

Snowed in roommates

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Snowed in roommates

by [Chocolatecandy](#)

Summary

After being snowed in at new york airport. Shane and Ilya gets some roommates for the night

Notes

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

They had just wrapped up the final leg of their road trip and were heading home after an incredible win against Scott Hunter and New York. Ilya was exhausted, but his spirits were high—he'd scored the game-winning goal on a powerplay, assisted by his husband. Still, the airport delays were testing his patience. Their flight was supposed to leave an hour and a half ago.

All he wanted was to be home. Home, where he could scoop up Anya and where he and Shane didn't have to keep quiet when they had sex. Though, he had to admit, sneaking around and getting creative in hotel rooms had its appeal. It reminded him of the early days. But still—he preferred the sounds Shane made when they didn't have to hold back.

His thoughts were interrupted when Shane returned with snacks and dropped into the seat beside him, resting his tired head on Ilya's shoulder.

"The snowstorm's getting worse," Shane said, his nose scrunching up in that way that made Ilya want to kiss every single freckle. "Think we'll make it out tonight?"

Ilya turned and kissed his forehead, breathing in the familiar scent of Shane's shampoo. "Doesn't look good," he murmured. "But I think coach and the others are trying to get us some hotel rooms."

Shane snuggled closer, and Ilya wrapped an arm around him. The team didn't just tolerate them being affectionate—sometimes they encouraged it. Sure, they still got teased now and then, but it was all in good fun, and it had helped Shane relax and feel more at ease.

Ilya loved this. Loved working and living alongside the man he loved. He reached for Shane's hand and threaded their fingers together, letting himself just exist in the warmth of the moment.

About thirty minutes later, a couple of the assistant coaches returned with news.

"We're not flying home tonight," announced Eric, one of the Centaurs' assistant coaches. "But we got lucky—found a nearby hotel with open rooms. Problem is, with all the cancellations, we had to double up. Four people per room, two queen beds."

He glanced down at the clipboard. "Your roommates for the night are..."

While Eric went through the list, Ilya felt Shane tense beside him. He leaned closer. "What's wrong?"

Shane hesitated, the blush already creeping up his cheeks. Ilya had to resist the urge to bite him—he was too damn cute when he got flustered.

"Well..." Shane mumbled, voice dropping to a whisper. "I really wanted to celebrate the win with you tonight. Now we're rooming with two others. And... I mean, does anyone even want to room with us? What if I climb you like a tree in my sleep?"

Ilya barked out a laugh, making Shane's blush deepen. "My beloved," Ilya said, voice low and teasing, "I would love to celebrate with you. Maybe we still can. There's always the shower... or we kick the others out."

He wiggled his eyebrows, which earned him an exasperated look.

"Doofus," Shane muttered. "We are not doing that."

Before Ilya could reply, their names were called. "Hazy, Bood, Roz, and Hollander—room 4269."

Bood and Wyatt, who were sitting nearby, stood up and grabbed their stuff.

"Should we buy earplugs?" Bood asked Shane with a sly grin.

Ilya burst out laughing as Shane sputtered, mortified. "What!? We're not going to do anything with you in the room!"

Bood grinned, clearly enjoying Shane's reaction. "It's just... me and Hazy have never roomed with you before. How do we know if you snore or not?"

"Oh." Shane deflated slightly, still red, but a little less panicked. "Right."

Ilya reached for his hand with a chuckle, and the four of them made their way to the airport hotel. The room had two queen beds, as promised. Bood and Wyatt tossed their bags onto the same bed, leaving the other for Shane and Ilya.

Shane hesitated, then awkwardly offered, "Should... maybe Bood and I share one bed, and Ilya and Wyatt the other?"

All three men turned to look at him, surprised.

"Why?" Wyatt asked, genuinely confused.

Shane fiddled with his jacket zipper, cheeks flushed again. "I just... I don't want you guys to feel weird sharing a room with a married couple."

Bood rolled his eyes fondly. "Don't be ridiculous. As long as you two aren't banging next to us, we're fine."

Shane's face went crimson. Ilya looked far too entertained.

"Shane is pretty clingy in his sleep," Ilya added. "Can't promise that won't happen."

"Jeez..." Shane muttered, dodging past Ilya to plug in his phone.

"What?" Ilya said with a shrug. "I sleep better when you are in my arms."

That shut Shane up fast. His expression softened as he glanced back, unable to hide the fondness in his eyes.

