

First Christmas

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First Christmas

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane celebrate their first Christmas together as a couple

Notes

Sorry this is late for Christmas! I wrote most of it while I was finishing up [Mine All Mine](#)
It also ended up being a lot longer than I was anticipating.

Anyway! Here is more of Shane and Ilya during their season being long distance.

ENJOY! 

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

Chapter 1

Shane fiddled somewhat anxiously with the new key fob on his keychain as he took an Uber to Ilya's penthouse apartment from his hotel in Boston. He'd told Hayden not to wait up for him and Hayden had made some cheeky jokes about Shane's "Bostonian Mystery Man", which Shane had laughed off somewhat forcefully.

It was sort of weird being out to his team but he was adjusting to it. Most people seemed fine with it, at least enough not to comment. Maybe not thrilled... but not actively hostile. J.J. and Hayden had been really supportive, which had been great, and Shane appreciated them very much for that.

It was still kind of surreal. Being out as gay, while protecting the secret relationship he had only recently entered into five months ago. He and Ilya still had most of the regular hockey season left, then playoffs, and maybe the Stanley Cup finals before the summer, which meant more of this; hiding and finding scattered hours to be together before being apart for weeks on end.

Shane hated knowing that Ilya loved him, that he loved Ilya, but that they had to be apart like this for so long. He knew that they would eventually get everything that they wanted once they retired, that things would be infinitely easier when Ilya moved to Ottawa, but for now... it kind of sucked.

And if Shane was honest, he hated having to hide. He didn't like not being able to tell Hayden or J.J. that he was seeing Ilya, that they were in love. He was planning on telling Hayden, eventually, at some point, because he had been incredibly chill about Shane being gay. But these were all things he could worry about later in the small hours when he missed the comforting press of Ilya's body against his like a physical ache.

Right now he was on his way to his *boyfriend's* penthouse and he was going to use the fob that Ilya had given Shane that would give him access to the building, elevator, and Ilya's apartment.

Shane was anxious about using it, nervous it wouldn't work, but also thrilled at having access to Ilya's apartment. It felt... *intimate*. Like something that a boyfriend *would* do. Ilya trusted him and Shane wanted to be sure that trust was well-placed.

The Uber dropped Shane off at the apartment complex and Shane thanked his driver as he got out of the car. He'd texted Ilya that he was on his way but hadn't gotten a reply yet.

Shane: Here. Heading upstairs

Still no reply from Ilya. Weird.

Shane took a deep breath, tapping the fob on the door, and opened it as the lock released. He breezed casually through the empty lobby and went to the elevator. Inside, Shane used the fob, and pressed the button for the penthouse floor.

So far, so good. Except for the lack of texts from Ilya. Was it possible he was still at the arena? Boston had won that night, so they could be celebrating, but Ilya was usually pretty good at updating Shane if he'd be delayed.

They had both wanted to see each other as soon as they could, so Shane had only dropped his stuff off at the hotel before he'd left, leaving him still in his suit, and despite his shower at the arena after the game, a bit more sweaty than he would have liked.

The elevator arrived at Ilya's floor and Shane went to his door, using the fob to open it.

"Ilya?" he called into the dark penthouse. No response. Shane furrowed his brows. He toed off his shoes and hung up his coat, turning the lights on. Ilya was definitely not in the penthouse. At all.

Shane texted him again.

Shane: are you still at the arena?

Finally, Ilya texted back.

Ilya: yes. Sorry. Cliff was trying to get me to come out. He was very persistent. I am changing and will leave soon

Shane: 🙄 I'm waiting

Ilya: are you going to keep yourself busy waiting for me? 😊

Shane chewed on his bottom lip. He certainly could... Ilya had bought Shane some sex toys that he kept in Boston... a few butt plugs, a prostate massager, and several dildos. If he was honest, he probably would do something, just to not have to wait to be opened up before Ilya fucked him. He was already feeling antsy enough.

He texted Ilya back.

Shane: hurry up and come find out

Shane didn't look at Ilya's response, he went to Ilya's bedroom, turning on the light, and got undressed, leaving his clothes neatly on Ilya's desk chair. Then he went to the luxurious bathroom, turning on the lights.

He went to the shower, turned on the water to warm, and grabbed a spare towel from the closet where Ilya kept them. They were all dark colors; black and gray and dark green. Shane picked a gray one and placed it within easy reach of the shower.

Shane felt a bit of a thrill at doing this... moving around Ilya's penthouse as if it was his, too. He'd never done anything like this before and it really was so intimate and... kind of sexy. He looked at Ilya's toiletries on the counter. The two toothbrushes, the toothpaste, the berry hand soap he liked, a lone hair tie, his face wash, mouthwash.

Shane opened the medicine cabinet, chuckling softly. There were the usual athlete related things one would find, like ibuprofen and bandaids, some stuff for colds, Ilya's razor, a few specialty hair care products for curly hair. Shane liked seeing these small, private things, an insight into Ilya when he was away from the ice, just as himself.

Shane closed the cabinet and got into Ilya's shower. He wet his hair and reached for Ilya's shampoo. Ilya's products smelled like him, which Shane loved, and he was only a little embarrassed to be turned on by it as he used Ilya's body wash. Just being surrounded by Ilya's things in general. Shane resisted giving his cock a few strokes while he rinsed, but he did make sure he was clean in all the places he wanted to be.

