

take your hands off my lobby boy!

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by [inmoonlightigetseasick](#)

Summary

But then, when Ilya had finally set him down and tugged him in close for a kiss, he'd trailed his lips right to the sensitive skin beneath Shane's ear. Then he'd whispered, low and growly, "My room number is 1710."

Shane remembers laughing even harder, "Yeah, you idiot, it's mine too."

Ilya raised a single, perfect eyebrow, "And how does bellhop afford such a room?"

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Fresh from a slump-ending victory, the Ottawa Centaurs' star players have a special celebration.

Notes

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

“Fucking asshole,” Shane mutters under his breath, “I cannot believe I’m doing this for that goddamn fucking menace, oh my God.” He adjusts the strap under his chin one more time, though the action is mostly futile. The plastic of the buckle still digs uncomfortably into the fat underneath his chin. Oh well, Shane figures Ilya’s going to rip the idiotic thing off in a minute anyway.

Shane takes his reflection in with a heavy sigh. He’s decked head to toe in a stereotypical bellboy costume: gold trimmings and gold buttons and goddamn shoulder pads, all topped off with that weird cylindrical hat to match. He’s somewhere between a waiter and a marching band conductor. The uniform he hastily ordered online is made with a thick velvety fabric, coloured a blush red equivalent to that which makes itself prominent on Shane’s cheeks.

He has got to stop making deals with Ilya.

He can blame his husband’s puppy eyes, or his baby voice, or the way he knows how to pleasure Shane into such complete and utter ruin that all reason and self-preservation go out the window. Really, the fault is all his own, and the fact that he’ll do anything for the man he loves. It’s hardly a chore to have fun kinky sex with his husband.

The Centaurs have had a rough go of it lately. Dykstra’s out on IR, Troy’s been playing with bruised ribs and refusing to rest, and even with Shane finally finding his groove with the team, his and Ilya’s efforts never seem to be enough to clinch a win. But this game that they play of trading sexual favours for goals and wins has actually proven to provide legitimate motivation for both of their playing.

Tonight is proof of that.

They just edged out Seattle with a 4-3 win, in the last moments shattering the purgatory of a game that had been tied for the last two periods. The most beautiful part was a hat trick from Ilya whose third and final goal came within twenty seconds of the game’s end. The crowd was devastated, a loss for Seattle on home ice. But the Centaurs were electric, Shane was afraid they’d take the whole building down with the way they were celebrating in the locker room.

The best part was seeing that smile on his husband’s face. His captain, his beloved, had gone around and hugged every single player, saving Shane for last and wrapping him up extra tight and lifting him off the ground into a spin, Shane laughing, feeling so giddy he must have been as light as air. But then, when Ilya finally set him down and tugged him in close for a kiss, he trailed his lips right to the sensitive skin beneath Shane’s ear. Then he whispered, low and growly, “My room number is 1710.”

Shane remembers laughing even harder, “Yeah, you idiot, it’s mine too.”

Ilya raised a single, perfect eyebrow, “And how does bellhop afford such a room?”

Shane’s eyes widened, his heart swelling with love as he remembered the beginning of this joke all those years ago, the first time Ilya’d stepped foot in Shane’s cottage. Since then, their

sex life had only grown richer and more interesting as they'd continued to experiment with this dynamic where Shane pretended he didn't like getting bossed around but secretly did and Ilya pretended he didn't become wild with lust when Shane talked back to him but still obeyed his every request to the letter. They'd developed characters, storylines, and, after an eventful Halloween night spent as a gladiator's concubine, started incorporating costumes.

Which is why Shane is adjusting his hat for the umpteenth time now, simultaneously impatient to get fucked within an inch of his life and alight with nervous energy, like first-date butterflies in his stomach. The impatience quickly wins over. Taking one last deep breath, he sneaks out of the lobby bathroom and speed walks to the stairwell, checking furtively around himself to make sure no one sees him. These days, even though Ilya and Shane aren't very secretive at all about the fact that they're together, they find that there are still plenty of reasons for them to practice discretion. Even if it is just about the freakier aspects of their love lives, he's sure that's one of the things the public would rather they keep private anyway.

