

Snow and Saskatchewan

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Snow and Saskatchewan

by [LadyElspeth](#)

Summary

Oh no, Shane thought.

Oh God. No.

Ignoring his clammy palms, he scanned the tiny hotel room, wondering where he could even lay his bag.

Then, after a breathtaking second, he forced his eyes to meet Rozanov's.

With a mischievous smirk, Rozanov was sitting casually on the *only* bed, arm draped over the pillows—including the pillow that Shane had to sleep on.

And Rozanov's muscular chest and arms were on full, shameless display.

Shane might just die.

“So,” Rozanov said, “you and me, we sleep together?”

Or: Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov were stuck in the same hotel room in Saskatchewan after the International Prospect Cup ended—and there was only one bed.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

An ominous dread crossed Shane's mind when he saw a man in a suit step onto the ice.

It was the end of the day, the end of the doomed International Prospect Cup.

Canada had just lost to Russia.

Despite all of his leg day routines, Shane could swear that his legs might fall off. And he couldn't believe he just lost to fucking Ilya Rozanov, who was laughing and celebrating with his teammates.

The mystery man went to the Russian team first, and their reaction was a mix of yelling, laughter, and violently jabbing each other with elbows.

Shane wondered why.

Then, the man stepped close to Shane's team.

"Players, listen up. The snow this morning? It keeps getting worse, and it's about to become a snowstorm by midnight! I know this is technically the end of the Cup, but I'm afraid it's not ending yet. We've booked as many rooms as we could in the closest hotel to the arena for all of you to stay in. A few more days of practice and games—more opportunities to showcase your talents—until you could leave Regina safely!" explained the official-looking man.

"However, this is on an emergency basis," he continued, "and there aren't enough rooms."

A *very* bad feeling was climbing down Shane's spine.

"All of you will be assigned a room with a player from another team—in the spirit of sportsmanship!" The man raised his hands, trying to sell how *neat* this idea was. "It'll be good practice for when you join NHL and become friends with teammates from all over the place."

Rooming... with another guy?

From another team?

Shane's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

He didn't want to think about *who* it would be.

And, God, he hoped he wouldn't get a room with only a king bed.

After a shower, Shane trailed behind his clamoring teammates to board the slow-moving bus bringing them to their old hotel. He packed up his stuff. His parents were able to book a room in another hotel nearby.

Looking absently out the dirty bus window, Shane almost didn't notice when they got to the new hotel, which was basically right around the corner from the arena.

The lobby was a mess: suitcases, bags, and tired muscular boys sitting and leaning against each other or their luggage. It was like an airport after a major delay.

Shane held on to his cross-body gym bag carefully, worried that he might hit someone.

His coach distributed paper bags of fast food and room keys. Standing, Shane finished his food quickly, wishing that he could have a healthier option. But this was an emergency, he understood.

Then, double-checking the room number written on the card jacket, Shane stuffed himself into the elevator, his heart pounding for absolutely no reason. He worried that the other boys around him could hear it.

That dread was coming back.

A part of him was dimly aware that he was traveling in space and time to something irrevocable.

When the room door buzzed after he tapped the key card, and he stepped inside, it was suddenly clear to him why he felt this way.

As if he had always known this would fucking happen.

Because the scents floating in the confined air hit and choked him in a precise, earth-shattering blow:

There was the trace of cigarette, the same kind that Shane smelled when he wandered around the arena to find and introduce himself to Ilya Rozanov. Shane stood there in the bitter cold like an idiot, inhaling the unfamiliar smoke. It intrigued him, excited him.

There was also the cologne, woody and musky, the same scent that lingered on his hand after their two handshakes.

Oh no, Shane thought.

Oh God. No.

Ignoring his clammy palms, he scanned the tiny hotel room, wondering where he could even lay his bag.

Then, after a breathtaking second, he forced his eyes to meet Rozanov's.

With a mischievous smirk, Rozanov was sitting casually on the *only* bed, arm draped over the pillows—including the pillow that Shane had to sleep on.

And Rozanov's muscular chest and arms were on full, shameless display.

Shane might just die.

"So," Rozanov said, "you and me, we sleep together?"

He gestured around the suffocatingly small space.

How half a chuckle escaped Shane, he didn't know.

"Yes—no, we only have one bed, but we are *not* sleeping together like *that*. We are just sharing the bed," he answered awkwardly, fingers twisting the bag strap on his chest.

"Hmm, if you say so." Rozanov was still smirking. "You snore, Hollander?"

"What? No!" Shane's face was even more flushed now—what kind of fucking question was that?

"Good. I'll be upset, you know, if you wake me up."

Shane shouldn't.

Gosh, he shouldn't—but Shane's mind was filled with the thought of an angry Ilya Rozanov lifting the covers and turning toward him in the darkness to hold his shoulder and shake him awake.

Muttering something clumsily, Shane clearly forgot all the English and French words that he knew.

He put his bag on the floor, just so he could turn away and hide the furious blush spreading helplessly across his face.

Next, he dug out his floss, toothbrush, and toothpaste and held them tightly by his side.

"Do you mind if I..." Shane asked, his voice uncontrollably small.

Shrugging, Rozanov turned on the television. "Sure, Hollander."

The bathroom was terrifyingly tiny as well. With one hand clutching at the counter, Shane brushed his teeth.

Why did his cheeks look so flushed in the mirror? This was insufferable.

He thought of what Rozanov said, of them sleeping together.

Certainly, this terrible phrasing was only because of Rozanov was still learning English... He definitely didn't think of Shane that way... right?

And where was Shane supposed to sit before going to sleep? On... the bed right next to Rozanov and watch a stupid movie together?

There was no second surface for *sitting* purposes, as far as Shane noticed, when he glanced around earlier.

If he could go to sleep in the bathroom, he would, but it was too small. There was only a shower, not a bathtub.

Shane had always loved snow and ice, but he *hated* this stupid weather right now.

A deep inhale did nothing to calm his racing nerves. Shane twisted the doorknob slowly, as if that could solve his predicament and transport him to another dimension, anywhere away from here.

For a moment after he left the bathroom, he just stood next to the dresser and the television.

“You are blocking,” Rozanov pointed out.

“Oh, sorry.” Shane ran a shaky hand through his hair. “I... um, I’m not sure... *where* to sit.”

“Hollander, we are fucking sleeping on this bed. You come and sit down.”