Shower done, he dried off, and hung up his towel, casually leaving the bathroom, and going back to the bedroom. Shane went to Ilya's bedside table, pulling out a condom, lube, and one of the butt plugs, then crawled into bed.

He lay back on the bed, looking up at Ilya's familiar ceiling. He liked Ilya's bed; it was a king, covered with one of the softest comforters Shane had ever had the pleasure of being wrapped up in. His sheets, too, were always very nice.

The whole room smelled like Ilya. Like whatever detergent he used and the cologne he liked, which Shane had looked up because he'd loved the smell, especially on Ilya's skin. *Tonka 25* by Le Labo, dark and woody and musky and sweet.

It was comforting.

Shane closed his eyes and sighed, running the fingertips of one hand over his skin, drawing nonsensical patterns. It didn't take long for him to be fully hard doing this, and thinking about the fact that he was in Ilya's bed, knowing that Ilya would find him, and fuck him. It was heady stuff.

God, Shane missed him.

Playing against each other was always fun and challenging and also sometimes infuriating but Shane loved knowing that after seeing confident, frustrating, competitive *Rozanov* on the ice, he would get sweet, intense, affectionate *Ilya* in bed.

Shane bit his lip, teasing the flat of his hand over his cock, cupping his balls. He played with himself a little, unable to help it. He hadn't really done much outside of whatever he and Ilya did together and he knew he was worked up. He reached for the lube.

Shane teased himself a little more, with slick fingers sliding over his dick, teasing the slit, which was already leaking. Then he reached down, rubbing a fingertip against his entrance. He heard his phone vibrate on the nightstand, figuring it was Ilya. Shane probably needed to hurry up.

He worked himself open, sliding his fingers into himself up to the second knuckles. He was better at this now than he'd ever been. Ilya would always have more sexual experience but Shane had been learning and he was definitely improving. He'd made sure of that.

“Fuck,” he huffed, pulling his fingers out and reached for the butt plug. He lubed it and slid it slowly and carefully into himself. This was still pretty new, using toys. He didn’t mind plugs though, especially for this exact purpose. Minimal prep to maximize fucking. Shane was all about efficiency.

He let out a slow breath, adjusting to the feeling, which he actually rather liked, but that seemed like a given, before he reached for his phone.

Ilya: such a tease, Hollander

Ilya: on my way. Will be there in 15 minutes

Shane breathed, choosing not to text back, putting his phone back on the bedside table, and adjusted himself on Ilya's bed, getting comfortable, and trying to look as sexy as possible.

He could make it less than fifteen minutes.

Shane closed his eyes and breathed. He stroked his cock a little and then forced his hand off. He didn't want to accidentally come before Ilya got here. The penthouse was quiet and Shane relaxed into the comfortable mattress.

He wasn't waiting long before he heard the door open and Ilya stepping inside.

“Shane?” Ilya called into the penthouse once the door was closed.

“In here!” Shane called back. He wasn't sure what to expect. Sometimes Ilya was just as eager and needy as Shane and he would come running, other times he would take his sweet ass time and make Shane wait.

Ilya appeared in the doorway of his bedroom in fairly short order which relieved Shane. He said something in Russian that sounded like swearing and Shane smiled as Ilya started tearing off his clothes. Shane was glad he hadn't put his suit back on and was just wearing a pair of joggers and a Boston Bears T-shirt.

“I put a plug in,” Shane breathed, stretching out on the bed, watching Ilya get naked through half-lidded eyes. He bit his lip and slid a hand over himself, making a soft, breathy noise.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya breathed, practically diving into bed, getting his hands on him. Shane whimpered, pulling Ilya close, digging his fingers into his back, pulling Ilya close so he could have Ilya on top of him.

Ilya laughed softly, kissing down Shane's neck, down to his chest, sucking a nipple into his mouth, making Shane gasp.

“I love when you are so eager,” Ilya breathed, kissing Shane again, hot and fierce. They kissed for a long time, hands sliding into hair, over shoulders. Shane squeezed Ilya’s ass and Ilya laughed, teasing Shane’s nipples.

Ilya pulled away, tugging Shane to the end of the bed so he could stand and Shane went willingly. He loved being fucked like this, when Ilya could pound into him, and Shane could

watch him, and touch himself for him.

Ilya leaned over him, pressing his face to Shane's neck, breathing him in.

"Did you take a shower?" Ilya asked, looking at Shane, his eyes smoldering, his lips curving up into a smile.

"Yes," Shane replied, smiling back.

Ilya growled and kissed Shane in that filthy-adoring way he had that made Shane's toes curl. Shane moaned loudly into it. He slid his fingers into Ilya's still damp curls, loving the texture and softness of them in his hands.

"I have missed you," Ilya murmured, reaching down to tap at the plug, making Shane shiver, then he gripped the handle and slowly pulled it partially out, then pushed it back in. Shane let his mouth fall open, panting, his hands gripping Ilya's shoulder blades.

"Missed you, too," Shane managed to reply breathlessly. "Fuck. Want your dick."

"You will have it," Ilya purred in reply. "Let me watch you. You are so beautiful. I have been thinking about you, about *this*, for days."

"Me, too," Shane replied. "Ilya. Shit. I want you." He wasn't beyond begging but fuck it did feel good to have Ilya playing with the plug.

"I know," Ilya hummed, shifting one of Shane's legs over his shoulder, kissing his ankle, his knee. "You're being so good for me."

Shane whimpered as Ilya twisted the toy inside him, bumping up against his prostate. There was no way that he was going to last much longer.

