

Just a Station on Your Way

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Just a Station on Your Way

by [DachOsmin](#)

Summary

Ilya looks up at the black night sky and mutters something in Russian. “You want to pay me fifty Canadian dollars to fuck you?”

Or: Shane runs into Ilya on a street corner the night before the Prospect Cup and makes some assumptions. (Because every fandom needs a mistaken-for-hooker fic).

Notes

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

- Translation into Русский available: [Лишь Остановка На Твоем Пути | 50 Канадских Долларов](#) by [carassment](#)

Shane doesn't just wake up one morning and decide to hire a male prostitute.

He can't pinpoint when he first has the thought, considers it for a second, and then shoves it out of his mind. It's been years, since he first noticed all the ways his body responds to the bodies of other men. That a teammate's bare chest in the showers makes his heart beat faster, that the scent of another player's sweat makes his mouth go dry.

Shane doesn't like questions he doesn't have answers to. And when he's faced with a question like that, his standard operating procedure is research.

So one balmy night in the summer of 2008, he locks his bedroom door, turns the lights off, boots up his laptop, and gets to work. Private mode on, first stop is Wikipedia, then Reddit, then a borderline traumatizing detour to Yahoo Answers.

What does it mean to be gay? What do gay men like? Are there any gay hockey players?

He doesn't get the closure he wants—the answers are, in order, “it depends,” “it depends,” and “no.”

Of course the question he really wants answered is one he can't ask: “Am *I* gay?”

His sources all suggest here's no smoking gun, no surefire way to tell. One of the Yahoo posters swears it has something to do with the relative lengths of your toes. If your second toe is longer, gay.

Shane strips his left sock off when he reads that, lifts his foot up into his lap to get a better look. It's hard to tell in the dark, the pale skin of his foot shaded blue in the light of his laptop. He squints. Is one toe longer? He can't tell. He puts his sock back on, checks the other foot. Also inconclusive.

Other than the toes, there's another thing that the posters all agree makes you gay. If you have sex with another guy and like it, you're probably gay.

Shane leans back in his desk chair, mulling this over.

He doesn't like uncertainty. He doesn't like the thought of this question hanging over his head, bothering him when he's trying to focus on important things, like hockey. The International Prospect Cup is coming up in just a few months. There will be scouts from all the major teams there, watching him play. He needs to focus on that. He can't be distracted by this... this sideshow.

Better to answer the question, get the whole thing out of the way. Better to have sex with another man. If he doesn't like it then great, he's not gay! And if he does like it, well... he'll cross that bridge when he comes to it.

He opens another private tab.

Not to solicit a prostitute, of course. Not right away.

He starts out by researching whether there's an easy way to find guys to have sex with.

And yes, there are a bewildering array of websites you can go on, to find guys to fuck. He navigates to OkCupid, lets the cursor hover over the "sign up" button. He stays frozen like that until his screen dims from inactivity, and he's back in the dark again.

He leans back in his chair with a rough swallow. He can't just sign up for a website like that. He'd have to make a profile, with his name, with his picture. People would be able to see him. And what if someone noticed he had an account? What if someone recognized his picture and contacted his coach? What if his mom saw the page up on his computer because he forgot to log out?

Shane takes a deep breath and wipes his sweaty palms against his jeans. Okay, no dating websites. How else are the guys on Reddit having sex?

He scrolls through another few posts. They go to bars, apparently. Or clubs. And they find someone they think is hot, and then they go blow each other in the bathroom.

Shane googles gay clubs in Ottawa. There are indeed gay clubs in Ottawa. He opens MapQuest and is halfway through memorizing directions when he realizes this is never going to work, not when even the thought of hooking up with some random guy makes his chest tighten and his hands begin to sweat.

He doesn't—he doesn't *do* this. He has no idea how you're supposed to act. What if he meets up with some guy and has no idea what to do? What if it's obvious? What if they clock that he's an imposter, a fake?

Or worse: what if he meets up with some guy and they get their pants off and Shane realizes he's not gay after all? What then? Does he just apologize and say sorry for the trouble, sorry for leading you on; I'll be going now?