Without knowing why, Shane gulped thickly.

Those words, for *no reason* whatsoever, were like a magnet pulling him in, and his feet started moving toward the bed, toward Rozanov’s bulging muscles.

“Sit.” Rozanov patted the space next to him—a direct command.

Once again, it was strange, but Shane *loved* the authority in that tone.

When the mattress dipped and his legs inched closer to Rozanov’s, Shane thought he might pass out.

The cologne was *right* there, in Shane’s face, along with the smell of the cigarette, and Shane wouldn’t mind brushing his nose down Ilya Rozanov’s neck and chest to find out the exact percentage of each scent that concocted this intoxicating mixture.

Not trusting that his legs wouldn’t shake, Shane held his knees, while Rozanov sat there, still sprawled out and relaxed.

“Oh, the first Fast and Furious movie? I’ve seen it before.” Shane opened his mouth stupidly, in a weak attempt to distract himself from the pounding of his heart.

He heard a low snort—why did it vibrate in the air? And why did the small hairs on his arms stand up?

“Yes.” Rozanov’s tone was lazy.

And... God, Shane just realized that Rozanov's arm was behind him, still on top of the pillows.

If Shane even leaned back a few inches, his back would come into contact with the pale skin covered in long, beautiful veins.

His clutch on his knees was becoming painful.

This... this was torture! Shane bit his lower lip.

No, he should focus on tomorrow's training and game and get tonight over with.

Maybe a conversation would make it less awkward...?

"What is your schedule like?"

"What?"

Rozanov turned to Shane—and Shane was concerned Rozanov would take it the wrong way—so he hurried to add:

"I mean, I like this movie. I don't mind watching it at all! Not complaining. Just wondering what time you go to sleep and wake up, that kind of stuff," Shane spoke faster and faster.

Rozanov was still looking at him.

Shane felt compelled to say just a bit more under the weight of that stare, "And do you go for a smoke at night? How often?"

Great.

Because, very certainly, Shane Hollander just solidified his image as a babbling idiot in Ilya Rozanov's book.

That was assuming that Rozanov even caught all of his words and was able to translate them at the same time.

"Okay," Rozanov said slowly.

"What?"

"Hollander, you ask too many questions. My schedule... You want to shower with me tomorrow morning?"

The flush that Shane had tried so hard to chase away was now coming back in full force, and there was *nothing* he could do to hide it.

"No, fuck that!" Shane almost yelled, his cheeks and nose flushed. "That's not what I meant. I just thought, as roommates now, we should know each other's schedule. And what if one of

us gets locked outside? You know, like I'm asleep, you go for a smoke at midnight and forget your room key?"

That is not because I care about you at all, Shane thought to himself.

Rozanov nodded and hummed, as he gradually translated most the words in his head.

"Phone, Hollander."

"The... you want to use the hotel telephone?" Shane tilted his head in utter confusion. "It's by your side of the bed."

Fuck, even saying that was weird. The bed. The bed that they had to share. Shane grimaced.

"No. Your phone, Hollander." Rozanov rolled his eyes.

"Why...?"

"So I tell you my number. We text if something, you know, happens."

"Right," Shane said, realizing that he was *indeed* an idiot for not thinking about this first. His phone felt heavy in his hoodie pocket, like it *too* was mocking him.

Through Rozanov's thick accent, Shane wrote down his number, catching it with difficulty. He tilted his screen so that Rozanov wouldn't see the name that it was saved under:

my annoying roommate

Today, 9:21 PM

Shane

This is Shane Hollander.
my annoying roommate
Rozanov

Rozanov dragged his phone from the nightstand and texted him back immediately. Shane hoped that it wouldn't mean anything for them to exchange numbers like this.

And it really shouldn't.

It was only practical, Shane reassured himself. For emergency reasons.

A few days later, he could be free to delete Rozanov's contact information and pretend this snowy nightmare *never* happened.

The two of them went back to watching the movie.

Shane barely noticed the fast cars and hot women on the screen because he was too busy stealing silent glances at Rozanov's chest, the long, graceful legs draped across the covers, and the veins that protruded on his arms.

Of course, the observant hockey player that he was, Rozanov caught his not-so-hidden staring.

"Like what you see, Hollander?"

Rozanov turned to him, and Shane realized how close they actually were—if he raised his hand, he could touch the tight muscles on Rozanov's chest. The heat from his naked torso was palpable to Shane through the fabric of his clothes.

For a second, he thought of taking his hoodie and t-shirt off to breathe better.

But also getting naked was ridiculous and *probably* wouldn't help.

"I wanted to..." he looked for words, "see if you are enjoying the movie, I guess, Rozanov."

"Yes, I enjoy it," Rozanov leaned in and said with a faint smile.

When his breath landed on Shane's neck and ear, Shane clutched tighter on to his sweatpants to stop himself from delving into a full-body shiver.

So he jumped up and scurried off the bed.

“It’s late. I should change into my pajamas,” he said without looking back.

There was a clean, loose gray t-shirt in his bag, but Shane was realizing with horror that he had not packed extra pajama shorts. The pair that he had should be washed, according to his standards.

Rozanov suddenly spoke up from behind him: “You could change here. I won’t look.”

“Fuck you,” Shane mumbled. “I wasn’t planning to go to the bathroom for that. I’m in locker rooms all the time with other guys, remember?”

He didn’t dare to turn back and check, but, unmistakably, Rozanov chuckled as Shane slid off his tops in superhuman speed and tossed the t-shirt onto his head.

Then, sucking in a deep breath, Shane shimmied off his sweatpants and socks.

It was all fine. Splendid, even, he told himself, walking back to the bed in only the t-shirt and boxer briefs.

And his eyes immediately went to Rozanov, whose whole focus was on Shane now. Shane was willing to bet that Rozanov was observing every part of his body.

“Wow, Hollander.”

“I didn’t bring enough pajamas because I wasn’t expecting emergencies like this.”

“Sure,” Rozanov smirked.

“I swear to God,” Shane said.

He tore open the corner of the covers and buried himself underneath.

What he could never expect was how, a second later, Rozanov stood up, took off his sweatpants, tossing them onto his suitcase across the room, and slid his legs under the covers with only his boxers on.

Oh, and he wasn’t wearing anything on the top to begin with.