"Please," Shane begged. "Please, Ilya. Fuck me. I can't..."

Ilya made a soothing noise, pulling the plug out of Shane carefully. He grabbed the condom and lube that Shane had left out, putting it on and then slicking up, before he pressed the blunt head of his dick against Shane's hole.

"You want it?"

"Yes. Fucking come on," Shane whined.

Ilya gripped Shane's leg and then sank into him in one fluid motion.

"Oh fuck," Shane huffed, eyes rolling back, at the sensation. He loved when Ilya was inside him and after so long apart, Shane didn't want it to end. It felt so good to be full of him. He'd fucking wanted this, needed it.

Ilya found a brutal rhythm, hard and fast, just like Shane liked it. He loved being able to still feel that soreness afterwards, remembering what they did together.

“Love that you are so eager for my cock,” Ilya was saying, adjusting his hips, hitting just the right spot to make Shane moan. “Love that you smell like my soap. Love that you were here, waiting for me.”

Shane bit his lip, opening his eyes, looking at Ilya as he fucked into him. He loved watching Ilya like this, seeing every bit of hard earned muscle at work, the way Ilya’s hair fell in his face, the way his eyes darkened, his plush lips parted, or his bottom one between his teeth. But mostly, Shane loved being able to watch him when he came. There was nothing more beautiful.

“Been waiting for this for weeks,” Shane gasped. “Wanted you. Wanted your cock. Wanted this. So bad.”

“You have it now. Is it good?”

“So fucking good. Holy shit.”

Ilya laughed, nipping at Shane’s ankle. “Touch yourself for me. Let me see you.”

Shane did, wrapping a hand around his cock and stroking. It wasn’t quite enough but Ilya didn’t tell him to come, so he wasn’t going to push it... yet.

Ilya said something in Russian that Shane didn’t quite catch before he leaned over Shane, bending his leg forward. It changed the angle, pushing Ilya deeper, and he hit Shane’s prostate more often than not, which was fucking insane to him. He had no idea how Ilya got it right so often.

“Oh fuck. Don’t stop. Right there. Ilya. Fuck.”

Ilya growled, thrusting hard into Shane. “Yes, Shane. Fucking perfect. Come for me, sweetheart.”

Shane whimpered, jerking himself harder, trying to keep his eyes open and watch the way Ilya’s head tilted back, his movements far less coordinated as he chased after his own pleasure. Shane loved this, loved watching Ilya lose control. He was so gorgeous.

“I’m coming. Fuck. I’m coming. I’m co—” Shane cut himself off with a long, loud moan as he came all over his stomach and hand, the exquisite pleasure of it all washing over him.

“Shane,” Ilya breathed before he came, too, and Shane watched, completely entranced. How was it possible that this beautiful man was so into him? It seemed impossible, when he looked the way he did, especially when he climaxed.

They were both breathing hard and Ilya carefully slid Shane’s leg from his shoulder before he leaned over Shane, careful not to put his full weight on him. They kissed messily and Shane wrapped his arms around his boyfriend, holding him.

“I missed you so much,” he murmured.

“Me, too,” Ilya replied softly, nuzzling their noses. They breathed together for a bit before Ilya slid from Shane and Shane lay there, legs hanging off the bed. Ilya smiled softly, kissing Shane once more. “One second.”

Shane hummed, watching Ilya walk to the bathroom, before he closed his eyes. He heard Ilya come back out, then felt the warm touch of a cloth against his skin as Ilya cleaned up off. Done with his task, he pressed a gentle kiss to Shane’s solar plexus, making Shane coo softly, before pulling away.

Shane opened his eyes, watching Ilya dump the face cloth into the hamper, then come back to bed. He sat down beside Shane and gently stroked back his hair.

“Okay?” he asked gently.

“Mm,” Shane replied. “Just tired.”

Ilya nodded in agreement. It had been a long, intense game, as it usually was between the Bears and Voyageurs.

“Are you hungry?”

“A little.”

“Come,” Ilya hummed, leaning over and kissing Shane’s forehead. “I will make food.”

Shane smiled, his heart wobbling a little at the sweetness of this gesture, and how Ilya had done this for him before. One of his ways of showing affection and love. It was... nice. He sat up and followed Ilya, wrapping his arms around him from behind, and pressing kisses to his back. Ilya chuckled, pulling two pairs of underwear from his dresser, handing one pair to Shane.

Shane took it, giving Ilya one more kiss, before he slid the briefs on. Shane kind of loved that Ilya had saved the pair of underwear Shane had abandoned at his place during that one “boyfriend-y” evening they’d had. He cringed about it a little now, since he felt stupid for how afraid he had been, but it was also nice. He had his own drawer now though and multiple pairs of underwear.

Ilya handed him a shirt, too, another Boston Bears shirt, which made Shane snort, but he put it on, enjoying how baggy it was (since it was Ilya’s), and that it smelled like his boyfriend. Shane took Ilya’s hand and they went out into the kitchen together, where Shane helped Ilya gather ingredients and utensils and they started making a post-game snack together.

Shane liked this. Moving around the same space together, making something. He hoped, when they were both in Canada, that they could do this more often. He hoped, when they lived together, that they would make meals together all the time.

They leaned against the counter, facing one another, sharing a plate as they ate cheese and crackers and hard boiled eggs. It wasn’t anything fancy and they were both chuckling at the

inelegance of the snack, but this was what Shane loved. They were both professional athletes, which was a pretty niche experience, and they got to have this together.

