

everything was icy and blue

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by [railmedaddy](#)

Summary

Two hockey bros accidentally book the same cabin for Christmas, oh my.

Notes

For bestwisheswarmestregards who unwittingly gave me the first real kernel of writing inspiration I've felt in literal MONTHS when she jokingly asked me to write her a snowed in, one bed Hollanov fic because she couldn't find one. Belated Merry Christmas, love, and thank you for following me to what is now our fourth shared fandom, I hope this is everything you wanted 💖💖

Thank you to those of you who pretended to believe me when I said that I wasn't going to hyperfixate on these two, and for not saying "I told you so" when I inevitably did 😊 I appreciate the mutual flailing SO MUCH

And last, but most definitely not least, cmere my darling, you deserve the world for introducing me to Shane and Ilya all those years ago, and for holding my hand and taking your turn to be the whip-cracking, bossy cheerleader while I was writing this fic 💖💖💖

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

Shane's frown deepens as he watches the obnoxiously orange Mercedes SUV that's been following him pull up beside him. He flexes his fingers on his steering wheel, taking a deep breath before he steps out of his car, ready to speak to the asshole who was tailing him too closely in the heavy snow and hopefully send them on their way. He rolls his shoulders back, unsure if this is going to turn into an argument. He hopes not, but he can take care of himself if it comes to that.

This just wasn't how he wanted to start his Christmas.

He can't see into the windows of the other SUV because the windows are tinted so dark they're almost black. A head full of light brown curls appears, turning to reveal a face that Shane is unfortunately very familiar with, wearing an even more familiar shit-eating grin.

Fuck.

Ilya Rozanov.

Shane swallows his groan.

"Hollander!"

"Rozanov."

Shane wonders who he pissed off to have his biggest rival and the league menace show up at the supposedly exclusive cabin he'd booked for Christmas. A Christmas he's intending to spend *alone*.

Truth be told, Shane's a little nervous about spending Christmas on his own for the first time. Hayden and Jackie invited him to spend the holiday with them instead as soon as they'd heard his parents would be travelling, and now he wonders if he should have accepted their offer. Rose had encouraged him though, saying that it would be good for him to "have some downtime in a new place". Apparently she thinks he's overscheduled and needs to learn to relax. She'd insisted that if he stayed at his own cottage, he'd just train or work out in his gym and that didn't count as time off. She booked the cabin for him before he could refuse.

Shane scoffs as he remembers Rose's words. He *knows* how to relax. He does yoga. He meditates. So what if he prefers to be busy. He likes having things to do and goals to achieve. He likes having things planned out. There's nothing wrong with that.

He glares at Rozanov, waiting for him to say something else but he only cocks his head and raises an eyebrow at Shane as if daring him to go first.

Typical Rozanov. Of fucking *course* it was him driving up Shane's ass as if he were on a race track in his gaudy luxury car instead of driving on a single lane road through the forest with heavy snow falling. Shane's heard about his fancy car collection.

All Shane wanted was to have a few days on his own in the very comfortable looking cottage. He was going to watch some movies, maybe read a little by the fire. He'd brought his pre-

packed meals with him so he didn't need to stress about cooking. He was going to do yoga and some light workouts. Go for a hike if the weather permits. At the rate the snow was currently falling though, a hike wouldn't be on the agenda.

As if it wasn't enough that Shane was scheduled to face Rozanov on the ice the first game back after Christmas, now he's *here*.

Rozanov still hasn't said anything. He's leaning against his car with his long legs crossed, watching Shane and waiting. There's snow collecting in his curls and on his eyelashes.

Shane blinks the snow off his own eyelashes and sighs.

"What are you doing here, Rozanov?"

Rozanov shrugs. "It's Christmas. There's no hockey."

Shane rolls his eyes. "I know that. Why are you *here*?"

"You never book a cabin for holiday? Makes sense." Ilya moves around to the trunk of his car and takes out an overnight bag.

"Funny you should say that, because I did book a cabin for the holidays. *This* cabin." Shane grits his teeth, a pit forming in his stomach.

"Me too."

"No way."

"Yes way."

"You can't have booked this cabin because I booked it two weeks ago." Rozanov doesn't need to know Rose booked it for him.

Surprise flashes across Rozanov's face but he hides it, his usual swagger returning quickly. "I also book this cabin. Why else would I be here?"

"Is this some kind of prank?" Shane looks around, wondering if someone is going to leap out from behind the trees with a camera. Hayden would do that but he hates Rozanov, and Shane doesn't think Jackie would let him.

Rozanov laughs. "No one would bother you if you want to spend boring Christmas alone, Hollander."

"*You're* bothering me," Shane points out. "And you're alone too."

"Yes, but I am not boring. Cannot be 'boring Christmas' with me."

Shane glares at him.

“Is something wrong with your face? You look like ...” Rozanov pauses as if he’s searching for the words he’s looking for. He grins at Shane. “Like angry kitten.”

Shane exhales sharply, his breath clouding the frigid air. He ignores the other man and opens the trunk of his car, pulling out his own overnight bag. It’s freezing and Shane isn’t dressed for the outdoors. He’s only wearing a Voyageurs hoodie over his shirt and jeans, having left his coat in the car – he wasn’t planning on being outside for long. He wants to get out of the snow quickly. He checks at his phone to review the instructions the owner sent him, then looks at the cabin. The key safe is apparently at the back of the building.

Looking over at Rozanov, Shane notices that he’s also looking at the path that leads around the side of the cabin. They make eye contact and then both of them look away. Shane slings the strap of his bag over his shoulder and jogs towards the path at the same time Rozanov heads towards him. Shane has a slight head start because he was closer to the path to begin with, but he can hear Rozanov closing in on him. Apparently the fucker is fast off the ice too.