The air was thinning for absolutely no reason. Shane clutched the fringe of the covers with both hands like a scared squirrel.

He hated this, hated how he had to sleep on the same bed with the boy that had just beaten him.

“Going to sleep now?” Rozanov asked, hitting pause on the remote.

“I—I don’t mind keep watching the movie. A bit longer is fine, I guess.”

“It’s long. An hour left.”

“Um,” Shane sighed. He was nervous, but also so tired. “You could keep watching it. I’ll just lie down and close my eyes. It’s been a long day.”

The movie resumed, and Shane tried to relax.

But the damned fact was that Rozanov’s bare legs were right next to his on this impractically small bed—Shane suspected that the hotel or the bed manufacturer lied about the bed being able to comfortably fit two people, certainly not two hockey players.

Shane worried that if he fell asleep for real, he might spread out his limbs and touch parts of Rozanov’s body, which he would *hate*.

As he was dozing off with the background noise of high-speed car chases, Rozanov spoke up:

“Your play today was good.”

Shane froze, his heart beating rapidly.

On and off the ice, Ilya Rozanov had been so cocky, so demeaning to everyone that Shane didn’t think he was humanly capable of saying anything nice.

Hearing it... warmed Shane’s crushed heart a little. The sting of today’s loss wouldn’t go away, but he was feeling a bit better at Rozanov’s acknowledgment.

“Thanks?” Shane said quietly.

Rozanov chuckled, and that sound sent a spark igniting a strange kind of heat deep inside Shane’s stomach. He shifted further to the edge and forced his eyes to close.

In sleep, maybe he could pretend this nightmare of a day wasn’t real.

He didn’t know how it happened, but Shane found himself waking up to the small click of Rozanov turning off the bedside light.

The room was terrifyingly dark.

The bed was terribly small.

And the heat inside him was coming alive again at the thought of Rozanov behind him.

“Goodnight, Hollander.”

In the darkness, even Rozanov’s voice started to sound like a low, sexy rumble, like thunder booming on the distant horizon that shook Shane inside his core.

“Um, yeah, goodnight, Rozanov.”

Shane couldn’t tell how long it took him to fall asleep again.

Keeping his breathing still, he could almost hear the snowflakes falling outside.

When the morning light streamed into the room through the corners of the curtains and Shane opened his eyes, a wave of panic swept across his face.

Because, he realized before his brain fully woke up, that he and Ilya Rozanov were facing each other.

Rozanov was draping his fucking arm—warm, pale, dotted-with-brown-beauty-marks, and muscular—on Shane’s waist.

And his usual morning erection was appearing at the most inconvenient time.

It was already there, tenting Shane’s boxers.

He hoped that Rozanov didn’t do anything to him during the night to make them end up in this compromising position, and that absurd thought made his cock twitch hungrily and his brain swirl.

Just... take a deep breath, Shane told himself. Everything is under control. He is still asleep.

As soon as Shane tried to wiggle out of Rozanov’s hold, however, it was too late.

“Good morning, Hollander,” Rozanov said lazily.

His eyes weren’t fully open yet, but Shane could tell that he was more awake than he was letting on.

Shane dipped his head in response, curtly, like saying hi to an opponent on the ice.

“Rozanov, good morning.”

It’s fine. It’s normal.

Except that Rozanov’s broad hand was now applying a faint pressure on Shane’s back—pulling him closer.

“What... are you doing?” Shane gasped, a little breathless, and a little humiliated at the sound that left his lips.

Rozanov didn’t reply.

For a few moments, his blue eyes just traced the features of Shane’s face, landing on the bridge of his nose.

Shane’s whole face and neck burned. But he was grateful that their bodies were completely under the covers so that Rozanov wouldn’t be able to see his erection.

“These dots on your face,” Rozanov murmured, “pretty.”

Shane felt himself blush under the attention and the... compliment?

“My freckles, you mean?” He touched his cheeks and nose, earning a nod from Rozanov.
“Thanks, I guess.”

“Freckles?” Rozanov repeated the word. Shane nodded.

Then, he frowned a little.

He was totally not expecting this side of Rozanov, one that observed what Shane looked like, one that was speaking softly in early morning and was comfortable about holding Shane in his arms.

Not really sure how to make of the situation, Shane tried to lean back again.

Only for Rozanov to come closer.

Their chests touched.

“What are you—”

Rozanov cut him off, “Hollander, you are not going anywhere.”

Staring at him in disbelief, Shane’s eyes went wide. “Who are you to stop me, Ilya Rozanov?”

“I don’t have to. You know... you want to.”

“No way!”

“Then,” Rozanov chuckled lightly, “why are you hard, Hollander?”

It was only at this second that Shane noticed how Rozanov’s hand had left his back to trail from his stomach to the front of his boxer briefs.

Shane bit his lip to try to stifle the moan that threatened to humiliate him, but he gasped lightly as Rozanov’s knuckles came into contact with his cock through the fabric.

“You must know I don’t mean it like that! It just happens...” Shane mumbled in a small voice.

“No, Hollander. You are terrible liar. Terrible.”

And, with that, Rozanov kicked off the covers. Knees spread on both sides of Shane, he was on top of Shane the next second, looming over him.

Shane’s eyes wavered. He couldn’t help but notice the heavy bulge pressing on the seams of Rozanov’s underwear.

“Now, we are both hard,” Rozanov said, “we help each other, yes?”

“How...?” Shane’s chest heaved.

Whatever Rozanov said next would be utterly ridiculous, but his erection right now was tormenting Shane so much that he was willing to entertain it.

Because he was helplessly under the magic spell of the muscular hockey player with golden brown curls that glittered in the gentle morning light.

And because Shane couldn’t go anywhere, with Rozanov’s knees on both sides of his thighs.

“I touch myself. You touch yourself. We don’t touch each other. We just watch,” replied Rozanov.

Biting his lip harder, Shane thought about this suggestion backward and forward, his mind racing at his skating speed.

If they didn’t touch each other and just... watched each other get off, it wouldn’t be too weird, right? It wouldn’t be that much different from them jerking off on their own, and... that totally wouldn’t be gay at all. Shane’s erection still hadn’t gotten away. He *needed* to do something about it. And he wasn’t going to back off and look like a timid coward in front of Ilya Rozanov, whose defense he couldn’t get through yesterday, no matter how hard he tried.