“When do you have to go?” Ilya murmured after he’d loaded the dishwasher. He wrapped his arms around Shane, pulling him close, pressing his face to the top of Shane’s head.

“In, like, two hours probably,” he replied, his arms going around Ilya, too, letting Ilya rock them back and forth.

“Okay,” Ilya sighed and Shane smoothed his hand up and down his back.

“Ilya?” Shane asked after a few long moments.

“Mm?”

“Can we just... watch something and cuddle?”

Ilya chuckled and kissed into Shane’s hair. “Of course.”

They went to Ilya’s couch, Shane snuggled up against Ilya’s chest. Ilya pulled the throw blanket draped over the back of the couch over them and Shane knew he was in danger of falling asleep, but he kind of didn’t care. Ilya was warm and solid and it felt so nice to have him play with Shane’s hair and press tiny kisses to his forehead.

“Can you stay?” Ilya asked softly.

Shane wished he could. He wished he could have the night with Ilya, curling up with him in bed, falling asleep, and waking up together like they had this past summer. But they were flying out early tomorrow back to Montreal.

“I can’t,” Shane replied, sounding a bit dejected. Ilya sighed and squeezed him tight.

“I know,” Ilya sighed, sounding just as dejected. They weren’t really watching whatever sports documentary thing was on TV, too busy cuddling and exchanging warm, sleepy kisses. Shane wasn’t paying as close attention to the clock as he should but he kind of didn’t care.

“You’re coming for Christmas, right?” Shane asked softly, his head resting on Ilya’s shoulder, eyes closed, his hand stroking over Ilya’s chest, under his shirt. His heart kick-stepped in his chest as he thought about their impending time off and their holidays plans.

Their *first Christmas* together.

“If you will still have me,” Ilya murmured, nuzzling Shane’s hairline.

“Of course,” Shane replied. “My parents can’t wait. And I can’t either. I’m excited to have three and a half days with you.”

Ilya hummed. “I am excited, too. I did not celebrate Christmas, really. Not in the way it is here, in America. Is it different in Canada?”

“Not really,” Shane replied, filing this information away. He loved learning more about Ilya and his past. “It’s pretty similar but, like, secular. My family isn’t religious.”

“What is that word?” Ilya asked. “Secular?”

“Oh, like, not religious or associated with religion.”

“Mm. Okay.”

Shane smiled, snuggling a little closer. “What was Christmas like in Russia?”

“Is not really a thing in Russia. When my mother was alive we would go to Church but what you do for Christmas is more like New Year’s in Russia. Seeing family, presents, lots of food.”

“I didn’t know that. That’s pretty cool.”

“Eh,” Ilya shrugged. “Was fine. My mother made things fun, my father was not interested, and neither was my stepmother.”

Shane lifted his head. Ilya said these things to matter of fact, as if he was discussing the weather, as opposed to the fact that his childhood has been so difficult. Shane was learning, slowly but surely, but these pieces that Ilya shared made Shane’s heart break for him. He wanted to hold Ilya close and tight and protect him from anything else that might hurt him in life. He deserved the world as far as Shane was concerned.

“What do you want for Christmas?” Shane asked.

Ilya looked at him. “Nothing,” he replied with a small smile.

Shane narrowed his eyes at him. He had already gotten something for Ilya but now he wanted to buy him more than one thing.

“Shane. No,” Ilya laughed.

“You like presents though.” Shane had had first hand experience when he’d gotten Ilya a gift after he’d hit five hundred career goals. Ilya had been ecstatic.

“I’m going to buy you a bunch of gifts.”

Ilya chuckled and shook his head. “Not necessary.”

“Too bad.”

Ilya hummed, pressing a crooked finger under Shane’s chin, tilting his head up so Shane would meet his eyes.

“You are sweet,” he said. “Being with you and your family for Christmas is enough.”

Shane melted a bit at that, his cheeks warming. “I love you.”

Ilya smiled, soft and sweet and shy. “I love you, too.”

They kissed, a small, tender thing, and Shane snuggled up against Ilya, letting Ilya hold him, feeling swallowed up by him in the best way.

Eventually, Shane’s time came to an end. He put his suit back on, hiding the t-shirt under his button down. Ilya kissed him goodbye at the door and Shane held him close for a few more indulgent seconds.

“I’ll see you in a week for Christmas,” he murmured against Ilya’s chest.

“Yes,” Ilya replied. “Seven days.”

Shane closed his eyes. “Seven days.”

Ilya didn’t have a problem taking an Uber from the airport to Shane’s penthouse. He was greatly amused by Shane’s annoyance about it but he figured it would be easier than the two of them potentially drawing attention to themselves by Shane coming to pick Ilya up.

The plan was for them to drive from Montreal to Ottawa to spend Christmas with Shane’s parents and then head back to Montreal to have the rest of the Christmas holiday together before Ilya went back to Boston.

Ilya had been invited to teammates’ holiday parties and houses to spend Christmas all through his time in the NHL. When he had first come to the US, he had taken up the offers, but in recent years had decided to spend the holidays alone. He’d usually treat himself to a fancy dinner and then meet up with someone for a hookup.

This was the first time he was spending Christmas with a *boyfriend*. With a *boyfriend’s family*. It was... unreal. He liked the Hollanders, they were very nice, welcoming people, but Ilya still felt like he had to be a good, respectable boyfriend. Shane’s parents were hosting them, *him*, for the holidays. He had to be at his best. He’d packed a very nice outfit and even the right hair care product for his curls and the cologne he (and Shane) liked.

