

The Warm Embrace of Winter

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/75062056) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/75062056>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Royalty , Political Marriage , Enemies to Lovers to Idiots in Love , Enemies to Lovers , Married Couple , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , King Ilya Rozanov , Consort Shane Hollander , Body Worship , Obsessive Behavior , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , soft ilya rozanov , verbal praise , Praise Kink , Begging , Light D/s Dynamics , Dirty Talk , Spanking , handjobs , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Established Relationship , Happy Ending , good boy shane hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of The King, His Prince, and the Long Winter
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-01 Words: 4,720 Chapters: 1/1

The Warm Embrace of Winter

by [nj_1996](#)

Summary

The king of Rozanova wakes to the only warmth that has ever mattered: his husband sprawled over his chest, the most beautiful man in the entire world lit with the soft, gentle glow of morning.

There is a council waiting, a kingdom to run, old men to convince and borders to hold. Ilya would much rather spend the morning cataloguing every freckle, praising every inch of Shane's body and coaxing his consort into saying exactly what he wants... and then giving it to him until Shane is still feeling it when he finally takes his seat at the council table.

(Sequel to Melting a Winter King. Can be read on its own, but works best as a double feature!)

Notes

Here we are again! I could absolutely not let these boys go. Therefore, here is your follow up! I was absolutely overwhelmed and blown away by the response to the first part in this series. The amount of comments, kudos and bookmarks was incredible, thank you all so much for the amazing feedback! It means more than you know <3

This follow-up takes place few weeks later, just a nice, 5k one shot of absolute domestic bliss and sexiness.

Please enjoy, and do let me know what you think!

The first thing he felt was not the cold.

The cold was always there, had always been there, waiting in the stone and the air and the places his father's voice used to sit. It crept in under doors and through the seams of the windows, it pressed against the thin skin under his eyes and the joints in his fingers, it bit like teeth whenever he stepped outside the gentle heat of the fireplace.

This morning, like every morning for weeks now, the cold was held at bay by something heavier and far more important.

Warmth.

A solid, breathing, muttering bundle of it sprawled half across his chest.

Ilya surfaced slowly, like a man rising from deep water, and let his awareness settle one thing at a time. The weight over his ribs. The soft puff of breath against his throat. The way one of Shane's legs had managed to get between his own, hooking there with unconscious possessiveness as if even in sleep he refused to give up ground.

His arms tightened instinctively. There was always a moment, just at waking, when his mind offered him the possibility that this might be gone, that he might open his eyes and find only blankets and cold air for company. It had been that way for most of his adult life. Even before the coronation. Before the treaty. Before the boy from the enemy court had walked through his gates and looked at him like he was both executioner and last hope. Before an assassin had attempted to take all of this away from him just a few weeks before.

He did not open his eyes yet.

He tucked his chin slightly instead, nose brushing deeper into Shane's hair.

It smelt of their soap, of wool and smoke and something that was just him, warm and human and alive. Ilya breathed it in as if that alone were enough to keep his heart beating. His hand had, at some point in the night, found a comfortable resting place splayed over the centre of Shane's back. His palm rested over warm, bare skin, fingers spread along the line of his spine. He could feel each slow rise and fall of Shane's lungs. It soothed something restless in him that nothing else ever quite touched.

He could have stayed like that for hours. King of a winter kingdom, proudly reduced to a pillow for one man's sleep and comfort.

Eventually, Ilya's curiosity won. It usually did.

He cracked his eyes open.

The room was pale with early light, the kind that seemed to seep from the snow itself rather than from the weak sun. Frost traced delicate patterns along the inside of the window panes. His breath steamed faintly in the air where it escaped over Shane's locks.

Then his gaze dropped to the face on his chest and everything else blurred.

He did this every morning, whether or not Shane woke up before him. He knew it. If anyone had asked, he would have blamed habit, vigilance, the pragmatic need to assess his consort's rest, his bruises, his health.

It was none of those things.

