

home is just a room full of my safest sounds

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home is just a room full of my safest sounds

by [catknives](#)

Summary

“Is not like we don’t know how to be quiet, we hooked up in hotels for over a decade.”

“It’s not about being quiet, Ilya. No matter what we do, they’re going to assume we’re in there having sex.”

“Yeah, well, we probably will be having sex.” Ilya didn’t really understand the issue. Was he supposed to pretend he and his husband were celibate? Half the guys on the team made jokes about post-game sex with their partners. No one ever batted an eye with them. “Quiet sex, though.”

Shane hadn’t disagreed, but apparently it wasn’t a helpful distinction.

Shane insists he and Ilya sleep in separate hotel rooms for away games. Neither of them handle it very well.

Notes

Inspired by a headcanon from [ReginaK⁷](#) on Twitter, and a little bit on [one of my own as well](#).

Please forgive any incorrect Russian, I did some research but I do not speak Russian.

Title from Talk Me Down by Troye Sivan.

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

Despite what he promised Shane, Ilya was pissed.

One of the biggest things he'd been looking forward to about playing on the same team was getting to share a hotel room together on the road. After years of sleeping apart, often by thousands of kilometers, Ilya was finally going to get to wake up next to Shane every morning. No more waking up alone in hotel beds, the space next to him cold and oppressively empty. Now he would get to wake up with his husband. Even thousands of kilometers from their house in Ottawa, Ilya would get to wake up at home.

And, yes, also he'd get to have hot hotel sex with his husband. But the romantic stuff was true, too.

And then Tanner *fucking* Dillon had to go and make one stupid comment and fuck it all up.

It was in the locker room, a week before their first away game. They had just won the season opener against Detroit, and Shane had scored a hat trick. The moment their helmets were off, Ilya grabbed Shane and dipped him back, smacking a dramatic kiss to his lips.

"Save it for later, Cap," Bood laughed.

"Seriously," Shane laughed, pushing Ilya away. His cheeks were pink under his freckles.

"Oh trust me, I am saving lots for later," Ilya said with a wink at Bood. He could hear Shane groan behind him, equal parts embarrassment and exasperation.

"God, I sure as hell hope I don't get the room next to you two when we're on the road," Tanner had laughed from two stalls away.

To everyone else, Shane probably looked absolutely unbothered by the ribbing. But Ilya had been a studious observer of Shane Hollander's microexpressions for over a decade, and he didn't miss the way his eyes scrunched a little in the corners, his smile going a bit forced.

So he wasn't exactly surprised later that night when Shane freaked out and insisted they should room separately for away games.

"Is not like we don't know how to be quiet, we hooked up in hotels for over a decade," Ilya pushed back. He wasn't sure how quiet they actually ever were, but they'd never gotten complaints from their teammates before.

"It's not about being quiet, Ilya. No matter what we do, they're going to assume we're in there having sex."

"Yeah, well, we probably will be having sex." Ilya didn't really understand the issue. Was he supposed to pretend he and his husband were celibate? Half the guys on the team made jokes about post-game sex with their partners. No one ever batted an eye with them. "Quiet sex, though."

Shane hadn't disagreed, but apparently it wasn't a helpful distinction.

And since there was little Ilya wouldn't do to appease his husband, he agreed. Begrudgingly, and with a lot of sass, but he agreed. So now Shane was two hallways away, rooming with Bood. And Ilya was stuck in a room with Tanner *fucking* Dillon, because Wyatt had apparently forced Tanner into switching room assignments after just one night rooming with Ilya. (*"He said since I started this, I'm the one who has to deal with your cranky ass," Tanner had explained when he entered the room, looking sheepish.*)

So yeah, even though he promised Shane he was fine with this arrangement, Ilya was pissed.

Just like the first night, he tossed and turned, barely able to sleep. And even though Tanner was a pretty unobtrusive roommate, everything he did still annoyed Ilya. Shane was a light snorer, little snuffles and murmurs that were so endearing that some nights Ilya wished he could stay up all night just to listen to his husband sleep. Tanner, on the other hand, was a quiet sleeper. Weirdly, annoyingly quiet.