He’d gotten them some gifts, too. It wasn’t much; a nice bottle of wine for Yuna and some fancy beers from local breweries in Boston for David. He’d gotten a bunch of small things for Shane because Shane was hard to buy for.

Most of the stuff was thoughtful, in his opinion. Hockey related things, like the tape he knew Shane liked and wax and new blade covers, a nice pair of socks because Shane’s feet were always cold, and some sex dice. But he would make sure to give that to Shane when they were alone.

He was a little nervous about the whole thing if he were perfectly honest but he was sure it would be fine. Fun even. And he would have extra time with Shane, which he was very much looking forward to. They had only been apart for a week, but Ilya ached for him.

He looked out the window at the snow softly falling and thought about seeing Shane in ten minutes, getting to hold and kiss him and smell him. His stomach fluttered with anxious-excited nerves and his heart raced. He'd missed him. This season felt like torture. Being apart and knowing they were in love hurt more than Ilya had thought it would. Even worse that he couldn't tell anyone. He wanted to scream it from the rooftops.

Shane Hollander loves me.

The car pulled up to the apartment building and Ilya retrieved his bag and thanked his driver before he went into the building.

Shane had given Ilya a key, just like Ilya had given him a fob, and the fact of that made Ilya all gooey inside. He loved that Shane trusted him, that he wanted him to have access to his penthouse.

Ilya texted Shane that he was on his way upstairs, taking the elevator. He arrived at Shane's floor and stepped out onto the carpet, surprised at seeing Shane at the end of the hall, waiting. Shane started jogging down toward Ilya and Ilya stopped, releasing his luggage so his hands were free as Shane more or less jumped into his arms.

Ilya laughed, wrapping his arms tight around Shane as Shane's legs wrapped around his waist, arms around his neck, squeezing.

"You're here," Shane said, leaning back, trusting Ilya to hold him steady. He cupped Ilya's cheeks, kissing all over his face. "You're here, you're here."

Ilya just kept laughing because Shane was so fucking adorable and sweet and they were *together* and all was right with the world.

He kissed back at Shane, smiling so wide his cheeks hurt. Shane was smiling too, his face adorably crinkled. They looked at each other for a moment and then they kissed for real, long and deep.

"I missed you," Ilya breathed, his forehead pressed to Shane's.

"I missed you, too," Shane sighed, rubbing their noses together. "Come inside. Are you hungry? I made food."

"Da. Yes," Ilya replied, carrying Shane down the hall without putting him down.

"Ilya," Shane laughed. "Your bags! Hey! Your bags!"

Ilya rolled his eyes, though he was smiling, and gently set a giggling Shane down on his feet. He kissed him again, because he could, and went back to retrieve his bags and bring them into Shane's penthouse.

Shane's cheeks were pink and he looked so happy, closing the door behind Ilya. They embraced and kissed some more, before Shane let Ilya take off his hat and jacket and shoes. Ilya definitely wanted to fuck Shane... but he was also starving and his stomach protested loudly about it.

“I’ll take these,” Shane said, smiling, motioning to Ilya’s bags. “Food is on the breakfast bar.”

“Okay,” Ilya chuckled, shaking his head as Shane brought Ilya’s bags to his room, and Ilya went into the kitchen.

Apparently Shane had been just as anxious as Ilya because the breakfast bar was loaded with food, like a buffet. Ilya shook his head, impossibly endeared and so in love with this ridiculous man.

“Is this all for me?” Ilya asked him, gesturing at the food. Shane’s cheeks turned crimson.

“No,” he replied softly, almost petulant. Ilya smiled wide, gathering Shane into his arms, lifting him off his feet and spinning him around. He laughed and Ilya pressed a long, noisy kiss to his cheek. God, he loved that laugh.

They both made plates for themselves and Shane handed Ilya a coke while he drank his ginger ale and they talked about Ilya’s flight and the plan for tomorrow. It felt good, being together again, picking up where they had left off.

After they finished eating, Shane took their plates and utensils, loading them into the dishwasher. Ilya came up behind him, wrapping his arms around Shane, his chest pressed to Shane’s back. Shane hummed, resting his hands on Ilya’s forearms. Ilya bent to kiss and nuzzle his neck, focusing on the adorable little grouping of freckles at the back of Shane’s neck.

“I have Christmas presents for you,” Ilya murmured, his fingers finding their way under Shane’s shirt, sliding over warm, smooth skin. “There is one that I think will be fun to try. Do you want it now or later?”

Shane hummed, laying his head back on Ilya’s shoulder and Ilya kissed his temple.

“Is it a sex thing?”

Ilya chuckled. “Maybe.”

Shane sighed but he was smiling. “I’ll open it now, if you want.”

Ilya smiled and chuckled. “Okay. We can use it, too.”

“Oh god,” Shane sighed and Ilya laughed, teasing his fingers under the waistband of Shane’s pants.

“Bedroom,” he murmured, nipping Shane’s ear.

They went to Shane’s bedroom and Ilya went to his suitcase.

“For your parents,” he said, setting aside the things he had brought for Yuna and David. “For you.” He took out the slightly squashed bag of gifts for Shane and set that aside, digging around for the other gift. Finding it, he pulled it out. At least the wrapping paper was still intact.