What he really needs is something rote, where there's a script he can follow. Like talking to a waiter at a restaurant. There's a pattern to the interaction; you can walk into any restaurant and if you just follow the script, you get what you want. You go in, they seat you, they give you a menu. You order, they bring you your food, you eat, pay, tip, leave.

Shane starts typing "sex restaurant," and then stops, lets his forehead drop onto the desk next to his mouse.

Hookers. He's describing hookers.

He swallows, staring at his blinking cursor. Well, so what? Maybe that's what he needs.

He opens another tab, hesitates, and types in "legality of prostitution canada."

Before long, he's researching the going rate for various gay sex acts in various Canadian cities. He considers making flash cards of all the different sex acts so that he knows the vocab, so that if a guy suggests a "reverse soaring eagle" he'll be able to know what they're

talking about. He goes as far as getting out a pen before he chickens out, imagining the expression on his mom's face if she finds the cards while cleaning his room.

He puts the pen down, opens a new word doc instead, and starts noting down his research.

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The next morning, the whole thing feels ridiculous.

After having a small panic attack about the fact that he spent the entire night researching gay sex, male prostitutes, and other related topics, Shane makes an executive decision to forget about the whole thing.

The Prospect Cup is coming up. He simply does not have time to have a big gay freak out, and he *definitely* doesn't have time to hire a prostitute. The whole thing is going to have to be a later-Shane problem.

Maybe he'll meet a nice girl in Regina, and none of this will matter.

That evening he turns on his computer, wipes his search history, deletes the word doc, and goes to sleep.

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Summer turns to fall turns to winter, and the 2008 International Prospect Cup is just a day away.

Shane's flight gets into Regina the evening before the Cup starts. He stands next to his parents as his mom checks into the hotel, his hands jammed into the pockets of his jacket. He's a bundle of nervous energy; he needs to *move*.

He carries everyone's luggage up to their suite—two bedrooms, one sitting room—before his dad takes pity on him. "Go for a walk, maybe."

Shane manages a jerky nod. He knows he'll be fine once he gets out on the ice and everything falls away. He just hates the anticipation.

He's on autopilot as he heads out of the hotel with no destination in mind. His parents booked them at the DoubleTree because it's close to the stadium. It's not too far from what passes for Regina's downtown, but the air is bitterly cold and the streets are mostly empty. The wind whips at his face as he walks, heading towards a row of bars he'd seen on the drive in from the airport. He finds them a few blocks away, spilling holiday revelers out onto the icy sidewalks.

He stands there in the cold for a breath or two, looking into the foggy windows of Leopold's Tavern.

He's not going to drink, not with the Cup tomorrow. But it's nice to look in and see the lights, to hear the people laughing and talking.

Someone coughs. “You can go in.”

Shane registers the thick Russian accent as he turns towards the speaker.

He opens his mouth to say... he can't remember what he's going to say, because the guy leaning against the side of the building and looking at him has the most piercing blue eyes he's ever seen.

He's got sun-kissed skin, strong features, golden hair. His coat is unbuttoned despite the cold, revealing a thin tank top that does nothing to cover the thick swell of his pecs.

If Shane were gay, this is what he would be attracted to.

He's been staring at the guy for too long. He should say something. He fumbles a hand out of his pocket, offers a handshake. “Hi. I'm, uh, Sh—” shit, he shouldn't give his real name, “—Jane.”

The guy blinks at him, gives him an exaggerated once-over. Takes the offered handshake after a moment of hesitation. His fingers are warm against Shane's. They linger for a little too long before falling away. “Your name is... Jane.”

Shane nods and considers walking into traffic. “Yeah. Uh, my last name. Is Jane.”

“So...” the man asks, his lips over enunciating the syllable. “Do you have first name?”

Shane nods, jerky. “Yeah.”

A beat of silence. The guy is staring at him. Shane wets his lips. “What about you? Um, do you have a name, that is.”

The guy nods with a hint of a smirk. “Yes. Ilya.”

“Nice to meet you, Ilya,” Shane says, tasting the name on his tongue. Well, that explains the accent. One of the Russian prospects playing in the Cup tomorrow is named Ilya. It's probably a common name in Russia, like ‘Alex’ or ‘Jamie.’

