

spill secrets on the hotel floor

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by [aequitas](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane play together in the All Stars Game - then they have sex.

AKA I understand why Jacob didn't want sex in Episode 5 but I did, so it's here. Yay! Takes place after the game but before all of the confessions. Don't worry too much about the logistics.

Ilya has imagined this, of course. It's something he won't ever admit to Shane, but he's thought of it over and over again. The two of them, playing together. What it would be like, how it might work. He knows what they're like when they fuck - a wordless knowledge of each other that requires very little in the way of conversation, though neither of them are ever inclined to be *quiet*.

Hockey is different to fucking, but not by much. Ilya knows how Shane plays, down to the skates he wears and how tight he keeps his helmet. But there's no knowing until they're on the ice together - and from the moment the puck drops it's euphoric, all of it. The rest of the team might as well not be there for all that Ilya gives a shit. His attention is on Shane, on getting the puck to his stick, on taking it back when Shane needs it, on getting them to the goal again and again and again.

The score is ridiculous, even for a game that is more fun than it is anything else. Ilya spreads his affection across the team, aware of how it would look if he kept coming back to Shane, but he knows how the headlines will look, what all the hockey podcasts will be talking about. The two of them, Hollander and Rozanov and the electricity between them on the ice. No team could ever afford to have them both, and Ilya knows it would be a bad idea, but it's worth fantasising about, isn't it?

It's in that post game haze that Ilya is more rash than he has any right to be and books a hotel. One a little further out, but with a big bed and good room service. He texts the name and the room number to Shane without any other details, and watches his eyebrows raise across the massive dinner table where their team has gathered for a post-game celebration.

He aches with anticipation, the thrill of the game still sitting under his skin, and he's one of the first to leave, much to the apparent surprise of the players who don't know him, and the knowing grins of those who do.

"Fuck, Rozy, you got a girl lined up already?"

"No fucking way man, we've been here less than two days!"

"Nah, that motherfucker has one in every city I swear -"

Ilya doesn't answer any of it, just grins, shows the table his favourite finger, and makes his way out. He doesn't look at Shane, doesn't try to see if he's following. He will, of course he will. He always does. So Ilya gets a taxi and checks in to the hotel, makes his way up to the room. It's a nice room, good view - Ilya doesn't give a shit about any of that. He pulls off his jacket, slinging it onto the chair that reminds Ilya of another night and another fuck in a much fancier hotel room, and he waits.

It's less than half an hour before the knock comes, and Ilya pulls the door open, meaning to pull Shane in after him. But Shane, it seems, is just as eager. The door's barely closed before they're on each other, kissing with a level of desperation that they haven't in a long time. Ilya manages to get his hand up to protect Shane's head as they hit the wall, and that gives him the perfect leverage to twist his fingers into the dark strands, pull Shane's face back a little. He

already looks fucked out, his lips parted and his face flushed, those fucking freckles looking perfect on his *cheeks*.

“Fuck, Shane, look at you,” there’s still a thrill that comes with using Shane’s first name, and if the way Shane shudders is any indication, he feels it too. “You felt on the ice, yes? Never played with someone that fucking good before, hm?”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane pushes forwards to kiss Ilya again, and then they’re fumbling to get at each other’s belts, kicking out of their clothes in a frenzied stumble towards the bed. Shane falls onto his back and Ilya crawls over him, feeling like a predator. He wants to devour Shane, wants to taste him and crawl inside his bones, wants to know what it feels like in there. For now, he pulls one of Shane’s legs up until it’s practically on Ilya’s shoulder and fists his cock, rough and demanding. Shane lets out a strangled noise, trying to fuck into Ilya’s fist and arch away all at once, and Ilya grins, animalistic.

“Be good boy, Hollander, and maybe I fuck you,” they both know that’s where this is going, but that’s not the point. Shane forces his eyes open and Ilya is watching him, still working at his cock.

He doesn’t keep it up long, not after Shane says, “Please, please want to come with you -” in this breathy voice that Ilya can’t say no to. He fumbles away for a moment, coming back with the lube that was in his pocket (“You had that with you during *dinner*?”) and starts in on prepping Shane. He’s always so vocal, like this, whimpering at the push and pull of Ilya’s fingers - one, then two, then a third because he’s feeling generous about it.

By the time Ilya’s got a condom on and he’s rolling his hips to push in to Shane, he feels halfway out of his mind. It’s so much, so overwhelming, that for a long moment he just stays there, flush against Shane, holding him up off the bed. Then Shane looks at him, eyes wet and wanting, and Ilya loses all sense of self.

The headboard makes contact with the wall and Ilya couldn’t give less of a fuck, driving into Shane like a man possessed, slapping Shane’s hand away from his own dick. No, he wants Shane to come just like this, on his cock, panting and needy with it. He wants to drink up those noises, the *ah-ah-ah* that comes rhythmically with Ilya’s thrusts.

And he can feel it, in the bottom of his stomach, the desperate curl of it. Ilya wishes they were fucking raw, wishes he could feel all of Shane. For now, he settles with leaning over the bed. The pressure forces Shane to bend, and suddenly Ilya is impossibly deep. Shane all but screams Ilya’s name, head thrown back, and his cock jerks, coating his stomach, almost up to his chest. Ilya is mesmerised by the sight of it, and doesn’t last more than two thrusts before he’s shaking, coming as deep as he can, imagining for a moment that when he pulls out he’ll see the evidence of it leaking out of Shane’s hole.

He doesn’t, of course. He pulls back, almost trembling, and there’s nothing but the slick of lube. Ilya ties off the condom, tosses it towards the trash. Means to go and get a washcloth, but – but it’s all there, painted over Shane’s body, and Ilya feels greedy. He leans over Shane’s body, ignoring his quiet, fucked out little, “Ilya -” as he drags his tongue up Shane’s stomach, tasting him there.

Shane lets out a quiet, incredulous breath that melts into a moan when Ilya reaches his chest, licks over his nipple. Ilya keeps it up long enough that he thinks they could probably get each other off again if they tried. But they two of them missing for too long will get suspicious, and he forces himself to pull back – doesn't intend to kiss Shane, because he knows sometimes he's strange about that sort of thing after he's finished in Ilya's mouth before - but they must be possessed by the same thing, because Shane reels him in and kisses him, open-mouthed and filthy.

They lose another few minutes there before Ilya finally makes a noise, puts his foot down a little. He's efficient in cleaning Shane up, wiping away all residue, giving him a towel to dry himself off. He can shower back at their actual hotels - they both can - but for now it's enough. They dress together, in silence. But Ilya can't help catching Shane again, kissing him again. Linger there and imagining what it would be like if this was their lives - play hockey together, on the same team. Kick everyone's ass and then come back and fuck. Except in this fantasy Ilya also lets himself imagine that they're in a place they don't have to leave behind, that they get to stay the night and – and.

There's an endless list of ands. Right now, Ilya puts them aside and says, "You go first. I will leave in half hour or so."

Shane nods, says, "See you later."

It's so much less important than it should be, but this is the way of these things. The way it always will be, Ilya thinks, watching Shane leave. He wishes that it made him angrier, but he has learned that any piece of Shane he can have feels like it has to be enough, these days. Maybe next time, he will say all of the important things out loud. Maybe next time, he will ask Shane to stay.

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