“You guys are adorable,” Wyatt said with a grin.

“I know,” Ilya replied smoothly, while Shane just rolled his eyes—trying, and failing, to hide his smile. Inside, his stomach fluttered. He still couldn’t believe Ilya was his.

The guys settled in, ordered some room service, and watched a movie. Eventually, Bood went to get ready for bed, followed by Wyatt and then Shane—whose long dental routine was met with amused snickers.

Ilya opted for a quick shower, teasing Shane about joining him, which sent Bood and Wyatt into fits of laughter.

Later, when the lights were off and everyone was tucked in, Ilya emerged from the bathroom in nothing but a towel. The room was dim, and Shane didn’t think much of it—until Ilya climbed into bed, plugged in his phone, and slipped under the comforter beside him.

They exchanged soft goodnights, and Ilya gave Shane a quick kiss on the lips.

“You never kissed me goodnight when we were roommates,” Wyatt said, pretending to be offended.

“You’re not my type,” Ilya shot back with a smirk.... then turned and blew a dramatic kiss to Wyatt.

Shane rolled over, his arm sliding around Ilya, drawing him close. He sighed contentedly against Ilya’s chest. No celebration tonight—but honestly? This was almost as good.

“Ilya!!” Shane hissed, then quickly lowered his voice to a harsh whisper. “Are you naked?!”

His hands fumbled around under the blanket to confirm—and yep, totally naked.

“What?” Ilya laughed, completely relaxed. “I always sleep naked. So do you.”

From across the room, Bood and Wyatt snorted with laughter.

“I mean... yeah,” Shane muttered, flustered, “but this is different.”

Ilya switched to Russian, voice low and amused. “What’s weirder is that you’re still groping me... and we’re like one and a half meters from our teammates.”

Shane yanked his hand back from Ilya's dick like he'd touched fire, face burning. “God,” he mumbled, “why are you like this?”

“Besides,” Ilya continued in English, clearly enjoying himself, “they are impressed every day they see me naked in the locker room. No difference here. And I am under the blanket.”

Shane grumbled something unintelligible and rolled over, trying to will himself to sleep. It wasn’t easy. Not with Ilya warm, naked, and just a breath away. His mind was racing, and unfortunately, his body was very aware of the situation.

Eventually though, Ilya's familiar presence and the exhaustion from the day kicked in. Shane let out a quiet sigh, draped an arm across Ilya's waist, and finally drifted off—half hard, a little embarrassed, but deeply content.

The next morning, Shane woke up to the smell of cheap hotel coffee and the sound of muffled laughter inside the room.

He blinked blearily, realizing two things: one, Ilya was still very naked under the covers, and two, his hand was somehow tucked between Ilya's thighs.

He groaned.

Bood's voice came from behind him, unmistakably loud and way too cheerful for this early. "Rise and shine, lovebirds! Hope y'all got some sleep in here!"

Wyatt chimed in from behind him, amused: "You do not snore, Shane. But you do make these little content sighs in your sleep."

Shane buried his face into Ilya's chest. "Tell me I'm dreaming."

"Nope," Ilya said, far too smug, stretching lazily and showing zero shame as the blanket rode dangerously low. "You are, however, very cozy."

Someone knocked on the door. "Breakfast in the lobby in ten!" a teammate shouted, followed by a loud and theatrical: "Make sure Roz and Hollander are... decent!"

Shane groaned again, this time into the pillow. "I hate all of you."

Ilya just grinned and kissed the top of his head. "They're just jealous. Morning sweetheart."

By the time they made it to breakfast, most of the team was already seated—and the teasing began instantly.

"Did you guys at least wait until the lights were off and Bood and Wyatt were sleeping?"

"I heard there were scandalous rustling of the blankets!"

"Poor Shane. Looks like he had a hard night.. No pun intended."

Shane, red-faced and grumbling into his coffee, tried not to melt into the chair. Ilya, on the other hand, looked like he was absolutely thriving, arm casually slung around Shane's shoulders, smirking like a cat in the sun.

"You guys are the worst," Shane muttered.

"And yet," Ilya said with a grin, "you keep sleeping with me."

Laughter erupted around the table, and Shane shook his head, finally letting out a reluctant chuckle.

The ribbing might never die down—but secretly? He kind of loved it.

End Notes

Been reading this fanfic for a year. Finally tried writing one

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