

snow day

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snow day

by [aceface](#)

Summary

“Bad news,” Rozanov says, walking back into the bedroom. “I cannot leave. Weather is too bad.”

“The weather?” Shane says. It’s not that he expected Rozanov to stay but if he wanted to, then as far as excuses go, weather sounds like a weak one.

“There is a snow storm, Hollander,” Rozanov says. He spreads his hands wide. “I do not control the weather.”

Notes

sort of a mish-mash of book canon and show canon. set before the tuna melts.

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

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“There is a snow storm, Hollander,” Rozanov says. He spreads his hands wide. “I do not control the weather.”

“Okay, but how bad is it,” Shane says, sceptical. Sure, it’s probably snowing, but this is Montreal. Also, Rozanov is from Russia and Shane knows they wear those furry hats because of how cold it is. It probably snows all the time over there, so he should really be used to it.

It would just be typical for Rozanov to decide he’s stranded the first time that Shane lets him do this at his actual apartment, and not the condo. Like, no offence to Rozanov, but Shane kind of wants his own space back - and it’s not like either of them ever stick around after they’re finished.

“Is bad,” Rozanov says, but he stays where he is and watches Shane go over to the windows, peering out. It’s pretty bad - the ground is already covered in a thick blanket and as Shane watches, more flakes are falling, thick and heavy.

“Okay,” Shane concedes. “I mean, you can stay - if you’re sure.”

He glances over to see Rozanov rolling his eyes and pulling the door open again, slipping out. Shane’s about to call after him - *obviously* it’s bad out there, Shane just meant - he doesn’t really know what he meant - but the door’s already swung shut.

Shane hovers for a second, then grabs his jacket and heads out after him. When he gets outside he stops for a second, the breath knocked out of him by the wind. It’s *cold* and it’s snowing and a flurry of snow hits his face. The cold is so icy that Shane can feel it in his throat and his lungs and he shouldn’t be out in this.

Neither should Rozanov.

The only good thing is that Shane doubts anyone would be able to recognise them in this - he already can’t see Rozanov, hidden by the snow. Usually, at the other apartment, Rozanov can park in the parking garage because no one uses that building except the business, but Shane’s having some repairs done and they can’t stay there.

So Rozanov parked a few streets away - his sportscars are distinctive enough that Shane was worried someone would see them and wonder what Rozanov was doing in Montreal, but that would be nothing compared to if they saw his car in the parking garage of Shane Hollander’s apartment building.

They should’ve got a hotel, but Shane was worried someone would spot him and wonder what he was doing at a hotel in Montreal. It’s not like he really wants Rozanov at his

apartment, but it seemed like the least bad option - and besides, Shane can admit to himself that he wanted to see him, like, really badly.

It's just - it had been a while.

God, Shane feels like he's going insane already. And he still can't see Rozanov.

He cups his hands around his mouth and shouts into the wind. "Rozanov?"

"Here, am here," a Russian voice says irritably by his ear, and Shane jumps in spite of himself as Rozanov materialises out of the storm. He's covered in snow and rubbing at his elbow, eyebrows drawn into a frown. "Fuck. My car is... trapped in snow."

"Snowed in," Shane says. He peers around but the snow's getting worse, and he can't see shit. Neither of them are dressed for this weather - Shane's only in a hoodie, and neither of them have a hat or gloves on, or even a scarf. "Fuck it, it's fine. We'll go back to mine."

"If you can find it," Rozanov grumbles.

"You're so whiny," Shane says, trying to pretend that his fingers aren't frozen as he types in the door code. "Doesn't it snow in Moscow?"

"Yes, but we are not stupid enough to go out in it," Rozanov says, following Shane back inside. He's still holding his elbow and Shane knocks the snow off his boots, hanging up his jacket. It's going to drip water everywhere, but he's not sure what the best thing to do is yet.

"Why are you so wet?" Shane says without thinking, and Rozanov just grins at him.

"It is a little early to be asking that, no?"

"Oh, come on, you know that's not what I meant," Shane says. Rozanov's still got his coat on and the snow is clinging to the wool. He looks like he - "Did you fall over?"

"Russians do not fall over in snow," Rozanov says. "Is not possible."