Shane's eyes were still closed; lashes dark against the faint flush of his cheeks. When he was awake, his gaze was quick and sharp and assessing. Big brown eyes that missed very little, even when he sometimes pretended to be less observant than he actually was in order to gain the upper hand. Now, in sleep, they were soft. The small crease between his brows had smoothed out. His mouth had fallen open by a fraction, lower lip pushed into a little pout that Ilya would have mocked if it did not make his chest ache. He longed to kiss it.

Freckles dusted across the bridge of his nose and the tops of his cheeks, scattered like someone had flicked a paintbrush over him and forgotten to stop. In the dim light, some were barely visible. Others stood out sharply against the soft, ever less sun-kissed looking skin. Ilya had kissed every single one he could reach more than once. He had not admitted that out loud, but he knew that Shane knew.

He lifted the hand that lay on Shane's back, brushing his knuckles gently along his jaw. Stubble rasped softly against his skin. Shane made a faint sound, somewhere between a sigh and a grumble, and burrowed closer instead of waking, nose pressing more firmly into Ilya's chest.

"Lazy," Ilya murmured, voice rough with sleep. "It is already morning."

No response except another, more pointed burrow.

Ilya huffed a quiet laugh. It misted in the air and drifted away.

His eyes continued their slow, greedy journey.

Shane's shoulders had filled out somewhat more over the past weeks. Training in the yard, the hours of swordplay and footwork in brutal cold, had put a little more muscle onto the frame that had once seemed too delicate for Rozanova's winters. Not soft. Never soft. Shane was harder than he knew. There was steel under the shivering and the panic and the too-polite smiles. Ilya had seen it the first time he had looked into those wide brown eyes and thought, *ah. There you are.* The rival prince who too had survived a war he did not start.

From shoulders to back. From back to waist. From waist down to where the blankets had slipped low enough that he could see the curve of Shane's hip slightly exposed from underneath those heavy blankets.

That was where his thoughts always became less dignified.

He let them.

There was, Ilya believed, no point in lying to oneself in one's own head.

Prince Shane Hollander had many admirable qualities. A sharp mind. A spine that refused to bend when it mattered. A heart that, when given any encouragement at all, offered itself far more freely than made sense for a prince raised in a viper's court.

He also had, quite frankly, the best arse Ilya had ever seen in his life.

Even now, half hidden by blankets, the line of it made his hand twitch with the urge to curl around it. Rounded, solid, the sort of arse a man could hold on to. When Shane lay on his stomach, it rose invitingly, straining the fabric just so. When he rode, when he knelt, when he bent to take off his boots, when he stalked furiously out of rooms with his shoulders squared and his chin up, that part of him moved with a kind of infuriating grace that made Ilya's thoughts veer unhelpfully south.

He had been born for court, for politics, for war.

Ilya had not been prepared, in any of his training, to be undone so completely by the way one man's body fit against his own.

Shane made a tiny, sleepy shift, and the blankets slid down further, just enough that there was more of that curve to see. They had not bothered to put any clothes on after their adventures before sleep the night before, and so Ilya now had a full view of the shape of his husband's arse, the rest of the blankets outlining it beautifully and leaving very little to the imagination. Ilya's hand moved of its own accord, down from Shane's back, following the path of his spine until his fingers rested against the top of the curve.

He did not squeeze. Not yet. He simply laid his hand there, covering as much as he could, thumb brushing along the slope, feeling heat and life and possession settle in his bones.

Mine, some unhelpful part of him thought, not for the first time. *Mine, mine, mine*.

He was aware, distantly, that he should probably be thinking of grain shortages and troop placements and the fact that he had a council session in a few hours. He should be rehearsing in his mind the arguments he would need to make to get old men to move one inch away from the things they had clung to for decades. He should be considering reports of unrest in the southern passes and the last letter from Hollandia and a hundred other things that would collapse if he let go of them for too long.

All he could think about was the way Shane's arse fitted under his hand and the knowledge, drawn from still-new memory, of how it felt when that body settled over him fully, taking his weight and his heat and making something bright out of the long, dark winter.

"Staring." A rough, sleepy voice mumbled against his chest.

