

1410

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1410

by [Emigma62](#)

Summary

There was no way. Absolutely no way. The universe was a cruel mistress and there was no way Shane was spending the night with Ilya in room 1410 in this hotel and still being fit to play tomorrow.

What if the Centaurs stayed in *that* hotel in Toronto one time? What if Shane and Ilya got assigned room 1410?

Notes

Like a lot of people I have spent the last week and a half thoroughly obsessed with Heated Rivalry and the Game Changers Universe.

This is just a quick bit of fun I wrote in a few hours. Inspired by chapter 5 of The Centaurs Have a PR Problem (and It's Married) by Justaromanticfool.

Enjoy!

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

- Inspired by [The Centaurs Have a PR Problem \(and It's Married\)](#) by [Justaromanticfool](#)

Shane took the key card from the staffer, already half-turned toward the elevators. It had been a long bus ride to Toronto but the Centaurs avoided air travel when they could. Understandably. He was on autopilot, running through his pre-game checklist, and wasn't thinking about much when he glanced down to check the room number.

1410.

He froze.

For a second he just stared at the number, half convinced he'd suddenly travelled back in time. His skin tingled and he felt heat rush up the back of his neck. His grip tightened on the card but he wasn't seeing the numbers anymore.

Do I make you curious?

"Oh, no."

The staffer blinked. "Is there a problem, Hollander?"

Shane looked up, wide eyed and realized a few heads had turned. Not enough to be a scene but enough to make him feel exposed.

He swallowed, trying to keep his voice steady. "Someone needs to switch rooms with us."

The staffer frowned, checking his tablet. "You guys have the only king bed. The rest of the rooms all have two queens." Someone snickered at that but for once Shane didn't feel the need to give them *the look*.

He could feel his pulse in his throat. It was bad enough that they were staying in *this* hotel. The lobby had been refurbished some time in the last 11 years but the knowledge of what he'd done, what they'd started, within these walls was enough to have his heart racing. Ilya had spent half an hour talking him down and promising to be on his best behaviour when they'd found out.

Do I make you curious?

There was no way. Absolutely no way. The universe was a cruel mistress and there was no way Shane was spending the night with Ilya in room 1410 in *this* hotel and still being fit to play tomorrow.

"Shit."

Footsteps came up behind him. Ilya slid in at his side, calm and focused, the way a good captain should be when something was bothering his team.

"Is there a problem?" he asked, eyes narrowing slightly at Shane's face. Over the years his accent had faded slightly and his grasp of English grammar had vastly improved. The Ilya in

Shane's memories spoke slowly, carefully, wrapping his tongue around the English words like he wrapped his tongue around...

Do I make you curious?

"Obviously." Shane answered the wrong question. Ilya's eyebrows shot up and Shane shoved the card toward him before he could say anything worse.

Ilya barely glanced down before his face split into a grin and began to chuckle.

"Ilya," Shane hissed under his breath. "Stop." By this point every other guy on the team was shamelessly watching, Hollanov antics were considered prime entertainment.

Ilya was still laughing.

"It's not funny."

"No. It's romantic."

"It's not that either." Shane's mortification spiked. He lowered his voice, leaning in so no one else caught his next words. "I need to be able to play hockey tomorrow, Ilya."

Ilya's laughter doubled in volume.

"If there's an issue..." The staffer was looking baffled at the two of them, both turning red, Shane from embarrassment and Ilya from laughing so hard.

The Russian managed to catch his breath long enough to wave the poor man off. "There's no issue, this room will be fine."

"I know us," Shane muttered, face still hot. "It won't be fine."

Ilya switched to Russian as he pulled Shane away, toward the elevators. "Do not worry, my little tomato. I will keep myself in hands."

"We both know you are not dangerous one here." Shane admitted begrudgingly, also in Russian. Ilya chuckled again, wrapping an arm around him as the elevator doors closed and they began to make their way up.

"I will hold out. For us two."

Shane rolled his eyes, going back to English now that they were alone. "Please. You fold like a cheap lawn chair any time I breathe in your general direction." The look Ilya gave him in response was molten.

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At breakfast the next morning Shane was walking perfectly fine, thank you very much. He nodded a greeting at Bood, taking a seat beside him and shooting a significant look back at Ilya. The Russian smiled almost sheepishly and trotted off to the tea and coffee station.

“You guys sleep alright? Ready to kick ass tonight?” Bood was friendly, the whole team was, and Shane had been so grateful when he first joined. This morning however, Shane would have preferred not to be asked any questions.

He shrugged and nodded, hoping that would be enough to satisfy the other man. Ilya was taking too long.

“You alright man?” Bood tried again. Shane nodded once more and sighed in relief when Ilya returned with a steaming mug. The smell of honey and lemon wafted over and he inhaled deeply before taking a long sip. It was almost too hot but felt incredible on his throat.

Across the table, Wyatt sniffed the air and frowned. “You getting sick, Hollander?” Shane could feel his cheeks beginning to flush as he shook his head. He took another long sip and closed his eyes, imagining a world where, for once in his life, everyone just left him alone.

“Hollzy can’t be sick! We need him tonight.”

Of course, that wasn’t the world he lived in. He heard a quiet snicker behind him and twisted around to glare at his stupid irresistible husband, with his stupid irresistible face, and his stupid irresistible dick.

Ilya had the common sense to look chastised and trotted off again, hopefully to get Shane some breakfast. His usual game day choice was high fibre toast and an egg white omelette but he definitely wasn’t feeling up to choking down anything like that. Maybe some nice soft oatmeal...

“Seriously dude, what happened, you were fine yesterday?”

Shane took another sip, swallowing slowly and coughing to clear his throat, he winced and steeled himself to speak.

“I’m fine guys.” The words came out in a harsh rasp and Shane winced again, more at the sudden silence than the pain. His husband chose that moment to place a bowl of oatmeal in front of him and take a seat at his side.

Ilya was either unwilling or unable to come up with something to say to brush this off. Instead he was just sitting there, very clearly trying not to look smug. Most of the guys seemed vaguely horrified at the idea that Shane was sick. They had a real chance at the cup this year and they couldn’t afford to lose their *best player* for even one game.

Troy looked less horrified, more calculating, and Shane knew he’d made a mistake when they locked eyes. His face heated as Troy’s gaze flicked over to Ilya. A small, wicked smile appeared.

Shane tried a tiny shake of his head, pleading silently for Troy to drop it. He was not so lucky.

“Dude, nice,” Troy said, holding his hand up to Ilya. Shane let his forehead thump to the table.

There was a beat of shuffling, someone went, “Ohhh,” and then the whole table broke into laughter and chirps.

Shane heard Ilya’s laugh among them and felt a hand settle gently on his shoulder. He huffed theatrically but kept his head down to hide his smile.

He wasn’t mad. Not really. He’d never admit it, but he was proud. Last night he’d well and truly proven what difference a decade of experience could make. He’d come pretty far from that terrified, *curious* teenager who’d somehow had the guts to sink to his knees in room 1410.

End Notes

I like to think that, when Shane put his head on the table, Troy mimed a blowjob to the guys who still didn't get it.

I might write the smut at a later date, who knows. If anyone else would like to write the smut please go ahead.

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