

## The Cold's Got a Hold on Me

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# The Cold's Got a Hold on Me

by [Skaboom](#)

## Summary

While driving back to Montreal from Ottawa, a white-out blizzard comes out of nowhere, trapping Shane. Cold, alone, and afraid, Shane calls Ilya, wanting to set the record straight on a few things...just in case.

## Notes

This is my first entry for Whumpuary day 1 - prompt "winter".

Title from Amy, I by Jack's Mannequin

“Fuck.” Shane tried to reverse again, but the wheels of his car just spun in the snow. “Fuck, fuck, fuck. So much for this being a good snow car. Fuck!” He sighed. He had been driving home to Montreal from a weekend with his parents in Ottawa when a blizzard had hit, and now he wasn’t sure what he was going to do.

The storm had come on fast and hard out of nowhere, and what was, on the weather forecast, supposed to be just a small amount of very manageable snow had become a full on white-out faster than he could have found a place to stop safely for the night. In the storm, he had made a wrong turn, and then, in his attempt to pull over, he had driven into a snowdrift, his tires spinning helplessly.

He hadn’t seen another car since before the blizzard had hit, and while it seemed to be calming now, at least some, he couldn’t get his car out.

This was not good. He was well and truly stuck, it was about -13 degrees outside, and he wasn’t sure if roadside assistance would be able to get to him in any sort of timely fashion.

With a sigh, Shane pulled his AAA card out of the glovebox, calling them and explaining the situation, trying to keep his voice even and calm. The dispatcher was kind, but made it very clear that, based on the storm and his location, it would be quite awhile before anyone could get to him. There had been a lot of calls due to the unexpected storm and the weather was making it slow and tricky to get to people.

Shane didn’t need to be told that this situation wasn’t safe. He could keep the heat on and the engine running for a while, but eventually, he would run out of gas and had less than a quarter tank right now - plenty to get home, and probably enough to be idling out here in the remnants of a blizzard for hours, but he wasn’t sure.

It would really just depend on how long it took someone to get to him.

He got out of the car, getting his bag from the trunk, grateful that he had it, and started putting on layers of clothing, doing everything he could to trap his body heat, wanting to make sure that he didn’t get himself into a situation worse than the one he was already in.

At least his phone was fully charged.

Shane didn’t know much about cars, especially in this type of situation, but with layers of clothes, he put the engine on at a lower heat, hoping that would help preserve the gas and keep it running longer. He wasn’t going to die out here, he knew that rationally...or at least he *thought* that rationally, but that didn’t change the fact that he could hear the wind howling around him outside, it was dark, he was alone, and he was frightened.

He tried to busy himself by googling the situation, assessing from a myriad of searches that, since he probably had somewhere between two and three gallons left in his tank, he could probably idle, heat on, for anywhere from three to eight hours...a pretty broad range, and one that he hoped was being overly cautious on the short end. Three hours might be enough time

for someone to get to him. Eight *certainly* would be.

The first hour passed with relative ease. He looked over his schedule for the next weeks, focusing on which games he would need to work harder at, which games would ultimately be more challenging.

The second hour was a little more difficult, anxiety managing to creep up as he tried to read an e-book on his phone.

By hour three, he was trying not to panic. Three hours. That was when the internet had said that he might start running out of gas, though he checked the meter. While it was ticking closer to empty, it wasn't there yet. He still had time. He just needed to breathe.

Somewhere near the middle of hour four, his mind began wandering. What if they didn't find him? What if his gas ran out, the heat was no longer an option, and he froze to death out here? He knew that it could happen, in weather like this, wind and snow still going, even though it was far less than it had been. The distraction of his phone was no longer enough.

Shane was filled with the urge to call his parents, but he didn't want to worry them. He was afraid that they would get in their car to try and find him and wind up in the same, or worse, situation themselves. He couldn't let that happen.

He could call Hayden, but Hayden would blab to the rest of the team and he was pretty sure that, when he did survive this - because he *was* going to survive this - that he would never be able to live it down in the locker room, and he was all but certain that he would not want to be reminded of this in his life. He knew that Hayden would have tried to help, but Hayden, for all the loveliness that he possessed, was still...Hayden.

"Fuck." Shane gulped, his hand hovering over the call button as he pulled the trigger.

"Hollander?" Ilya answered the phone confused, his voice heavy with sleep.

"Fuck, sorry, you're sleeping. I'm sorry, go back to sleep."

"No, no, Hollander, is fine, I'm up now." Ilya yawned. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, totally," Shane said. "Just figured I'd see if you were up."

"You are not any better of a liar over the phone, I see," Ilya said.