Shane would be mortified if anyone saw him right now. Not because he's about to go have gay sex. Nor even because that gay sex is going to be with his former rival. No, the embarrassment right now is purely because he looks like Mickey Fucking Mouse.

A practiced hotel sneaker, Shane knows that there's no need for him to climb all seventeen flights of stairs. So he grabs an elevator from the 8th floor. It's mercifully empty. He checks both ways down the hallway before speed walking to 1710. He stops in front of the door, takes another breath, straightens his posture, adjusts his hat, and reaching one gloved hand forward, he knocks on the door.

The door opens with an ominous creak. On the other side of it, Ilya is waiting for him in a luxurious burgundy robe and nothing on underneath. Shane knows because the robe is untied, hanging like velvet curtains drawn to showcase the masterpiece that is Ilya's body. The thick velvet belt trails on the ground. Shane's mouth is already watering, but when his gaze finally unsticks from Ilya's crotch back up to his eyes, they're already sparkling with mischief.

"Can I come in?" Shane asks, terse, and nervously checking the hallway again.

"Is there a problem with the room?"

"What? No— I'm here to...? Aren't you going to let me in?"

"Did I call for a pretty bellboy?"

"Ilya—"

"Oh, and he is very familiar with the guests."

Shane sighs. Okay, so they're starting already.

"Sorry, sir, Mr. Rozanov. I'm here because you said you were having some trouble?"

“Ah, yes, there is problem with my bed,” Ilya says, rewarding Shane’s begrudging dialogue with a brilliant smile. “Come in, I need you to check it.”

Shane nearly takes down his husband in his rush to enter the room. He closes the door behind him, but not before making sure the housekeeping tag on the doorknob is turned firmly to *Do Not Disturb*.

With that out of the way, Shane turns into the room properly, takes in his husband’s insane body and feels that familiar hunger strike up in his gut. Ilya watches him carefully. Shane knows how to play his part. He stands up straight, his hands folded politely together. He stares up at Ilya through his lashes, his head bowed in deference.

“Sir, your comfort is of the utmost importance to us. Could you show me what the problem is?”

“Come here,” Ilya says, gesturing towards the bed. It looks the same as when he and Shane left it this morning, albeit tidied and remade by housekeeping. There’s just a slight indent in the comforter at the foot of the bed, it must be where Ilya was sitting as he waited for him. The TV is off, but the little fireplace burns and fills the room with a sensual warm light.

Shane walks closer to the bed, clasping his hands behind his back. He stops right in front of Ilya, brushing so close to him that his shoulder pad grazes Ilya’s bare chest. He leans down, making sure to arch his back, as he pretends to inspect the bed.

“What seems to be the problem with it, sir?” Shane asks, turning slightly to level a sultry gaze at Ilya from beneath his lashes.

“Lie down,” Ilya instructs, his voice low and almost purring, “See for yourself.”

Shane toes off the shiny Oxfords he’d bought to complete the bellhop costume before climbing onto the bed. He hums in satisfaction at the choice, both because it’s something he would do, and something a conscientious employee would do to avoid their customer’s bed getting dirty. The fact that they would be dirtying up this bed in other ways was beside the point.

Getting comfortable against the pillows, Shane makes a show of wiggling his ass into the covers, nestling in and getting comfortable. Ilya watches him and his grin grows slowly wider and wider. Shane spreads out his arms, splays his legs and heaves a sigh, sinking deeper into the comfort of the bed.

“This bed seems fine to me,” Shane says with a grin, “I’m not sure I see the problem yet, sir.”

“Maybe it is better if I get in and show you.” Ilya’s voice is slightly breathless already.

“Yes, please, sir,” Shane says, and within seconds, Ilya is pouncing on him. Shane giggles and squirms as all two hundred odd pounds of Russian muscle land on top of him. Ilya straddles Shane right away, settling on his hips in a way that nestles their crotches together. The sight of Ilya’s naked, semi-hard cock coming to press against where Shane’s is tenting

the red velvet material of his pants is enough to make Shane let loose an embarrassing whimper. Ilya's smile is smug and satisfied as if he knows Shane has been hard since putting on this idiotic costume. But he can't actually know that, can he?