They jostle each other, and Shane may or may not shove Rozanov into the side of the cabin as he catches up. They don’t say anything but there’s an unspoken understanding that whoever gets to the keys first gets the cabin.

There’s a moment when Shane thinks that Rozanov is going to beat him to the key safe, but Shane lunges for it and gets his hand on it first. He’s not letting Rozanov win. He never will. Even if it means that he’s now on his knees in the snow fumbling to enter the code with his half-frozen fingers.

Rozanov watches him, breathing easily as if they hadn’t just sprinted in the snow like a couple of school boys.

“Is there problem, Hollander? Maybe you have wrong code because this is my cabin.”

“Shut up, Rozanov.” Shane tries to focus on the key safe, squinting because his glasses are in his bag. He flexes his fingers, trying to warm them up, checking his phone again to make sure he’s got the correct code.

He’s trying to open the key safe again when something hard and wet hits the back of his head. Rozanov snorts behind him but puts an innocent look on his face when Shane stands and turns to face him.

“Did you just throw a snowball at me?” Shane asks incredulously.

“No,” Rozanov lies, bending to scoop up more snow with his hands.

“Don’t you dare,” Shane warns as he watches Rozanov form another snowball.

“Dare? I don’t know what you mean,” Rozanov says in a way that tells Shane he knows exactly what he means. “I’m just playing with snow. You never play with snow?”

“Of course I’ve played with snow,” Shane mutters.

Rozanov puts a hand to his ear as if he can’t hear Shane.

“I said, of course—”

A snowball lands square in his chest.

“Fuck you, Rozanov.”

“Come on, Hollander. Live a little, as you Americans say.” He smirks and Shane flushes hot with fury at the Russian’s stupid smug face.

“I’m *Canadian* and you *know* that. I was playing for Canada the first time we met. We’ve been to the fucking Olympics.”

“Is same to me. You’re making angry kitten face again,” Rozanov taunts, shifting sideways as if he’s already anticipating Shane’s movements.

He runs but it doesn’t matter. Shane tracks him like he tracks the movement of the puck across the ice and as soon as he’s formed a snowball he lobs it at Rozanov, catching his shoulder.

It only takes moments for Rozanov to retaliate, and then it’s *on*.

They run across the yard, throwing snowballs at each other, dodging. Shane can’t pinpoint the moment when the mood shifts. It’s no longer aggressive and competitive, tinged with annoyance; they’re having fun. They’re laughing and whooping and yelling as they hurl snow and dart sideways, trying to avoid each other’s reach as the snow falls around them.

Rozanov manages to get close enough to dump a handful of snow down Shane’s back and Shane tackles him into the snow in response. They roll, wrestling, and then Shane finds himself pinned down with Rozanov straddling his thighs, holding his arms down to stop him from throwing more snow in his face.

Their chests are heaving and their faces are only inches apart. Rozanov’s eyes are bright. He’s smiling at Shane, and he’s gorgeous. Shane is cold; he’s lying in the snow, soaked to the skin and he doesn’t even care.

Except that he should, because he’s suddenly very aware that *Ilya Rozanov* – his greatest rival and the bane of his existence since their rookie year – is straddling his thighs and his lips are pink and plush and Shane really doesn’t hate this at all. If Rozanov doesn’t move soon, he’s going to find out just how much Shane doesn’t hate this.

There’s something in Rozanov’s expression that makes Shane wonder if he’s also enjoying this beyond the child-like fun of their snowball fight. It was silly and exhilarating in a way that’s completely different to the highs Shane associates with hockey. A feeling Shane can’t remember experiencing for a very long time. Right now though, Shane’s blood is rushing south and it’s going to become extremely obvious to Rozanov very quickly.

“We’re going to freeze out here,” Shane finally says.

Rozanov nods, releasing Shane’s arms and sitting up. “I’ll get key.”

Shane watches him stand and walk away. He stands up, dusting the snow off his body. He collects his bag, and after a moment's consideration, Rozanov's, from where they'd dropped them in the yard.

Rozanov unlocks the door and gestures to Shane. "After you."

Shane hesitates. "Maybe we can get warm and dry and then figure out this whole thing, yeah?"

"Yes. Get inside so you don't turn into icicle."

They slip off their boots once they're both inside and Rozanov immediately moves around the cabin, looking for something. Shane places their bags down near the couch and glances around. It looks like the pictures Rose sent him. There's a small kitchen with a round, wooden dining table and four matching chairs near the window. A fireplace with a stone hearth, a brown leather couch in front of it. There's a blanket folded across the back of the couch and an armchair in the corner, some shelves holding books and boardgames behind it.

Rozanov emerges from the hall. "Bathroom is here. I'm going to shower and warm up. Shower is big enough for two if you want to join me." He smirks.

Shane's jaw drops. "What? I—"

"Relax, Hollander. There is like, two showers," he says, holding both hands up to mimic two showerheads. "Would be like in locker room."

Absolutely not. "I'm fine. I— I can wait 'til you're done," Shane mutters.

Rozanov shrugs. "Okay. You should take wet clothes off now. When I win Cup I don't want people to think is because I let you freeze." He winks.

"Fuck off, you're not going to win it this year."

"I will," Rozanov throws over his shoulder as he saunters back down the hallway.

A few moments later, Shane hears the creak of the pipes and the water running.

Reluctantly, he recognises that Rozanov was right when he said that Shane should get out of his clothes. It's cold in the cabin and Shane's clothes are wet. He's *freezing*.

Checking that he can still hear the water running, Shane peels off his clothes, draping them over the back of one of the dining chairs and making a mental note to find the washing machine later. He wraps himself in the blanket that's on the couch, finds the switch to turn the heating on and then crouches in front of the fireplace to get a fire going. He's relieved that there's a decent pile of firewood in a basket near the hearth.