Shane sighed, shaking his head. He didn't want to bother Ilya, he didn't want to bother *anyone*, but he was alone, he was afraid, and the wave of calm that washed over him at the mere sound of Ilya's voice should probably be studied by scientists.

"I'm stuck," Shane admitted. "I was driving back to Montreal from Ottawa, a white-out came out of nowhere, and I just...got stuck."

"What?" Ilya sat up, turning the light on. "Stuck how?"

“On...on the side of the road. In a fucking snowdrift.”

“You have called for help?”

“Yeah, AAA Roadside Assistance,” Shane gulped. “Like four hours ago. They’ll get here as fast as they can, but...”

“Where are you?”

Shane gave his exact location, glad, at least, that he had full service, and knew exactly where he was.

“Fuck. Is freezing outside?”

“Yeah.” Shane nodded. “I’m running the heat from my car, I have a little while longer before I run into a real problem, and I’m sure they’ll be here soon, I’m just...” Shane gulped. “Fuck, Ilya, I’m really scared.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, Hollander, Hollander, breathe for me,” he said softly. “When you called for help, you told them who you are?”

“I gave them my name, yeah,” he nodded.

“No, you tell them you are Shane Hollander, MLH star?”

“No...”

“Jesus, Hollander.” He sighed. “Call them back and tell them!”

“It’s not right, it’s not fair,” he said softly. “They shouldn’t bump me up the list just because I play hockey. There are other people stuck in similar situations, it’s...”

“Fair.” Ilya scoffed. “You are too noble for your own good, Hollander.”

“I couldn’t take it if someone got hurt because I pulled rank using my name.”

“Well what if I can’t take it if *you* get hurt because you don’t, Shane?”

Silence fell over the line. The words had spilled out of Ilya’s mouth and he couldn’t take them back, but at the same time, he didn’t want to. Shane was scared, alone, and in danger, though Ilya didn’t want to admit that, and he just wanted to be honest.

“Ilya...” Shane gulped.

“I’m sorry. You are going to be okay, you will be just fine.”

“Yeah.” Shane gulped. “It’s cold out there,” he said, looking out the window. “I don’t know

how much more heat I have.”

“Don’t think about that,” Ilya said softly. “Focus on me, okay? Focus on my voice.”

Shane closed his eyes, trying to imagine being in Ilya’s bed, with Ilya’s arms around him. It wasn’t something they had done much, but the couple of times Ilya had held him, Shane had felt like he was transcending to a new plane of existence.

Then again, pretty much every new thing that he tried with Ilya felt that way.

“I’m focusing,” he said softly.

“Help will be there soon and then you will be safe, you will be warm.”

“I hate that I’m scared,” Shane admitted. “I just can’t stop thinking about...about what will happen when the gas is out. I’m layered up, but it won’t be long before it’s just...freezing in here, and I can handle the cold, but this is different.”

“You are going to be okay,” Ilya said. “In fact, you have to be, because I am simply not finished with you yet.”

“Oh yeah?” Shane asked, a gentle smile moving onto his face.

“Yes.” He nodded. “I think I will go crazy if I do not get to see you again, touch you again, hold you again, so,” he said with a slight pause. “You will be fine, because you have to be.”

“If I’m not, if this goes...goes badly...”

“It won’t,” Ilya said firmly.

“Just let me say this,” Shane stated. “If it *does* go badly there are just things I want you to know, and if I come out of this and it’s fine we can pretend it never happened.” Though Ilya had opened the door, saying that he wouldn’t be able to take it if Shane got hurt. Maybe that was fueling Shane with the confidence to say this.

“Okay,” Ilya said, his voice going soft and low. Shane wasn’t often so firm with him, but when he was, Ilya knew that he should shut up and listen.

“I like you. I like you so much,” Shane admitted. “And I’m cold and I’m scared and I’m alone right now, and *you* were the person that I wanted to call. You were the person that I wanted comfort from, that I wanted to sit here and talk to until help came because you make me feel safe. I don’t know how that’s possible, because you took away every single safety net that I have had in my life. I have risked more to be with you than I have risked for anything else in my life, and yet...you make me feel safe. When I’m in your arms, there is...nothing bad. Nothing scares me, nothing upsets me, I just feel calm. I feel like myself. I don’t...get to be myself when I’m not with you.”

“Fuck,” Ilya breathed. “I wish I were there right now, Shane. I wish I could be there to keep

you safe.”

“Just talk to me,” Shane said softly. “I just want to hear your voice.”

“You want to know how I feel about you, Shane?” Ilya asked, tilting his head to the side. “I am wild for you, Shane Hollander. I have been wild for you. Sure, when I first met you, I just wanted to drive you nuts. I wanted you to react to me, and then you let me come to your room, you let me kiss you, you dropped to your knees *so* quickly,” he said softly. “But you know when you really got me?”

