

## Another Hotel Room, A Few More Hours

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/73642246) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/73642246>.

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| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                               |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a> , <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                          |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                      |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a>                                                                                    |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">boys being stupidly in love with each other</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling</a> , <a href="#">another fic from me focusing on language</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                           |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-11-03 Words: 1,301 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                  |

# **Another Hotel Room, A Few More Hours**

by [MangoTea](#)

## Summary

The boys spend a few hours together the night before a game, and Ilya is caught off guard by how good Shane's Russian has gotten

Ilya roughly dried his hair and got back into the hotel bed. Shane lay there eyes closed and relaxed, but far from asleep. Ilya shifted close to him and pushed Shane's shoulder so he could curl up behind him, not quite spoon him, just hold him and bury his face in his lover's back. He would have to leave soon. All the thoughts that had left his head when he'd entered this room, consumed by finally being back in Shane's presence, were starting to creep back in.

Shane, relaxed from sex and skin soft from his own shower, laughed and let himself be moved however Ilya wanted. They used to part ways right after a shower, but taking a few more minutes to reconnect after, hold each other, was time they both treasured. Ending with cuddles and a few soft kisses felt better and usually left Ilya feeling more settled and satisfied.

Erickson, a left winger he was often paired with, had announced his engagement at the end of practice and his team had gone out to celebrate. Ilya had slipped away from the party to get his precious few hours with Shane. The lives of his teammates were moving forward: engagements, weddings, announcing that their wives were expecting, handing out invites to birthday parties or first communions. Ilya didn't have a single regret, Shane was his world, but watching the lives of his friends spin forward while they were in stasis, trying to hold on, made him ache.

Even if the situation was a thousand times harder, he'd still choose Shane. Shane was worth everything, but he wished things could be easier for them. He wanted it to be them to be glowing with happiness at engagement parties or hugging their kids after games.

He took a deep breath, taking in the clean scent of Shane's skin. "I love you so much it scares me," he murmured in Russian. Putting his feelings into words helped even if they couldn't be understood. He needed to open up, even if only to himself. "I wouldn't change it, if I could. This feeling, I'd never give it up. You are everything to me."

Shane twisted in his arms and Ilya gladly resettled against his chest. Ilya was taller than him, but he liked this sometimes, curling up so he felt smaller and letting himself be held by powerfully muscular arms. Ilya pressed a kiss to the center of Shane's chest, right over his heart, and snuggled in shamelessly.

"Do not be scared. I feel the same, love. Mine. Always."

Ilya melted completely into Shane's arms at hearing those words. For a moment, everything seemed perfect. It was like a barrier between them had given way and they were somehow closer, more in tune with each other. A sense of peace washed over him.

His mind went quiet. Some tension deep inside him, so constant he'd grown almost numb to it, had just resolved and faded away. He didn't realize how much it ate at him, until it was gone. He let a few deep breaths come and go before his mind turned to figuring out why he was suddenly so relaxed.

Fucking English, that was it, he was always worried that he'd completely misunderstood what he was being told. Shane speaking to him in Russian made his words so much more comforting. That friction of trying to make sure he'd decoded things right, was gone for once and that felt amazing.

His body jerked as the realization sunk in: he'd spoken Russian and Shane had replied.

"What?" Ilya looked up at Shane in shock.

"What?" Shane grinned widely, clearly pleased with himself.

"You speak Russian?"

"I said I learn? You taught me first words."

"Yes but, you understand me already? Even when I'm speaking quietly?"

Shane's eyes widened. He suddenly let go of Ilya and pulled back. "Oh fuck," Shane switched back to English, "you didn't mean for me to hear that. It was private. Oh shit, Ilya I... I wanted to surprise you with how hard I'd worked, I didn't realize." Shane had gone from glowing to completely crushed.

"No, no, you are perfect." Ilya pulled Shane back towards him, clinging to him. "You love me. Just surprised."

"I didn't mean... to invade your privacy. That's... shit... Ilya I'd never want to do that." Shane was still tense and panicking a little. Ilya wanted him to relax, for their last few minutes together to feel good. He had to go soon and they both knew it.

Ilya was painfully aware of the passing of time. He'd dedicated his life to a game where seconds mattered, even half seconds. Tonight they were meeting at Shane's hotel room to buy just a few more minutes, instead of being at his apartment here in Boston. The impromptu celebration for Erickson after his announcement had cut into his hopes for a longer, more relaxed time with Shane, making a few more memories in his space so it felt less lonely.

"Sit, sit," Ilya urged, trying to arrange both of them so they sat on the bed together. Shane did as he asked, but he was still looking down. He took a moment before speaking, trying to figure out the best way to soothe Shane. He couldn't bear the thought of parting like this.

"I do not know if I have the words to explain, but it is okay. Listen less to my words, more to how I say them. Listen to this." He cupped Shane's cheek. "Listen to how my body is. When you first spoke, how did I respond?"

"You relaxed, like I'd comforted you. That felt so good, feeling like what I did paid off and I could take care of you." Shane spoke slowly, haltingly, but his voice eased with each word. Ilya's question had landed as he'd hoped, and Shane was figuring out for himself that everything was okay.

"I liked that you heard me. So many times I spoke, part of me wanted to be heard, always. Though, if you'd understood the first time I told you I loved you, would have been a disaster.

I've been telling you for so long, years before I said it in English. I got very sloppy, so used to just saying what I felt, telling so many secrets."

"Ilya..." Shane's voice had completely softened and he looked directly at Ilya, eyes full of love.

"Now you know. Sometimes late at night, after games, when I whispered Russian against your skin, was not only me being tired. Is embarrassing how in love I am."

"How the fuck am I supposed to sit here and watch you walk out that door? How do I ever?"

"Knowing that I am yours, completely." Ilya winked. "Think about that on the ice tomorrow."

Shane punched him in the arm.

"You love me so much, to do this, to work so hard. I will pay you back you by saying sexy things on the ice to distract you." Ilya suddenly sat up straight in excitement. "Oh! I can call Hayden names and you will how I am insulting him! Do you know the Russian words for rookie, or dive?"

"Stop trying to make me feel better by reminding me what a dick you are. I know, and I love you anyway."

Ilya lunged forward, tackling Shane and hugging him. Shane laughed and rolled around on the bed with him, before pinning him to the mattress.

Shane leaned down so their foreheads touched. "I meant it, you're mine and I'm yours, completely."

Ilya pulled him into a kiss. Perhaps they weren't as stuck as he'd thought. Shane had found a way to bring them even closer. Their path was rough as hell, but they were walking it, and walking it together.

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