“You didn’t have to get me anything,” Shane huffed and Ilya made a derisive noise in reply. He handed Shane the small wrapped gift and set the gift bag aside with the gifts for Shane’s parents.

Shane let out a long breath, turning the wrapped present around in his hands. He looked at Ilya, who just grinned at him, and sat next to him on the bed. Shane shook his head and opened the gift.

“What the fuck?” he murmured, a smile in his voice, as he inspected the package of sex dice. “Sex dice? Really?”

Ilya shrugged. “I have never used them before. Could be fun.”

Shane laughed softly, turning the package over, and opened it, dumping the dice into his palm. He looked at them, curious.

“These seem... kind of silly,” he said.

“Maybe. I think that is the point.”

Shane looked at Ilya, pink cheeked and sweet. “Do you... want to try it?”

Ilya nodded enthusiastically. Shane laughed. “Okay.”

They both undressed, sitting in the middle of Shane’s bed in nothing but their underwear, Shane holding the dice.

“So, how does his work? Whoever rolls has to do whatever the dice says to the other person?”

“Sure,” Ilya agreed.

“Alright, well, here goes nothing,” Shane said. He shook the dice in his cupped hands, then dropped them onto the bed. He and Ilya peered over them.

“Tickle... toes,” Shane read and pressed his lips together, looking at Ilya.

“No,” Ilya said immediately.

“No? Why?” Shane laughed.

Ilya shook his head. “I will kick you in the face and break your nose.”

“Are your feet that sensitive?”

“Yes. I... don’t like them being touched really.”

Shane leaned closer, looking at Ilya with big eyes. “You don’t? Really?”

“Yes. Is uncomfortable.”

Shane's eyes darted to Ilya's feet and Ilya tucked them underneath himself. "Shane. No."

Shane's eyes were gleeful. He was seeing this as a challenge and Ilya already knew he was going to have to fight Shane off and if he kicked him in the face, it would be his own fault, because he had been warned.

"You don't want to do this," Ilya said but Shane pounced anyway.

They wrestled on the bed for a bit, laughing. Shane did manage to brush his fingertips against the underside of Ilya's right foot, making him twitch away, and protest. Shane just laughed.

"Oh my god," he chuckled. "You really hate it."

"Yes, I told you!"

"Okay, okay. I'll leave them alone."

"Thank you," Ilya huffed, annoyed, but Shane was laying on top of him so he couldn't complain too much.

"Want me to try again?" Shane asked.

"Sure."

Shane picked up the dice, shaking them, then plopped them on Ilya's chest, one die rolling off onto the mattress.

"Mm, says, kiss," he read on the die that had nestled between Ilya's pecs, and then picked up the other that had fallen to the mattress. "Thigh. Seems doable."

He smiled at Ilya and Ilya smiled back. Shane placed the dice on the pillow next to Ilya, then made his way between Ilya's legs. "Want these off?" he asked, sneaking a finger up the edge of Ilya's briefs, finger rubbing against the top of his thigh.

"Yes," Ilya replied, lifting his hips, and letting Shane tug his briefs off. He was only half-hard but he imagined that that wouldn't be the case once they really got going. Shane hummed, resting his hands on Ilya's thighs, squeezing into the muscle a little, before he dipped his head to press featherlight kisses to the sensitive skin at the inside of Ilya's left thigh.

"Love your thighs," Shane murmured, his warm breath ghosting pleasantly over Ilya's sensitive skin.

Ilya leaned back into the pillows, watching Shane, letting his legs fall open to give Shane more access. He kissed up and down the inside of Ilya's left thigh, then the right, leaving Ilya hard and shivering pleasantly.

Ilya sighed and Shane lifted his head, smiling at him, pressing a kiss to his knee, and simultaneously sliding his finger under Ilya's foot to tickle him. Ilya swore in Russian, jerking his leg away, and Shane laughed.

“Is not funny,” Ilya protested but he started laughing, too. “You are a little shit.”

Shane just grinned, leaning over Ilya to kiss him. “Sorry. It’s just exciting to find that you have a weakness.”

Ilya huffed and shook his head. “ *You* are my weakness.”

Shane’s face was surprised at first, then softened, his expression tender and adoring. “Ilya...” It was the truth, of course. Ilya would do anything for Shane.

Ilya smiled softly back at him and pulled Shane down for more kisses, wrapping a leg around Shane’s ass.

“Do you want to keep going with the dice or...?” Shane murmured against his mouth.

“No,” Ilya replied. “I want to fuck you.”

Shane let out a sigh of pleasure. “Yeah. Please.”

He leaned over Ilya and grabbed the lube and a condom from his bedside drawer and handed it to Ilya. He took both, putting them within easy reach, before flipping Shane onto his back, and trailed kisses down his body.

He sucked Shane’s dick and played with his balls a little before he opened him up, slow but efficient. He was perhaps just as eager to fuck Shane as Shane was to be fucked. Shane stroked his hand through Ilya’s hair, brushed his fingers over his face, and Ilya pulled off of him to turn his face into Shane’s palm, pressing kisses to his skin.

“I’m ready,” Shane murmured in Russian, which made Ilya’s heart flutter helplessly. He loved when Shane spoke in Russian, that he was trying to learn.

Ilya carefully removed his fingers from Shane, sliding on the condom, and slicking himself. He tugged Shane to the end of the bed, his legs on Ilya’s shoulders, as Ilya slid into him. Shane moaned, eyes rolling back.

