

A Perfect Christmas

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A Perfect Christmas

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

A look at a Christmas with Ilya and Shane.

Notes

A special little Merry Happy Everything to the GM Discord server. Hope you enjoy the little tidbits that got thrown in here.

If you're visiting from the MCU Fandom - HI! I cannot recommend this book series enough, which you can find here, starting with [Game Changers](#) . Ilya and Shane are the main characters of the second book - Heated Rivalry. Scott and Kip have a very special place in my heart though, so they might make a special appearance at some point in fic form. We shall see

Shane shook off the snow from his boots, the fresh blanket outside having stuck to them even on the short walk to the door. He walked into the cottage, a broad smile on his lips at finally being home. And more than that, knowing the love of his life was here too. Somewhere in the back of his mind, the cottage had become not just his happy place, but rather *their* happy place.

He threw his bag by the stairs, the presents he'd lugged from Montreal went in a pile on the other side, and he quickly took off the winter layers that had kept him warm. The cottage was nice and toasty, warmed by the fireplace and... was that a tree? And that definitely smelled like cookies. He was about to call out to his mom but didn't see her boots or jacket anywhere.

"Ilya?"

He heard a soft string of Russian words coming from the kitchen – which he was fairly sure were swears of some sort – as he grabbed the gifts to bring to their apparent Christmas tree.

"Where have you been?" Ilya called from the kitchen.

"Driving, where else?" Shane met him in the kitchen where, sure enough, Ilya was flattening out a ball of cookie dough.

"It took you hours."

"It took no more time than usual." Shane bit down a smile. "Were you worried?"

"No, definitely not." The way Ilya was aggressively rolling out his dough said otherwise.

"Hey." Shane took Ilya's face in his hands, turning him until he finally let go his rolling pin and looked at him. "I'm here now. I'm home."

Without much coaxing needed, Shane pulled Ilya into a slow, indulgent kiss.

"Montreal is too far," Ilya grumbled when Shane let him go.

Shane just laughed, knowing Ilya was mostly grumpy from not seeing him much the last week. Even after a game against them mid-month, the road trip Montreal had just returned from had meant weird time zones and not enough coordinating times when they could Skype, which Hayden hadn't been that sad about. Shane had missed it too. They'd perfected their scheduling almost down to the minute and spent so much more time together this season that, whenever one of them was away, it felt off.

Oh, how quickly they'd gotten used to this new proximity.

Ilya held two cookie cutters up. "Do you like snowman or trees?"

"I mean, they'll taste the same."

“We decorate them too.” Ilya nodded towards the refrigerator. “There is icing and the little sugar things-“

“Sprinkles?”

“Yes! All shapes and colours.”

“I vote trees, then. Can I help?”

Ilya shook his head. “No. I am okay.”

Shane didn’t ask questions, even though he had many. He went to the fridge to grab a beer and quite a few more questions popped in his head.

“Ilya? What’s with the eggnog?”

“For lattes,” Ilya answered like it was the most obvious thing.

“Eggnog lattes,” Shane repeated as he walked back to the counter Ilya was working at, sliding a beer his way.

“Harris said it is best drink of Christmas. Barrett is always getting them for him.”

“Is it now. And why is Barrett buying Harris coffee?”

Ilya just shrugged , but Shane couldn’t help but think there was more to it than Ilya was telling him- which, if he was guessing correctly, he could definitely understand why Ilya wasn’t saying more.

Shane took a long sip of his beer, eyes glued on Ilya who was concentrating on his trees as he cut half a dozen easily, popping a piece of unused dough in his mouth. “Don’t eat raw cookie dough.”

“No eggs. Is fine.” Ilya ate some more.

“No, it’s the flour.” He pushed Ilya’s hand away when he tried to feed him some. “Stop it. I’m not getting sick from raw dough.”

“Live a little, Hollander.” Ilya ate the piece Shane refused, the silliest grin on his face.