"It looks like you fell over," Shane says dubiously and then backs away when Rozanov moves towards him, arms out like he's going to hug him. "Rozanov, no - c'mon, it's freezing and you'll get snow everywhere -"

"I cannot have a hug from my best friend Shane Hollander?" Rozanov demands, even as Shane ducks neatly under his arms, backing away. "When I am stranded here, at his house?"

"Oh God, you are," Shane says without thinking, and then Rozanov catches him and crushes him to his chest, shaking the snow from his hair onto him like a dog. "Rozanov, no, stop it!"

"I am sharing," Rozanov says. "Such a good, kind friend, to share."

"You can stop it," Shane grumbles, managing to push Rozanov away. "Jesus, it's fucking freezing. Take your coat off, I'll get the shower on."

“I can think of other way we can stay warm,” Rozanov says, but he’s hanging his coat up on the coat rack, brushing the rest of the snow out of his hair. He’s still favouring his right side. Shane’s pretty sure he’s hurt himself.

“If you’re bruised, maybe you shouldn’t have a hot shower,” he says. “You’ll stiffen up, and you’ve got a game tomorrow.”

“Think I already had the ice bath,” Rozanov says. He’s already pulling his shirt off over his head and Shane tries not to get distracted by the expanse of golden skin. Surely he should be used to it by now? Surely there should be a point where Shane can look at Rozanov and not automatically want to drop to his knees in front of him -

Shane looks away.

“Besides,” Rozanov says, now walking past Shane towards the bathroom, “I do not think either of us will be playing tomorrow.”

“It might clear up,” Shane says, trailing after Rozanov.

“Even if it stops snowing, I do not think plane takes off in this,” Rozanov says dismissively. He’s taking long strides now; Shane has to hurry to catch up. “Afraid you are stuck with me, Hollander.”

Shane is trying very hard not to think about that. It was weird enough letting Rozanov come to his actual home, and now Rozanov is stuck in it. Obviously Shane can’t kick him out - he can’t, he knows that. But they’ve never spent this much time together before. It’s supposed to be just sex and now Rozanov is still here, in his apartment, and Shane can’t get space from him even if he wants to.

Shane puts it to the back of his mind. In front of him, Rozanov is kicking off his jeans, underpants tangled around one foot, dick on full display. Shane swallows, mouth dry. It’s not fair that seeing Rozanov naked still has this effect on him - surely, eventually, he should be used to it.

But every time he sees him, it’s like the first time in the showers all over again, except this time Shane knows that he’s allowed to look, allowed to touch. That Rozanov will touch him back.

“Hey, I think you are losing,” Rozanov says, nodding at Shane, still fully dressed.

Shane rolls his eyes, even as he’s yanking his shirt off over his head. “Fuck off. This isn’t a competition.”

“You say that because you are losing,” Rozanov says, smirking at Shane in the way he has that leaves Shane never quite sure whether he wants to punch him in the face or drop to his knees. Sometimes both.

“I’m not,” Shane mutters, but he doesn’t take long to get undressed, following Rozanov into the shower. The hot water’s already running, a welcome relief after being outside in the snow,

and Shane can't help but tip his head back and let it run over his face.

Rozanov's staring at him when Shane opens his eyes. "What?"

"Nothing," Rozanov says, and whatever expression was on his face is gone. "Hey. Hollander. Come over here. Why is your shower so big?"

"It's got really good water pressure," Shane says mindlessly, even as he's moving, going over to Rozanov who puts a hand on his shoulder and pushes him down to his knees. He's barely exerting any pressure - Shane could easily resist him if he wanted to, but why would he? *This* is what he wants - leaning forward to nose at Rozanov's dick, licking a stripe up it, Rozanov already hard.

God, he'll never get used to this, never stop *wanting* this with this kind of urgency - he takes Rozanov's dick in his mouth and stays like that for a minute, enjoying the warm weight of it on his tongue. Sometimes Shane thinks he could stay like this for hours with Rozanov's dick in his mouth, heavy and salty, but then Rozanov's dick twitches and Shane pulls back sloppily, the suction making a noise.

It should be embarrassing. Often Shane is embarrassed afterwards, thinking about it - the noises he made, how badly he wanted it. But he's never embarrassed in the moment, not when Rozanov is looking down at him like that, like Shane is something special.

It's a look that Shane usually never gets to see from anyone off the rink.