Ilya gives him this look that Shane has only ever seen on nature documentaries, the face that a panther makes before it's about to devour its prey. Shane feels his muscles tighten in anticipation, he knows he's the prey, but the last thing he wants to do right now is run.

Ilya stalks closer, looming over him.

"Ah, here's the problem," Ilya says, "You can't feel anything under this ugly coat, take it off."

"Sir," Shane says, biting his lip, "I can't take it off. It's company policy. If my manager finds out that I've been out of uniform, I could get in big trouble."

"Hmm," Ilya seems to think, "But what is worse? Taking off uniform or displeasing paying customer?"

Shane pretends to think about it, then his hands reach for the line of golden buttons holding his jacket together. "You make a good point, sir." Ilya's smile grows even wider and hungrier as Shane begins to pop the buttons one by one, revealing the fact that he didn't bother to put a shirt on underneath. Ilya's hands reach for each new inch of exposed skin as if they're being magnetically pulled.

As soon as the sides of the jacket hang loose on either side of Shane's chest, Ilya's mouth descends to press sweet sucking kisses, first to Shane's adam's apple, then his collarbone, a line down his sternum, and then Ilya starts licking his abs in earnest, his hands pinching Shane's nipples, making him arch off the bed in a perfect cocktail of agony and euphoria.

"Ohh— oh sir," Shane breathes, as Ilya's kisses drift lower and lower until he's mouthing at the waistband of Shane's pants, "That feels so good."

"You feel it yet? The problem with the bed?" Ilya asks, but then he buries his face in Shane's crotch and starts mouthing at the outline of his erection through his pants. Distantly Shane registers that the question requires him to remember something to do with the role-play scenario, but he's rapidly beginning to lose his grip on that, on reality in general.

"N-no sir, I don't feel it yet."

Ilya grips the waistband of his pants in earnest now, "Then we will have to take these off too."

"That's another uniform violation," Shane whines, not knowing what else to say. But it makes Ilya laugh.

"Then you are a very *very* bad bellboy."

"I'm not," Shane pants, as Ilya's deft fingers unfasten the button, slide down the zipper, and begin to wiggle the pants down his thighs. Ilya's grin becomes incandescent when Shane's

cock springs out, so hard that it slaps up against his stomach, and twitches as it hits the cold air in the room. "I'm a good bellboy."

"No," Ilya says, his voice dark, "Very bad. Very naughty." He leans down and licks a stripe up Shane's cock, lingering at the head to lap up the beads of precome that have already started leaking. "Your customer is dissatisfied, *zaychik*. I should tell your boss."

"N-no, please, don't tell him, I'll get in trouble," Shane says, completely breathless.

"If I don't tell, then I have to punish you myself."

"What? Why?"

"Because this is no way to run your business," Ilya gives one more kiss to the head of Shane's cock, then travels back up his torso. "Customer must always be satisfied."

With that, Ilya quickly discards the robe he'd thrown on. Really, the barest tease of an outfit since he opened the door with it unfastened. He casts the thing aside and focuses on how wide it makes Shane's eyes go, how his gaze can't seem to decide where on his body to land, scanning a new part and getting stuck there, over and over again, repeating the cycle, until Ilya breaks it with his touch.

His hands come to slide over Shane's chest, then down his arms until he's got Shane's hands clasped in his own, fingers tangled together. He brings their joined hands up so that Shane's got them pinned on either side of his head. Ilya looms over him, leaning in close enough to kiss. Shane finds himself reaching up instinctively, desperate enough to get a twinge in his neck. They haven't kissed since the on-ice smooch after their win that Shane had allowed, mostly because he thought Ilya was going for his cheek, but was too full of adrenaline to care when the kiss landed messily on his mouth. Shane will deal with his anxiety about the press's reaction to that another time, not when his world is narrowed down to his sole priority, to get Ilya's tongue back in his mouth as soon as physically possible.

Assessing Shane's particular bout of whining and squirming correctly, Ilya presses Shane down into the mattress, both with his hands, still intertwined with Shane's, and with his hips, pressing the hard line of his erection against Shane's own. With nothing between them, the brush of their cocks feels like an electric shock. Shane judders and his hips twitch, desperately seeking friction.