Ilya's lips and cheeks are flushed a bright cherry red in the cold. The cold. Why is he out here in the cold? Why on earth would anyone stand around in -15°C plus windchill weather when there's a nice warm bar right there?

Shane drags his eyes away from Ilya's lips and gestures at the empty, freezing street. “So. What are you doing here?”

“Here?” Ilya purses his lips, like he's considering his words. “I am working.”

“Really?” It doesn't look like he's working. It looks like he's loitering outside in subzero temperatures for no good reason.

“Yes.” Ilya nods gravely. “All week. If I am look good, then someone decide to buy me.” And he winks.

Well, fuck. That's pretty clear. Shane isn't always great at noticing social signals, but...

Shane swallows, thinks back to that summer night he'd spent going down Wikipedia rabbit holes. *Street prostitution is a form of prostitution in which a prostitute solicits customers from a public place, most commonly a street.*

"So," he says, before he realizes what he's doing. "How much?" *Fuck, fuck, fuck—*

Ilya frowns at him. "How much what?"

There's a buzzing in his ears and his heart is pounding against his ribcage. It's getting hard to breathe. "How much would it cost to, um. Have sex with you."

Ilya's eyebrows shoot up. "You pay to have sex with me?"

Isn't that how this works? "Um, yeah. If you're cool with that."

Ilya tilts his head, considering. "How much you have?"

A great question, and one Shane probably should have considered before propositioning the guy. "Um, do you take card?"

Ilya stares at him for a second. "...No. No I do not take card."

Fuck of course he doesn't; that was a stupid question. Shane can picture it now, every prostitute carrying around a little card reader and asking 'credit or debit' before taking their pants off. "Um. Do you take cash?"

Ilya tilts his head like he's considering whether Shane has brain damage. But then he's smirking again and ducking his head in a nod. "Sure."

Shane starts reaching for his wallet before realizing it may not be a good idea to count cash in front of the guy. He jams his hands into his pockets instead, tries to remember how much he has on him. His dad had handed him a few bills on the way to the airport, in case he wanted to buy a souvenir. "Um, I could do fifty?"

Ilya looks up at the black night sky and mutters something in Russian. "You want pay me fifty Canadian dollars for fuck you?"

Even as Ilya says it, Shane is cringing, toes curling in his runners. Fifty dollars is nowhere near the rates he'd seen quoted on the internet; he's probably just insulted the guy. "I, uh, realize that that's kind of low, I can go to an ABM—"

But Ilya is muttering to himself again, something that sounds suspiciously like '*jesus christ.*' "Okay, yes. I will fuck you. For fifty Canadian dollars."

"Um. Are you sure?"

Ilya shrugs like it doesn't matter to him, which, fuck, of course it doesn't, he probably does this every night, multiple times a night. "Yes. You are hot, so why not?"

Shane flushes at the praise, even as he mentally kicks himself for falling for it. Ilya says that to everyone, probably.

“We go to your place?” Ilya asks.

On autopilot, Shane nods. And then he realizes his mistake and wants to kick himself. “Uh, so, I’m staying in a hotel with my parents—”

Ilya’s eyebrows shoot up. “I am not fuck you if your parents are there—”

“I can probably rent a different hotel room?” Shane says. He won’t have cash left over after paying Ilya, but he has the credit card his mom gave him for emergencies. She’ll be confused when she looks at the statement at the end of the month, but that is a problem for future-Shane at this point.

“Or we go to my hotel?”

Oh, duh. Of course Ilya has his own hotel room. Probably for this exact reason: to bring... clients back to. Clients like Shane. To have sex with. “Yeah, okay,” Shane says.

Ilya nods and gestures for Shane to follow him, and then they’re off, down the sidewalk and into the night.

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They don’t talk as they walk. Ilya leads, Shane trails behind him.

As they leave the bars behind, it occurs to Shane that this is a monumentally bad idea. He doesn’t know this guy at all. He could be a thief or a murderer or a serial killer. He could be planning on pulling Shane into a dark alley, knifing him in the gut, and running off with his wallet.

Shane eyes Ilya’s form from behind. It’s partially obscured from behind, but he looks pretty fit. Shane could probably take him in a fight, but if there’s a fight...