Ilya fucked Shane hard and fast, watching the way Shane moaned and panted, his hands fisting into his comforter. Ilya bent his legs forward, adjusting his angle, loving the way Shane gasped and moaned when Ilya hit just the right spot.

Ilya loved when Shane babbled while he was being fucked. He said Ilya’s name a lot, begged for more, and Ilya was happy to give it to him.

“Come for me, sweetheart,” Ilya panted and Shane wrapped his hand around his cock, stroking himself. Ilya loved this, too, the way Shane’s face looked, brows furrowed, lips between his teeth, his eyes glazed with pleasure, cheeks pink from exertion. Ilya loved the way his hand looked around his dick, the muscles in his chest going tight, abs and thighs trembling.

Shane Hollander climaxing was an absolutely beautiful thing to experience and Ilya watched Shane’s eyes roll back, mouth open, body arched as he came long and loud, making a mess

all over his hand and torso.

Absolutely perfect. It was enough to send Ilya over the edge, his own head tossed back as he came inside Shane, euphoria washing over him. He would never get enough of this. Ever. It was too good.

He carefully released Shane's legs and leaned over him to kiss him. Shane sighed, running his hands into Ilya's hair, cupping them around his face.

"I need to shower," he mumbled as they pulled apart and Ilya chuckled, kissing his chin, and then his neck, and then his shoulder.

"Yes," he replied fondly.

They showered together and Ilya felt better, washing the travel off. After showering, they changed into pajamas, and settled on the couch to watch TV. It would probably end up devolving into more sex but Ilya didn't care. He was happy to be with Shane and he would be happy with whatever happened.

Chapter 2

Shane woke up the morning of Christmas Eve with his face tucked into Ilya's armpit. Ilya was on his back, his arm raised up over his head. He was snoring softly, and Shane must have snuggled against his side while he slept.

He chuckled, ducking his head against Ilya's obliques instead, tossing an arm over Ilya's chest, and a leg over his hips. He loved knowing how Ilya slept. He was a pretty relaxed sleeper, not tossing or turning much, tending to fall asleep on his side, and end up on his back, one arm tossed over his head. He whimpered in his sleep sometimes, too, which Shane wondered about.

Anytime Shane heard it, that soft, sad, breathy sound, he would spoon up against Ilya and kiss the back of his neck or his shoulder, hoping that he felt comforted, even in sleep.

Shane lay like that against Ilya until he felt him twitch and mumble. He felt Ilya stretch, the muscle under Shane's arm pulling taut, before Ilya relaxed, and both his arms came around Shane. His hand slid over Shane's arm where it rested across his chest and he pressed a kiss to Shane's forehead.

Shane's heart flip-flopped and he smiled, pressing closer. "Good morning," he murmured. "Merry Christmas."

"Good morning," Ilya murmured back, chuckling. "Merry Christmas."

They cuddled close, relaxing in the quiet. Ilya dropped tiny kisses into Shane's hair and Shane tilted his head up to nuzzle at his chin, and got little kisses in return. He smoothed his hand over Ilya's chest and sighed, feeling his heart beat under his palm.

Shane sat up after a few more indulgent moments, pressing a kiss to Ilya's shoulder, then got out of bed.

"Nooooo," Ilya lamented from the pillows and Shane laughed, going into the bathroom.

"Well, I want to kiss you, so, I'm brushing my teeth."

Ilya grumbled in annoyed Russian and Shane peeked out of the bathroom door as he picked up his toothbrush, smiling as Ilya got out of bed, though he looked unhappy about it. Neither of them were wearing clothes, which didn't really matter, and Shane shamelessly let his eyes wander.

God his boyfriend was fucking gorgeous.

Ilya joined Shane in the bathroom, brushing his teeth with his eyes closed, looking sleepy and kind of adorable. Shane giggled softly and Ilya huffed at him. Teeth brushed, Shane took his hand, and dragged him back to bed. Ilya went very willingly.

They crawled back under the covers together and Shane straddled Ilya, resting his hands on his chest, the crucifix pendant on the chain around his neck was tucked behind his shoulder, and Shane moved it so it wouldn't dig into Ilya's skin.

Ilya smiled up at him, resting his hands on Shane's hips. He looked sleep warm and rumpled and completely perfect.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome," Shane replied as he leaned down to kiss his boyfriend sweetly. Shane loved Ilya's lips, they were so plush and surprisingly soft, and it was incredibly unfair that they had to go weeks without kissing.

Or touching. Or being together in general.

Shane kissed Ilya's top lip, then his bottom lip, then both together. He pressed a few kisses against his mouth and Ilya hummed softly.

"That was nice," he murmured, his voice still a bit frayed and throaty. Shane nuzzled their noses.

"Just getting started..."

"Oh yes?" Ilya asked with a smile.

"Mmm."

Ilya chuckled softly, running his hands up Shane's sides. Shane shivered at the touch, twitching away slightly, and chuckling as Ilya hit a ticklish spot. Ilya tiskd softly.

"You are ticklish here," Ilya murmured, running a finger along Shane's side again along his ribs. "And here." He lifted his hand, tracing along Shane's upper back. "And here also." His finger trailed along Shane's lower back.

Shane nodded, biting his lip, his dick very interested in all the delicate touching that was happening. It did not go unnoticed by Ilya. Ilya dragged his fingertips over those spots, making Shane laugh breathlessly, his whole body oversensitive.

"Stop," he whined, though he was still smiling. Ilya did, smoothing his hands over Shane's skin to soothe him.

