Snowed In

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77316371.

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:	There Was Only One Bed, Forced Proximity, Making Up, Making Out, Making Love, Dildos, Bottom Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Has a Dildo, Snow, Blow Jobs, post-Vegas, pre-2017: All Stars, Betaed, Smut
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 1,604 Chapters: 1/1

Snowed In

by Art_Deco_Hitchhiker

Summary

> Ilya and Shane are snowed in.

Notes

> This is for my patron Camellia__Sinensis, who offered me food and shelter during a snow storm.

See the end of the work for more notes

Jane: *You asshole.*

Lily: *I'm outside.*

Jane: *What?*

Shane's heart is soaring as he rushes down the stairs. "What are you doing here?"

Ilya steps inside in a cloud of cold and snow. "Plane is cancelled."

"So you're coming here?"

"I won." He steps into Shane's personal space. "I'm claiming my prize."

He presses Shane against the wall. "There is a snowstorm outside. Rozanov-"

Ilya is pressing increasingly insistent kisses down Shane's throat. "Yes, I am cold."

He pushes their hips together. *Not that cold.*

"We should- we have to go upstairs. The neighbors-"

"No one is going outside." Ilya sinks to his knees and pushes his legs apart.

Shane glides his fingers through damp, blond curls. "Fuck."

He nearly hits his head against the wall, when Ilya starts moving. Even though they have been fighting. Even though the neighbors could come down any minute.

Somehow that makes his body roar with heat even more.

The idea of getting *caught*.

He has missed this. Missed *him*.

Rose would never have been able to compare. He bites down on his hand to muffle his own moans and closes his eyes. It still fills him with discomfort as he recalls how gentle she was while she called him out.

He was not even her first gay boyfriend.

Then Ilya bites his thigh and Shane's eyes fly open. It should hurt, but all he can feel is pleasure. He groans in warning as the pressure rises.

Ilya looks just as lovely as he did all those years ago.

Still dazy with the aftershocks of his orgasm, he lets himself get pulled up the stairs. Until Ilya is fed up with his unsteady legs and lifts him in his arms. Brushing against his erection with every step. "I want to fuck you," groans Ilya in his ear.

“Yes.” Shane kisses him. “Please.”

In a blur, he is thrown on the bed with too many pillows and watches as Ilya nearly tumbles in his haste to take off every single layer. “You too.”

Shane kicks off his pants like his life depends on it and shivers when Ilya crawls on top of them. “Condom?”

Shane makes a vague gesture to his bedside table and Ilya scrambles.

With a swift motion, he rolls it on, before having Shane suck on his fingers. “Yes-”

Shane spreads his legs and tries to relax as deft fingers move to prepare him. “Rose do this, hm?”

“What?”

“Rose Landry.” Ilya curls his fingers as punctuation.

“Are you jealous?” Shane groans. He does not have much experience with exes, but he is quite sure that you are not supposed to bring them up during sex.

Ilya pouts, but so briefly that Shane thinks he imagined it.

“We- we broke up! Ah! Fuck-”

Shane squeezes his eyes shut as Ilya increases the pace to something brutal.

His legs tremble.

Then Ilya moves his lovely fingers away and Shane nearly screams in frustration. “Please!”

“Please what?” Ilya’s lips murmur against his own.

“Fuck me, please-” Shane whines and feels his face heat at his own neediness.

But it was the response Ilya was waiting for.

Shane finishes embarrassingly quick and blushes at the sounds that echo back from the walls. Only a couple of thrusts later, Ilya collapses on top of him.

Usually, Shane would push him off and make sure that he cleans off the cum before it dries and crusts. But now, he *has* missed him.

Ilya buries his face in the bend of Shane’s neck and murmurs something in Russia.

Shane tightens his arms.

If he closes his eyes, he can imagine that they can stay together like this indefinitely.

Somewhere in the other room, a phone rings.

Ilya moves, but Shane holds him in place with his legs. “Shane…”

“Not yet.”

“Coach might be looking for me.”

Shane’s eyes widen. “What?”

“I sneaked out.”

“You didn’t tell anyone.”

Ilya gives him a look soaked in sarcasm. “Team! Coach! I’m going to leave nice warm hotel for booty call with a metro player we just beat.”

He gently moves Shane’s legs. “We need to clean up anyway.” He drags his hand through the sticky mess on Shane’s stomach. “Hm, Canadian loser. Delicious.”

Shane shoves him, but he feels too lazy for any real force.

He smiles as he hears Ilya answer the phone.

He had been jealous.

“No, I’m not.”

“Oh.”

“Okay.”

Ilya hums. “Yes, see you later.” The tap runs.

He returns with a damp cloth and gently cleans Shane’s skin.

“Who was it?”

“Team is snowed in. In hotel. I said I was taking a shower. Marlow got worried, since it was three hours.”

“A shower?”

Ilya crawls back beside him. “Shower after beating you.”

“And now?”

“Now they know I am not in hotel.”

