

truth or drink

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truth or drink

by [thepinkcrayon](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya just came out as an engaged couple. They choose to do some press, including playing Truth or Drink.

Notes

enjoy! It's NOT porn, which is rare for me!

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

Shane sat down across from his fiancé under the bright lights, their eyes meeting. Ilya grinned at him.

The director spoke, breaking their moment. “So, we need you to open with who you are and *what* you are to each other. Then I’m going to ask a few questions, you guys will answer, and then start flipping the cards with the questions. Easy stuff. Ready?”

Ilya nodded, kicking his foot out to cross ankles with Shane underneath the table. Shane smiled fondly.

“Action.”

Ilya turned toward the camera. “I am Ilya Rozanov. I play hockey.”

“I’m Shane Hollander. I also play hockey. We’re engaged. To each other.” Ilya chuckled softly.

“And what are you doing today?” the director asked.

“We’re here to play Truth or Drink. For entertainment of fans.”

“Are you two big drinkers?”

“I am Russian,” Ilya responded flatly. Shane nudged him under the table.

“I, uh, I don’t drink often.”

“He is lightweight,” Ilya cut in, grinning as he looked between the camera and his fiancé. Shane rolled his eyes.

“Perfect. You can start playing the game. Draw a card, read it out loud. The other person answers or does what’s instructed on the card, or they can opt to take a shot instead. If it’s a question, you both take turns answering the question. A lot of people choose to start the game with a shot together.”

Ilya reached for the bottle of expensive vodka on the table, unscrewing the cap immediately. “*Da*.” He filled the two shot glasses on the table between them, pushing one toward Shane with a mischievous grin.

Shane took the shot glass and threw it back, grimacing as he set the glass down. Ilya did the same, sans grimace. “You can draw first,” Shane said, slightly raspy from the vodka. Ilya pulled the top card from the deck between them.

“*Shane Hollander*,” Ilya teased, reading the card first before he spoke. “If I were 1 out of 10, would you still date me?”

“Of course I would,” Shane responded immediately. “It’s about the way you make me feel. Not how you look.”

“And I make you feel *good*?” Ilya asked, winking at the other man. Shane felt a warm flush creeping up his neck.

“That’s... not the question,” Shane muttered, rubbing the back of his neck. “Would you date me if I were a 1 out of 10?”

“Mm... Hard to say. I think yes.”

“Why is that hard to say?”

“I wanted you from day one because you are *hot*, Hollander,” Ilya explained, like it was the most obvious thing. “Now, I can not live without you.” Shane smiled, warmth blooming in his chest at Ilya’s words. Ilya rolled his eyes fondly. “Is your turn.”

Shane drew the next card, eyes scanning the text. “This one is random. Can you spell ‘colonel’?”

Ilya scowled. “No. English is stupid language.”

Shane laughed. “I rely on autocorrect for that one.”

Ilya pulled the next card. “What is the dirtiest text you have sent?” Ilya’s face split into a beaming, smug grin. “Yes, Shane, what is dirtiest text?”

Shane paused for a second, growing warmer as the seconds ticked by. “I’m gonna drink.” He nudged the empty shot glass toward Ilya, who filled it happily.

“I also answer, yes?” Ilya asked while Shane threw the shot back. The director nodded back at Ilya. Shane choked on the shot.

Ilya pulled his phone out. “Dirtiest I’ve sent this week--”

“Ilya!”

“Or ever?” Ilya finished, pulling up the messages between him and Shane. He was careful to keep his phone angled away from the camera as he scrolled. “Ah, this was good one. We had not seen each other for *two weeks*. I said, ‘Send me video of you--’”

“*Ilya!*” Shane hissed, grabbing the bottle of vodka. “Take a drink!” Shane poured a shot for the other man, pushing it toward him.

“*Boring,*” Ilya teased, grabbing the shot glass. He took the shot with ease, eyes locked with Shane’s as he did. He set the glass down, cocking an eyebrow at his fiancé. Shane pulled the next card as Ilya tucked his phone back in his pocket.

“Am I the most attractive person you’ve ever been with?” Shane did his best to keep his voice steady as he asked the question, stuffing the insecurity down because of the cameras.

“*Da,*” Ilya said with an easy nod. Shane nodded too, his smile a little shy. Their eyes locked.

“You’re supposed to answer, too, Shane,” the director reminded him.

“Right. Yeah. Of course. Of course you are,” Shane responded softly. “No one compares to you.” Ilya’s smile was soft, genuine, the one that had been reserved for Shane in secret for so long.

Ilya pulled the next card. “Shane Hollander, what is your least favourite thing I do... in bed?”

Shane groaned, leaning back in his chair. “Oh god, uh...” Shane trailed off, thinking hard. There really wasn’t anything that Shane *didn’t* like Ilya to do to or with him. “Oh! Fuck, that one time that you--” Shane cut himself off, considering his words carefully.

Ilya leaned forward, eager for Shane’s answer.

“Remember when you won the cup and we... got together... after... When you asked me if I wanted to know what it felt like to hold the cup. Asshole behavior.”

Ilya grinned, shrugging. “My least favorite... Blowing you after loss to you. I like blowjob. I like winning and sucking your dick more than losing and sucking your dick,” Ilya explained.