The next morning, Ilya woke up tired and cranky. When Tanner gave him a cheery *good morning!* on his way out of the bathroom, Ilya had to resist the urge to roll his eyes. He reminded himself that, as the captain, he couldn't make a teammate do extra drills just for saying good morning or sleeping quietly.

When they got to breakfast, Shane looked similarly rough. The circles under his eyes were dark and puffy, and Ilya had to resist the urge to brush them with his thumb. He knew if he pointed them out, Shane would only get grumpier and add ten more steps to his morning skincare routine.

Both Ilya and Shane played like shit that day. They'd managed to eke out a 1-0 win against San Francisco, but that was because Luca Haas managed to finally score in the last minute of the game. They were off to Philadelphia next, and Ilya didn't have high hopes about that either.

"Are you sure we're allowed to sit together? People might think we're having sex," Ilya teased when Shane went to sit next to him on the plane to Philly. He'd meant to be playful, but it came out more petulant. Shane frowned at him as he took his seat.

"Ilya," he warned. He clearly wasn't too angry, though, because he still tangled his fingers through Ilya's as soon as he buckled his seatbelt. Ilya couldn't help but smile at the contact. Yeah, he was still annoyed, but after a night apart, he was allowed to be a little clingy, too.

"You slept like shit, didn't you?" Ilya accused, pressing a delicate kiss to the back of Shane's hand. The *also* was unspoken, but he was sure Shane heard it anyway. Shane's eyelashes fluttered as he looked down, a sure sign that he was going to deny it.

"I slept fine," he snapped, not the least bit convincing. He struggled to set up their iPad one-handed, seemingly unwilling to let go of Ilya's hand. Maybe the time apart had made them both clingy. "What movie do you want to watch?"

The plane ride felt like an oasis. Shane's head on Ilya's shoulder, his soft snores a welcome sound after a whole night of Tanner Dillon's weird fucking silent sleeping. Seriously, who made *no* noise while they slept? It was serial killer behavior.

He'd have to deal with it again tonight, and again the night after that. They wouldn't be back in Ottawa for four more days. Ilya was going to get murdered in his sleep, probably.

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“Still not sleeping well, are you, *kotyonek?*” Ilya asked two days later, on the bus back to the hotel after a narrow loss to Toronto.

“I’m fine.” Shane wouldn’t even look at him as he answered, seething with anger over the game. He wasn’t angry at anyone but himself, Ilya knew, but it still hurt to see Shane upset like that.

When they got to Montreal the next day, Shane seemed ready to bite the head off the next person who told him he looked tired. Their game wasn’t until the next day, but they were supposed to grab dinner with the Pikes that night. Ilya sent Jackie a warning text just in case.

Ilya [4:13 PM]

Tell your fifth child not to mention if Shane looks tired tonight. He is tired, but we are not supposed to know that.

Ilya [4:13 PM]

We are excited to see you, though!

Jackie [4:15 PM]

Oh boy! I’ll let him know. We’re excited to see you too! Ruby got an A on that paper she wrote about you, by the way. Hayden is pissed.

Ilya [4:25 PM]

HA! Not my fault the teacher wanted her to write about a FAMOUS athlete.

Jackie [4:29 PM]

That, and she wasn’t allowed to write about the same person as Jade.

Ilya [4:32 PM]

So why is Hayden mad?

Jackie [4:35 PM]

Because Jade wrote hers about Shane.

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Dinner with Jackie and Hayden went well, actually. Ilya was too tired to antagonize Hayden too much, and Jackie made sure to steer the conversation away from hockey as much as

possible. Ilya did get in one good jab about Ruby's paper, but Hayden didn't respond beyond giving him the finger from across the table. All in all a successful night.

Shane and Ilya held hands in the Uber back to the hotel, sitting so close they were practically sharing a seat. Shane's head on Ilya's shoulder felt like a miracle after a week of sleeping in separate beds.