He can’t risk getting hurt, not with the Cup the next day.

Shane is on the verge of a panic attack and about to tell Ilya that the whole deal is off when Ilya turns to him and gestures across the street with a small flourish of his hand. “My hotel.”

Shane blinks. Ilya is apparently staying at the Hotel Saskatchewan, a four star hotel overlooking Victoria Park that is significantly nicer than Shane’s hotel.

It makes no sense, that he can afford to charge only fifty bucks for sex while staying at the nicest hotel in the city.

Maybe he normally stays somewhere cheaper, but the rooms were booked up by people in for the Prospect Cup.

They go inside; Shane stumbles through the lobby after Ilya. They walk past the hotel bar, filled with glittering christmas lights and the delicate tinkling of wine glasses.

Ilya glances sideways at him. “You want drink?”

Shane shakes his head. “No, I uh... let’s just go.”

Ilya snickers. “Eager! Okay, Jane.”

The ride in the elevator is silent, as is the long walk down the hallway to Ilya’s room. Ilya fishes the keycard out of his pocket and swipes them in before closing the door behind them.

And that’s when it hits Shane: he’s in a hotel room with another man. With a prostitute. That is a man. That he is paying. To have sex with him. *Breathe.*

“So,” Ilya says behind him, so close that he jumps slightly. “What you want to do?”

Shane’s brain goes blank and for a second all he can think of is the reverse soaring eagle. Fuck, he should have made the flashcards.

“I, uh, I don’t—”

A pause, and then Ilya is looking at him more closely. “You have done this before, yes?”

Fuck, fuck, fuck, Ilya’s figured him out. This is what he was afraid of, back when he first looked into this. He’s been caught as an imposter, and now Ilya will laugh at him.

“Shhhh,” Ilya is saying, cutting through the buzzing in his ears. “How about... how about I suck your cock, yes? I think you will like.”

“Okay,” he whispers. That sounds... that sounds nice.

Ilya makes a happy humming sound and then he’s leaning in to press their lips together in a chaste kiss.

Ilya’s lips are rough, more than a bit wind chapped, but so, so warm. Shane closes his eyes, focuses on the texture of them against him. The awareness of Ilya’s body against his own. The heat of him, the minute pressure of his breath against Shane’s skin.

Ilya’s hands come up to cradle his face, gentle, gentle.

He lets Ilya guide him backwards, losing himself in their kisses until the back of his knees hit the lip of the bed. He sits, watches with something like reverence as Ilya goes to his knees in the vee between his hips. The overhead lights cast his hair golden, like he’s something precious.

Hesitantly, Shane reaches out to brush a curl away from his forehead.

“You can touch,” Ilya says with a wry grin. “You paid for.”

It shouldn't hit him like that, like a bucket of ice water. Shane paid for this. They're not actually lovers, Ilya doesn't actually want to be here, doesn't actually want Shane. He's here because Shane promised him fifty bucks. Hell, he might not even be gay.

Beneath him, Ilya tsks. "You think too much, Jane."

And then he's leaning in, nuzzling at Shane's cock through the thin fabric of his sweatpants, pressing his cheek against Shane's inner thigh. He breathes deeply, like he's drinking in the scent of musk through the fabric.

Shane can't help but whimper, and then Ilya is grinning up at him like he's told the most amazing joke. "Is good, Jane?"

"Yeah," Shane says, and lets himself rest a hand on Ilya's head. His curls are soft beneath Shane's fingerpads. "It's good."

"It will get better once you get pants off," Ilya says, and then he's reaching up to slip Shane's pants down, and then his briefs as well.

Shane fights the urge to squirm. His cock is heavy against his thigh, already flushed with blood. No one's looked at it like this.

"Very pretty," Ilya says. And then he's is licking his lips and leaning in, taking Shane in his mouth.

Fuck, the heat of him. It feels so good. Nothing like a hand, nothing at all like a hand. He didn't know it was possible for something to feel like this.

He glances down and almost comes on the spot.