Ilya blinked, surprised at the sudden disturbance of his thoughts. "What?"

Shane shifted again. His head tipped back slightly, just enough that one brown eye cracked open and peered up at him. It was hazy with sleep, pupils still wide. A strand of hair had fallen over his forehead, refusing to be tamed. Ilya had never seen something so beautiful.

“You are staring at me.” Shane said, words thickly laced with sleep. “I can feel it.”

Ilya tried for a witty remark, it tended to be the best defence. “Is crime to look at my own husband now?”

Shane’s mouth twitched. “Not a crime. Just... intense.”

“I am king.” Ilya said solemnly. “Everything about me is intense. Ask my council.”

“Your council thinks you are a menace.” Shane muttered, but there was fondness in it.

“They are not wrong.” Ilya let his thumb stroke slowly along the curve under his palm, unable to resist. “Can you blame me, solnyshko? You are so very easy to look at.”

That finally earned him a proper flush. Colour rose from Shane’s cheeks to the tips of his ears. His eyes opened fully, then darted down, taking in the placement of Ilya’s hand.

“You are impossible and insatiable.” Shane said weakly.

“Da,” Ilya agreed. “But you married me. Too late to regret.”

Shane made a sound that might have been a laugh and might have been a low groan. “You are holding my arse.” He pointed out.

“Yes.”

“At dawn.”

“Best way to start day after ending it same way.”

“You have council.” Shane tried. “The king of Rozanova cannot be late to council because of... because of cuddles.”

Ilya made a thoughtful noise. “The king of Rozanova can do whatever he pleases.” He said. “If I wish to be late because my husband has beautiful eyes and very distracting freckles and the sort of backside that should be declared national treasure, who will stop me?”

Shane gave him a look that was half scandalised, half helplessly pleased. “Ilya.”

He lifted his free hand and cupped Shane’s face, thumb brushing over the scatter of freckles across the bridge of his nose, slow and reverent.

“Big eyes.” He murmured. “Like deer. Or guilty dog who stole sausage.”

“Those do not sound flattering at all,” Shane protested, but the pink in his cheeks deepened.

“Very flattering,” Ilya assured him. “I like them. I like when they go wide when you are surprised. When you are angry. When you look at me like I am only thing in room that matters.” His thumb traced down, over the bow of Shane’s mouth. “I like these. Always saying things you should not. Or kissing me. Or wrapping around my cock. I like all.”

Shane's lips parted under his touch, breath warm against his thumb before it slowly slid in between those lips. A small suck around Ilya's thumb, a slight touch of tongue, and they both knew that any other thoughts would be lost until they did something about this growing tension.

"And freckles." Ilya went on, because singing the praises of Shane's beauty was something he would absolutely never deny himself. "Too many to count. Tiny suns. Someone dropped them on you so I have something to chase when I am old and have nothing else to do."

"That is the worst poetry I have ever heard." Shane whispered, letting Ilya's thumb drop from between his lips with a fond smile.

"Then you should not have married king and expected poet." Ilya moved his hand back to Shane's hip, then down again, fingers spreading, thumb pressing lightly into the flesh there. "And this. This is my favourite."

Shane buried his face back into Ilya's chest with a pained noise. "You are not allowed to say that." Came the muffled protest.

"Why not?" Ilya was genuinely curious. "It is true. Very good arse. Strong. Beautiful. Looks very proper in consort furs. Looks even better when you are riding me and I can see bounce."

Shane jolted as if struck, a small gasp escaping him as Ilya's hand on his arse only tightened. "You cannot just say things like that first thing in the morning."

"Is not first thing." Ilya said. "We have been awake for at least... two minutes."

He could feel the way Shane's body reacted, even as he tried to hide his face. The subtle tightening of muscle under his palm. The way his breath sped up just a fraction. The way his fingers, which had been resting loose against Ilya's side, now curled, gripping at his biceps to steady himself.

Ilya's own body reacted in turn. It always did, as if some part of him had sworn an oath to follow wherever Shane led, even unintentionally.

He shifted, just enough that their hips aligned more firmly. Shane sucked in a breath, sharp and soft at once.