Ilya walked Shane to his hotel room door. He felt a little like a teenager in a movie, walking his date to her porch after a school dance. It was almost cute when he thought of it that way. Except they were adults, and married, and by all means should be going into the same room.

But it was what Shane wanted, so Ilya politely kissed his husband goodnight (okay, he slipped in a little more tongue than what could be considered polite, sue him) and went on his way.

Tanner was already asleep when he got to his room, breathing so softly that Ilya had to really strain to hear it. Like he said, serial killer behavior. Ilya changed into sweats in the dark before climbing into bed, ignoring the suffocating silence of the room. The bed felt cold and empty, the space next to him kilometers wide.

Ilya had just managed to fall asleep when he was startled awake by a banging at the door. It was loud and continuous, like the person outside was annoyed at being woken up, and not the other way around. The sky outside the window was still dark, which meant it was probably the middle of the night.

Tanner sat up with a *whuu?* and looked towards Ilya, who shrugged. With a sigh, Tanner shuffled out of bed, scratching his stomach through his shirt as he approached the door. He wrenched it open, and Ilya leaned forward in bed to try to see who was knocking at such a late hour.

A very grumpy looking Zane Boodram stood backlit by the lights in the hallway, holding Shane by the arm like a parent with a misbehaving child.

"Shane?" Ilya asked, trying not to sound as worried as he suddenly was. He rushed out of bed and was at the door in a single movement. What was going on? Was Shane okay? Was Shane in...trouble? Beyond looking incredibly tired and annoyed, he looked fine.

"I cannot sleep with loverboy over here tossing and turning and sighing like his husband is lost at sea," Bood grunted, voice gruff from sleep. "Especially when his husband is actually just four doors down."

Shane looked annoyed, but Ilya could see the anxiety written all over his face. He was worried that Bood was genuinely mad at him, or maybe even didn't like him. It'd been a recurring fear of Shane's leading up to this season, about the whole team. Ilya wanted to hold Shane and assure him that Bood was just cranky, and that the team really did love him.

"I'm not doing any of that," Shane muttered, sounding miserable. But he wouldn't make eye contact with any of them—Ilya included—which meant he definitely *was* doing all of that. Tanner could probably say the same about Ilya. He gave his roommate a deadly look, trying

to say *If you say anything right now I will explode you with my mind* with his eyes. Tanner nodded nervously.

“Dillon, grab your shit. You’re bunking with me.” Bood pushed Shane into the room, gentle but firm. Shane turned to say something, but Bood put a hand up to silence him. “Look, man, we can talk about it more in the morning if you want, but right now we all need to sleep if we want a shot at beating Montreal tomorrow.”

Bood was a smart man. Ilya had learned a long time ago that it was significantly easier to convince Shane to do something when it was presented through the lens of optimizing hockey performance. Whether he’d meant to or not, Bood had hit the nail on the head.

“Fine,” Shane huffed.

“Alright, let’s go, roomie,” Tanner said to Bood as he walked out the door, bag slung over his shoulder. He must’ve packed fast. If only he could be that fast on the ice, too.

And just like that, Shane and Ilya were alone in a hotel room. Something they’d done thousands of times, and yet there was a sense of awkwardness in the air that was more reminiscent of their early hotel hookups.

Shane looked miserable, but he crawled into the untouched side of Ilya’s bed all the same. Ilya climbed in on his side, and almost gasped in relief when Shane immediately cuddled up to him. The room was quiet, but Ilya could practically hear the gears turning in Shane’s head.

“What is going on in that brain, *lyubimyy*?” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s forehead, the closest he could get to kissing that anxious, neurotic, beloved, beautiful brain.

“I just—I just didn’t want to make anyone uncomfortable,” Shane sighed, sounding sad. Ilya’s heart broke for his husband. There was something he wanted to say, but his tired brain wouldn’t translate correctly.

“I am trying to find the English words,” he said in the meantime, so Shane knew that he wasn’t being silent out of anger or annoyance. Shane pressed a kiss to Ilya’s chin, a small *thank you* for the clarification. Thanks to his steadfast studying, Shane could understand a good deal of Russian at this point, but he always had an easier time with simpler conversations.