Shane's still crouched in front of the fire, poking it and warming his hands when he hears Rozanov walk into the room. He doesn't stand until Rozanov says, "All yours."

He turns around, only to find Rozanov standing behind the couch in nothing but a towel slung low on his hips, the hard lines of his muscled body on display. It's nothing that Shane hasn't seen from his teammates in the locker room but it feels different, here, in this cabin, just the two of them.

Rozanov is holding a piece of clothing in his hand and holds it up. "Didn't bring clothes to bathroom," he explains before dropping his towel.

"Oh! I'll, um..." Shane doesn't know what to say or where to look. He instinctively tightens his grip on the blanket around his shoulders and resolutely does not notice the way that there are droplets of water glittering on Rozanov's collarbones.

"What. You play hockey. Yes? You've never seen a naked man?" Rozanov smirks, not making any effort to get dressed quickly. He's clearly a man who is extremely comfortable in his body, and Shane thinks to himself, *he should be, with a body like that.*

Shane tries not to stare. "Of course I have, you asshole. Just wasn't expecting you to get naked in the living room."

He hurries to his bag to grab some clothes out of it. Unfortunately for Shane, he'd put their bags beside each other and when he bends over to open his bag, it puts his face at the same level as Rozanov's bare ass as he pulls his sweatpants on.

He has a great ass.

Shane averts his eyes and gathers his things quickly, forcing himself to walk to the bathroom at a normal pace rather than fleeing.

When he returns to the living room after his shower, he's relieved to find Rozanov fully dressed in sweats and a hoodie, same as Shane is. He's stacking containers of food in the fridge, and there are bags on the counter, which both reminds Shane that he has his own cooler bag of food in the car and annoys him because Rozanov has clearly decided that he's staying in the cabin.

Muttering under his breath, he shoves his feet into his boots and, when Rozanov looks at him quizzically, offers a quick, "Gotta grab my food from the car," before flipping his hood over his head and going outside. He's not letting Rozanov have the cabin.

"So, uh, the snow's coming down pretty hard," Shane says as he pulls the cabin door closed behind him when he returns. He sighs. "I think we're both going to have to stay here, at least for tonight."

Rozanov shrugs. "Is fine. I guess."

Shane tries not to think about the fact that he knows there is only one bedroom here. And only one bed.

They both seem to be avoiding the elephant in the room.

When he's done in the kitchen, Rozanov retreats to the couch, scrolling on his phone. Shane wonders what he's looking at because there's almost no reception out here. Shane puts his own food away and then sits in the armchair. He pulls a book off the bookshelf at random and starts flipping through it. He needs his glasses if he's going to read properly, but he doesn't want to wear them in front of Rozanov.

Later, Rozanov stands up and announces, "I make tuna melt. You like tuna melt?"

"Oh, it's okay, I have my own food." It occurs to him that maybe Rozanov wasn't offering him a tuna melt and was just asking a question to be polite. It's hard to tell. "It's all pre-made. I'll heat it up when you're done."

Wrinkling his nose, Rozanov says, "Boring food then."

"It's not boring," Shane huffs. "It's specially designed to follow the diet I'm on. To maximise performance."

"You eat boring food to 'maximise performance'," Rozanov makes air quotes with his fingers. "And you're still only second-best." He smirks. "Maybe you should eat real food."

"Fuck off, Rozanov."

"All yours," Rozanov says, ten minutes later, taking a plate holding his tuna melt cut in half and a can of Coke to the dining table.

Shane stands, moving towards the fridge. As he pulls his food out, the room is plunged into darkness. Fuck. He looks around, but the only light in the cabin comes from the fire.

"You scared of the dark?" Rozanov asks from the table.

"No, you asshole." Shane wonders if the power will come back on but given the weather, he doubts it. He sighs. "I'm going to see if there's a generator outside." He read something about a generator in the information booklet he'd flicked through while Rozanov was in the shower.

Shoving his feet back into his boots without bothering to lace them up, he throws his coat on, glad he'd thought to take it out of the car when he brought his food in. He uses his phone as a flashlight and heads to the side of the cabin where the generator should be.

After a few minutes, it becomes apparent that while there is a generator, it's either broken or Shane simply doesn't know how to turn it on. He stomps back into the cabin, hanging his coat on the hook and kicks his boots off, stopping to line them up by the door.

"No luck," he announces.

Rozanov twists to face him and declares, "It will come back."

"I hope so because otherwise the only heat we have is from the fire."

Rozanov's eyes widen before his usual smirk is back on his face. "I won't let you freeze, Hollander, don't worry. And fire is not only heat. I thought you were Boy Scout, you don't

know how to use body heat to stay warm?”

Shane's glad for the dim lighting to hide the blush that spreads across his cheeks. He doesn't respond, moving to the fridge instead before remembering once he pulls the door open that he can't heat up his food if they don't have power. He sighs, pulling a ginger ale out of the fridge instead.

For a moment, there's no noise other than the wind outside and the crackle of the fire. There's the hiss and pop of Shane opening his ginger ale and then nothing. He leans against the counter wondering what to do as he takes in the silhouette of Rozanov's broad shoulders in front of him cast into shadow by the firelight.

His stomach rumbles. Loudly.

There's the sound of a chair scraping on the floor and then Rozanov says, "Come. You have some tuna melt."

"Oh! No, it's okay. You don't have to do that," Shane says quickly. "I'll be fine. I'm sure the power will come back soon and I'll eat then. I'll just grab a protein bar to tide me over."

Rozanov snorts. Shane can see that he's twisted in his chair to face him, holding his plate out. "Eat. Protein bars are disgusting. I don't want to listen to your stomach sound like thunder all night."

"You don't have to..."

"I know I don't have to. Just eat. I promise one half tuna melt will not stop you from maximising performance."