"Ilya," he said again, but the tone was different now, thinner, the syllables catching at the edges.

"Yes, solnyshko?" Ilya let the old endearment curl off his tongue, tasting it. Little sun. It had been a joke, once. Not anymore. He meant every letter of it.

Shane lifted his head just enough to look at him properly. His eyes were darker now, pupils dilated, freckles standing out more sharply on skin that had flushed with heat rather than cold.

"You are terrible." He said. "You know that."

“Many times I have been told.” Ilya said. “By enemies, by council, by half of Hollandia. Only you say it like it is compliment.”

“Maybe it is.” Shane said, a little breathless.

Ah, Ilya thought. There. That sound. That look.

He did not consciously decide to move. One moment he was propped against the pillows, holding Shane loosely. The next, he rolled, slow and careful, guiding Shane beneath him, bracing his weight on his elbows so as not to crush him.

The blankets tangled around their hips. Shane let out a small, startled huff as his back met the mattress, then, after a heartbeat, his hands came up, one curling at the nape of Ilya’s neck, the other sliding down his side to grip at his waist.

Ilya took a moment simply to look at him like that. Hair mussed, cheeks flushed, freckles bright. The sight hit him as hard as any blow he had taken on the training field.

“Look at you.” He said, because the words were too full in his chest to hold. “I spent many years learning to command armies. I should have spent them learning what to do with this instead.”

Shane swallowed. “You seem to be managing.” He said faintly.

“I am great improviser.” Ilya agreed.

He lowered his head and kissed him.

It started soft. It rarely stayed that way. Shane met him halfway, lips parting easily, letting him in. His hand tightened at the back of Ilya’s neck, pulling him closer. Ilya let himself be pulled. He always did where Shane was concerned. Wherever he wanted to go.

His body slotted into the familiar line of Shane’s, chest to chest, hip to hip. The heat between them rose quickly, burning away whatever remnants of the night’s chill clung to their skin. Shane’s leg hitched up against his own, drawing him in deeper. Ilya could feel Shane’s excitement now. It was growing against his own, growing hot and heavy and needy in desire.

Ilya caught his breath against Shane’s mouth, swallowed a sound that threatened to be embarrassing in any other context. He kissed his husband again and again and again, swallowing every huff, every noise, every moan that escaped him as Ilya’s hand started to explore the now familiar lines of his body.

He lifted a large, calloused hand from where it was lodged in Shane’s hair and started its journey downwards. He gently squeezed at a pec, flicking a nipple and grinning at the delicious noise that he received in response. It was already so desperate, so needy and filled with desire.

He really needed to play with Shane’s nipples more. They were sensitive in the most delicious ways, making Shane arch his back, cry out, come with an intensity that surprised even Ilya sometimes. Not now though. He had other plans this morning.

Ilya's hand continued. Over abs, momentarily brushing over a hip, and finally to where Shane wanted him most. He wrapped long, thick fingers around both of them at once, jerking slowly once, twice, setting a rhythm that would pleasure but not be enough. Against his lips, a desperate moan escaped Shane, one that he swallowed down with insatiable greed.

"I-Ilya... Please." Shane pleaded. He was bucking up into the touch, his head slowly tipping back as his hips jerked up. Every breath, every soft moan gave a puff of hot air in the freezing air, one that Ilya wanted to suck in and keep for himself.

For now, a sly grin appeared on Ilya's face, and he briefly mourned the loss of those lips against his own before moving on to his next target. He buried his face into Shane's neck, immediately licking, sucking, and nibbling gently on the skin. Looking for the place that drove his husband crazy with desire. Looking for the spot th-

"Oh!" Shane moaned. His hands found Ilya's shoulders now, grabbing tighter, fingertips digging deep into hard lines of taut muscle as he pressed his entire body against his husband's. He hooked his heel behind the back of Ilya's knee, tugging him even closer. "Fuck..." He continued. "Ilya, please. Fuck... I need... Please."

"Da, solnyshko?" Ilya asked, voice low. "You know I will do anything you ask. Anything. I will suck you. I will fuck you. I will lick you open and tear you apart at the seams. Ask me. Tell me what you desire."