"You're going to be a good boy for me, Hollander?" Rozanov says softly, almost too quiet to hear over the noise of the shower. Water is running down Shane's back and over his hair and into his eyes and he doesn't want to open his mouth in case it washes out the taste of Rozanov. "You going to suck my dick real good?"

It can't have been more than a couple of hours since they had sex but Shane feels like it's been forever, like a man lost in the desert and Rozanov is water. He takes Rozanov back in his mouth, almost gagging on him, and Rozanov rests his hand on Shane's head, tangling his fingers in his hair.

Sometimes, Shane thinks he almost doesn't want Rozanov to come so he can stay like this - his mind somewhere, floating, his world reduced to the weight of Rozanov's dick in his mouth but then Rozanov groans, like every time he's surprised by how much he enjoys it and Shane feels - *proud*, feels special, that he's the one that gets to do this, make Rozanov sound like this, *feel* like this.

He speeds up, taking Rozanov so deep that he bumps the back of Shane's throat and Shane tries not to gag, hollowing his cheeks and finding his rhythm instead. He's been Googling how to deep throat and deleting his search history after and practicing on his dildo - he'd never admit it, not to Rozanov or to anyone, but Shane wants to be the best at this and he thinks he might be able to do it soon, to take all of Rozanov in.

Just the thought of it would be getting Shane hard if he wasn't already and he wraps one hand around Rozanov's dick at the base, his other hand reaching back to cup Rozanov's ass,

digging his fingers in and pushing him further into Shane's mouth.

"Hollander," Rozanov says, breathless, and the sound of it spurs Shane on until Rozanov's pulsing in his mouth, hot and salty, and Shane swallows it down.

He pulls off feeling satisfied, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and a little relieved that they're already in the shower. Shane tips his head back, letting the water run over his face even as Rozanov's kneeling down in front of him, grabbing his head and pulling him into a messy kiss.

"You're so fucking hot," Rozanov groans into his mouth, one hand wrapped around Shane's dick and it only takes a few strokes until Shane's coming in his hand, dropping his head to rest on Rozanov's shoulder.

It would be embarrassing if Rozanov wasn't murmuring to him through it, half in Russian and half in broken English, enough that Shane only catches a few words - *beautiful, for me, please*.

"Okay," Shane says, after a few seconds, and stands up, reaching for the soap. "I've still got to wash."

"*Hollander*," Rozanov says, standing up too. "You really know how to kill a moment."

Shane raises his eyebrows, trying not to laugh. "You think we were having a moment?"

"No," Rozanov says after a minute, but something passes across his face, something that Shane can't read. Whatever. He feels kind of gross, some of Rozanov's come still around his mouth, and Shane rubs the soap over his face, neck and shoulders before rinsing it off.

Shane gets out of the shower first, grabbing the big towel and wrapping it around his waist. It means there isn't one left for Rozanov and Shane grins, hoping Rozanov will ask him nicely or admit that Shane has won when it comes to towels but instead Rozanov takes the smaller towel Shane uses for his hair, wrapping it around himself.

It's so tiny as to be obscene and Shane can feel his dick trying to get hard again, so he opens the cupboard and finds a spare big towel, throwing it at Rozanov without looking as he pulls his clothes back on.

"Well," Shane says, once they're both dressed. It's not even seven yet - too early to go to bed. "What do you want to do now? Shall I get you an ice pack for your side?"

"No, it is fine," Rozanov says dismissively. Shane ignores him, going to the freezer anyway. He knows from experience that a bruise like that needs icing. "Hollander, I said it is fine."

"I know you did," Shane says, coming back over with an ice pack wrapped in a towel. "Here. Hold that against your side."

"Freezing out there, freeze me in here," Rozanov mutters under his breath but he does as Shane says and tucks the pack against his side. "You have food? You are hungry?"

“I could eat,” Shane says. “I’ve got some salmon and some broccoli, probably.”

“Nothing else? No tuna?”

“No tuna,” Shane says. “I would order something, but I don’t think anywhere will deliver in this.”

“Yeah,” Rozanov says, but he sounds disappointed. Shane pulls his phone out, turning away from Rozanov so he can put tuna in his notes app. Just in case Rozanov comes over again. “I will eat your salmon.”

“Okay, don’t do me any favours,” Shane says, standing up anyway. “You want the TV on?”

