

Hall Pass

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Hall Pass

by [hideeho](#)

Summary

"Tell me, Hollander, who is your hall pass?"

In which Ilya asks a question and is completely chill and not at all irrational about Shane's response.

Notes

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

"Tell me, Hollander, who is your hall pass?"

"Jesus fucking Christ, Rozanov, you just finished."

"Inside you? Yes, I was there. Now answer the question," Ilya drawls, nipping at Shane's collarbone as he flops down in the bed beside him. From this angle he has the perfect vantage point to watch the blush spread across the other man's face in a way that makes his freckles pop against his aggravatingly perfect skin. Perfect Canadian Good Boy with his perfect stupid face. A million sponsorships and not a single skincare brand, doesn't even have the decency to leave any product out where he can snoop. Not that he has. Much. Too much. A totally normal amount. "Well? I am waiting."

"How did you even learn that phrase," Shane groans, flopping his head back against the pillow in a way that gives him perfect access to kiss up the length of his throat.

"I am on many lists," Ilya says matter of factly, tugging on the lobe of Shane's ear. "Very popular hall pass. It's important to know what that means, yes? I'd hate to disappoint all my fans."

Soon there is a hand on his face pushing him away, which would be rude if it wasn't instantly sliding through his curls in a way that makes his recently spent dick twitch in a valiant effort to show its appreciation.

"Come on Hollander," he whines, nuzzling the wrist of the hand tracing delightful patterns against his scalp. "I'm curious. I want to know what makes the number two player in the league all hot and bothered. Other than me, of course."

"Shut up," Shane responds, the roll of his eyes doing little to cover up for the smile he's fighting. "Fine, *fine*, I guess if I had to pick someone..." Shane bites down on his bottom lip and he can practically see the other man going through every person he has ever known and making a pro and con list.

"Hollander, you're thinking too hard. Follow your cock."

"Don't you mean heart?"

"No, I definitely mean cock."

The aggrieved sigh that fills the room has Ilya hiding his smile against Shane's bicep, his fingers sliding to the other man's thigh to slide through the fine hair. He takes a hair between his fingers and pulls.

"OW! What the fuck?"

"Stop stalling. Tell me your hall pass."

"That *hurt*."

"You are a professional hockey player. I saw you get slammed against the boards yesterday. Are you telling me all it takes to take you down is a pair of tweezers?" Ilya raises his brow knowingly.

"No! Shut up. It's different."

Ilya makes a series of pinching motions at Shane's thigh and barks out a laugh as Shane tries to slap at his hands and scramble away. Shane may be (a touch) faster on the ice, but in bed, Ilya knows how to get the upper hand. He wrestles Shane to his back, pinning him to the bed between his thighs with one wrist pressed against the headboard under his hand.

"Hollander."

"Rozanov."

"Answer the question."

"Fiiiiiiiiine," Shane sighs, looking up to the ceiling as if seeking divine intervention. "Hunter, okay? If I *had* to pick someone I guess it would be Hunter."

He might have expected the answer, which somehow makes it worse that Shane actually said it. It was just so sad and predictable. Yes, that was what caused him to squeeze the wrist under his palm without thinking. Not anything else. Certainly not the creeping doubt wondering if that was what Shane would pick if he had the choice. If he wasn't hiding in the shadows with him.

But of course he would. Why wouldn't he? A boring good man for a boring good Canadian boy. Not someone messy like him. Someone he would always have to explain, because what could they possibly have in common out in the real world?

"You're playing the game wrong."

Shane wrinkles his nose in offense. "What? It's my choice! How can I play it wrong?"

"You're supposed to pick someone to *fuck*," Ilya bit out, thrusting his hips against Shane's to drive home the point. "One night. One fuck. All the people in the world and you pick a boring old man."

"He's hot! You said it yourself he's hot!"

"Ah, so? Still boring. What would you even do? Feed each other leaves and fold fitted sheets all night?" he huffs.

Ilya doesn't resist when Shane hooks his ankle with his own, using the momentum to flip their positions so that he is sitting on top and Ilya is the one flat against the bed. His fingers find a resting place against the lines of stretch marks, perfectly framing Shane's pert ass.

"You're jealous."

"Lies. I'm disappointed," Ilya grumbles.

"You're *pouting*." The motherfucker had the audacity to look delighted.

"I do not *pout*. My lip is tired from sucking your cock earlier. That is all," he explains, as if that made any sense at all. "Bet Hunter gives terrible head. Too polite. Probably wipes with a handkerchief afterwards. Has his initials. In Admiral's colors. Pathetic."

Shane is outright laughing at him so he has no choice but to pinch his side, which leads to a round of wrestling that has them fighting for who will be on top. He lets Shane win, if only because he does like the heavy weight of him on top.

"You're right, you're right, you're not jealous at all," Shane concedes, in a tone that makes it clear he is not conceding shit. He misses polite Hollander. This one is a brat and not in a fun way. "So who is your pass then? It's only fair."

And oh, Ilya can't help but smile. He stretches his arms up before sliding his hands behind his head. Shane is squirming against him in a way that is not at all unpleasant, clearly bracing for his response.

"No one. I am a good faithful lover who is perfectly content."

"Oh *fuck* you," Shane squawks. He actually fucking squawks like a fat little bird on the beach that steals french fries from children. "You are such a liar! You set me up, you absolute *asshole*." Ilya would be worried about his ranting, but Shane is kissing his cheeks, his lips, every bit of skin he can find as Ilya continues to laugh in his face. "I'm going to kill you," Shane mumbles, sliding his hand up his chest and resting it gently against his throat in a way that he'd definitely be open to exploring later.

"First you betray me, then you murder me. I am like one of those victims on the news shows," Ilya pouts, really sticking out his bottom lip for emphasis.

"I hate you."

"You don't," Ilya counters, pulling Shane down to capture his mouth in a kiss, taking his time to remind him exactly why he should be kissing him and not boring fucking Hunter.

Shane pulls back after a time, slightly dazed and grinning down at him. He continues to stare at him for a moment, his grin turning slightly sour as his brow furrows. Ilya does not allow himself to squirm under his gaze. "You know I wouldn't, right?" Shane asks softly.

"Murder me? No, you would hate the mess."

Shane reaches out to pinch his nipple and he will absolutely be making him pay for that later. "I'm serious," Shane says seriously, as if he needs Ilya to believe him. "I wouldn't fuck Hunter. Or be like, actually interested in him."

Oh, he was worried. He was worried he had actually upset him. Ilya felt something in his stomach unravel, something he wasn't willing to name.

"I know, Hollander." And he was surprised to find he meant it.

"Good, because I wouldn't want that. With him. Or anyone. Or---"

"I know, Hollander." He didn't need him to explain to translate his meaning. I want you. I choose you. You are mine and I am yours. "Ditto."

"You fucking asshole." But Shane didn't say it with any malice. He said it like I love you.

And that, that was more than enough.

End Notes

A giant thank you to Katie for being my amazing beta reader without even being in this fandom!

Like Shane, I have a praise kink and need external validation so kudos and comments are always treasured and adored!

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