For now, only a low, needy whine escaped Shane, a large jolt shuddering his entire body as Ilya changed tempo on their cocks. It was a little rough, and it burned slightly on Ilya, but it was more than worth it. He could feel how much Shane was leaking. He could feel the desperation from his husband, the throbbing of his cock against his own.

"I-Ilya..." Shane stammered again. "I will... I'm gonna... Gods..."

The sound that escaped Shane when Ilya stopped moving his hand was one that made him grin against his husband's skin. Shane's expression when he pulled back to look him in the eye was a perfect storm of fury, disbelief, and desperation. His mouth was still hanging slightly open, his breathing was fast and shallow, and his face was flushed a deep crimson underneath those thousand and one freckles.

"Ilya? What the...?" Shane asked, clearly growing more frustrated by the second. He tried to move his hips up into his husband's hand, and groaned loudly when he was pinned down even further, unable to move.

"No." Ilya said, a raised eyebrow shutting Shane up in an instant. "You are defying order from your king. I said to ask me for what you want. So tell me now, milyy. Be good boy for me."

The wave of emotion that passed over Shane's face was nothing but delicious. In just a moment, Shane's expression shifted from outraged at being denied, to pleading at being told to ask for what he wanted, to his breath catching and his mouth dropping further at the potential of being called a good boy.

Shane whined low, and Ilya smirked as he could feel his cock throbbing and leaking even more than he already was.

He doubled down.

“You are good boy, are you not?” Ilya asked. “Only need to tell me what you want. I will take care of you. I will make you happy. I will make you come so good you will see stars for hours, solnyshko. Be good now.”

Shane looked to be transported into a different world. His gaze seemed to be focused solely on Ilya’s lips now. On those words. He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again, seemingly fighting all his demons as his face turned redder by the second. When his gaze finally shifted to Ilya’s eyes again, the latter leaned in to whisper into his husband’s ear.

“Say it.”

The moan that escaped Shane could propel Ilya to move mountains and fight wars all on his own. It sent shudders down his spine and made his cock throb with a need that he could barely hold back. It made him want to expose Shane’s hole, push himself in, and fuck his husband until the man pinned underneath him was a moaning, begging, desperate mess.

He had more self control than that. Instead, he pulled back again, slowly moving his hand up and down on their cocks again as he met Shane’s gaze. It was torture for his husband to have to voice his innermost sexual thoughts. Ilya knew that. And yet, it was the most delicious thing in the world to have the most beautiful man in the world fall apart like this for him. He simply could not resist.

“I-Ilya...” Shane finally whispered. “Please. Inside me.”

Ilya nearly lost it. He kissed Shane deep, licking into his mouth and swallowing his husband’s moans as a first reward. When he pulled back, he was grinning again.

“What inside you, milyy?” Ilya asked. “My fingers? My tongue? My cock? I thought you spoke this language better than me. Use it.”

Shane whined, but he did not protest. He just took a second, swallowed visibly, and finally opened his mouth again to speak. When he did, the words that came out nearly broke Ilya’s brain.

“Your cock. Please. Ilya, fuck.” Shane spoke, the walls now seemingly broken through. “I need you to fuck me. I need you to get inside me and fuck me so good I will still feel it when we’re in council later. Please. Please, fuck.”

Ilya was fairly certain that whoever was on guard had been able to hear the feral growl that came from the depths of his chest in response. He kissed Shane hard, as he rutted up against his husband’s cock, only breaking the kiss to actually manage a reply.

“Gods, how did I fucking deserve you...” He muttered, before shaking off his daze and meeting Shane’s gaze. “You are so good for me, sweetheart. Such good boy. Will fuck you

now. Make sure you are still nice and open from last night, and then fill you right up again. You like that, da?”

Shane nodded quickly, completely giving in to his husband. Ilya moved them around, reaching for oil. As he did Shane moved on his own. He moved out from underneath Ilya and rolled back over, pushing himself up on hands and knees. He arched his back, showing off a little, and Ilya was certain this was what heaven looked like.