“Probably you only have hockey channels,” Rozanov says, but he takes the TV remote when Shane hands him it. “Boring hockey stats, maybe a documentary. Probably hockey documentary. You jerk off to Scott Hunter, yes?”

“No,” Shane says, stung. “You’re the one who’s always obsessed with him.”

“I am not!” Rozanov says. “He should be obsessed with me, he is old man, I am young, best hockey player in the world. Maybe he could learn from me.”

“The only thing he could learn from you is an inflated ego,” Shane says and Rozanov says something in Russian in return. Probably something insulting, Shane assumes, getting the salmon and broccoli out of the fridge.

It shouldn’t take him long to make it, except that Shane keeps stealing glances behind him, back at Rozanov on his couch. He’s sprawled out, legs wide, remote control in one hand, flipping through the channels.

He looks like he belongs there.

Shane wants to curl up next to him. He wants him to leave, even if it means kicking him out into the snow. He wants to keep looking at him, wants to lick along the veins in his arms, wrap his fingers in Rozanov’s necklace and pull until Rozanov’s face is as close to his as it can get. He wants to kneel by his feet, let Rozanov stroke his fingers through Shane’s hair.

It’s not right, to want this much. Shane feels too full of it, like it’s going to overflow. And what if it did? What if he said these things to Rozanov - *I want, I want, I want?*

Then Rozanov *would* leave, even in the snow, whether Shane wanted him to or not. What they had would be over, because it isn’t whatever this is - cozy and domestic. They’re not boyfriends. They’re two hockey players who sometimes fuck when they’re in town, because being with each other is easier than finding someone else.

Rozanov looks up, feeling the weight of Shane’s stare.

“Food is ready?”

“You’re a bottomless pit,” Shane grumbles, but he serves up the salmon and the broccoli, handing Rozanov his plate. They eat with their plates on their knees, in front of the TV, watching a hockey documentary about Scott Hunter.

“Surprised is not in black and white,” Rozanov says, gesturing at the TV with his fork and Shane rolls his eyes.

“He’s not *that* old.”

Rozanov looks between Shane and the TV and says, “You like older men?”

“Clearly not,” Shane says and then, when Rozanov doesn’t say anything, “You’re a month younger than me.”

“You know my birthday?” Rozanov says, delighted, and Shane can feel a blush spreading across his face. God, he wishes he wasn’t so easy to read.

“It’s on your Wikipedia page, it’s not a secret,” he says and Rozanov bumps his shoulder against Shane and says, “Hollander, you read my page?”

“I read *everyone’s* page,” Shane snaps, which is only sort of true - he does like to know his team, who he’s up against, but it’s not like he’s memorising Ryan Price’s birthday.

“Need to make a phone call,” Rozanov says abruptly. “Change tonight’s flight and also, ask if I can keep car longer.”

“Extend your rental,” Shane says and Rozanov stares at him steadily, with an expression that Shane can’t quite read. “I’m sure they’ll let you. I guess they’ll be getting a lot of calls like this. The flight might be harder though, they’re probably all cancelled tonight so everyone will be trying to get them tomorrow.”

“Is okay,” Rozanov says. “I will tell them, I am Ilya Rozanov, best hockey player in world, and they will say, ‘oh, of course Mr Rozanov, whatever you want.’”

Shane rolls his eyes, but there’s no heat behind it. There’s something a little freeing in being with someone who never seems to take anything seriously, like Shane could say anything he wanted and it wouldn’t matter. Shane’s whole life, he’s felt like everything he says has to be important. He’s still getting used to this.

“You’re in Montreal,” he says. “It’s more likely they’ll tell you to fuck off and charge you extra. We don’t support Boston here.”

“You don’t?” Rozanov says, acting stunned, one hand over his heart. “But you like hockey, no? Then you should support best team to see best hockey being played, and that is Boston.”

“I’m outscoring you so far this season so no, it isn’t,” Shane says and Rozanov says, “Ah, *so far*, so there is still time. And people love - what is the word, when someone is not doing so well and then they do amazing, outdo everyone else?”

“Underdog story,” Shane says and Rozanov grins, wide and without the usual edge to it.

"I am underdog," Rozanov says. "You are just dog. I make very good pet of you, Hollander, do not worry."

