

night out in boston

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by [strandnreyes](#)

Summary

The first night Shane spends in Ilya's apartment in Boston reminds him of the last time he was asked to stay.

Notes

needed to write this quickly before the show changes details and makes this obsolete lmao

takes place during the first season shane and ilya are together, while ilya is still playing for boston

title from revolving door by tate mcrae

Ilya is on him the second he opens the door.

If Shane could care about anything other than having Rozanov's mouth on him, Shane might be amazed by how quickly he goes from fully dressed to folded in half in Ilya's bed with three fingers inside of him. He sighs in relief, already rocking back and begging for more. It's only been a few weeks—they've gone way longer before—but Shane is greedy after a whole summer together. He got used to having Ilya whenever he wanted him.

"Fuck, Rozanov. Need you to fuck me."

He grips the pillow as Ilya palms his ass, exposing him more.

"So desperate for it."

He is. He doesn't care. "Yes."

Ilya's fingers slip from his body, but Shane doesn't have to wait long until Ilya's thick cock is pushing in instead.

Shane's eyes roll back as he lets out a shuddery moan. "Oh, fuck."

"Da. So good, Hollander."

Ilya's thick accent goes straight to Shane's dick. He likes it when Ilya calls him by his last name during sex. It reminds him of when they were young, when Shane was experiencing this feeling for the first time. Except as Ilya fucks him, setting a fast and brusing rhythm, he decides that this is so much better. Ilya knows him now. Knows his body, knows how to play him just right until he's coming against the pillow under his hips and feeling Ilya's release inside him.

After a hockey game and fucking, Shane's body is jelly. He flops to the bed, gasping slightly as Ilya pulls out and lays next to him. He doesn't have to wait to be pulled into Ilya's arms and the next kiss they share is soft, reverent. It feels like a 'hello' more than anything.

Ilya is the first to break the peaceful silence they've created.

"So..." he drags out slowly, like he's waiting for something Shane forgot. Except Shane just got his brains fucked out and has no idea what the hell Ilya is getting at.

Shane rolls his head on Ilya's arm. "What?"

"Aren't you going to congratulate me on my big win?"

"Fuck you," Shane spits. Montreal had lost tonight in overtime and Shane had almost forgotten about Ilya scoring the winning goal.

Ilya laughs like the smug asshole he is and then rolls on top of Shane, kissing the frown off his lips. "Wow. My own boyfriend will not tell me I played good."

Shane glares at him. In all honesty, Ilya played beautifully tonight. It's the first time Shane's been able to watch him and with the absolute certainty that Ilya is his. He's breathtaking. Shane certainly isn't going to tell Ilya that right now though.

"You played dirty."

Ilya's finger trails between their bodies, swirling in the mess Shane made earlier. "You like dirty."

Shane snorts a laugh, not wanting to give Ilya the satisfaction of admitting he's right. He nudges Ilya away and heaves himself upright, swinging his legs over the edge of the bed. "I don't. I'm showering."

The soft pat of Ilya's feet on the floor follows him. "I will show you how it works."

"I've been in your shower before," Shane reminds him.

"Maybe I got new one."

"You didn't."

Shane truthfully has no idea, but he's oddly relieved when he enters Ilya's bathroom and finds that everything is still relatively the same. He always hated finding out about changes in Ilya's life that he wasn't here to witness. It'll be different now, Shane reminds himself. This season will be different.

"Ah. Busted. Just want to see you naked."

"You've seen me plenty."

"Fine," Ilya says as he crowds Shane against the glass shower door. "Want to kiss you then. I missed you."

Shane hums, tilting his chin up and giving in easily. "Missed you too."

Ilya's agile, and he manages to get the water going and both of them into the shower without breaking their kiss. He lets Ilya kiss him against the wall for a few minutes before they finally separate to actually get clean, but when the suds have all been rinsed off, they're on each other again. Shane never wants to stop kissing him. Not an entirely new feeling, but it's one he can act on now.

When Shane basically yawns into Ilya's mouth, Ilya smiles at him, murmuring something in Russian before herding him out of the shower and wrapping a fluffy towel around him. A pair of Ilya's sweats is tossed at him once they're back in the bedroom and Shane steps into them, having to roll the waist band a few times so he doesn't trip over him. He's waiting for a comment from Ilya about his height, but it never comes. Instead, when Shane meets his gaze, Ilya is watching him fondly.

"You hungry? Or movie?"

The offer is sweet. The idea of *Ilya* wanting to cook for him and sit on the couch with him is sweet. It reminds Shane too much of a different night he was here, when he didn't let himself have that. But as much as Shane wants to rectify those memories, all he really wants right now is to collapse on the bed with Ilya around him.

He looks apprehensively to the bedroom door, then to Ilya, then to the bed. Ilya gives him an understanding smile.

"We will sleep," Ilya says gently, and though it's such a tempting offer, Shane doesn't want their limited time together to end.

"I can stay awake."

"Sweetheart, you're tired," Ilya counters. "We have afternoon game in Montreal. A whole evening in your apartment."

The thought of it makes Shane smile. "What are we going to do?"

"Hm. I could think of a few things," Ilya murmurs to him right before he tilts Shane's mouth up for a kiss.

"Oh yeah?"

"I cook you dinner," he says slowly. "Maybe we share bubble bath."