Shane was pretty sure that his face was going to melt off.

“Can you even air that?” Shane asked, strained. Ilya was still grinning.

“We can!” the director answered cheerfully. “Since it’s YouTube. We just have to label it as explicit, which we normally have to do for these videos anyway.”

Shane grabbed the next card, if only to be able to move on before Ilya could go into more detail. He groaned a little. “Dare card: Call someone and ask them to join a threesome.”

Ilya pulled his phone out. Shane watched with horror as he tapped around, thumbing through his contacts. “You want man or woman?”

“I want you to take a drink.”

“Am not pussy, Hollander. I can do dare. Give me your phone. I do not have Scott Hunter’s phone number.”

“You think he’s old!”

“Is hot for old man,” Ilya explained, grinning. “But I will take drink. For you.”

Ilya opened the bottle of vodka and filled both shot glasses to the rim. “One for you. I know you will not call Scott Hunter, either.”

Shane took the shot with a smaller grimace this time, feeling warm all over. Ilya took his shot with the same ease as the others, looking Shane over. Shane unzipped his jacket, pushing it off. He left it hanging on the back of his chair. “It’s warm in here.”

“It’s the lights,” the director supplied. “Sorry about that.”

“Is not lights. *Lightweight*,” Ilya stressed playfully, offering his hand for Shane to take on top of the small table. Shane slid his hand into Ilya’s, the Russian squeezing his fingers in reassurance. He drew the next card from the dwindling pile between them.

“Have you ever fallen asleep during sex?” Ilya read from the card, laughing halfway through the question. “Yes, Hollander, have you?”

“Fuck off,” Shane mumbled, rubbing his face with his free hand a few times. “Pour me a drink.”

“I answer. He has,” Ilya said with a nod, looking down the lens of the camera. “I give him *all* my attention after *long* day. I am sucking and f--”

“Ilya!” Shane interrupted, scandalized. “They don’t need all of that!”

“He has fallen asleep during sex. I have not.”

Shane pulled the next card. “Do you have any secret tattoos?”

“No tattoos. Not yet.”

“We’re planning on getting tattoos on our ring fingers after the wedding so we always have a ring on, even when we can’t wear our real rings. Like when we’re on the ice or working out,” Shane explained, speaking a little slower than before. The alcohol was hitting his system. It was adorable, pulling a smile from Ilya.

“Final card,” the director pointed out, smiling at both men. Shane nodded. Ilya picked it up.

“Average couples last around 10 minutes... how long do we go?”

“Oh, god... uh... We have a wide range,” Shane said, tongue loosened now. Ilya nodded, thoroughly enjoying a tipsy fiancé.

“We do,” he agreed with a nod, pouring himself a shot. He tossed it back, Shane watching his Adam’s apple bob as he swallowed. Shane suddenly couldn’t wait for this game to be over, so they could return to their hotel room and fool around while the alcohol coursed through their bloodstreams.

“Well, guys... That was the final card. Anything you want to plug before you go?”

“We have magazine cover together soon. Vanity Fair, made Shane *very* pretty.”

“Shut up,” Shane muttered, eyes only for Ilya now. Ilya’s smile was painfully fond.

“Cut! Thanks, guys, you both did awesome!” the director praised, getting up from their chair. Ilya stood first, going around the table. Shane stood up, grinning at his fiancé.

“Thank you,” Shane told the director, Canadian politeness taking over. Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane’s middle, pulling him close.

“We arranged for a car to take you back to your hotel,” they explained. “It’s pulling up in about three minutes.”

“We wait outside for it. Thank you,” Ilya told the director, already leading Shane toward the exit. Shane followed easily. “Good job, Hollander,” he praised lowly, only for Shane’s ears. They walked outside, waiting at the curb for a car to pull up.

Shane turned to Ilya, grabbing his hand. “I can’t wait until we get back to the hotel.”

Ilya cocked an eyebrow. “*Da?* Why?”

Shane swayed a little closer. “Because I want you.”

“To do what?” Ilya urged, wrapping his arm around his fiancé to pull their bodies flush.

“I want you to fuck me, Ilya,” Shane whispered, ducking his head down so he could rest his flushed cheek against Ilya’s collarbone. Ilya tucked his hand under the back of Shane’s shirt, running his fingers over Shane’s lower back.

“I will fuck you,” Ilya promised, looking up when an SUV pulled up to the curb. The window rolled down.

“Shane?” the driver asked. Ilya nodded, guiding Shane to the backseat of the car. He opened the door for the other man, watching him climb into the backseat. Ilya got in after him. “I’m taking you two to the downtown Hilton?”

“Yes, thank you,” Shane confirmed, fumbling with his seatbelt until he got it on. Ilya rested his hand on Shane’s thigh, squeezing it gently.

The driver could *not* get them to the hotel quickly enough, in Shane’s opinion.

End Notes

Contributor sign ups for the Heated Rivalry Pride Zine (and the 911 Pride Zine!) are now OPEN!

Info: <https://www.tumblr.com/pb-zines/805564316024733696/mlh-pride-night?source=share>

HR sign ups: <https://forms.gle/dK3JNqUgusT8o6Fv6>

911 sign ups: <https://forms.gle/B4g675ZgQ7953Wjx8>

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