Why does everything the man says sound so suggestive? If Shane didn't know better, he'd think Rozanov was flirting with him. But that's impossible. They're *rivals* and besides, Rozanov is known for having a different woman in every city.

No one knows that Shane's gay. Except for the couple of guys he hooked up with when he was travelling last summer. He's careful to make sure his teammates see him dancing with women when they drag him out. They just don't know that he always politely declines any offers to go home with those women. No one knows. They *can't*.

He's lost in thought and doesn't realise that Rozanov is now in front of him until he says, "Come sit. Eat tuna melt."

Shane helplessly follows him back to the table and sits in the chair Rozanov has kicked out for him.

"Thanks," Shane says, suddenly feeling a little shy. He takes a bite, and fuck, it's really good. "It's good," he offers, when he notices Rozanov is watching him.

"Of course."

Shane eats quickly, a little embarrassed that he's eating Rozanov's food.

“I’m, uh, going to go check out the bedroom. Maybe get an early night,” he says.

“Okay, I’ll come with you,” Rozanov says, standing when Shane does.

The first thing Shane notices when they open the door to the bedroom is that it’s *freezing*. He uses his phone to cast light around the room. The second thing he notices – which he knew, but had momentarily forgotten about – is that there is only one bed.

Rozanov steps into the room and looks around. “Is too cold to sleep in here.”

Shane agrees, but thinks that he’d probably be manage if he layers up. Especially if Rozanov is going to sleep on the couch. He looks at him and realises that there’s no way he’ll fit on the couch. Neither of them will.

“You won’t fit on the couch,” Shane blurts out.

“I’m not sleeping on couch,” Rozanov says, as if it’s obvious, moving towards the bed. “Help me move this.” He lifts one corner of the mattress.

“What?”

“Help me move this to living room. You know, the room with fire?”

Shane looks at him blankly.

Rozanov sighs. “Did you take too many pucks to head, Hollander? I thought your pretty face meant you were too fast to get hit. Help me move bed to living room. We sleep there.”

“Together?” He asks incredulously, stuck on the fact that Rozanov called him *pretty*.

“Are you going to sleep on floor? Or here in cold?”

“No. I booked the cabin, I’m not sleeping on the floor.”

“I won’t sleep on floor when there is bed,” Rozanov says flatly. “You won’t sleep on floor because you hurt back last week. So we move this and sleep together in living room where it is not cold.” He looks exasperated at having to explain this to Shane.

“How did you know I hurt my back? They didn’t report that.”

“I watch game. I notice you move ... different.”

“Awww, you watch my games?” Shane snarks at him because he’s stunned at the revelation that *Ilya Rozanov* has been paying enough attention to him to know that he had an injury so minor it wasn’t reported by the sports pages. Shane knows, because he checked to make sure. He didn’t want to look weak. It’s the second time the man has surprised him tonight. Well, the third, if you count him turning up at this cabin at all.

It’s *nice*. Ilya Rozanov is being *nice* to Shane. Maybe not nice, because he’s still being a bit of an asshole, but kind. It’s almost as if he cares and Shane doesn’t know what to do with

that.

“Shut up, Hollander, and move mattress.”

Shane does as he’s told.

They move the mattress. And the couch, the armchair and the coffee table to make room for the mattress.

They take turns in the bathroom and when Shane’s done, he finds Rozanov sitting in the armchair in its new position tucked up against one end of the mattress. He has one leg draped over the side, legs spread wide. Shane tries not to notice the fact that he’s clearly not wearing anything under his grey sweatpants. Shane realises he already knew this, having seen Rozanov pull the sweatpants on earlier, but he’d somehow not thought about it until now. Possibly because he was panicking over having seen the man naked.

“Still no service,” Rozanov says, holding up his phone.

“Figures,” Shane replies. “A tree probably fell across the hydro lines. Probably won’t get service til the storm’s over.”

He stands at the end of the mattress looking at it. He feels, rather than sees Ilya standing behind him.

“Is just bed, Hollander. Get in,” Rozanov says, his mouth right by Shane’s ear.

Shane tries not to react, though Ilya’s breath ghosting across his skin makes him shiver. “Do you, um, have a side you prefer?” he asks, shifting away slightly.

Asking was probably a mistake because Rozanov winks, then says, “The middle.” He seemingly takes pity on whatever Shane’s face does in response because he adds, “I don’t mind. You choose.”

“Thanks.”

Shane chooses the side furthest away from the fire because he’s slightly nervous about how close the mattress is to the fire. It had to be for them to fit it in here. He slips under the sheets, careful to keep his body on one side of the mattress.

Rozanov shucks his hoodie and t-shirt off in one motion, tossing them onto the armchair, leaving him standing shirtless in the firelight. Shane can’t help but stare because the man is *stunning*. He looks as if he’s carved from marble; the hard lines of muscle on display. Dark moles against creamy skin, a dusting of hair across his chest, another line of curls leading into the waistband of his sweats.

Rozanov smirks and raises an eyebrow when he catches Shane.

Shane coughs. “What are you doing?”

“I can’t sleep with shirt. Will be too hot by fire.” He shrugs.

“I can sleep on the other side,” Shane offers, panicking slightly. He can’t sleep in the same bed as a shirtless Ilya Rozanov. Not when he looks like *that*.

He doesn’t know what’s wrong with him. Yes, he’s gay, but he’s seen men shirtless before. Every day. Men packed with muscle just like Ilya is. He’s even shared a locker room with Rozanov when they played for the All-Star team together. And yet—

His thoughts are interrupted by Ilya landing on the mattress having literally launched himself onto it. He rolls into Shane, his bare back resting against Shane’s shoulder.

“Sorry,” he mutters, rolling over, not sounding sorry at all.

It only makes things worse. Now, Ilya is lying on his side facing Shane, his face far too close for comfort. Shane takes a breath then exhales, staring at the ceiling. This is fine. They’re just two men sleeping. It’s a big mattress. It’s no big deal.