Eventually, Ilya accepted that he might say it a little wrong, and that Shane would understand anyway. He always did.

“I think they know you are not rooming with your husband because you think it will make them uncomfortable. But is not true. What makes them uncomfortable is someone—you—thinking they would not be comfortable with two husbands sharing a bed.”

Shane was silent for a moment, thinking over Ilya’s words.

“But Tanner said—”

“Tanner was joking. And the joke was not that he is uncomfortable that we have sex, it was that he does not want to *hear* us have sex. But Tanner is an idiot and didn’t say it right. And he’s bad at hockey.” The last part wasn’t really related, but Ilya was feeling petty. And it got a laugh out of Shane, so it was worth it.

Ilya scratched at Shane’s scalp as they lay there. After a few minutes, Shane lifted his head off Ilya’s chest to look him in the eye. “I guess I never really thought about it that way, but it makes sense. It’s not that I think they don’t accept us. I guess—I guess I’m still just getting used to people knowing about us.”

Ilya nodded and gave into the urge to press a quick kiss to Shane’s lips. “We have always had sex in hotel rooms. Only difference now is that people know about it. Does not mean we are loud and obvious. We know how to be quiet.”

Shane gave him a look, and Ilya laughed. “We *try* to be quiet. Not our fault if we are not successful.”

Shane smiled at him then, his private smile that he gave to Ilya in moments like this. It made the freckles on his cheeks scrunch up. Ilya kissed his nose before the cuteness could make him spontaneously combust.

“Okay, then.” Shane’s mind sounded made up. “No more of this bullshit. We’re married; we’re sharing a hotel room from now on.”

“*Слава богу!*” Ilya yelled at the ceiling, and Shane slapped a hand over his mouth with a laugh. *Thank God!*

“You said you would be quiet!” Shane shushed him. Ilya wanted to giggle, he was so giddy.

“I said I would be quiet for sex. I said nothing about when my husband stops being ridiculous and agrees to share a room again.”

Shane rolled his eyes fondly, and Ilya wanted to put him in his pocket. He was so happy he felt loopy. The lack of sleep probably didn’t help, either.

Shane trailed a hand up Ilya’s chest, caressing in a way that felt more intimate than sexual. “Do you want to?” Shane asked. “Have quiet sex tonight?”

Ilya thought about it. Shane was nervous to play against his old team for the first time, so it would certainly be a good distraction. But they were also both very, very tired after four nights of terrible sleep, and Ilya kind of just wanted the comfort of sharing a bed with his husband.

Back in the day, Ilya would have never passed up on an opportunity to fuck Shane. Their nights together back then were so few and far between, each illicit meeting in a hotel felt like gorging himself on water to prepare for an upcoming drought. He’d try to get his fill of Shane to survive the weeks or months it’d be before he could see him again. But the hunger never ceded, the thirst was never quenched. He could never get enough Shane.

But now they were married, and he was with Shane almost every day. If they didn't have sex tonight, it was no big deal. They could have sex tomorrow. Or the day after that. They had time now. An entire lifetime together, laid out and waiting.

"I think tonight I just want to hold you, sweetheart," Ilya answered softly. He searched Shane's eyes for any hint of disappointment, and found none. Shane leaned up to give him a soft, sweet kiss, then adjusted himself so that his head was laying on Ilya's chest.

"I love you, Shane," Ilya whispered, voice a little slurred as sleep began to pull him under.

"Ya tebya lyublyu, Ilya."

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When Ilya woke up the next morning, he felt more refreshed than he had in days. Shane was still asleep wrapped around him, his leg stretched around Ilya's middle like a koala. He was making his cute little snores, snuffling here and there.

They were in a random Best Western in Montreal, hundreds of kilometers from their house and dog and family. And yet, Shane was here, so Ilya was home.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Kudos and comments are always appreciated <3

translations:

lyubimyy - beloved, darling

kotyonek - kitten

Слава богу! - Thank God!

Come scream about Heated Rivalry with me on [Twitter](#).

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