"You're so full of it," Shane says and grabs Rozanov's empty plate, ducking out of the way of Rozanov's attempted shoulder bump. "That's an illegal check."

"You are illegal check," Rozanov says and Shane leaves him to it, taking the plates into the kitchen and sliding them into the dishwasher. When he turns around, Rozanov is on the phone, brow furrowed the way it is when someone is talking English slightly too fast or too complicated for him to understand.

Shane thinks about offering to help and then thinks better of it - it's one thing to step in during a press conference, something when there's an audience and it's about hockey, but Rozanov can manage this.

He waits until he can't hear the soft murmur of Rozanov's accented English anymore and then heads back over to him.

"All sorted?"

"All sorted," Rozanov says. "What do you usually do now? Hockey? You spend hours in your basement rink?"

"No, it's an apartment, so I don't have a basement rink," Shane says, defensive, even though it's true. He does usually go outside and hit pucks against the wall - he's been working on trying to improve his backhand, but that's none of Rozanov's business. "I do other stuff."

"Oh yeah?" Rozanov says. "Like what?"

"Like, I watch movies," Shane says. "Sometimes." He actually can't think of anything he usually does that isn't hockey, but he must just be flustered because Rozanov's here, all up in his space. He watches a game, if there's one on, or catches one he missed on TiVo. Sometimes he looks up other players' stats, or calls Hayden, or his mom.

"What movies does Shane Hollander watch?" Rozanov says. "Mighty Ducks?"

"No," Shane says and then, when Rozanov gestures for him to keep going, "some of the inaccuracies bother me now. But I liked it as a kid, okay?"

"I don't know, never seen it," Rozanov says. "We do not care for ducks in Russia."

"You know they're not actually ducks, right?" Shane says. "It's about hockey."

Rozanov rolls his eyes, slumping back into the couch. "*Da*, I know, that's why I said it. It was a *joke*, Hollander. No one ever tells you joke? You are too boring for joke?"

"I'm not boring," Shane says, reaching out to kick at Rozanov, who grabs his socked foot and keeps it. Shane thinks about pulling away but he kind of doesn't want to - there's something soothing about being held, even by his foot. It's just... not the worst, okay? "I watch Wall-E."

“Wally?” Rozanov says, squeezing Shane’s foot. “Who is Wally?”

“Not Wally, it’s like Wall-E,” Shane says. “You’ve never see Wall-E?”

“I do not know this Wally,” Rozanov says. “He is hockey player?”

“He’s not a hockey player, he’s a robot,” Shane says. “Have you really never seen it, or are you doing a bit like you did about the Ducks?”

“Is not bit,” Rozanov says, reaching down with one hand to grab Shane’s other foot and bringing them both to rest on his legs. Shane slides down a bit against the sofa, trying to ignore how comfortable he is.

“Then we’ve got to watch Wall-E,” Shane says. “If you’ve never seen it.”

“Sure,” Rozanov says, waving a hand, “whatever you say, Hollander.”

Shane reaches forward to grab the remote control - one button for the curtains, because it’s dark out, and another for the fireplace.

“Wow, Mr Technology,” Rozanov marvels and Shane ignores him, turning on the TV and going to his rental library. He only watched Wall-E a week ago so it’s still there and once he’s started it up, he settles back against the cushions, feet still on Rozanov’s lap.

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In the morning, Shane wakes up for his run and is confused by the warm weight on him, pinning him down to the mattress. It takes a minute before he remembers that Rozanov is here - his arm slung over Shane’s weight, his hips and something hard pressed into Shane’s back.

Shane wants to wriggle back into him, grind against him until Rozanov wakes up and flips him over, uses that weight to hold him down and thrust into him -

Shane bites the inside of his mouth hard enough to draw blood. He could do that, sure. Or he could stick to his routine - get up and have a cold shower, jerk off silently, not thinking about anyone in particular, go for a run. And no, he doesn’t want to do that but he doesn’t want to get used to this, either - this one-off, due to the snow, something that will never happen again.

Shane knows from experience that it’s easier to go without something you haven’t experienced. It’s why he never even tried a cigarette, why he didn’t touch a drop of alcohol until he turned nineteen. He knows it’s why he sometimes struggles with his diet - it would be easier to give up all the things he likes if he’d never had them to begin with.

