

The One with the One Bed Trope

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The One with the One Bed Trope

by [MissUnderhill](#)

Summary

Shane shared a moment with Rozanov in a hotel gym over a year ago. Still obsessed with his rival, he is now forced to share a bed with him for one night.

Notes

For some reason, Ilya and Shane are stuck in a hotel room together, I don't get paid enough for this to come up with a plausible reason as to why.

Backstory: They shared that moment in the gym after the draft, but nothing physical has happened between them prior to this.

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

Some hotel room, late 2010

“No way, no, this is not happening.”

Rozanov just regarded him calmly.

“I’m sure if you throw enough money around you’ll be able to figure something out.”

There was a family of five, including twin babies, who had been placed in a one-bedroom, so Shane was not too sure about that. He was certainly not making an ass of himself by trying.

“Fuck.” He groaned and collapsed into an uncomfortable armchair. There wasn’t really anything to objectively complain about. They had been granted a decent room, with a spacious en-suite bathroom. The only, but honestly major issue, was sharing a room with Ilya Rozanov, and even worse: sharing a bed with him. It probably was a standard queen bed, but to Shane it looked smaller, even narrower. Rozanov saw him regarding it.

“What are you afraid of? I won’t bite - unless you ask for it.”

“I’m not *afraid*.”

“Relax Hollander, you don’t have to face me on the ice, only sleep in the same bed.”

“Don’t quote me on this, but it’s kind of fun facing you on the ice.”

“Lucky for you, I’m even more fun in bed.” Rozanov smirked.

Was he *flirting* with him? There was no way. He probably flirted so much that it had become second nature to him and just happened automatically. Very European of him.

Shane scoffed and looked away.

Rozanov started stripping out of his suit and Shane had to glue his eyes to his phone, scrolling some news site which of course had no new information on the weather situation. Was it obvious that he couldn’t let himself look over? *Fuck*. He glanced in Rozanov’s general direction, then down on his phone again. Rozanov was just a hockey player, like he would see half naked all the time. Except he’d never had the urge to walk up and find out how it would feel to be pressed up against that broad chest, or how the stubble of his cheek would feel against his own. Or his inner thighs.

“Like what you see?” Rozanov’s lip quirked up in a half smile, golden eyes beaming at him.

Shane scoffed and looked up, frowning. “Why are you so tanned? You spray tan?”

“You can’t just ask people why they are tanned.” Rozanov smiled.

He was down to a pair of tight boxers. Shane could tell himself not to look, but his eyes were drawn to him as if they were magnets, and Rozanov was made of steel. He was standing there, a lazy grin on his face, and Shane tried to keep a blank expression. He could feel himself blush, so he turned away and busied himself with his phone again. It didn't help with the image stuck in his brain.

“You have a side of the bed?”

Shane was not going to admit that he hadn't shared a bed with anyone on a regular enough basis to even consider that.

“No, whatever. It's the least of my problems.”

“I call middle!” Rozanov declared, and threw himself on the bed, sprawled out in the center.

Shane rolled his eyes. “Of course you do.”

“Relax, Hollander.” Rozanov moved to the right side of the bed and draped a sheet over himself. “You obviously need your beauty sleep.”

Shane huffed, but he turned the lights off and hesitantly joined him. He left the curtains open, soft light seeping in from the city outside.

“How do people share beds? This is awful.”

“You not shutting up is awful.”

"You take up all of the bed! Maybe if you weren't so huge this wouldn't be so fucking miserable."

"You noticed, huh?" Rozanov grinned, and Shane's treacherous cock twitched.

"It's impossible not to. You're a fucking tree."

"That's a weird compliment."

"It wasn't a - fuck, never mind. Let's just...be quiet."

Rozanov mimicked sealing his lips, then pressed his palms together, laying his head on his hands angelically. Shane rolled his eyes and looked away before Rozanov could see the small smile on his lips.

Sleep was impossible, but Shane wasn't ready to admit defeat, so he lay awake, staring at the ceiling, trying to ignore Rozanov's breathing. His mind kept wandering, replaying images

that were hard to shake. The way Rozanov's boxers clung to him, the outline of his cock visible. His body, so big - everywhere. Shane bit his lip, feeling himself grow half hard. He closed his eyes and tried to will the thoughts, and his erection, away - which of course had the exact opposite effect.

How were you supposed to breathe to not reveal that you were dying from pent up sexual frustration? Was his breathing giving him away? He tried to inhale and exhale calmly, inconspicuously.

"I can't sleep with you thinking so hard." Rozanov said.

Shane just grumbled.

"Don't you ever relax?" Rozanov asked.

"Maybe if you can stop complaining for two minutes."