He placed the cookie sheet with his small batch of perfectly lined up trees in the oven, setting a timer after checking instructions on a piece of paper.

“Hi,” Ilya said as he wrapped his arms around Shane’s waist and pulled him close.

“Hi.”

They smiled at each other before leaning in for another kiss. This time a bit more heated, but still not rushed.

“Missed you,” Ilya mumbled between soft pecks over his cheek and down his neck, before he buried his face in Shane’s shoulder.

“Must have been bad if I reduced you to baking.”

“Got bored. Was going to wait for tomorrow. Do it together.”

“It’s fine. We can decorate them tomorrow.” Shane let his hands roam to the hem of Ilya’s shirt, sneaking a hand underneath, rubbing his back. “I missed you too.”

They spent the time before the cookies were done trading lazy kisses, hands roaming over each other’s skin and clothes.

Shane waited as patiently as he could while Ilya took the cookies out of the oven and placed them on a cooling rack.

“Where did you get all this stuff?”

Ilya shrugged like the answer was obvious. “Your mom.”

“Why did she send baking shit over?”

“I ask. Kind of. I help your dad with the snow at their cottage. There was a lot. I told Yuna about cookies. She sent me back with all this. You do not bake often, no?”

“I don’t think I’ve made cookies since I was 10 or something. But wait a second, you helped Dad shovel?”

“Yes. Should I not help?”

“No! I mean, yes.” Shane shook his head. “You can definitely help, I just wasn’t expecting it, that’s all.”

Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane’s waist and gave him his little crooked smile that sent flutters in Shane’s chest. “I think they like me more. Happy to have good hockey player in family and all that.”

Shane slapped his chest. “Fuck you, asshole. I got two more goals last night. I’m ahead of you in points.”

“Only ‘cause Centaurs played less games.” Ilya swallowed Shane’s rebuttal with a kiss, which made Shane forget for a minute why he was mad. Not that he was really upset. He loved how much his family loved Ilya. How Ilya finally got to have the love and support he deserved. “Want to do the tree now that you are finally home?” Ilya nodded to the living room.

“I can think of one thing I want *you* to do, and it doesn’t involve a tree.”

“So impatient.” Ilya very unhelpfully kissed along his jaw until he got to his ear. “Lots of time for that.”

“I never have enough time with you,” Shane answered.

Ilya kissed his temple. “I know. But is first real Christmas together, we need the tree.” Ilya took Shane’s hand and led him to the living room where the tree stood, strings of lights already wrapped around it.

Shane started hanging ornaments with Ilya, chatting about their most recent games and how the teams were doing, and how Ilya adored the team’s service-dog-in-training, but Harris never brought him to the rink enough. Shane couldn’t help but think back to their previous Christmases.

The first official one had involved Skype. Their schedules just didn’t line up for easy flights. Then, when Ilya had been in Ottawa for his first season last year, a massive snowstorm had messed with their plans. They’d both been on out-of-town road trips just before their short holiday break. Flights had been delayed, driving from Montreal to Ottawa had taken much longer than usual – for real that time – and they’d barely gotten 24 hours in the same place before Shane had to drive back.

Everything had felt rushed and a bit tense, and Shane had mentioned before heading back to Montreal that he had really hoped they’d get a proper, perfect Christmas together. It had mostly been said out of frustration. He was grateful for the time they had together now, but he always wished there was more of it. It wasn’t about Christmas per se, he just wanted to be with Ilya.

Apparently, Ilya had taken the sentiment to heart. The tree, the cookies, the gingerbread house he had spotted on the kitchen table, and eggnog lattes... Ilya was trying to give him that perfect Christmas.

“What? I just ask if Hayden is sad to be so terrible. Is not the worst thing I have said.”

Shane realized he’d been standing there, holding Christmas ornaments and staring at Ilya, and hadn’t even heard him chirp his best friend. Again.

“No, it’s not that.” Shane closed the distance between them, holding Ilya’s face in his hands, not caring how silly he looked with crimson-coloured balls hanging from his fingers. “I just- I love you, so much.”