It’s not that big of a mattress. Not with two professional hockey players in it. Not when it’s a little soft and dips in the middle, bringing their bodies into contact no matter how hard Shane tries to stay on his side of the bed. Though he’s not convinced that Ilya is really staying on his own side. Shane thinks he’s doing it deliberately to see how long it takes him to say anything.

Neither of them say anything, but the silence feels loud.

Shane fidgets because his hood is bunched up under his neck and the whole thing feels like it’s twisted.

“Just take it off.”

“What?”

“Your hoodie. Is annoying you, yes? So take it off.”

If he’s honest, Shane would prefer to take the hoodie off. He doesn’t like sleeping in too many layers because they get twisty and uncomfortable. He’s wearing a t-shirt underneath, it’s not like he’d end up shirtless. Not that he has anything to hide. He might not be cut like Rozanov, but he knows he looks good. He knows what the results of his hours in the gym and training look like.

He’s just not sure he should be lying in a bed with Ilya with both of them shirtless. It feels like crossing a line.

Rozanov sighs. “Is no big deal, Hollander. Stop thinking. Take hoodie off if it is annoying you. Or leave it. But stop wiggling like you have bug in pants.”

Shane smiles. “Do you mean ants in my pants?”

“Yes. English is stupid,” Rozanov mutters.

“Oui, c’est ça.” It’s Shane’s turn to smirk.

“Shut up.”

The way Rozanov is looking at him now makes Shane feel a little brave. He’s glaring at him, but Shane can tell that he’s not really annoyed. There’s the ghost of a smile playing at the corner of his mouth and he pulls one of his cheeks in, like he’s biting it to stop himself from smiling. The reflection of the fire dances in his eyes.

There’s a metaphor for something there, Shane thinks to himself, before sitting up and tugging his hoodie over his head, accidentally catching his t-shirt with it as he pulls them both off.

Rozanov mutters something in Russian, but when Shane looks at him quizzically, he just shakes his head in response.

Shane takes the shirt from inside the hoodie, folding both pieces of clothing carefully and reaching over to place them on the chair that’s at the end of the bed. He resists the urge to fold Rozanov’s hoodie too, eyeing where it lies draped over the arm of the chair.

When he turns around, Rozanov looks back up at him quickly. It’s pretty clear to Shane that he was looking at his ass. Still, this is *Rozanov*. Another hockey player. His rival.

This is not a line that Shane can cross, no matter how hot the man is or the way he’s looking at Shane.

He lies back down carefully, making sure that he’s on his side of the mattress. He leaves his arms on the outside of the comforter to make sure he doesn’t accidentally touch Rozanov under the covers.

Neither of them say anything. The quiet is almost oppressive but Shane doesn’t know what to say or if he should say anything and Rozanov seems quite content to lie there saying nothing. He’s got his back turned to Shane, so Shane takes the opportunity to drink in the sight of his body; his broad shoulders and the way they taper to a narrow waist that Shane wants to slot his hand into, the curve of his ass under the sheet, the curls that look as if they’d be soft to touch.

Rozanov rolls onto his back and his knee bumps Shane’s thigh. Shane immediately moves his leg away but can’t stop the shiver that runs through his body. From the cold. He’s just cold because he’s got his arms on top of the blankets.

“Are you cold?” Rozanov asks him.

“No,” Shane says truthfully. Or maybe it’s a lie. He’s not sure anymore. All he knows is that Rozanov is lying beside him and his bare shoulder is just barely touching Shane’s and he can feel the heat radiating off his skin but it could also just be the fire.

“You know, when people get lost in outdoors they cuddle together to stay warm.”

“We’re not outdoors.” He doesn’t mention Rozanov’s adorable use of ‘cuddle’ instead of ‘huddle’.

He feels Rozanov shrug. “Is cold like outdoors. I told you I won’t let you freeze because you are terrible Boy Scout who does not know to use body heat.”

“I wasn’t a terrible Boy Scout,” Shane protests. “And I’m not cold.”

“Okay. You look cold. You have goose pimples on arms. I am very warm beside fire.” Rozanov stretches and the way he dramatically shifts his weight makes the mattress dip, somehow making them roll towards each other.

Suddenly face to face with Rozanov, Shane stills. He doesn’t say anything but when Rozanov doesn’t immediately move away, he doesn’t either.

He studies Rozanov’s face; his high cheekbones, the jaw you could cut glass on, his perfect fucking cupid’s bow.

Rozanov’s leg bumps Shane’s leg again. Instinctively, Shane flinches away from him, but Rozanov’s hand is on his hip and his eyes seem to be fixed on Shane’s mouth and Shane’s half-hard and he really needs to move away before Rozanov notices what’s happening.

He can’t make himself move though. He’s transfixed by the weight of Rozanov’s hand on his hip and the want written across his face and the way his lower lip glistens after he wets it with his tongue. Rozanov shifts again and—

Oh.

He’s getting hard too.

“You want?” he asks Shane, his voice a low rasp.

“Yes,” Shane whispers before he can stop himself.

Rozanov grabs the back of Shane’s head and crashes their mouths together. He kisses like he plays hockey – skillfully, setting the pace hard and fast, demanding that Shane keep up with him. Shane’s never backed down from anything, especially this man and when he slides their tongues together and his fingers into Rozanov’s hair, giving as good as he’s getting, Rozanov makes a noise in the back of his throat that Shane wants to hear over and over.

He lets himself go, forgetting who they are and all the reasons they shouldn’t be doing this. Right now, there’s nothing but Rozanov’s hands exploring Shane’s chest, the warmth of the skin of his back under Shane’s fingertips and the press of their lips as they lose themselves to the kiss. Rozanov rolls their hips together and Shane gasps.