“Fuck.”

Ilya smirks. “If you want.”

—

They are cooking together. Shane feels a little dizzy as he glances at Ilya. He is still mostly naked, except for an apron with *Kiss the chef* written on it. An old present from Hayden.

Maybe it is the apron, but Ilya keeps pulling him close to kiss him.

And Shane lets himself be pulled.

He knows that they should talk. About Vegas, about Rose.

About Shane's newly discovered homosexuality.

He blushes at the roasted potatoes. He can already imagine Ilya's smile.

"Put the table, Shane. Dinner is ready." Ilya curls a strong arm around his waist and squeezes his side. "And after, *dessert*."

They eat in silence and Ilya keeps sneaking glances at him. Like he is a zoo animal. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing." Ilya takes a gigantic bite and chews furiously.

Shane already has a glass of water in his hand when Ilya starts coughing. "Please don't choke to death in my house."

"Montreal police would never arrest Shane Hollander."

"Maybe not, but Boston…"

Ilya laughs. "Boston would kill you."

"So, nothing?"

Ilya stares down at his food. "Just thinking."

"About?"

Ilya shrugs. "Snowstorm."

Shane looks outside and even as a Canadian, he has to admit the dancing snowflakes are quite the spectacle. "You can stay the night."

"Oh, can I?"

"You can sleep on the floor. I'll throw a pillow down."

"Oh? Would your interior decorator approve?"

"You're such an asshole." Shane elbows him.

Ilya moves them against the counter. “I have an idea.”

He kisses him as if he is trying to suck Shane’s breath from his lungs. They are both panting when they break apart. “I think… You should get out that dildo-”

“No-"

Ilya unties the apron. “I want to see what color it is.”

He is so *hard*.

“Fuck.”

“Yes, I want to see the color when you fuck yourself.”

“Ilya…”

“Come on, Shane. Will be hot. I can suck you off while it is inside you. Don’t be boring.” He strokes himself and the image proves too much for Shane to resist.

“Fine!”

—

Ilya lounges on the bed as Shane digs up the discrete box in his bottom drawer. “What?”

“Let me see.” Ilya makes an eagerly reaching motion and Shane cradles the box in reflex.

“You’re not allowed to make fun of me.”

Shane carefully unsheathes the box and elbows Ilya when he starts laughing. *Fine.* So it is Black with a yellow accent like the Boston jersey.

“Good colors,” says Ilya when he has calmed down. “Very sexy.”

He pats the bed. “Now show me.”

A phone rings and Ilya groans in frustration as Shane goes to pick it up.

“Hello? Oh, hi, Hayden! Is everything alright? Oh, that’s so nice of her, but I don’t think I should risk it. Up here, it looks pretty brutal outside. Yeah, no, don’t worry. I’m just going to read a book. Yes, of course. See you soon!”

He walks back to the bedroom. “Sorry about that.”

“Hayden Pike is a cock block.”

“Don’t say that.”

“What? Is true!” Ilya gestures to his softening dick. “He calls, mood gone.”

“Of course the mood is gone! I’m not having sex while my friend is on the phone.”

“Come here. I want to eat you out, fuck you with Boston dildo and suck you off.”

“It’s not a Boston dildo!”

But Shane comes anyway.

—

“What was that?”

“It’s just snow falling.”

“Snow? Sounds like fucking earthquake!”

“It’s fine. It happens all the time in winter.”

“You sure roof is not collapsing, Mr. Real Estate?”

Shane takes him in his arms and kisses him until they fall asleep again.

“Ilya?” He woke up again.

A hum in the dark.

“I’m gay.”

Muffled laughter and Shane swats the pile of blankets beside him.

“Oh really? What- um, what makes you think that?”

A hand wanders to his thigh. “Ilya.”

“Shane.”

“Were you jealous of Rose Landry?”

Ilya groans. “She was everywhere. Hockey games. Twitter. Gym. Everywhere.”

“You’re on Twitter?”

“Yes. Is funny.” A finger circles his nipple and when he pushes it away, another hand glides over his other nipple. “You are also on Twitter.”

“Oh. I think my mom runs that account.”

Ilya laughs in his ear. “Of course. Shane Hollander is never in a Twitter beef.”

“Are you?”

Ilya rocks his hard-on against his side. “Of course.”

“Ilya, we should sleep.”

“Sleep better after orgasm.” He starts kissing Shane’s back and he is right.

They sleep very well.

—

When they wake up, the snow has stopped and the thaw has set in.

As always, Shane walks Ilya down the stairs. “See you in Florida.”

“We’ll be on the same team.”

Shane nods. “We’re going to beat everyone.”

“A hat trick.”

“You or me?”

They kiss again and it feels like a promise.

“Goodbye, Shane.”

“Goodbye, Ilya.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

If your country has snow, I hope they are dealing with it better than mine (yes, I'm still snowed in).

Ciao Cacao!

Art Deco Hitchhiker on Tumblr

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