Ilya’s face softened a fraction, a hint of confusion crossing his features. “I love you too.” Ilya gave him a quick kiss. “I am done, by the way.”

“Just have these left.”

Shane hung the ornaments, not caring where he put them and then leaned his back to Ilya’s chest, looking at their work. And-

“Rozanov, you jerk.”

“What? I did nothing!” Ilya pulled out his phone and snapped a few pictures of the tree.

“All the ornaments are Centaurs colours.”

“Oh, are they? Did not notice,” Ilya replied in the least convincing tone ever. “The captain has to show team spirit, yes? Do you not do that for your team sometimes?”

“Screw you.”

“You wish, Hollander.”

Shane laughed. “Why do I love you?”

“Lots of reasons. Mostly blowjobs, I think.”

Shane laughed again. “That’s one reason.” One of a very long list.

“There is one last box-“

“No,” Shane whined.

“Last one. Is small, I promise.”

Shane groaned but waited as Ilya pulled a small box from under the tree and handed it to him. Shane opened it, determined to get this over with so he could finally get them upstairs and naked like he’d been wanting to for hours, days now.

The box contained only three ornaments. A red one with a Centaurs logo – that matched all the ornaments on the tree perfectly. A blue one with a Voyageurs logo. And a tacky picture frame one, shaped like a bright sparkly green Christmas gift, with an equally sparkly red bow on top.

“Oh Ilya, this is-“ Shane couldn’t find the words.

“I ask Gen for help. Told her you need visual reminder that there is better hockey player than you. Keeps you humble.”

Shane tried to act offended, but he was smiling far too wildly. The picture was from a game at the end of the Montreal charity hockey camp they’d held. They’d split the teams in two, and each played with one team. Ilya’s team had won, and Shane had insisted he’d cheated.

The Centaurs’ team photographer, Gen, had been on hand to take pictures for the kids and families in attendance. She’d snapped a candid shot of the two of them that they both adored – Ilya was smiling broadly at Shane who was looking at him with just enough annoyance to mask the fondness they both could see in that look, one that was directed almost exclusively at Ilya.

“You’re not better if you cheat to win, Rozanov,” Shane answered, his finger tracing Ilya’s face in the frame.

“I told you. Kissing fellow coach on cheek is not a penalty. Is not cheating to distract you,” Ilya shrugged.

“Spoken like a true cheater.” Shane looked up at him, not even bothering to contain his smile. “Thank you. For all of this. But, for the record? All I need for Christmas to be perfect is you, Ilya. Doesn’t matter where we are, or what’s around us. All of this?” Shane waved a hand around them. “It’s great, but it’s just a nice bonus. You are all I need.”

“I want to make it better than last Christmas. But I am also happy you are home.”

“How about we put these in the tree, and then go upstairs so I can show you just how much I appreciate your efforts?”

Ilya pretended to consider it before nodding. He grabbed the Voyageurs ornament and tried to reach for the back of the tree.

“Good place for it, yes? Centaurs one should go here.” Ilya pointed at an empty spot right at the top of the tree.

“No fucking way, Rozanov. Hand it over.”

Shane placed both their team ornaments side by side near the top of the tree. Their picture ornament went above it, in place of a proper tree topper, this would do just fine.

“Is good looking tree,” Ilya declared when they stood back to admire their work.

“We did a good job.” Ilya collapsed on the couch, and Shane threw his arms wide. “What happened to going upstairs?”

“You can show me appreciation here, no?” Ilya reached forward and grabbed the hem of Shane’s sweater and pulled him forward easily until Shane was straddling him. “We worked so hard on the tree, we should enjoy the view. And upstairs is very far.”

“You’re ridiculous, you know that, Rozanov?”

Ilya nipped at his lower lip. “But you love me.”

“Damn right I do,” Shane answered before kissing Ilya, arms wrapped around his neck, with every intention to showing him just how much that was true.

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