It feels *so* fucking good.

Rozanov feels so fucking good.

Fuck.

Ilya Rozanov.

Shane swallows a groan. Remembering who he's with is like ice water in Shane's veins.

"Wait," he manages to eke out between kisses, his hands on Rozanov's chest.

Instantly, Rozanov stops moving and pushes off Shane.

"Is okay?" he asks, searching Shane's face.

"Yes. No. I don't know."

Rozanov sits back on his knees but doesn't say anything, waiting Shane out.

"Should we be doing this?" Shane asks, gesturing between them.

"This doesn't have to mean anything, Hollander," Rozanov says casually. It's almost dismissive. "Can just be to pass time to keep warm. Because it feels good. Or we can sleep. Will be okay."

Shane tries in vain to think objectively about this. An impossibility when Rozanov looks obscene kneeling beside him with his hair mussed, his lips swollen and red and his cock tenting his sweatpants.

Fuck it.

"Okay. Just for tonight." He looks up at Rozanov before adding, "And no one can know." Instinctively, he knows that Rozanov won't tell anyone. He's got as much to lose as Shane does if people found out, maybe more. Mutually assured destruction or whatever.

"Who would believe me if I said Shane Hollander likes it when I suck his cock?" Rozanov gives him a wicked grin.

"I might not," Shane manages to retort even though now all he can think about is Rozanov's plush red lips stretched around his cock.

"You will, I show you. Okay?"

Rozanov doesn't move until Shane says, "Okay."

He kisses Shane hard, once, palming his cock roughly and earning a groan that Shane can't contain, then sits up and taps his hip. "Take these off," he commands.

Shane does as he's told, then opens his legs for Rozanov who kneels between them and rakes his gaze down Shane's body. He can't help but blush under the scrutiny as Rozanov says something softly in Russian.

He drags a hand slowly down Shane's body, from the side of his neck, over his chest, squeezing his pec and thumbing his nipple. He continues the path downwards, his eyes on Shane's face, cataloging his reactions. He doesn't make Shane wait long before wraps a hand around his cock and strokes him from root to tip.

He does it again, collecting the fluid beading at the tip of his cock, releasing Shane to bring his fingers to his mouth and licking them.

Shane reaches down for his cock, now so hard it aches, but Rozanov bats his hand away. “No. That’s for me.”

Of course Rozanov wants to take charge. Shane would be lying if he said the cadence of his voice telling him what to do wasn’t doing it for him.

“Please,” Shane almost whimpers, hating himself for sounding so needy.

“Please what.”

He feels a flash of anger at Rozanov for toying with him like this. “You know what, fuck you.”

“Maybe if you’re good.” He fucking *winks* and Shane thinks he might die if his dick doesn’t get some action soon.

“Thought you wanted to suck my dick, Rozanov,” Shane drawls. Somehow he manages to infuse his voice with a little sarcasm.

“I didn’t say that,” Rozanov tuts. “I said I’d show you that you like it.”

“So show me then.”

Rozanov rises to the fucking challenge.

Nothing could have prepared Shane for the way Rozanov shoves his legs apart with his shoulders and then tortures him by licking a stripe up the underside of his cock, before ignoring it in favour of sinking his teeth into Shane’s inner thigh. Shane gasps and Rozanov soothes the delicious sting with his tongue, sucking hard and long enough that it’ll bruise.

He doesn't care that Rozanov is leaving a mark.

He doesn’t care about anything in that moment except the image of Ilya Rozanov between his thighs, holding his gaze, his hair falling into his face as he swirls his tongue around the tip of Shane’s cock. Firelight dances on Rozanov’s skin, painting him in shades of burnished copper.

Hang it in the fucking Lourve. Shane’s going to be picturing this for weeks, months. Maybe longer.

Rozanov was right. Shane *does* like it when he sucks his cock.

He has the audacity to be just as talented with his mouth as he is on the ice. The combination of the perfect pressure of his lips sliding over Shane’s cock, the way he hollows his cheeks and whatever magic he’s creating with his tongue has Shane feeling like he’s going to vibrate out of his skin.

He muffles another moan in his bicep and Rozanov pulls off.

“Let me hear you,” he demands, his voice like gravel. “No one else can hear.”

He takes Shane down to the root, simultaneously reaching up his body to roll his nipple between his fingers.

Shane can’t help it; he moans loudly. “*Fuck.*”

He’s hurtling towards the edge and wants this to last longer. He tenses, squeezing his thighs around Rozanov’s head without thinking.

“*Fuck,*” Rozanov echoes, replacing his mouth with his hand and turning his face to sink his teeth into Shane’s other thigh.

“Oh *god,*” Shane groans, unable to separate the pleasure of the pressure of Rozanov’s hand from the pain of the cut of his teeth against his skin.

“*Fuck.* Your thighs,” Rozanov murmurs, rubbing his lips against Shane’s cock. “They will murder me.”

“You can if you want,” Shane mumbles without thinking.

“What?”

He pushes up onto his elbows, his mouth dropping open at the view he’s now afforded of Rozanov’s broad shoulders beneath his thighs, the way the muscles on his back ripple as he shifts, the curve of his still-clothed ass in the air.

It’s unfair, Shane thinks, that he’s the only one naked.

“I said you can. If you want. *Fuck* my thighs,” he says in a rush, suddenly nervous.

Rozanov sits up, his hand still around Shane’s cock. He gives it one slow stroke, almost mindlessly. “*Fuck.* Yes. Let’s do that.”

He gets up without saying another word and walks over to his bag, leaving Shane wondering what Rozanov is doing. His unspoken question is answered when he comes back brandishing a bottle of lube.

“You came prepared,” Shane quips.

“I had plan to spend two days on my own, Hollander,” he says as if that explains everything. It does, Shane thinks, remembering that he’d also packed lube and his favourite dildo for the same reason. Not that he’ll be disclosing that to Rozanov.