Couldn’t beat Rozanov on the ice? This morning, the perfect opportunity to crush him presented itself to Shane on their shared bed.

“All right...” he said slowly, pretending that this idea didn’t interest him at all and failing to hide the determined smile that quirked up his lips.

Rozanov smiled back, like he had always known that Shane would say yes.

He dragged down his boxers and tossed them aside, while Shane removed his t-shirt and then underwear. He blushed as Rozanov helped with getting his boxers off his calves, but, true to his word, Rozanov didn’t use that opportunity to touch Shane’s legs.

That was when Shane finally noticed the huge throbbing cock between Ilya Rozanov’s legs. Just the sight of it made Shane’s spine go weak and his inside tingle.

“It’s big, I know,” Rozanov followed his gaze and said.

“Yeah, you aren’t kidding.” Shane shook his head, looking away quickly. “So, how do we do this? Are you still going to be on top of me?”

Fuck, “on top”? Shane never expected that he’d say this to Rozanov one day. This was getting *weirder*.

“Yes.”

Without much hesitation, Rozanov began stroking himself, and Shane saw with fascination that the pink tip of Rozanov's cock was already wet—it didn't mean anything, Shane told himself. *Nothing* to do with him, that was for sure.

He also put his hand on his cock, going up and down at a slower speed. He wanted to last longer and win this masturbation contest.

However, Rozanov didn't seem worried about pacing himself.

As he moved faster, the golden crucifix resting in the middle of his muscular chest quivered, reflecting the rays of light that came into the room.

And... his eyes were fixed on Shane's in a heavy focus, especially after Shane moaned when he gripped his cock harder.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov murmured in a low, almost dangerous tone. His lips were parted, and he just... stared at Shane.

Shane couldn't tell if his full-body blush was because of the heat of Rozanov kneeling on top of him, the intimidating staring, or his own hand pleasuring his needy, weeping cock, but the small room was becoming a parched desert, choking him with a special kind of thirst.

Closing his eyes, Shane tilted back his head desperately.

He was forgetting how much he wanted to win. That didn't seem important in the slightest now.

Instead, his stupid mind began to fantasize about Rozanov leaning down and pressing their cocks together, grinding and moaning.

"No cheating," Rozanov growled at Shane shutting his eyes. "Fucking watch me, Hollander."

"I'm not... I—I just, I can't."

Shane gasped when, suddenly, Rozanov grabbed his chin.

He opened his eyelids with difficulty and found Rozanov leaning down, hand traveling fast on his shaft, and looking at him with menacing blue eyes. The sparks that swam in them were more threatening than how he looked during the final yesterday.

"I said, watch me." Rozanov's thumb pressed deeper into Shane's jaw.

Yesterday, Shane would have scoffed at this—who did Ilya Rozanov think he was, daring to tell Shane Hollander what to do?

However, here, flat beneath Rozanov with no room to move, Shane was ready to give in. And for some inexplicable reason, following what Rozanov said... felt natural.

Shane nodded.

This simple act of submission only seemed to excite Rozanov, because a soft gasp left him. His mouth was parted in silent wonder, and he breathed heavily.

Perhaps Shane should point out that Rozanov was breaking his very rule about them not touching each other, but Shane would be lying if he didn't admit how much he was enjoying Rozanov's firm grasp.

Once again, his mind betrayed him, slipping off to the dreamy thought of Rozanov's hand wandering down a few more inches to rest on his neck...

His eyes started rolling back. "I... I'm going to..." said Shane desperately.

And his climax exploded out of him, hot and bursting, landing on his hand and stomach.

For a second, he vaguely realized how shameful this was, fantasizing about and coming underneath the boy who had beaten him not once, but *twice* now... but Shane couldn't help it.

"Fuck," was all he could say as he panted, greedily inhaling all that was left of the oxygen in the small room.

Shane covered his face with his free hand and felt how hot to the touch his cheeks were.

But, in a rapid movement, Rozanov let go of Shane's chin to snap his hand away and press it down on the pillow.

In almost a staring contest—Rozanov looking deep into Shane's wide-open eyes and Shane looking back, mesmerized and frozen—Rozanov groaned.

His hips jerked forward. His throbbing, impressive cock pulsed, releasing all over Shane's chest and stomach.

There was no question that some of their cum were mixed together. And every inch of Shane was burning intensely with shame and... desire for something more, something within his grasp, something that was right there and only a step further.

But before he could think of what to say, Rozanov climbed off the bed, storming inside the bathroom. Shane could hear him take a very quick shower and get ready.

Bracing himself for a tough conversation, Shane took a deep breath when Rozanov opened the door, but the boy who was holding his wrist and gazing into his eyes a few minutes ago wouldn't even look at Shane, who was still lying on the bed.

What the fuck?

Shane was so dumbfounded as Rozanov put on a fresh set of clothes that he didn't even fully appreciate the curve of Rozanov's waist or the firmness of his ass. He just knew that Rozanov was now *avoiding* him, after Shane had made what was probably the dumbest decision of his life because of what Rozanov had said.

“See you, Hollander,” Rozanov mumbled as he kicked in his sneakers.

With that, he was gone in a flash, leaving Shane alone, their mixed cum growing cold on his bare skin.

And Shane blinked slowly.

The back of his throat burned, a pain that he had been ignoring in the last few minutes.

It tasted like his bitter tears.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I am one of the moderators of the Hollanov Week 2026 event—you may have seen our posts if you're on Tumblr :D! We [announced](#) earlier this week that the event will run from June 21-27, 2026, and prompts will be released in early February! :) I'm very excited!!!

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Even if he tried, Shane wasn't sure how he eventually climbed out of the bed.

He forced himself not to think about the loneliness that crept up as he stood in the shower, oblivious to the redness of his skin or the steam rising in the foggy glass.

This was by no means his first sexual experience... but it *was* his first time with another guy.

And the first time that his heart raced to his throat, his mind telling him to let go, and his body going limp and formless during sex.

Like Shane Hollander had finally met his match, a worthy opponent.

Someone he wanted to submit to.

It was difficult enough to deal with *that*—these strange reactions and stupid thoughts, Shane shook his head and zipped up his heavy jacket.

But it was infinitely worse with Rozanov fleeing their bed right afterward.

With more snow continuously falling, the sidewalk outside the hotel was shoveled terribly. Shane trudged the narrowly cleared path and made it to the arena, grateful for his superior sense of balance.