The sight of Ilya on his knees, holy shit. His lips are stretched around Shane, spit-slick and obscene. He's looking up at Shane as he works, his blue eyes watering slightly under the fall of his lashes as he takes Shane deeper, takes him to the hilt, swallows him down like he can't get enough of it.

Shane can't help the whimper low in his throat; Ilya's eyes flutter shut at the sound.

Ilya does something with his tongue and Shane's hips jerk before he can stop himself. Fuck, Reddit said that was rude, he has to hold still, he has to be good for Ilya. He pants, gripping the comforter on either side of his hips as hard as he can, willing himself to freeze. His head lolls back, he breathes in shaky gasps through his nose. It's the sweetest kind of torture.

Ilya draws back, releases his cock with a wet pop. "You can fuck my throat if you like, Jane." His voice is hoarse.

Shane keens, cock jumping as Ilya leans back in and takes him to the hilt. He scrabbles blindly at Ilya's head, clutching him as Ilya drinks him down.

"Fuck, Ilya, I'm—"

Ilya pulls back again, tsks.

“Not yet, Jane. Let me try something else you like.”

He stands up, stripping his own clothes off, and then they’re kissing again, wet and filthy, and Shane’s toes curl from the way he can taste himself on Ilya’s tongue.

Ilya presses Shane down onto the bed before climbing overtop him and covering Shane’s body with his own. And just like that, something in Shane’s brain that is always buzzing goes quiet.

When his anxiety is at its worst, he feels like he’s floating up out of his body, up into the sky. Having Ilya’s weight over him feels divine, like it’s holding him down to the earth, keeping him from shaking apart. He’s safe, he’s covered, he’s whole.

And he could cry, because how long since he’s felt this way? How long since he wasn’t on the edge of falling apart?

He tilts his head up, blindly seeking, and Ilya leans down and captures his head in another kiss.

“Fuck” Ilya groans, his breath hot against the shell of Shane’s ear.

And then he reaches down, takes their cocks in his hand, and begins to move.

The friction of it—! The hands scrabbling over backs, the legs twisting in the sheets, their cocks rubbing together in the tight vise of Ilya’s hands as Shane babbles into the heated air between them and Ilya whispers Russian filth into his sweat-soaked skin like a benediction.

Shane doesn’t last very long, at that point. But neither does Ilya.

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After, Shane finds himself curled in Ilya’s arms, and wants nothing more than to drift off to sleep there. But he can’t. That’s not what this is; they aren’t lovers or even friends.

Fuck, Ilya probably wants him out so he can bring his next client in.

Something in Shane’s stomach twists, and he feels abruptly like he’s going to be sick.

He fumbles blindly for his coat, digs his wallet out of his pocket, pulls out the crisp fifty dollar bill his father had given him at the airport. Slaps it on the bedside table. Gets up, heads to the door. He can’t help it: he pauses and looks back over his shoulder to where Ilya is lounging in the bed. He’s golden in the hotel lights, the sweat on his bare chest glittering.

Ilya glances over at the money on the bedside table, an odd expression on his face. He looks back at Shane. “I see you again some time, yes?”

“Sure,” Shane says.

Even as he says it, he knows it's a lie. The first match of the 2008 International Prospect Cup starts in ten hours. Shane is going to go back to his hotel, get yelled at for disappearing by his parents, sleep eight hours, wake up, and play hockey. He's going to win, he's going to get drafted, he's going to leave Regina behind.

He's never going to see Ilya again.

Ilya ducks his head. "Until next time, then, Jane."

Shane nods, not trusting himself to speak. He lets himself look for one more second, tries to capture everything about the scene, about Ilya: The curl of his hair over his forehead, the brightness of his eyes, the curve of his lips, the broadness of his chest.

The second is up. The doorknob is cold under his fingers. Shane ducks through the door, down the stairs, and back out into the icy and moonless night.

End Notes

What Ilya meant: “You asked me why I’m in Regina. I’m in Regina to play hockey and if I look good to the scouts someone will decide to hire me! ‘Hire’ and ‘buy’ are very similar words and I have confused them!” 😊

What Shane heard: “You asked why I am standing outside on this particular street corner. I’m here because I am a scarlet lady of the night looking for someone to pay me for sex.” 😈

Works inspired by this one

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