Rozanov laughed, and Shane smiled despite himself.

It was late, both of them were tired, and the whole situation was absurd.

"We should get some sleep." Rozanov said.

"Yeah."

"You're gonna stop thinking?"

"Sure." Shane lied.

Shane closed his eyes. He couldn't remember the last time he'd slept in the same bed with someone else. It was weird, especially when that someone was Ilya Rozanov. Hyperaware of his breathing and movements, he felt like a live wire.

"Do you need help getting to sleep?"

Shane's eyes immediately shot open and his brain supplied highly inappropriate ways Rozanov could help him relax.

"What, are you offering to sing me a lullaby?" He managed to quip back.

"Well, if you need a lullaby..."

Rozanov began humming softly, the deep vibrations of his voice almost rumbling through the bed. The melody was familiar, but Shane couldn't quite place it.

It was so strange to be here, with him, in this bed. Rozanov was so close that if Shane were to just extend his arm, he could brush his fingertips across his skin. He could reach out and

throw his arm around him to pull him close. He could lean in and press his lips to his. Except for the fact that he 100% absolutely could not.

"Is that supposed to relax me? Because it's doing the exact opposite." Though it was probably unfair to blame Rozanov for the effect his voice was having on his dick.

"What's wrong, Hollander? Does my voice turn you on?"

Shane wanted to object, but the words died in his throat. He could feel the heat rising to his cheeks, pulse hammering in his chest.

"No...!" he finally managed, though he was sure Rozanov could see the lie written all over his face, even in the dim light. He cursed himself for not being able to come up with a clever retort.

"So, not lullaby, you fall asleep to podcasts? Some boring podcast about hockey history, yeah?"

Shane just scoffed. He would probably have enjoyed that.

"I can do that, how about an episode about the last world championship?"

Shane couldn't help smiling at the thought of Rozanov improvising a podcast episode, even if Russia had beat Canada in the finals.

"How about something more recent? Like the last Olympics?"

Rozanov just scoffed. "Forget about that. In four years, I'll make sure it ends differently."

Even with all the interviews Shane for some reason had seen where Rozanov bragged about his future achievements, he was still a bit shocked that he could just talk about being a future Olympian like it was a guarantee.

"Relly? Silver in the Olympics is not good enough for you?"

"Silver is never good enough."

"Yeah, with that hair, bronze is probably a better color for you."

"They're golden curls, Hollander. *Golden.*"

There was no way to not laugh at that statement, especially with the gravity in which Rozanov spoke.

"So, maybe not a podcast. Whale songs?"

Shane chuckled. "You can make whale sounds?"

"It's about time you learn, there is very little I cannot do."

“Can you be quiet so I can sleep?” Shane regretted it the second the words were out of his mouth. Not the harsh tone, this was Rozanov, he deserved that, but he wanted them to keep talking. Anything was better than laying in silence, unable to will his brain to shut off.

"Well, 'night then." With that, Rozanov rolled away from him, for once doing exactly as he was told.

Shane could feel his pulse in his ear, his heart seemed to think this was the night before a playoff game, and not a random Friday. Still facing Rozanov, he closed his eyes to stop himself from staring at the outline of his body.

Breathe in, breathe out.

Every night for the past 19 years he had managed to fall asleep, there was no reason why this night should be any different.

Rozanov seemed to have already fallen asleep. Shane was not at all surprised to learn that he was one of those annoying people who could just close their eyes and be dreaming the next minute.

After a while Rozanov shifted. As he turned, his hand landed on the pillow next to Shane's, their pinky fingers barely touching.

Shane froze.

A spark ignited in his gut. Too scared to move, heart pounding in his chest. He swallowed hard, eyes still closed.

Shane could sense the heat radiating off of Rozanov's skin. He was so close. And he smelled so good.

The sensible thing to do would be to pull his hand away. It was the chastest possible contact, they were hardly touching. It would be easy to dismiss and move on.

But he kept still, even though his heart was racing, and he couldn't stop his thoughts.

What would it be like to have Rozanov's lips on his? To have his hands on his body, his weight on top of him, pressing him into the mattress?

Shane bit his lip, willing his cock to calm down. This was ridiculous. And the longer their fingers touched, the more awkward it would get. If Rozanov had actually fallen asleep, it would also make Shane touching him kinda creepy.

Before Shane could make up his mind, Rozanov started moving his finger, ever so lightly at first. He was tracing the tip of his finger against Shane's. It was the smallest, most gentle touch, and Shane's breath caught in his throat.

He was touching him.

They were touching.

On purpose.