There weren't any matches arranged for the day; the teams more or less took turns to train in the gym, exercise on the ice, and hold meetings to discuss strategies.

At least, the idiotic call for sportsmanship didn't extend to the training.

If Shane had to skate next to Ilya Rozanov today, it was very likely that Shane would use every opportunity to slam him into the boards or poke his hockey stick somewhere on Rozanov's body, which Shane got to see this morning, *naked*.

What Shane couldn't hide, however, was how he kept looking for Rozanov.

It was so, *so* stupid, he knew, but it was the only thing that felt right.

When both Canada and Russia happened to be on the ice, Shane felt the presence of Rozanov's attention—a question lingered between them, words that were unsaid, waiting to be born.

But when he looked back to where that gaze came from, Rozanov had already turned away.

And the empty space inside Shane's heart grew just a bit larger, a little more painful.

Was he really that terrible at sex, even though each of them kind of did their own thing, that Rozanov no longer wished to look at him? Shane bit the inside of his cheek and wondered, the words of his coach drifting by his ears.

This was why, during their lunch break, Shane was absolutely infuriated when he checked his phone.

my annoying roommate

Today, 12:41 PM

my annoying roommate
Talk tonight?
We need to

Today, 12:52 PM

my annoying roommate
Talk, yes?
I wait
We really need to

Oh, he was blushing—it was flattering to see that Rozanov *was* paying attention to him—but Shane shoved his phone away, not sure what to say.

Maybe, instead of a talk, Rozanov should fucking apologize first?

The unexpected messages made it harder to focus in the afternoon.

One time, when Rozanov skated past Shane and their eyes met, the blue inside Rozanov's eyes shimmered like a mysterious sapphire under the sun.

Shane's heart was again about to jump out of his throat, and he was ready to drown himself in that ocean.

Apologies or not, talks or not.

And, skating away in a hurry, Shane hated himself for being weak in the knees for an absolute asshole.

The sky was entirely dim when the grueling day finally came to a close.

Shane thought of hiding away in the arena after his shower, but his teammates were all walking out together. He couldn't find a logical excuse like needing to meet up with his parents, who stayed all day in their hotel two blocks away.

Trailing behind his joyfully chatty teammates, Shane tightened his fists.

Each step in the snow was bringing him back to the person he simultaneously yearned and hated to see.

Once they got to the lobby, Shane pretended to check out the snacks inside the coffee shop. He was just going to look at the time, he told himself as he pulled out his phone, but he was really planning to reread the messages.

And, not disappointed, his eyes widened angrily:

my annoying roommate

Today, 12:41 PM

my annoying roommate
Talk tonight?
We need to

Today, 12:46 PM

my annoying roommate
Talk, yes?
I wait
We really need to

Today, 5:27 PM

my annoying roommate
Scared, Hollander?

Scared?

Shane snorted, turning sharply on his heel.

Ilya Rozanov would be fucking stupid to think of Shane Hollander that way.

He had lost twice, and Shane was not about to be defeated again.

The elevator door opened on their floor. Shane stepped out quickly, nails digging into his palm and clutching his phone in a vice, but he couldn't feel the pain.

And he turned the doorknob with a flash of anger, slamming the door behind him.

“You wanted to talk?” asked Shane.

He crossed his arms, carelessly shoved his room key and phone away on the dresser, and leaned back against the wall to support himself.

Not looking as casual and relaxed as he was yesterday, Rozanov, in a tight gray tank top, was wearing a deep frown and sitting at the edge of the bed.

Every line on his body was tightly wound: tense shoulders, firm jaw.

His curls were damp from the after-practice shower, and Shane got distracted for a second at how the shades of honey-gold in his hair looked darker.

So Shane decided to focus on Rozanov's hands that rested on his navy blue sweatpants, trying not to think of those fingers holding his wrist this morning... and the burning sensation lodged deep in his memory.

"Yes, Hollander," Rozanov answered, his voice low.

"I'm listening."

Rozanov took a deep breath.

"You ever..."—he paused, probably choosing his words carefully and afraid to get them wrong—"been with anyone before?"

Shane was so angry that his blood rushed to his temples first. The inside of his ears throbbed.

Then, he realized that Rozanov was looking at him intently with those sharp blue eyes, the same exact stare as he sat in the stands during Shane's practice, chewing a string of his hoodie.

"What the fuck?"

"Yes or no?" Rozanov said.

He maintained the eye contact, and Shane wasn't about to back down.

Not again.

"Of course! What do you think I am—a stupid, naive little boy who doesn't know any better? Oh, Rozanov, because you are so great with everything, you have to beat me on this, too?" Shane said angrily, clenching his fists and pressing them on his ribs.

He wanted to shove Rozanov down on the fucking mattress and... show him that he *knew* how sex worked.

"But... not with a guy?" Rozanov lowered his voice further, ignoring the white hot spark of rage in Shane's tone.

"What does it matter? I was *more than fine* with what you suggested!" said Shane in a mocking tone. "Sure, I've never had sex with a guy, *happy*? That doesn't mean I didn't want this morning to happen!"

Although he tried, Shane couldn't hide the hurt that trembled in his voice.

For now, he didn't want to think about what it meant that he was "fine" with having sex with a guy. He could figure it out after he survived this snowstorm.

But seeing Rozanov, the one who initiated, who desired Shane not even twelve hours ago now sitting so far away and asking a million questions... and not bring Shane into his arms... or ask Shane how he was feeling... or even fucking apologize... was like experiencing a needle pierce into his flesh.

The edge of Shane's eyes already started to sting. He didn't want to cry a second time today.

"And we didn't even have sex," Shane added defensively. "It didn't feel like that."

Because you fucking left me. And we didn't even kiss.

Between the two boys, the silence stretched on.

Rozanov continued to look at Shane, unable to hide the shock that disrupted his confident, playboy surface.

For the first time, he looked younger, more fragile.

He couldn't be more different from the smirking, mysterious hockey player who lit his cigarette in a hidden corner of the arena and peered at Shane over the rising smoke.

And Shane realized with a ripple of sadness that Rozanov was a boy his age, away from his family while Shane's parents were here to support him, stranded in the snow in a country that he had probably never visited before.

"Yes, Hollander," Rozanov said quietly, his accent thicker like he was trying hard to remember English, "it didn't feel like sex."