A master of distraction, Ilya chooses that same moment to kiss Shane so deeply he finally snaps, his brain letting go and melting into a pool of utter peace and relaxation. Shane kisses back passionately, urgently, licking into Ilya's mouth and moaning and whimpering as much as he dares, still somewhere deep down inside him aware of the hotel's thin walls.

"I can satisfy you," Shane gasps, as soon as his and Ilya's lips part for breath. The need that's been brewing in his gut burns with urgency. He grinds his hips up against Ilya, and Ilya presses down firm, grinding back, winding Shane up more and more. He can't take much more of this. "Please, don't punish me, let me satisfy you, please, let me try."

“Okay, okay,” Ilya says, his voice deep and instantly soothing, the steady pressure he keeps against Shane’s hips, letting him grind to his heart’s content also helps Shane’s heartbeat calm a little, his desire falling from dangerous desperation down to the ever present deep longing that Shane has felt for this man from the second he saw him, a longing he knows he will always feel, and which he doesn’t ever want to ever go away. No matter how close Ilya is to him, Shane will always want him closer.

Ilya presses kisses to his lips, each one giving Shane another lifeline to grasp onto, to anchor him into his own body.

“Please,” Shane breathes against Ilya’s lips the moment his kisses let up. “Touch me, sir. Mr. Rozanov.”

“Oh, so you will satisfy me with your body?”

“Yes, yes, please let me, please,” Shane whimpers. He watches as Ilya lets go of one of his hands, with the tacit understanding that Shane will keep his own hand exactly where it is, and leans over to the bedside table to get the lube. He squeezes a generous amount on his fingers, rubbing them together to warm it against his skin. The next thing Shane feels is those fingers, gently playing along his rim, making his whole body lock up and shudder with pleasure.

Ilya circles it twice, then plunges two fingers in. His voice lowers to a rasp as he whispers in Shane’s ears, “And do you offer this to all the customers?”

“No, no, never. Not me. I’m— It’s just for you.”

Shane is rewarded by Ilya’s fingers starting to move in earnest. Sliding in and out, scissoring inside him to stretch him out, then sliding back in deeper before curling up and rubbing gentle circles against his prostate. Shane gasps and moans and his hands come to clutch at Ilya’s shoulders, fingernails digging into the skin and Ilya presses faster and harder.

“Yes,” Ilya growls, “Only ever for me.”

“I’m yours,” Shane pants, already starting to lose it, “Just yours.”

“You are perfect,” Ilya purrs, “So good, little bellboy, so perfect and warm for me.”

“I’m warmer on the inside,” Shane pants, his hips thrusting helplessly as Ilya holds them down, using his free hand to anchor Shane’s pelvis to the bed, his other hand busy dancing and teasing over Shane’s prostate. “Please, come inside me. I can satisfy you there, I promise.”

“Oh I know you can,” Ilya coos. He pulls his fingers out, leaving Shane gasping and empty, but his complaints fade from his lips when Ilya uses both hands to manhandle Shane into place. He takes his pants off all the way, throwing them behind him, and he helps Shane lift himself up and shrug the jacket off his shoulders too. Shane falls back onto the bed with a muffled thunk and he realizes the stupid hat is still on his head. He realizes that he hasn’t noticed the strap digging into his chin until this very moment. Ilya has done such a good job

of keeping his skin tingling everywhere else that an irritation as minor as this didn't even register. But he feels it could become distracting soon so he reaches up to unbuckle it.

Then Shane freezes. He probably shouldn't do this without asking.

"Um, Mr. Rozanov?" He asks, his voice is already starting to get hoarse from moaning. Ilya's attention laser focuses on Shane's face, his hand coming up to cradle Shane's jaw, tilting his gaze up to meet Ilya's.

"What is it, *kotik*?"

"Can I, um, can I take my hat off too? The strap is bothering me."