“When I sucked your dick?” Shane teased.

“Shut up,” Ilya said fondly. “No, you got me when I told you to take off your clothes and I was on the bed, naked and aching hard, and there you were.” Shane could hear Ilya’s smile over the phone. “Folding your clothes with so much care. I knew in that moment that I had made a mistake.”

“A mistake?”

“Mmm. Big mistake. I was so charmed by you, and I knew then that I would never be able to say ‘no’ to you. If you wanted me, you would have me. You still will. You probably always will.”

“I was attracted to you right away and that scared me,” Shane said softly. “But when I really knew that I was going to have trouble extricating myself from you-”

“Extricating? I don’t know this word.”

“Oh, right, sorry. Um, When I knew that I was going to have trouble ending things,” he clarified.

“Right. Go on.”

“All Star Weekend, our rookie season, the hotel in Vegas.” He sighed. “I was *so* mad at you for leaving me in the hallway as long as you did. I wanted to leave, and then...there you were, laughing at me, looking so...beautiful.”

“Ah, yes, I remember. You pounced at me, but not before you took off your shoes.”

“I was being respectful,” he said with a gentle smile. “I wanted so badly in that moment *not* to want you, and then I couldn’t help myself, and I realized that I wasn’t going to be able to help myself, and maybe worse...that I didn’t *want* to help myself. I wanted *you*.”

“This is more.”

“What?” Shane asked.

“This is more,” Ilya said. “Then hooking up. Has been for a while, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane replied softly. “I think I’m in love with you.”

“Yes, I think you are, too,” Ilya teased. “But I *know* that I am in love with *you*.”

Shane was about to open his mouth, but with a click, the car sputtered, the heat cut, and all of a sudden, the world around him felt very quiet.

“Fuck,” Shane breathed.

“Shane?” Ilya asked.

“I’m out of gas. No more heat.”

“You have your layers, yes?” Ilya asked.

“Yeah.” Shane curled up, pulling his knees to his chest in the back seat where he lay. “Hat, gloves, jackets, hoods, extra socks, but...” It was below freezing outside and the walls and roof of the car would only protect him for so long.

“Shane,” Ilya said softly. “Listen to me. You will be fine. Help is coming, you will be okay.”

“I know.” Shane gulped.

“Call them back. Tell them that your heat is gone and the situation is worse.” He paused.

“And tell them you are Shane Hollander, star center for the Montreal Metros, two time Cup winning captain,” he said. “I do not care that it is not fair, life is not fair.”

“Ilya...”

“Shane.” Ilya’s tone was firm. “I will not lose you to this fucking storm. Call them. Tell them you are freezing and that you are important. Fuck, tell them that if they do not come to get you, your boyfriend will make *sure* everyone knows they let you freeze.”

There was fear in Ilya’s voice now that hadn’t been there before, and Shane hated it, but that word, *boyfriend*, permeated it all, giving Shane a sense of calm in the storm.

“I’ll call them,” Shane said quietly.

“Call them, then call me back.”

“Okay.”

“And Shane?” Ilya said. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Shane hung up, calling AAA back.

While he waited on hold, he began to shiver, shocked and upset by how quickly the warm air

dissipated, leaving the cold to seep into his vehicle. He knew that he would still be alright awhile longer with his layers, but that didn't change the fact that the quickly cooling air frightened him.

He relayed his situation, but he couldn't bring himself to pull rank, to use his name, to make threats. He was clear about the reality of his situation and he was assured that he was being moved up the priority list, but he couldn't make the demands that Ilya had asked him to.

Someone would be there soon, but when 'soon' was, Shane didn't know.

"You called?" Ilya asked as he answered the phone again.

"I called." Shane gulped. "Fuck, Ilya, it's cold."

"I know, but it is alright," Ilya said. "Help is coming. Will be there soon. Very soon."

"They couldn't tell me when," Shane admitted.

"You called roadside assistance, they did not give you a time?"

"No." Shane shook his head. "It's still...very backed up, and with the weather..."

"You did not push, did you." It wasn't a question.

"I'm sorry," Shane admitted. "I couldn't do it."

"Is fine, I did not think you would," Ilya said. "But I did."

"What?" Shane furrowed his brow.

"You called AAA," Ilya shrugged. "I called 911. Help will be there very soon."

"What?" Shane gulped. "You called 911?"

"Yes." Ilya nodded. "I tell them this is Ilya Rozanov, and that Shane Hollander is freezing on the side of the road, and if they do not get him warm and safe very quickly, I will spend rest of my career using my fame to make sure that *everyone* knows they ignored his calls for help."