Afraid Rozanov would stop or pull his hand away, Shane gathered his courage and moved his little finger against Rozanov's. It was a small gesture, but it seemed to encourage Rozanov who continued to move against him. Soon all of their fingers were entwining. Rozanov pulled back from Shane's grip, and for a moment of panic, Shane was certain he'd been asleep and just confused. But Rozanov trailed his fingers down Shane's forearm, and stroked them back and forth over his skin.

They stayed like that for a moment. Neither of them said a word.

Just as Shane's patience was coming to an end, Rozanov moved. With gentle fingers he trailed a path from Shane's wrist, over his bicep, then brought his hand up to Shane's face, cupping his cheek, stroking his thumb along the soft skin. Shane could feel his whole body tingling, every nerve on fire.

Rozanov's voice was low when he spoke. "I thought of some ways to help you relax." Rozanov's face was inches away, his expression unreadable. "Other than whale songs."

Shane's breath hitched in his throat.

"Yeah?" Shane breathed. He reached out, running his hand over Rozanov's back, urging him closer.

Then, before Shane could even process what was happening, Rozanov was kissing him. It was soft and sweet and so unexpected. Shane couldn't help but kiss him back.

"You're a good kisser." Rozanov smiled down at him.

"Thanks," Shane blushed, not knowing what to say to that.

"Knew you had to be good at something."

Shane made an indignant sound, but then Rozanov's lips were on his again and he forgot all about thinking of a clever retort.

This certainly would have him losing even more sleep in the long run, but there was no room to worry about that now.

Shane closed his eyes and lost himself in the feeling of Rozanov's lips against his, and how the stubble on his cheek felt against his fingers. Rozanov was half on top of him and Shane ran his hands over his back down to the lining of his boxer briefs. As surreal as making out with Rozanov was, it was astounding to be in bed with someone that hot.

"This is probably a bad idea." Shane murmured, because it truly was.

"What, this?" Rozanov smiled against his lips before kissing him again. "Probably. I have an even worse idea."

Shane swallowed and looked up into his eyes. "Really?"

Rozanov kissed him, mouth trailing down Shane's neck.

"Mm. It's bad. Really bad idea."

"Fuck," Shane moaned as Rozanov sucked at the sensitive spot where his neck met his shoulder.

"We probably shouldn't-" It would have been more convincing if he could say it without fucking gasping as Rozanov kissed his way down his torso, if he wasn't pulling their bodies closer together, arching up to grind against Rozanov. "-if it's a really bad idea," he added.

"No?" Rozanov stopped his journey down, lips just above his navel, the stubble of his chin tickling his stomach as he met Shane's gaze.

"You sure? It might be a bad idea, but it does involve your dick and my mouth." His lip quirked up in a half smile before he kissed his stomach again, doing something suggestive with his tongue. Rozanov's chin was less than an inch from his dick, it had never even occurred to Shane to imagine how that stubble might feel against the sensitive skin there. Shane swore, looking up at the ceiling.

"Fuck. What are we doing?"

"Well, hopefully, in a few minutes, I'll be sucking your dick."

"Oh, god." Shane couldn't help but moan impatiently, and he couldn't help looking down at Rozanov, reaching out to run his hand through his curls. Rozanov interpreted the gesture as encouragement and continued kissing his way further down.

Rozanov's hand soon cupped his cock through his pants and began rubbing gently.

Shane gasped, his hips bucking involuntarily.

"Please." He couldn't help himself, he needed more.

"Please what?"

"Fuck."

Rozanov chuckled, his voice rough.

“Please get rid of these?” Rozanov asked and ran his fingers under the hem of Shane's pyjama pants.

“Yes.”

And with that, Rozanov was pulling his cock out of his underwear. A big, rough hand wrapped around his shaft, stroking slowly.

"Fuck."

"You like that, Hollander?"

"Yes. Fuck."

He closed his eyes and lost himself in the sensation, the rhythmic movement of Rozanov's hand, the firm grip on his cock, the friction as he moved up and down his length.

Rozanov continued his slow, steady movements, and Shane knew he was fucked. There was no coming back from this, so at this point he might as well enjoy it.

Rozanov let go of his dick, kissing the inside of his thigh. Shane made an impatient sound.

“Hm?” Rozanov asked innocently.

“Aren't you...”

“What? Going to suck your dick?”

Shane squeezed his eyes shut. “Yes!”

“You seemed...not sure. Thought I should give you time to make up your mind.”

“I'm fucking sure.”

Rozanov chuckled delighted. In no rush, he continued kissing his thighs, while running his hands over every part of Shane's body he could reach. Almost every part.

Shane was caught off guard when Rozanov finally licked his way from the base to the tip of his cock with a broad stroke.

“One hundred percent?” Rozanov asked, infuriatingly. Shane could feel his breath on his dick.

“Yes!” He all but whimpered.