Shane's grin widens. "Wow, romantic."

"You are not prepared for what I am capable of, Hollander."

"Consider me warned," Shane says through a laugh.

Ilya pecks him once more before pulling him to the bed. "Come on. Sleep."

Shane has known that Ilya's bed is comfortable, but being fucked on it and being wrapped in the blankets are too different experiences. Shane doesn't love road trips. It's one of his least favorite parts about playing hockey, if he's being honest. He likes order and routine. He likes his own bed with his own pillows and his own controlled environment. He sleeps best there. Ilya's bed, however, might give his own a run for its money.

You could've had this, a traitorous voice reminds him. He could've slept in this bed. He could've known what it would be like to wake up in Ilya's arms years before he got to experience it. If only he wasn't such a coward.

"I am very happy you are here, moy nochnik," Ilya says quietly to him once the lights are off.

Shane pauses for a moment, wracking his brain for a translation. He draws a blank. "I have no idea."

"Night light."

“Weird,” Shane murmurs. He stares across the pillow at his sweet, beautiful Ilya. “I’m happy I’m here too. And I’m sorry.”

Ilya frowns, making his cupid’s bow more prominent. “For what?”

“I could’ve slept here before. I wanted to, but then I freaked out and left. You were making an effort that night. It was sweet.”

A collection of emotions dance across Ilya’s face, surprise and maybe a little hurt. It only makes Shane want to double down on the apology. He should’ve apologized years ago. “Yes. I went to grocery store for you. Fucking hate grocery store,” Ilya jokes.

Somehow that makes Shane’s heart break further, the image of Ilya nervously filling a cart with items that will make Shane comfortable and happy and taken care of. “You went grocery shopping?”

Ilya blinks at him. “Yes. To store with food, Hollander. They do this in Canada, yes?”

“Shut up. Don’t you get stuff delivered? Or have someone shop for you?”

“Wow. You think I am... how you say...”

“Snobby.”

“*Snobby?*”

Ilya has his moments—sports car collection being one of them—but Shane has also seen him with socks so worn out they have holes. “No. I know you’re not. I’ve seen you dump the last of the Doritos bag straight into your mouth.”

“Is delicious,” Ilya defends, like he doesn’t understand what could possibly be wrong with that.

“I’m just saying, I’m surprised you go out and shop like that. With people, you know. Seems like an easy way to get bombarded.”

Ilya’s brows creep up and a smile slides onto his face that turns Shane equal parts infatuated and apprehensive. “You think I am big deal?”

“Alright,” Shane dismisses, but Ilya is already on the move, crowding closer.

“You think I am superstar. Can’t walk outside my home without paparazzi.”

“Fuck you,” Shane says weakly as Ilya slides on top of him, gripping his wrists and pinning them to the pillow beside his head.

“Best player in the league,” Ilya continues on. His eyes sparkle only a handle of centimeters above Shane’s face, and Shane is sure his eyes reflect that same look back.

“You’re an asshole.”

Ilya grins like it's the greatest compliment in the world, and then slowly releases Shane's wrists. He's quiet for a moment before cupping Shane's cheek. "Yes, Shane. I went out and handpicked your ginger ale, okay?"

It's not okay. Nothing about that is okay. But he can't change that. He can only let Ilya know how much he regrets it. "I'm sorry I left."

"It's okay now," Ilya tells him.

"I wanted to stay," he insists, and Ilya gives him a small peck.

"It's okay," he repeats before sliding to the side. His hand rubs up and down Shane's torso, settling on his pec. "You panicked. And then dated Rose Landry."

Shane bristles. "I didn't date Rose because I panicked."

"Sure," Ilya tells him with a hint of amusement that causes Shane's cheeks to grow warm. That wasn't *why* Shane went out with Rose. At least, not the full reason.

"I liked her! I do like her!"

Ilya's hand curls around Shane's hip and he tugs him closer. A playful growl follows, accompanied by wandering lips under Shane's ear. "Then why are you in my bed? You could be on movie set with her."

"I mean, I still would've had to play tonight so I don't think I could've been on a movie—" Ilya is pinning him to the mattress again before Shane can even finish his sentence. It seems to be his go-to move tonight, not that Shane is complaining. It's as if he presses Shane to the mattress enough, he'll be forced to stay right here, Montreal and the rest of their road trip be damned. "Rozanov!"

"Take that back," Ilya tells him.

Shane tries to shove at his hip, but Ilya is holding his ground. "Oh my god. Get *off*."

Ilya doubles down. "Say that Boston is only place for you. In my apartment. My bed. Only place you want to be tonight."

"Ilya," Shane exhales, oh so easily falling to his mercy.

"Say it," Ilya insists. His gaze bores into Shane's in a way that makes him feel fluttery all over.

"Your bed is the only place I want to be," he echoes, effortlessly and mindlessly. Ilya's smile is worth it. Fuck, Shane missed him.

"Good."

Shane cranes his neck up and lets Ilya kiss him deeply. It doesn't take long for his body to respond. It never does

“Thought you were tired?” Ilya murmurs into his ear when Shane starts to arch up against him a little more insistently.

“I can sleep on the plane tomorrow,” he decides right then. As much as he wants to actually sleep in Ilya Rozanov’s bed, he wants to make sure he’s had his fill of the man himself first.

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