Ilya's gaze sharpens then, he leans in. His hands reach immediately for the buckle, almost breaking it apart in his haste to loosen and take it off. As soon as the hat is off Shane's head, Ilya throws it into some dark corner of the room. He tilts up Shane's chin and rubs his finger along the angry chafe in Shane's delicate skin from where the strap had been digging in. Ilya makes a grumbled sound under his breath, and presses a soft, soothing kiss to the reddened skin. It's not like Ilya's kisses literally contain aloe vera, but they might as well given the way they soothe and calm every inch of skin they touch. Shane feels the overwhelming weight of the love and care each kiss presses deep into his neck. It's the care his husband always takes with him, to make sure nothing bothers him, that he's always comfortable. The oceanic volume of love Shane carries around for Ilya on a daily basis threatens to overflow and drown him in times like this.

"Thank you," Shane whispers, as he's kissed over and over, getting utterly spoiled on affection. But soon the fire in his gut begins raging, reaching a fever pitch. His voice is a whine as he demands more, "Weren't you going to fuck me?"

Ilya lifts his head from Shane's neck then, looking him carefully in the eyes. "Will it satisfy me?"

"G-guaranteed."

"Hm," Ilya said, grabbing the lube once more and slicking up his cock, "I'll remember that." And with that, he lines himself up and sinks in. Shane moans, so wanton and loud he surprises himself, then as Ilya starts to move, eyes wide, Shane instantly presses his lips together trying to muffle the next moan and the next one, but it doesn't work. His voice is high-pitched and punched out to the rhythm of Ilya's strokes. Shane's arms come to wrap around Ilya's broad shoulders, one sneaking up the nape of his neck to sink his fingers into those burnished gold curls he loves so dearly. Ilya gasps when Shane's grip turns tight and he tugs at Ilya's hair, pulling and hauling Ilya's mouth closer to bring them together in a sloppy kiss. It makes Ilya's pace falter and slow, and the torturous bastard he keeps it there, just that slow, grinding filthily into Shane. Shane's cock is pressed tight between their bellies, leaking enough precome to leave a puddle.

"I'm gonna—" Shane gasps, "I'm gonna come!"

Ilya thrusts deep into Shane one more time and then he stops, buried to the hilt inside him. When Shane registers it, he gasps, flails and scratches Ilya's back.

"What— what, why did you stop?"

Ilya lifts himself up to loom over Shane, lowering himself carefully down. Shane gains a sudden and fierce appreciation for the utility of all the pushups he does. Ilya leans his forehead against Shane's, then he's kissing across his cheekbones, his favourite beautiful freckles.

"You cannot come yet," Ilya breathes, pressing a consolatory kiss to Shane's lips, "I'm not yet satisfied."

Shane whimpers. "Please, what can I do, sir? How can I— what can I do?"

Ilya smiles, "Get on your hands and knees." And with that, as gentle as he can be, he pulls all the way out of Shane, rubbing his back when the act makes him shudder, and watching as he obediently gets into position. Even though his arms and legs are so loose he can barely control them, he fumbles into the right spot. His back is arched and ready when Ilya enters him again with no warning, relishing the way he jolts and gasps and melts into it.

Ilya fucks him like that for a while, establishing a cadence that keeps Shane alternately sighing from bone deep satisfaction and groaning as the pressure and the pleasure mounts. When he gets close again, like the obedient little angel he is he taps Ilya's thigh and trembles.

"M close, please, can I come?" He slurs.

Ilya wipes the sweat from his brow, and even though it kills him, he pulls out again. Shane collapses onto his stomach, trembling and crying from overstimulation as Ilya pulls him back from the edge for the second time that night.

Ilya drapes his body over Shane's bringing his mouth to kiss the tops of Shane's ears, they're red and hot from the flush of exertion that overtakes Shane's face. "This is okay?" Ilya whispers in Shane's ear. His heart goes gooey in his chest, as always, floored by the particular way Ilya has of being the most caring, generous partner while he puts Shane through diabolical sexual torment.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Shane mumbles back, knowing Ilya won't be satisfied with just a nod, then he sighs, "Can I ride you?"