That was the final strike, the last push of the needle.

What they had—it was unlike *anything* Shane had experienced with a girl—and it absolutely was sex. He couldn't explain, but he just knew.

Perhaps even more than that, so much more.

Shane wanted to scream.

Not remembering how it happened, Shane found himself already running down the hallway, shooting out the elevator, then fleeing the nearly empty lobby. His eyes blurred. The warmth of the overhead light seemed cruel, unwelcoming.

Hot tears poured down his face, and Shane nearly tumbled as he stepped on the snow.

He didn't know where he should go or where he *could* go.

He just wanted to get away from here.

This was terrible. Shane wiped at his eyes again with the sleeve of his jacket—at least he remembered to put that on.

But, once he was outside and slid his hands in the pockets, he immediately realized that he forgot both his phone and room key on the dresser.

To think that he had worried about *Rozanov* being locked out for a smoke, but he'd never expect himself, super-organized-and-always-methodical, to forget that. Shane shook his head—the irony.

It was all Ilya Rozanov's fault.

Shane sniffled again, leaning against the icy wall of the hotel. He was alone in the back parking lot, next to an emergency exit.

Tilting up his face, he couldn't care less about the snow landing and melting on his face.

Oh, he was such a fucking idiot. If only Shane hid his admiration for Rozanov and not look all over the arena for him a few days ago.

As Shane closed his eyes, the last person he wanted to think about... that mischievous smile gracing Rozanov's lips was alive again in his foggy mind.

Oh, sighing, Shane Hollander knew that he was hopelessly falling for Ilya Rozanov.

More snow was drifting down.

And Shane's memories were so vivid that he could almost smell the addicting scent of cigarette and cologne that circled him during their two handshakes and surrounded him on the bed.

Please stop thinking about that. This is so fucking stupid, he chided himself helplessly.

He kept his eyes closed.

If he let his mind float away, maybe all of this would turn out to be unreal.

It was so cold.... Shane shivered.

"Hollander."

A dry smile lift up the corner of Shane's mouth, and another drop of tear rolled down his cheek.

Stop thinking about him, you idiot.

“Hollander,” the voice sounded again.

A little startled—this didn’t seem like his imagination anymore—Shane opened his eyes and found himself face-to-face with Ilya Rozanov.

Their were standing so close that Shane could see a snowflake melting on Rozanov’s dark blond eyelashes. A distant light from the sidewalk was the only light source, and it created a halo around Rozanov’s curls, a fallen angel with chiseled features.

Before Shane was able to run or shove Rozanov far away or scream out his frustration, Rozanov’s hands, elegant and frozen, found Shane’s face.

Shane could feel his pulse suddenly pounding in his neck.

Then, Rozanov shoved Shane into the wall, one knee faintly pressed into the inside of Shane’s thighs. Rozanov’s eyes were dark, an ice storm dancing in that vast ocean.

There was absolutely no one around—should Shane scream anyway and would it even help?

Unable to look away, he knew his body had gone rigid under Rozanov again.

“Hollander,” Rozanov said again, this time softer.

He inched closer.

And, after an infinitely long second, he kissed Shane desperately.

It wasn’t a shy kiss.

No, Rozanov’s lips were pressed hard on Shane’s, dominating him. His tongue was already in Shane’s mouth as he worked him open, and Shane was frozen for one more beat before finding himself reciprocating without hesitation.

His hands wandered to the roots of Rozanov’s snow-dusted hair, melting the crystallized particles with his fingertips.

Around them, there were only the silent snowfall and the faint light gracing Rozanov’s hair.

“I’m sorry, Hollander. I’m so sorry,” Rozanov said as he leaned back and looked into Shane’s eyes, which were still teary, even though Shane was trying to smile.

“It didn’t feel like sex—because I wanted you. But I couldn’t,” Rozanov murmured against Shane’s lips in between breathless kisses, “I wanted to touch you and kiss you. Not just watch you. But... I—I fucking couldn’t. I want you, Shane Hollander.”

“Really?” Shane held his breath.

Rozanov nodded, leaning into Shane tighter.

“I think... Ilya Rozanov, I want you, too,” Shane said slowly, blushing and getting used to the words, savoring them slowly to convince himself that this was *real*. “How... did you know where to find me?”

“It’s easy, Hollander. I found you, like you found me. Like how we met.” Rozanov kissed him softly, thumb tracing the dip below his lower lip. “We find each other.”

Finally beating more steadily, Shane’s heart was melting like the feather-light snowflakes on their skin.

It was so hard to keep a polite distance from each other as they went back into the hotel. Harder than Shane trying not to look at Rozanov all day during practice.

Once the door of their room firmly shut behind them, they left a trail of clothes and shoes all the way into the bathroom.

The next moment, they were both naked and panting in the small shower, hot water falling on their heated kiss and messily tangled limbs, dripping down their muscular shoulders.

Shane’s legs were jelly and he wondered how he was still standing up. Rozanov had shoved him again, this time into the tiles of the wall.

And, God, Shane didn’t think there was enough space for that—but Rozanov got on his knees.

“Yes?” he said after a promising kiss to the inside of Shane’s thigh.

One hand on the wall and the other hand holding Rozanov’s curls, Shane nodded.

Shane was already hard on the way back to the room, but now his erection was almost painful. It was throbbing at the thrilling sight of the aloof and proud Rozanov lowering himself and groveling on the floor.

And Shane could *never* have braced himself for the sharp impact of what happened next.

It was electric—that moment when Rozanov’s lips touched the tip of Shane’s cock. He couldn’t hide the soft sigh that escaped his lips.

When Rozanov licked the underside of the tip, Shane groaned again, almost cursing. The water hitting his face might choke him.

And instead of taking in more of the shaft, Rozanov started sucking on the sensitive skin at the tip, tongue applying faint pressure into the leaking slit, and Shane’s knees were shaking.

He opened his mouth, wanting to beg; only moans came out.

When he met Rozanov's eyes, Shane felt his erection become impossibly harder. A ravenous fire was behind the blue of those eyes, the kind that could burn Shane alive.

And, running out of both English and French words, Shane touched the inside of Rozanov's knee with his foot, begging him silently.

That made Rozanov groan and slow down.

His eyes glinted mischievously, and he finally, *finally* wrapped his lips further up around Shane's shaft, taking in all of him. He took his time, though.