So - Shane pushes at Rozanov’s arm until he rolls over and slips out of bed. Turns on the shower. Jerks off quickly and efficiently, one hand against the tile of the shower wall, not thinking about everything they did in this shower yesterday.

That’s one of the worst parts of having Rozanov here, in his apartment - now he has memories with Rozanov on his couch, the one he sits on all the time. His shower. His TV. At

the condo, Shane never goes there if he isn't going there to meet Rozanov - he can keep the two things separate. Now the lines are blurring and all Shane can see is what he can't have.

He gets changed and is out the door before he remembers that he can't go for a run. It's stopped snowing, at least - it'll probably be gone by tomorrow, sooner if it rains, but it's still over ankle-deep and it's likely Shane will give himself an injury if he tries to run in this.

So. Another thing that he can't have.

Shane goes back inside, and rolls out his yoga mat in the living room instead.

Rozanov wakes up halfway through, comes into the room stretching obnoxiously and yawning, arms above his head. Shane tries not to look but he turns his head anyway, trying not to notice that Rozanov is still naked - the proud curve of his dick. God, Shane's had all of that inside him. He wants to put his mouth on it again. He wants to -

He looks away and arches into his pose.

"Looking good, Hollander," Rozanov says, sounding amused - like he caught Shane looking. "Very flexible. We should see how far you can bend later."

"Fuck off," Shane says, and gives up. He won't be getting any more yoga done today - he stands up, rolling up his mat and tucking it under one arm. "You wish you could bend like that."

"I do," Rozanov says, a bit more serious, smirk still playing around his mouth. Still naked. Shane still isn't looking.

Instead, Shane puts his mat away and goes into the bedroom, finding a spare pair of boxer briefs and throwing them in Rozanov's direction.

"Put some clothes on."

"Ah, Hollander, I do not think we are the same size," Rozanov says, coming into the bedroom with Shane's underwear wrapped around his fingers. "Very nice of you to offer."

"I didn't think you'd want to wear the same ones you had on yesterday," Shane says, knowing that he's flushing and trying not to from sheer force of will.

"I don't," Rozanov says. "So I think I will go without. Much more practical, yes?"

"I guess," Shane says, for lack of anything else, and Rozanov frowns at him a little.

"I am going to check on car, make sure it is still there."

"Where else would it be?" Shane says, but he still pulls his jacket on, shoves a toque over his hair. He follows Rozanov out to his car - still there, and unsettlingly easy to spot now there isn't a snowstorm - and watches Rozanov check it over. For what, Shane doesn't know.

The snow is still there.

Shane thinks about it. Looks at the back of Rozanov's head, his golden curls. Leans down, packs some snow into a ball and hurls it.

Bullseye.

The snow explodes against Rozanov's hair and Rozanov whips around, indignation already on his face.

"That was a dirty hit!" he says. "You are not supposed to go after someone when their back is turned!"

"Oh, I'm hearing from the ref," Shane says, putting one finger against his ear like he's taking a call. "I think he's saying... yeah, that's cleared, actually. Yeah, it's actually your fault for not paying attention."

"Oh, I am not paying enough attention?" Rozanov says, and then he's scooping up snow, packing it into a snowball in his hands.

Shane's grinning, adrenaline lighting him up and he ducks behind a car, crouching, trying frantically to make some snowballs of his own. He peers above the car in time to see Rozanov with his game face on, looking like he does during the face-off, and drops down just in time - the snowball flies over his head, hitting the wall behind him.

"You missed!" Shane yells, and throws a snowball of his own - it splats against the front of Rozanov's jacket, who looks furious, already trying to make another snowball.

He's got no chance against Shane, who grew up having snowball fights on the streets of Ottawa every winter - and the thought strikes Shane that maybe Rozanov didn't grow up having snowball fights in Russia, and it makes him a little sadder than maybe it should.

He doesn't have time to think about it as something cold hits the back of his neck and Shane draws in a sharp breath, turning around and trying pointlessly to shake the snow out of his shirt.

Rozanov is standing behind him, looking very pleased with himself after shoving a load of snow down the back of Shane's shirt.

"That's cheating!" Shane says, outraged. "It's a snowball fight!"

"Yes, that was snow, and I fought," Rozanov says and moves towards Shane, slowly, like a predator. Shane's backing towards his apartment in spite of himself - his pile of snowballs are stuck behind the car, out of reach, and he doesn't want to take his eyes off Rozanov.