"Jesus, Ilya, you can't do that."

"Well I did. Is fine, I already have terrible reputation. I will not lose you, so just talk to me, hear me, and soon, someone will be there. I told them you are out of gas and that battery might die."

Shane gulped, tears welling in his eyes. He couldn't pull rank for himself, but if he thought about it? If the tables were turned and it was Ilya, out in the cold and freezing, wouldn't he do the same?

“Thank you, Ilya.”

“I will come to Montreal,” Ilya said softly. “As soon as I can get a flight, and I will hold you in my arms until you are warm.”

“You can’t do that,” Shane argued. “You have games, you have obligations, you have practice...”

“I can do what I want,” Ilya said. “You say I make you feel safe?”

“Yes.”

“Then I will come to Montreal and I will make you feel safe.”

Shane wanted to argue. He wanted to point out that between the phone call to emergency services and abandoning his team to go to Montreal, things would get suspicious, but right now, Shane didn’t really care. The cold was coming on quick and the thought of Ilya’s strong, warm arms around him felt like heaven right now.

“I...would like that,” Shane admitted.

“Then I will be there, Shane. As soon as I can.”

He knew that the blizzard would likely keep flights out for a while, but he also wasn’t sure he cared. The soonest Ilya could get to him would be good enough.

“I just want to see you. I want to kiss you, I want to touch you, I want to fall asleep in your arms.”

“Mmm, you will.” Ilya nodded. “And I will berate you for not using your name to get help faster. You give so much of yourself to other people. Sometimes, it is okay to ask for something back.”

“I ask a lot.”

“Oh yeah? Of what? From who?”

“From my team. I demand a lot on the ice, in practice...”

“That is not the same. That is for their own good, for good of the team. They should be giving it anyway.”

“I don’t wanna fight,” Shane admitted. “You just told me that you love me, and now I just want to sit with that. I’ve never been in love with anyone before.”

“No,” Ilya smiled softly. “Neither have I.”

“Wait, really?” Shane sat up slightly, shocked to hear that.

“Yes. There have been many people, but none...none I fell in love with. None like you.”

“Fuck, Ilya. I love you so much,” Shane said, trying to hold back a shiver.

“Do you know how much I have wanted to hear you say that?”

“Maybe,” Shane admitted. “It’s been tearing me apart for a while now.”

“Me, too.” Ilya said softly. “But...maybe not anymore.”

“No.” Shane shook his head. “Not anymore. I don’t know what we’ll do, but...we’ll figure it out. At this point, I don’t think there’s any going back.”

“I hope not,” Ilya admitted. Sure, there would be a lot to figure out, but a door had been opened, and that was exciting.

This situation, with Shane out in the cold, was terrible, but it had brought about a state of events that had kicked the relationship between Shane and Ilya into a stratosphere neither had expected. There was a hopefulness springing from this situation that neither one would have predicted at the start of their day.

“I think someone’s coming,” Shane said, sitting up, seeing lights flashing out of the window.

“Okay. Good.” Ilya breathed out a sigh of relief. “Take care of yourself, call me when you’re back on the road. I will stay on the phone with you until you are safely home.”

“Thank you, Ilya.”

“Of course. I love you.”

“Love you, too.” Shane hung up the phone, greeting the authorities.

They filled his tank, giving him the ability to idle the car again with the heat on, waiting with him until the roadside assistance was able to arrive.

It was a little while still before AAA made it to them, but once they got there, it wasn’t long at all before Shane’s car was dug out, his battery checked, and he was cleared to get back on the road. He took the time to sign autographs for the drivers, taking a very awkward picture with them, before getting back into his car.

He waited until he was safely on the road again, calmer, breathing steadily, before calling Ilya back.

“Hey, you back on the road?”

Ilya’s voice filled Shane’s car, and the smile that swept over Shane’s face was undeniable this

time.

“Yeah, I’m back on the road.”

“See? I told you that you would not die.”

“You were right. You made me feel safe. You always do.”

“I have a flight out in the morning.”

“Door code’s 1919,” Shane said. “Just let yourself in, I might be asleep.”

“I will. I can’t wait to see you.”

“I can’t wait to see you, either,” Shane admitted, hands gripping the steering wheel. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, Hollander,” Ilya teased.

Shane looked ahead at the road. It wasn’t that much further now, and he was spent, exhausted, and still a little frightened from being stuck, but above all else, he couldn’t wait to see Ilya.

In a few hours, he would be home in his bed and Ilya would come through the door, crawl into bed, take Shane in his arms, and everything in the world would feel alright.

Shane couldn’t wait.

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