Without saying anything, Ilya just peels his sweat-sticky skin off of Shane's back and gets into position, sitting up against the headboard. He gestures in a grabbing motion at Shane, beckoning him over. Dutifully, he scrapes himself up off the bed and crawls into Ilya's lap. Staring into Shane's eyes, Ilya reaches down, and slots himself back inside Shane, which makes Shane sigh and melt into Ilya, his arms wrapping Ilya into a tight embrace, Ilya can't help but hug Shane closely back.

Shane begins to rock up and down in Ilya's lap. Momentum builds slowly this time, as each move is tender, syrupy, and caught up in Shane and Ilya's embrace. They stare deeply into each other's eyes for as long as they can, sharing slow, thorough kisses, hands roaming up and down backs, necks, and shoulders, cupping jaws and carding through hair. Ilya's totally lost in it. All he can feel and see and hear and smell and taste is Shane, and he doesn't want it any other way.

When Shane starts picking up his pace, Ilya knows he's not going to last much longer either. So he goes for it, matching Shane's thrusts in force and intensity, relishing in the slapping sounds and grunts and sweat starting to build between them once again.

Ilya pulls Shane close and kisses his nose, his cheek, his ear. "You have satisfied me very very well, pretty bellboy. You are a good boy, you did such a good job."

With each word Shane's pace gets even more frenzied. "Please, please, can I come?"

"Come," Ilya commands, as he wrestles Shane onto his back and fucks him harder than he has all night. When Shane gasps like he's been electrocuted, Ilya knows he's got the angle just right, and he keeps pushing it and pushing it until Shane finally dissolves.

Shane comes hard, splattering both his chest and Ilya's with his release. Ilya presses their chests together, carelessly making the mess worse as he gets lost in the desperate pursuit of his own release. He fucks Shane, spent and overstimulated, until he comes just as hard. His mind goes quiet, blissfully quiet, and he collapses, utterly satisfied, into his husband's waiting arms.

"Fuck," Shane groans, "That was hot. Why was that so hot."

"Because of the hat," Ilya deadpans. He feels his head loll up and down as Shane's chest shakes with laughter.

"Fuck off," Shane says, followed by a delirious, fucked-out giggle. Ilya leans up and kisses him for that, it's slow and lazy and perfect and he could do it forever if not for the cum rapidly drying over his stomach. He can count down the seconds until it bothers Shane enough that he'll abandon him to take a shower.

"Clean us up, bellboy, is your job," Ilya grumbles, but then he meets Shane's unimpressed glare and sighs, heaving his body up to grab a wet washcloth from the bathroom. Once Ilya's cleaned them up to Shane's satisfaction, and Shane has drunk enough water for Ilya's, they get under the covers and Ilya wraps Shane into his arms. He strokes Shane's hair, wrapping it around his fingers where it's getting long, and gently combing it back into place. Shane traces the moles on Ilya's stomach and runs his fingers through the hair along his belly button.

"Ilya," Shane says, finally tilting his head up to meet his husband's gaze, "Was there actually anything wrong with the bed?"

Ilya laughs, "No, *lyubimyy*. It was just a trick to get you into it."

Shane pouts, "I can't believe I fell for it."

“Yes well, you were bellboy not rocket scientist.”

That makes Shane laugh and tip his head forward to rest his forehead on Ilya’s.

“Now think,” Shane says, “If that’s what we do when we win a game, how’re we gonna top it when we win the Cup?”

Ilya grins, pulling Shane in close, he nips the lobe of his husband’s ear playfully, grinning into the side of his neck, “We will think of something.”

—

Blinking against the sunlight, Ilya wakes up slowly from a deep, satisfied slumber. Beside him, Shane is laid out like one of Raphael’s angels, living, breathing marble perfection. And all for Ilya, only for Ilya. Mornings like these, preceded by nights like the ones they just had, always stop Ilya’s breath for a moment, an utter kneecapping disbelief that this could be his life, that this perfect creature in his bed is his to keep. He runs his hand down his husband’s back, pressing the cool metal of his wedding ring into his flawless, freckled skin.

“Mmph,” Shane stirs, muttering into the pillow.

“Shh, shh,” Ilya strokes down Shane’s back again and again, his touch firm and soothing. “It’s still early, you can sleep.”