He bumps up against the wall of his building and Rozanov keeps going, walking towards him until his leg is pressed in between Shane's.

"Rozanov," Shane says, like he's not watching Rozanov's mouth, like Rozanov isn't watching his. Sometimes he wonders what Rozanov sees, the way he looks at Shane sometimes - it can't be the same face that Shane sees in the mirror. "I don't think you want to do this."

“I think I do,” Rozanov says in a low voice, and then he dumps a shit-ton of snow on top of Shane’s head. Shane splutters, shaking it off and grabbing Rozanov to rub as much of it in his face as he can while Rozanov bucks and wriggles beneath him, trying to throw him off.

He manages to ruin Shane’s balance, and Shane finds himself on his back in the snow, the cold wet feeling soaking through the back of his jacket, Rozanov above him like an avenging angel.

Shane is suddenly convinced that Rozanov is going to kiss him.

He reaches up and manages to throw Rozanov off, standing up and brushing himself down.

“I’ve had enough,” Shane says, and Rozanov follows him back into the apartment without saying anything else.

Shane has the first shower and Rozanov doesn’t join him. Underneath the spray, as Shane tips his head back, enjoying the warmth bringing feeling back into his fingers - God, he should’ve worn his mittens, he was stupid not to - Shane can’t help thinking about the way Rozanov looked above him.

It was stupid. Someone could’ve seen them. But what would they have seen? Two people, having a snowball fight - being normal, for once.

But they can’t be normal. If someone had taken a photo - if someone even sees Rozanov’s car and wonders what he’s doing in Montreal, then they both lose it all. No more brand deals, no more hockey. No more Russia, for Rozanov - and how could Shane’s parents ever trust him again, knowing he’s been lying to them for all these years?

Shane leaves the shower running for Rozanov and strides into his bedroom, rubbing a towel over his hair. This is stupid. It’s been fun, playing at being normal - but it has to stop now. He’ll make dinner and they can watch a movie and then, in the morning, Rozanov will get on a plane back to Boston and they won’t see each other again until Shane’s in Boston and they can fuck in a hotel room, and leave right after.

“Hollander,” Rozanov says from the doorway and Shane keeps scrubbing at his hair, refusing to look.

“The shower’s on,” he says. “You should probably ice your side again after.”

He feels Rozanov waiting at the doorway for a minute longer, maybe two, until he leaves.

A minute later, he comes back in.

“There is a flight out of Montreal tonight,” he says. “If I leave now, I can make it.”

Shane tugs his shirt on over his head before turning to face Rozanov. He has his sunglasses on, despite the fact that it’s already getting dark out.

“What about the snow?”

“Is not so bad now,” Rozanov says. He might be looking at Shane or not - Shane can’t tell. “I think I can make it, if I drive slow.”

Shane almost says *don’t*, but stops. He doesn’t know how the sentence would end. Don’t put yourself in danger. Don’t do this for me. Don’t go.

Rozanov waits, but Shane doesn’t say anything else and Rozanov shrugs a shoulder.

“I will text you when I am at the airport,” he says, like he’s doing Shane a favour and maybe he is because Shane says, “Yes. Please. Please do.”

“Okay,” Rozanov says, and gives Shane a chance to say something else before he turns, lifting his bag onto his shoulder. Shane follows him out into the stairwell, clutching the sleeves of his hoodie in his fist. It feels wrong in the pit of his stomach to let Rozanov leave like this, but he can’t ask him to stay either.

Besides, there’s no guarantee that Rozanov would stay. He might say no. He might want to leave, might be hating being stuck here, with Shane. He might be bored. Shane can’t risk that.

“Well,” Shane says. “Drive safe.”

Rozanov nods, once, in acknowledgement and then the door is swinging shut behind him.

Forty five minutes later, Shane gets a text.

Lily: I made it

Lily: See you next time

This time Shane lets himself reply:

Jane: be safe

Almost straight away:

Lily: is not up to me, i am not flying the plane

It’s enough that Shane lets himself breathe out, sit down on the sofa, resting his head on his elbows.

In the morning, the snow has melted. It’s almost like it was never there at all.

End Notes

i have other ideas but idk idk just dipping my toe in here

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