"Fuck, Rozanov," Shane said.

He was almost clawing at Rozanov's scalp, but neither boy cared about that.

If anything, the desperate gesture of his hand in Rozanov's hair motivated him—Rozanov dipped his head further and Shane felt the tip of his cock hit the back of Rozanov's throat.

It was warm, tight, incredible, and absolutely fucking sexy.

Shane wanted to thrust his hips, just to see how it would go, how it would feel to take control, but everything was a competition between them, because Rozanov was not giving Shane any chances.

No, he was moving his head quickly, letting Shane intrude his throat again and again, and touching Shane's nipples and swollen balls. His long fingers were all over Shane's body, feeling him without restraint.

When Rozanov pinched one nipple and sucked on the tip of Shane's cock at the same time, Shane could swear that he was one second away from passing out.

"Please... ah... fuck," he said, not caring what he was really saying.

Pathetically, he tugged at Rozanov's hair. His moans filled the tight space of the steamy shower, the obscene sounds so loud that even the rapid fall of the water couldn't hide them.

Now, only seconds away from breaking, Shane suddenly thought of how humiliating it would be to lose control like this:

Pressed against the wall and getting fucked brainless even though Rozanov was the one kneeling and with a cock in his mouth.

Not wanting to completely lose and come like this, not to mention that he was worried Rozanov wouldn't like it, Shane lifted one knee to try to push Rozanov away with the last thread of his sanity, but he couldn't—Rozanov was fighting back, both hands on Shane's stomach and thigh, and forcing Shane to stay in place.

Shane whimpered.

That display of dominance was entirely too much.

The pressure building in his spine collapsed, and Shane's cock twitched deep inside Rozanov's throat. Rozanov continued to hold Shane still and swallowed every drop of his cum.

And—it was all happening so fast—his lips still around Shane's half-hard cock, Rozanov shifted one hand to stroke himself harshly, humming against Shane and making a renewed desire rise in him.

Rozanov moved faster and faster as Shane watched with lust.

After a deep moan against Shane's cock, Rozanov came, painting Shane's calves and ankles with his white, sticky release.

Shane hoped that the sound of the water could cover the rapid rhythm of his heartbeat, but he wasn't sure.

“That was so fucking hot,” he said weakly after he trusted himself to open his mouth.

Rozanov was standing up with difficulty, grabbing Shane's hands. Shane saw how red his knees were. The hard floor of the shower had made angry indents there, but Rozanov didn't seem to care.

Holding Shane by the shoulders, he smirked before closing in his lips for a slow kiss.

“Hollander, you are the hot one.”

And his thumb touched Shane's freckles with tenderness.

This time, Shane didn't shrink away to the corner of the bed.

He didn't have to anymore.

Before Rozanov had turned off the low bedside light, his arm found its way to Shane's waist, a firm, warm sensation, like a blanket sheltering Shane in the snow—the same position that they woke up from.

Smiling, Shane looked up. His heart skipped a beat at the discovery of the trace of green in Rozanov's blue eyes.

Then, a soft click, and it all went dark.

Shane waited a second before leaning in, nuzzling his face on Rozanov's neck, the strong, steady heartbeat there calming him after an exhausting, impossible day.

The snowfall was still audible outside the window, but it was no longer menacing. Here, in Rozanov's arms, Shane knew he was safe.

"Goodnight, Hollander."

The soft murmurs were followed by a gentle kiss to his hair.

Shane smiled against Rozanov's skin before pressing a kiss to his throat.

"Goodnight, Rozanov."

Before his mind completely drifted to sleep, Shane was vaguely aware that their bare legs had tangled together under the covers. His hands lingered on Rozanov's chest and shoulder, not wanting to let him go.

They both woke up in the early hours of the morning.

First, by the absolute silence, Shane could tell that the snow outside had stopped.

Then, he was pressed under the muscles of Ilya Rozanov, whose eager lips were traveling on Shane's body, sucking and nibbling on his skin, all soft kisses and touches.

Shane didn't even know he could start moaning before he was fully awake, but, *apparently*, he could.

"Hollander, quiet," Rozanov said with a smirk, "other players will hear."

"Then you need to... need to stop." Shane's voice was strained. His hands found Rozanov's shoulders, feeling the bulging delts.

"No."

Rozanov licked his stomach, kissing a wet line down to his already shamelessly impatient erection.

It felt just as good as last night when Rozanov took Shane's cock into his mouth, maybe *even better* this time because Rozanov was lifting Shane's thighs on his shoulders with ease.

There was a wave of vulnerability at being opened up, but under the gentle lapping of Rozanov's tongue and his soft lips, Shane quickly left that behind.

He moaned again and again, threw his head back when Rozanov took him in impossibly deeper, and whispered his name in a messy sound that Shane couldn't recognize as his own.

Before he knew it, his whole body shivered. He wanted to push Rozanov away, just like his embarrassment last night, but the strong hand on his chest pressed him down *hard*.

"Fuck, I..." Shane panted after he came, eyes open wide at the ceiling. "I'm probably going to die under you."

Rozanov smirked, swallowed, and shifted away to kiss Shane on the lips. His large fingers caressed the sweat-soaked hair on Shane's forehead. And the golden crucifix drifted down to Shane's neck, warm with Rozanov's body temperature.

"My turn," Shane said after giving himself another minute to breathe.

"Oh?" Rozanov lifted an eyebrow.

Clearly, there was a spark of intrigue in his eyes, but he didn't say anything else, not even when Shane rolled them over and got on top, leaving nowhere untouched.

Shane wanted to do what Rozanov did: slow kisses and tender touches.

But by the time that his mouth reached Rozanov's nipples, Shane had run out of patience—his lips became desperate and sloppy, and his hands roaming on the strong muscles were needy and urgent.

And Rozanov stayed still, his breathing turning faster. His eyes didn't leave Shane's freckles.

Shane should be intimidated by the huge cock waiting for him.

It would be his first time giving a blow job to another guy, and *the task* at hand... well, it absolutely was daunting.

When his tongue licked the swollen tip, however, everything felt right.

Rozanov moaned for the first time this morning. It was a beautiful sound to Shane's ears.

Eager to break apart the assertive hockey player who told Shane he would definitely beat him when they first met, Shane opened his mouth wide and slowly swallowed more of the shaft.

Now, Rozanov's fingers were clutching at the sheets and Shane's hair.