“Wanna get breakfast,” Shane says, his voice still muffled, but he still manages to find a way to sigh like a princess and say, “Granola.”

Ilya rolls his eyes, knowing he probably looks helplessly fond. He remembers Shane’s excitement the night they’d gotten in. The league had booked a hotel that had a partnership with Shane’s favourite granola brand, a local place that only operated out of Seattle. Their suitcases are already full of boxes from their factory that they’ll be taking home. The continental breakfast this morning promised an array of their granola products, and Shane had been practically salivating at the thought. Ilya has loved every second of it, and encourages it as much as possible, delighted to witness one of the rare times Shane got so excited about a food, even if it is just granola, which Ilya thinks tastes like wood chips.

“I will go down and get for you. Parfait is okay, or you want granola bar?”

“Both,” Shane grouses, “And I wanna try all the flavours.”

Ilya leans over and presses a series of soft kisses down the line of his husband’s spine, with a few extra delivered to the dimples just above his ass.

“Anything for you, *solnyshko*.”

When Ilya saunters into the dining area, situated off to the side of the hotel lobby, he’s greeted raucously by his teammates who’ve commandeered a large table and have set upon all the non-granola options the breakfast buffet has to offer. It’s mostly a lot of sausage, and eggs. Ilya’s stomach rumbles, and he makes a note to assemble his own to-go box to enjoy with his bird food-loving husband in bed.

Of course, when his teammates spot him, they call him over. He waves them away with a promise to say hi in just a second, he has to make sure to get everything Shane wants before it runs out. He tolerates the whip cracking sound effects his teammates make behind his back. Yes so what he's whipped. Are they seeing the material he's working with? They would be whipped too if they could ever know what a dream it was to wake up next to Shane Hollander every day.

Finally, his arms laden with food, he passes the Centaurs on his way back to the elevators. He walks into the middle of an impassioned story from Barrett.

"I swear you guys it was a ghost!"

"It was not a ghost," Bood rolls his eyes.

"There's no other fucking explanation," Barrett insists.

"Why you say that?" Ilya asks, his curiosity helplessly piqued.

"Well it was dressed like an old timey *bellhop*."

Ilya froze. "A what?"

"They were like what hotel staff used to be like in the 50s," Hayes starts explaining, "I mean a lot of them still wear uniforms now but they're like normal clothes. A bellhop is like a really specific kind of old-timey costume, or something that really fancy hotels would still make their workers wear."

"I think they wear 'em at the hotel in the second Home Alone," Bood says.

"Or the Suite Life of Zack and Cody," one of the rookies chimes in.

"Uh," Ilya says, not knowing what any of those things are, "Okay so Troy saw a ghost."

"Aw, don't make fun of me, Cap," Troy groans, "What else could it have been?"

"I don't know," Hayes says, "A dude in a costume?"

"Why would someone be wearing a bellhop costume in a hotel?" Luca asks.

A silence falls over the table the realization dawns. (On some, Luca still has an innocent look of pure bafflement on his face that none of the guys have the heart to ruin just yet.)

"Hey, uh, what floor did you see this on again, Troy?" Bood asks, his voice trembling on the edge of a laugh.

"Seventeenth," Troy says, his eyes narrowed.

"And uh, what floor are you and Hollander on, again, Rozy?" Bood turns his questioning look to Ilya.

“And where is Hollander,” Troy asks, “He doesn’t usually sleep in.”

Ilya blanches. “I have to... go now.” And with that he carefully balances all the takeout containers of breakfast foods he has gathered and hurries over to the elevator. He turns back just once to shout, “Whatever you think you know you don’t and the first person to mention anything to Shane will do lightning drills until their feet bleed.”

At least that makes the rookies stop giggling.

“Shuttle to the airport’s at noon, Rozanov!” Bood yells after him, laughing.

“Why do you want to fuck a bellhop?” Troy shouts.

Ilya ignores them. He knows Shane will ensure they make it. Until then, his husband is all his to do with what he wants.

End Notes

generational crashout incoming from shane when one of the rookies calls him esteban
the title is a line from the grand budapest hotel

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