He leaned in then, pressing a kiss to Shane’s inner thigh as he coated his fingers and gently started to open him up again. The awkwardness of their first times was gone now. They knew how this worked. They knew what this took.

Ilya delighted in still finding Shane fairly open from the night before, able to take two of his fingers with ease. He groaned his pleasure, reaching between his husband’s legs to wrap his fingers around him again and touch him slowly.

He opened Shane that way, adding another finger before he decided that his husband was ready to take him. When he pulled his fingers out, he heard the whine that escaped Shane. It made Ilya only slick himself up faster and get behind him quickly, tapping the tip of his cock against Shane’s stretched entrance.

“This what you want, yes?” Ilya asked, both to continue his teasing and ask his husband one more time for his consent. “You going to be a good boy now and take what I give you?”

Shane just moaned at first, nodding desperately. Only when Ilya did nothing, did not make any move at all to push inside, did he finally find his words again.

“Yes! Fuck. Ilya I need you... I need you cock inside me... I can’t... Please. *Please*”

How could Ilya ever say no when his husband begged so beautifully? With a low groan from him and a deep moan from Shane, he finally pushed himself all the way inside in a single move.

Heaven.

Ilya slowly started to move after bottoming out, testing the waters. When he was sure Shane could take it, he started to properly thrust. His hands found his husband’s strong, wide hips, and Ilya smacked Shane’s arse hard just once. The slap echoed loudly in the room, and Shane cried out.

“Fuck!” Shane yelled. “You fucking... you... Fuck. Ilya please. More. Please. Make me come.”

Behind him, Ilya couldn’t wipe the smirk from his face. He pounded hard into his husband from behind as he was asked to, watching closely the way Shane took him. How incredible it felt to be inside him. The soft, warm heat that was all his. How his arse looked every time Ilya thrust against it.

Before he knew it, he was starting to get that familiar feeling down in his stomach. He was getting close.

Ilya immediately reached underneath Shane, grabbing his cock and jerking it along with his thrusts. With his other arm, he reached around his husband's torso, dragging him up and holding him close against his chest and he pounded into his hole.

"Yes, yes..." Ilya said. "Fuck. You feel so good. My solnyshko. My love. My fucking husband with greediest fucking hole in Rozanova." He groaned, his orgasm coming closer and closer as the room filled with the delicious sounds of Shane's moaning. "I will come inside you, da? You want to be a good boy for me and take it all?"

Shane almost screamed back at Ilya, his hips moving back and forth as he searched both for more traction on his own cock, and to get his husband even deeper inside of himself.

"Please!" He begged. "Please, Ilya. I need it. Please. Give me your come and let me come. Please please please!"

"Come for me, milyy." Ilya groaned into Shane's ear.

With a shout, Shane exploded, coming hard over Ilya's hand and onto the bedding in front of them. He clenched hard around his cock, and Ilya only had to give another two thrusts before he moaned low into Shane's ear, filling his hole.

They stayed like that for a moment, and all that filled the room were the sounds of their heavy breathing.

When he could finally form a somewhat coherent thought again, Ilya ever so gently laid Shane back down on his stomach on the bed, and slowly pulled out of him. He stayed close, knowing how clingy and needy his beloved husband got after sex, and peppered kisses all over his shoulders and neck.

"Give me moment, Shane. I will clean up and clean you up. Don't move."

He slowly pulled away, hurrying to quickly wipe himself down with a cloth from the washbasin. He then gently cleaned his husband, placing kisses all over Shane's body, and finally collected him back into his arms.

Shane immediately curled up. He laid his head back down on Ilya's chest, his breathing slowed back down to normal. He looked softy, cuddly, utterly content. The look in his eyes was nothing but love as he looked up at Ilya, and he reached to caress his husband's cheek with a fond smile on his face.

"Fuck the council." Shane whispered. "Can we stay in bed a little longer?"

With a grin, Ilya turned his head, placing a kiss on Shane's palm. "Da." He answered quietly. "Anything for you, solnyskho."

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!