It hurt a little, so Shane guessed he must be doing it right.

He put more weight on his knees and elbows and, finally, started moving his mouth along the impressive length, holding the tip deep inside.

Not even a minute went by before Shane feel his jaw reach its limits.

He tried not to choke because the sighs that Rozanov was heaving out were simply too delicious. Shane wanted Rozanov's cock to slide in and out of his mouth forever, even though his eyes were starting to fill with tears, his lips sore.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov groaned.

He looked *ruined* as he lay on the messy white sheets, fingertips holding on to Shane's hair.

And sucking cock was a curious experience, Shane found.

The corners of his lips were curling up at Rozanov's reactions, his every sigh and moan, but the first drops of tears were threatening to escape, because Rozanov's cock was just too big.

Very soon, Shane could tell that Rozanov was close.

His thighs pressed harder on Shane's cheeks, and his grunts were so loud and deep, to the point that Shane worried about other players overhearing them.

He wouldn't mind Rozanov coming in his mouth—to return the favor and to show Rozanov that he could do it, no problem. Shane Hollander wasn't someone who'd back down at anything.

But Rozanov pushed him off quickly—his strength was too strong, found Shane's hand, and stroked his shaft with Shane's hand in his.

Fuck, Shane moaned when he touched the traces of his saliva on Rozanov's cock.

Shane's heart pounded at their tangled fingers.

It only took a few more strokes for Rozanov to reach his orgasm desperately. The clutch that he had on Shane was nearly painful. It was also hot, *so fucking hot*, to see Rozanov open his mouth and curse in strings of incomprehensible Russian.

Shane wanted to say something, maybe describe how amazing this was. He chuckled in surprise when Rozanov lifted him up by his armpits and flipped Shane on his back.

"Good boy, Hollander," he said in a low voice.

With the hand that was sticky with his cum, Rozanov touched Shane's face along the bridge of freckles.

Shane looked up into those possessive eyes and couldn't find a single word to describe how much he loved being under Rozanov like this.

So he stayed still, listening to soft words of praises that Rozanov was murmuring against his ear and letting the sensation of being marked sink in.

Rozanov's other hand was petting Shane's hair, smoothing it out. His legs were on both sides of Shane's waist, holding him close and keeping him safe.

It couldn't possibly feel better.

Before leaving for practice, they took a quick shower together, shampooing each other's hair. Shane rolled his eyes lovingly when Rozanov joked that Shane finally figured out his schedule.

And on their way to the arena, Shane kept his eyes on the narrow path.

As he focused on not falling down, Rozanov tossed a snowball at his arm. Scoffing—he wasn't a stranger to snowball fights—Shane leaned down to gather a bigger fistful of snow for a nice comeback.

Wind blew off dusts of snow from tall tree branches, creating shimmering white flecks in the air that caught in their hair.

But, instead of assigning the teams into actual games, the annoying man returned in a dark suit and a bright red tie, telling everyone that the teams would be arranged for departure at the end of the day. The airport and the major roads were now clear.

It was inevitable, Shane knew, but his heart sank a little.

He threw a quick glance at the Russian team: Rozanov's chin was firm, his lips a tight thin line.

Looking at how beautiful he was hurt a little.

Yet, despite the pain, Shane held his gaze a second longer—because he wanted to remember this moment, the two of them breathing the same air but standing far apart in the crowd at the end of this life-changing snowstorm.

The practice ended early in the afternoon.

When Shane rushed back to the hotel room, Rozanov was again waiting for him.

Instead of the cold treatment yesterday, he lunged forward and knocked a breathless Shane on the wall, kissing him with desperation, lifting his shirt and burning each muscle on Shane's body into his memory.

Shane kissed him back with the same ferocity, hands touching every part of his face and neck, breathing heavily into Rozanov's mouth. His little gasps of air made Rozanov smile teasingly and kiss him harder.

Every kiss was closer to the last one.

But...

Shane knew, from how Rozanov was holding him close, that there would be more kisses in the future.

“Phone, Hollander.”

This time, Shane understood Rozanov meant his cellphone, so he took it out of his pocket.

A roaring laughter came out of Rozanov when he saw that Shane had named him “my annoying roommate.” Shane blushed furiously and pushed him, but Rozanov came right back and kissed his cheek.

“Okay,” he said, “call me Lily.”

Shane stared at him, a little speechless. “You mean, you want me to change your name in my phone to... Lily?”

Rozanov nodded and found his own phone.

“So who am I gonna be?” asked Shane curiously.

Looking up with a playful smirk, Rozanov finished typing and showed his screen to Shane.

“You’re Jane.”

“Uh—you know what? Fine. But we should delete the all these older texts, since they have our names and stuff.”

“Smart thinking, Hollander.”

It was so difficult to scroll up—so much had happened in these two days that Shane’s mind was swirling like he was trapped and lost in the an empty land with violent snow.

He wiped his eyes quickly and shoved his phone back into his pocket.

“Hey, no. Don’t be sad, Hollander,” Rozanov said softly, his fingers pressed behind Shane’s ear to bring their foreheads together.

“See you at the draft?”

“Yes,” Rozanov said, touching Shane’s hair. “Only six months.”

Then, he added: “You will not smile like this when I am number one.”

“You wish.” Shane rolled his eyes and forced a small smile.

Their noses touched.

And they stayed there, listening to each other’s breathing.

There was no way that Shane wanted to be the one who let go first, even though they only had maybe another minute left behind the safety of the closed door. All the teams were gathering in the lobby.

And Rozanov smiled that crooked, charming smile and brought Shane into his arms a little bit more, crushing him with his muscles.

“Six months. Not far. I will text you.”

Shane nodded, his face buried in Rozanov’s soft charcoal hoodie, inhaling as much of Rozanov’s scent as possible.

He wanted his whole body to belong to Rozanov.

Taking a deep breath to hide the shakiness of his voice, Shane finally said:

“And I’ll text you back, I promise.”

Six months later:

Lily

Today, 11:09 PM

Lily

Good luck tomorrow
You need it

Today, 11:14 PM

Shane

Thanks, but I'm going to win. You know that, right?

Lily

You will not
But can't wait to see you

I want to see you too. I'll beat you though.

Chapter End Notes

I love that it was snowing when I posted the first chapter last weekend, and now there is a snowstorm here! :D

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