Rozanov rubbed his cheek against Shane's dick. “Wouldn't want to do something you don't want.”

Shane hadn't been this close to crying in a very long time.

“Would you please...! This is not fucking funny.” Shane desperately squeezed Rozanov's shoulder.

“I disagree,” Rozanov said with a smirk, but finally the torture was over as Rozanov took him in his mouth and sucked down for real. Shane moaned, his hips bucked forward, pushing deeper into the wet heat. Rozanov took him deep, and if Shane hadn't been blissed out of his mind, he would probably have been annoyed at how exceptional Rozanov was at this. Rozanov swirled his tongue around the head of his cock, licking and sucking, his hand joining in steady movements.

"Oh, god."

"Feel good?"

"Mm. *Fuck*. Yeah."

"I love the noises you make."

Shane hadn't even been aware, and he was too far gone to be embarrassed about them.

"Fuck, Rozanov. I'm close."

Rozanov hummed around him and doubled down his efforts.

With a moan, Shane spilled into his mouth. Rozanov swallowed, licking his lips.

"God, you're so fucking hot." He said as he crawled up beside Shane.

"That was...amazing."

"Yeah."

Rozanov leaned in and kissed him.

It was the sweetest, most gentle kiss, and this time Shane was almost embarrassed about the contented sound he made. Shane let his hand travel down Rozanov's stomach. “Don't you want..?”

“No need.” Rozanov said sheepishly. Shane had only ever seen him cocksure and confident, and found Rozanov's self-conscious smile rather endearing.

“Seriously?” Shane chuckled.

“I need to go change.”

Shane's eyes followed him as Rozanov grabbed a clean pair of underwear and walked to the bathroom. Immensely pleased that Rozanov had come just from sucking his dick, Shane still

had to chide himself for being disappointed that he hadn't gotten to touch Rozanov's cock. There was always tomorrow morning, though.

When Rozanov returned to bed, he lay beside him, and ran his fingers gently over Shane's hand. Shane rolled over to hide his ridiculous smile against Rozanov's shoulder, and they snuggled together like that was the most natural thing in the world, and not their second worst idea of the night.

"You must be the most popular guy to room with in Boston." Shane pointed out.

Rozanov chuckled. "This was a first."

"You expect me to believe that was your first blow job?"

Rozanov laughed. "First with a hockey player. But thank you."

"If you're still trying to convince me that there is very little you cannot do, I like the direction you've taken."

"You haven't seen nothing yet," Rozanov squeezed his ass for emphasis. If Shane hadn't been awake for 7 more hours than he usually was, that statement would probably have kept him up for hours.

He closed his eyes and revelled in the feeling of Rozanov's body, his warm, solid presence, his strong arms wrapped around him.

"I had almost given up hope on getting you to relax."

"You were distracting me."

"Apparantly," Rozanov hummed, rubbing his crotch against Shane's ass. "Remember how you didn't want to share a room with me tonight?"

"I didn't know there were going to be blow jobs."

"As usual, you underestimate me."

It was probably the contrast to having lain so highly strung earlier, but Shane couldn't ever remember feeling this relaxed and content. Suddenly the challenge was keeping his eyes open, so he decided that all thoughts of whatever Rozanov had planned for them, whether they'd fool around or not in the morning and worrying about the general consequences of his actions could wait.

“Hey, breakfast soon,” Rozanov was nudging him awake.

Shane rubbed his eyes, noticing that their legs were touching.

“Didn’t think you’d offer breakfast,” Shane managed.

“I’m full of surprises.”

In the dim light he looked softer, his curls messy, his expression unguarded. Shane wanted to curl up against him and never leave the bed.

“I need a shower,” he said instead, using what little willpower he had to drag himself away from temptation.

“Alone?” Rozanov looked gorgeous stretched out beneath the thin sheets.

“Huh?” Shane asked stupidly.

“Do you prefer to shower alone?” Rozanov clarified. “Or would you like some company?” His eyes traveled down Shane's body before he met his gaze, one eyebrow raised.

“Just give me a minute,” Shane smiled and walked to the bathroom.

They showered together, and Shane learned that Rozanov's dick was as infuriatingly impressive as his blow job skills.

“You're in Boston in three weeks,” Rozanov pointed out as they were packing up the last of their stuff.

“Yeah.”

“Maybe we could have breakfast there as well?”

“In Boston?”

“Yes.”

Shane hesitated. “We probably-”

“-shouldn't.” Rozanov supplied. “I know. Just think about it,” he said lightly, and walked out of the room.

As he followed, Shane knew that would be all he'd be thinking about.

End Notes

Thank you for reading 💜 Kudos and comments are greatly appreciated 😊

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