've felt embarrassed if Ilya's own dick wasn't poking him in the hip. Shane brushed a few sweat-damp curls from Ilya's forehead as he leaned down to whisper in Shane's ear.

"You seem to be having a good time." He bit Shane's earlobe and thrust his leg up, giving Shane's cock more friction. "Let me feel it."

"F-fuck" Tension coiled in his gut as he ground against Ilya's solid body. He was going to come on the dance floor if they kept this up much longer, something he was absolutely *not* prepared to do. "Too much friction, Ilya."

Ilya nodded and spun Shane around so that Shane's back was against his chest. As they continued to dance, the DJ announced the New Year was only five minutes away. The people around them clapped and cheered.

Just as Shane was beginning to cool off, Ilya's warm lips found the side of his neck. His hand slipped beneath his shirt, rough fingers grazing the sensitive skin of stomach.

"This okay, sweetheart?" Ilya whispered, his breath hot against Shane's ear, his thickening cock pressed against Shane's ass.

Shane looked out across the dance floor. In the strobing lights, he could just make out the mass of people moving in time to the throbbing bass. Everyone was caught up in their own partners, their own worlds - so Shane allowed himself to get caught up in his own.

He tipped his head to the side, exposing his bare neck and resting his cheek against Ilya's shoulder.

"Ya, keep going."

A flash of light gave Shane a brief glimpse of Ilya's crooked smile before he returned his mouth to Shane's skin. He moaned as Ilya's tongue traced the chords of his neck and shoulders, but the moans were lost in the cacophony of the club.

Then the countdown to the New Year began.

"5... 4... 3..."

Shane turned and wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck.

"2..."

He jumped into Ilya's arms, hooking his legs behind Ilya's back.

"1..."

Shane brought their foreheads together and tilted his head to the side. He felt Ilya's warm exhalation against his cheek.

"Happy New Year!"

Confetti and balloons rained from the ceiling as Shane brought their mouths together. Ilya held him steady, both hands grasping Shane's ass.

Shane was ravenous and used his position to kiss Ilya hard.

"Jesus, fuck," Ilya growled when Shane sucked at the underside of his jaw. "The things I want to do to you."

"Tell me," Shane rasped between kisses.

Ilya held Shane's jaw in place with his strong fingers and slid his tongue between his lips. After a desperate, thorough kiss, he turned Shane's head and whispered directly in his ear, "I want to push your back up against that wall so hard that I can feel your cock pressed against my stomach. I'd roll my hips against your body til you begged me to fuck you in front of all these people."

Shane moaned and murmured encouragements, telling Ilya to keep going.

"Then, once you were ready and wanting me," Ilya purred in a low, husky voice. "I'd take off your clothes and turn you around. Bend you over and brace your hands against the wall. You would be so good for me, waiting, legs spread while I took off my clothes and got my cock ready for you."

"Fuck, Ilya." Shane had stopped doing anything but listening, his dick growing dangerously hard as he squirmed in Ilya's arms.

"Then I'd grab your hips and push into you." Ilya thrust a bit against Shane's pelvis as he said it, making him gasp. "You'd moan with relief, so loud everyone in this club would know how much you love taking me. What a slut you are for me. I'd push into you, again and again, not stopping until you got everything you wanted, until you clenched around my cock and screamed my name, until I filled you with my come."

Shane whimpered. God, he wished Ilya could fuck him right now. At the very least, they needed to get somewhere private *now*. He unwrapped his legs from Ilya's back and returned his feet to the ground.

"C'mon," Shane grabbed Ilya's hand. "Let's get out of here."

They half-walked, half-ran toward the back entrance of the club where they'd entered. Along the way, Shane noticed a slightly open door with a handwritten sign. *Staff Bathroom - For Staff Only!!!*

Shane was too fucking horny to give a shit about rule breaking and pushed them inside the small bathroom. Ilya locked the door behind them and crowded Shane against one of the walls, kissing him furiously while unbuttoning their pants. When Ilya finally pushed down Shane's clothes and wrapped his fingers around Shane's freed cock, Shane gasped and tipped his head back against the wall.

"That feels so good."

"I know," Ilya smirked, using the moisture from Shane's weeping cock as lube and continuing to jerk him roughly. Shane was already teetering on the edge.

"Wait," Shane panted. "Want you to come too."

Ilya didn't need to be asked twice, pushing his own clothes aside so he could grasp both of their dicks in one strong hand. Between Ilya's hand and the heat of his throbbing cock, Shane was gone with just a few more strokes. Ilya wasn't far behind, coming with a yell before collapsing his head onto Shane's shoulder and panting.

"That," Shane said, as he struggled to catch his breath, "was a hell of a way to welcome the New Year."

That made Ilya laugh hysterically and Shane joined him. "Yes, we are off to a good start."

Once their laughter died down and they'd both caught their breaths, Shane shook his head, "I cannot believe we got off in a club! We're in our thirties for Christ's sake!"

"Eh," Ilya said, as he handed Shane a wet paper towel to clean himself, "we did not get a chance to be young and stupid together. Making up for lost time, yes?"

"Ya."

After they'd finished cleaning up and redressing, Shane cupped Ilya's cheek and gave him a quick kiss. It lacked the heat from earlier, but it was soft and sweet and Shane hoped it expressed how much he loved him.

"I love you and I love being stupid with you."

For a brief moment, Ilya's eye's shimmered as if he was holding back tears. "I love you and love being stupid with you too, sweetheart."

"You just like being stupid in general," Shane teased.

"But *especially* with you," Ilya said, booping his nose.

Shane grinned like the lovesick fool he was. "C'mon, let's get out of here before we get in trouble."

He grabbed Ilya's hand and together they walked out of the bathroom, out of the club, and into a new, hopefully better, year.

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