Tossing the lube onto the mattress, Rozanov shoves his pants down, kicking his feet free. Shane shamelessly lets his eyes roam across Rozanov’s body, over the curve of his chest and the lines of his abdominals, the valley at the crease of his hips that Shane wants to lick, the line of dark curls trailing down to Rozanov’s hard cock.

“You want this?” he asks Shane, stroking himself.

His mouth goes *dry*. He nods in response.

“Come here.”

Shane crawls down the mattress towards him, his eyes never leaving Rozanov and the flex of his forearm as he pumps his cock. He kneels and Rozanov cups his jaw, pressing his thumb into Shane’s lower lip, tugging his mouth open.

Shane opens for him, desperate and not caring if it shows.

“So pretty,” Rozanov murmurs. “You want this?”

He can’t even form words right now, so he opens his mouth eagerly and hopes that Rozanov takes it as a yes.

He does. He runs the head of his cock over Shane’s lips. “Go on then.”

Wrapping his hand around the base of Rozanov’s cock, Shane takes him into his mouth, sucking lightly at the crown, pressing his tongue just below the head. Rozanov swears above him. Shane bobs his head, licking and sucking, enjoying the weight of Rozanov’s cock against his tongue and the sounds he draws out of him in response.

“Enough,” Rozanov says roughly, pulling Shane off him.

When Shane thinks about what happens next later, it will be in snapshots.

Kneeling exposed over the armchair where Rozanov positioned him.

The pressure of Rozanov’s knees against his own, pinning him in place.

The sound they both make as Rozanov pushes between his thighs the first time.

The delicious press of Rozanov’s cock against the bruises on his thighs as he thrusts.

The bite of Rozanov’s fingers on his hips.

Flexing his thighs and the keening moan that leaves Rozanov’s mouth.

The desperate, urgent rasp of Rozanov’s voice when he instructs Shane, “Touch yourself. Make yourself come now.”

The slap of their skin and the guttural “Fuck, Hollander,” Rozanov lets out when he comes.

After, they lie on the mattress, chests heaving. Shane’s not sure his legs work. He might have left his body briefly.

“Wait here,” Rozanov eventually says, sitting up and pushing himself off the mattress.

Shane needs to get up and clean himself. He can feel the come drying on his skin. He's still not sure that he's capable of walking and he refuses to let Rozanov see him stumble. Before he can move though, Rozanov comes back with a wet washcloth. Shane expects him to toss the fabric to him but to his surprise, Rozanov kneels beside him and starts wiping his skin clean gently.

"Oh," Shane stammers. "You— You don't need to do that."

"You want me to stop?" Rozanov asks.

"No," Shane admits. "It's ... nice."

No one has ever shown this much care for him after sex.

Rozanov shrugs. "Is nothing."

Shane closes his eyes, the euphoria of his orgasm beginning to give way to sleep. He feels Rozanov settle onto the mattress beside him, covering them both with the blankets.

"You warm enough?" Rozanov's voice somehow sounds both far away and like he's spoken directly into Shane's ear. He shivers.

Though Shane doesn't say anything, Rozanov loops an arm around his chest and tugs him close. "Body heat," he murmurs by way of explanation.

"Okay," Shane mumbles, letting sleep take him.

He wakes to the kitchen light shining and Rozanov's bare leg slung over his leg, his face pressed into the back of his neck and his hard cock pressed into Shane's ass.

It's just because it's morning, Shane tells himself. He's in exactly the same state. They agreed that last night was a one time thing.

Knowing he won't be able to go back to sleep, and feeling awkward about continuing to lie naked in bed with Rozanov, he extricates himself from the mattress and throws his sweatpants back on.

He flicks off the kitchen light, grabs his things from his bag and heads to the bathroom to shower. He pauses to look at Rozanov in the watery early morning light for a moment. There's a softness to him when he sleeps, his mouth slack and hair falling into his face. He looks younger. Shane gets a flash of the same person who'd taken the time to clean him up gently after they had sex; so different to the man Shane's faced on the ice numerous times.

He forces himself to look away. There's no point lingering and wondering about this other side to Rozanov when last night will never be repeated. Once he cleans up, he's going to dig his car out of the snow and go home, spend the rest of his Christmas break at the cottage, before rejoining his team for their Boston trip.

He needs space from this whole ... situation.

He's just lathered up his body when the bathroom door opens and Rozanov saunters in, heading to the toilet to relieve himself without saying a word. Shane isn't bothered, if you gotta go, you gotta go and it's nothing that wouldn't happen in the locker room anyway.

What does surprise him, is that Rozanov gets into the shower, standing under the second shower head and turning the water on. Shane hides his shock, continuing to wash himself without acknowledging the other man, surreptitiously taking the opportunity to look at Rozanov as he closes his eyes and tips his head back, letting the water fall over his face and body.

Shane can feel his cock thickening at the sight. He starts to turn around to hide his arousal from Rozanov, but he's too slow and the cocky Russian drags his gaze down Shane's body and smirks at him.

He lifts his chin defiantly, refusing to be embarrassed. Not after what they'd done last night. Not when Rozanov had used Shane's body to chase his own pleasure and then tended to him with such care.

Rozanov responds by wrapping his hand around his cock and stroking himself, slow languid strokes, twisting his hand to ensure that Shane can see the way his cock is filling. He tilts his head, dropping his eyes to Shane's crotch pointedly then lifting a brow in question.

A challenge.

Shane always rises to meet a challenge.

He takes himself in hand, pumping his cock as he watches Rozanov do the same. Rozanov takes a step towards Shane, still jerking himself off, speeding up.

Shane matches his pace, not moving from where he stands under the water.

He bites his lip, refusing to let Rozanov hear just how turned on he is right now, or how good this feels. He refuses to be the one who breaks first.

Rozanov is still moving towards him slowly, his hand flying over his cock as Shane matches him stroke for stroke.

Neither of them say a word. There's just the splash of the water against the tiles, the slick sound of their hands moving and the bitten off moans and gasps that neither of them can contain.

"You like what you see?" Rozanov finally asks when he's close enough that they could touch each other.

"Looks like you do," Shane answers.

"I do," Rozanov admits. "I like watching you try to keep up. Is just like on ice."

"Oh fuck you, asshole." Shane hates that he's so turned on by this.

“You like it,” Rozanov says.

Shane doesn’t answer him. Rozanov stops jerking off and steps beside him, facing the glass wall of the shower. “Look.”

When Shane doesn’t turn, Rozanov puts his hands on his shoulders and turns him so that they’re facing the same direction, Rozanov behind him.

“Look,” he demands again.

Shane looks. Across from the shower is a full length mirror and he can see their reflections made hazy by glass and steam. He’s still holding his cock loosely.

“Don’t stop,” Rozanov murmurs in his ear. He brings one arm around Shane’s body, reaching up to squeeze his pec roughly and closes his eyes. “Okay?”

“Okay,” Shane exhales as Rozanov rolls his nipple between his fingers, hard enough that it almost hurts.

He steps in closer, letting his cock slide against Shane’s ass, slipping between his cheeks. Shane inhales sharply, twisting his hand over the head of his cock on the upstroke.

Rozanov hooks his chin over Shane’s shoulder, holding his gaze in the mirror. As Shane moves his hand up his cock, Rozanov replaces it with his own, wrapping his fingers around Shane’s cock and taking over.

Shane braces his hand against the glass as Rozanov jerks him off, thrusting against his ass.

He’s never watched himself like this; he’s torn between looking down to see the way his cock disappears into Rozanov’s big hand and watching the way pleasure plays across both of their faces in the mirror.

Rozanov hooks his other arm around Shane’s body, skating his hand up his stomach, over his chest, grabbing at it again before continuing his journey upwards, over his throat, resting it there and using his thumb and index finger to tilt Shane’s jaw up.

“Watch in mirror.” His tone leaves no room for argument.

Shane does as he’s told, wondering if Rozanov can feel his pulse racing. He lets the momentum from Rozanov thrusting against his ass rock him forward into his hand. The image of them together is the hottest thing Shane has ever seen.

Rozanov has him pinned against his body, one muscled arm wrapped around his chest, his leg pressing against the inside of Shane’s thigh, his gorgeous face watching over Shane’s shoulder, mouth open in pleasure as he ruts against him. He watches Rozanov strip his cock, his own stomach muscles tensing visibly as Shane staves off his orgasm, biting his lip against his moans.

As Rozanov’s cock slides between his cheeks, the head catching against his rim, Shane gasps. Everything about this feels *so* good. He’s desperately ready to come but never wants this to

end. He could easily live in this endless loop of pleasure, caged against Rozanov's body, electricity sparking under his skin everywhere Rozanov touches him.

He can't help wonder what it would be like if Rozanov fucked him properly. He lets himself wish for a second that they might get that chance.

In doing so, he drops his head again, panting hard as he tries to withstand the relentless way Rozanov chases their pleasure. Rozanov won't allow it. He uses his hand to force Shane to watch in the mirror as he brings him to the brink.

There's nothing Shane can do but pray to whatever deity is out there that his legs will hold him up as he succumbs to the orgasm rolling through his body in waves, letting his moan echo through the bathroom as he comes, white-hot pleasure flooding his veins.

Rozanov follows moments later, sinking his teeth into Shane's shoulder as his hips stutter and the hot splash of his come hits Shane's back.

To his surprise, Rozanov doesn't move away immediately, slumping over his back instead for a few moments. Shane takes his weight, thankful his legs are still working because he feels like his brain shot out of his dick.

Rozanov stands, grunting with the effort of moving, slapping Shane's ass lightly before he walks away and stands at the other end of the shower again, washing himself as if nothing had happened.

Once he gets out of the shower, Shane gets dressed quickly, unsure how to act around Rozanov now. Rozanov was clear last night that this was a one (or two) time thing to pass time while they were stuck in this cabin. But the power is back and the storm has stopped. They're no longer trapped.

Shane decides that he needs to leave before he does something stupid like try to kiss Rozanov while he's flooded with post-orgasm endorphins.

He's dressed with his bags packed by the time Rozanov comes back into the living room, towel slung low on his hips in a mirror of what had happened yesterday.

"I'm gonna go," he tells Rozanov. "Now that the snow's stopped. You can keep the cabin. I'm just going to..." he trails off because he doesn't actually have a plan, and anyway, Rozanov doesn't need to know and probably doesn't care.

Rozanov stares at him for a moment, a muscle in his jaw tensing. He picks Shane's phone up off the table and holds it out to him. "Unlock it."

"What, why?"

"So I can tweet selfie from your account," Rozanov says dryly. "Will get more likes than any photo of you."

"You're an asshole."

“You keep saying that. Unlock, *please*.” He manages to make the request sound prim and condescending at the same time.

Despite himself, Shane snatches his phone out of Rozanov’s hand and unlocks it. Rozanov takes it back before Shane can protest, tapping at the screen.

“What are you doing?”

“You have phone. Phone is used to send messages, yes?” He hands it back to Shane. “After I fuck you on ice and win next week, maybe I fuck you properly.”

Shane gapes at him.

“If you’re lucky, Hollander.”

End Notes

Hi! I'm Rae, and thank you for reading this silly (not so) little fic! Writing for a new fandom is always daunting, especially so when you've been plagued by writer's block for 9+ months (what even are words), but I hope I've done justice to these characters and that you enjoyed this fic!! 💖💖

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