"Let me kiss you," Ilya hummed and Shane leaned closer, letting himself be kissed, as Ilya reached between them to wrap his hand around Shane's cock. Ilya was smiling as he kissed Shane.

"What?" Shane murmured.

"I love that you are always so hard for me."

Shane made an indignant noise but fuck, Ilya wasn't wrong. Shane could barely control himself when Ilya was around. Just looking at him, smelling him, was sometimes enough to turn Shane on.

But honestly? He was over caring. He'd wanted this for years and now he got to have it and why would he want to keep hiding how he felt for Ilya. Even if it was sometimes hard to express himself in words, his body certainly made it obvious. At least, Shane hoped that that was how Ilya took it. Going by his smile and soft laughs and gentle, teasing touching, he was getting the message loud and clear.

"Come here," Ilya sighed, his hands cupping under Shane's ass, pulling him closer. "I want to blow you."

"Are you sure?" Shane asked, indicating their position. Ilya shifted to lean against Shane's headboard and nodded.

"Yes," Ilya replied. "Is fine."

Shane rose to his knees, his dick more or less level with Ilya's face. He wrapped his arms around Shane's hip, his palm pressed to Shane's back, his other arm coming around right under Shane's ass. He bent forward a bit to lick at the head of Shane's cock, and Shane wrapped his hands around his headboard.

"Oh shit..."

Ilya smiled, chuckling softly, teasing his head around the head of Shane's cock. He took his time, tonguing at Shane's slit, the underside of his dick, before taking it into his mouth as far as he could at this angle.

Shane watched, mesmerized. He'd never been at this angle before and watching Ilya suck his cock was always an insane experience. Hot as hell.

"Fuck," Shane panted. "Love how good you are at this..."

Ilya hummed around him, the vibration making Shane shudder and gasp. Shane didn't want to close his eyes, though it was difficult to not sink into the sensation of Ilya's warm, wet, talented mouth around him.

Ilya pulled off him, nuzzling against his pelvis, and pressing kisses to the side of Shane's dick. Shane reached down to card his hand into Ilya's soft curls, holding a fistful gently between his fingers. Ilya smiled at him, raising his sparkling hazel eyes, and winked, before he took Shane down again. He slid a hand between Shane's cheeks, teasing his hole gently, rubbing the pad of his finger in firm but careful circles.

"Oh god, Ilya. Jesus," Shane breathed, pressing his hips forward, pressing deeper into Ilya's mouth. Ilya's arm tightened around him.

Shane was definitely going to come. He could feel himself reaching the edge. So quickly, too. It was overwhelming. All of his senses overstimulated.

“I’m close,” he huffed. “So fucking close.”

Ilya hummed his encouragement, bobbing his head in earnest, and Shane stopped fighting his release. He moaned and whined and panted and came hard, spurting and shuddering into Ilya’s mouth.

Ilya lingered, swallowing around Shane, before pulling off of him carefully, swiping his thumb over his lips. Shane was trying to catch his breath and Ilya pulled him close, his face pressed into Shane’s chest. He kissed his skin and Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya’s head, burying his face in Ilya’s curls.

“Fuck that was amazing,” Shane sighed, kissing the top of Ilya’s head. Then he leaned back to look at his boyfriend.

“What would you like?” he asked.

“What will you give me?” Ilya replied, reaching up to trace Shane’s lips with his thumb. Shane kissed the digit.

“Whatever you want.”

Ilya smiled. “Your mouth then.”

Shane blushed and smiled. He kissed Ilya, then moved down his body to his dick. Shane took his time because he wasn’t in any rush and he loved having Ilya’s dick in his mouth. He kissed the length of him, kitten licking at the head where it was poking out of the foreskin. He teased Ilya’s slit and hummed, fluttering his lashes as Ilya grunted and slid a hand into Shane’s hair.

Shane took Ilya into his mouth, bobbing his head slowly, taking Ilya as deep as he could, relaxing his throat. He had gotten a lot better at this. He loved deep-throating Ilya, loved it even better when Ilya got hard in his mouth, but this was just as good.

“Such a perfect mouth, Hollander,” Ilya murmured. “So beautiful like this, for me.”

Shane moaned around Ilya, the praise making him go warm all over. Ilya stroked his hair, ran his thumb over Shane’s cheek. “Gorgeous.”

Shane kept going, using his tongue and teeth, reaching between Ilya’s legs to roll his balls in his hand, making Ilya hiss. It took less time than Shane was anticipating for Ilya to be speaking in breathless Russian.

“Shane,” Ilya huffed. “I’m going to come.”

Shane always appreciated the warning, since he didn’t always like to take it in his mouth, but he kept going, raising his eyes to watch as Ilya came. Shane always felt so privileged, being able to see Ilya climax, being able to appreciate how gorgeous he was. It was one of his favorite things.

He carefully let Ilya slide from his mouth and Ilya tugged him close, kissing him, then pulled Shane down on top of him. Shane went willingly, letting Ilya swallow him up in his arms, and he tucked himself against him, closing his eyes, and practically purring.

They stayed like that for a long time, dozing off together, before they finally got up, and changed into workout clothes. Shane had a very small personal gym in his apartment, in the room that could have been an office. He'd normally use his apartment complex's gym but not when Ilya was here as there was no way to explain why Ilya Rozanov was hanging out with Shane Hollander during Christmas... not yet any way.

They worked out, ate breakfast, showered, then exchanged Christmas gifts. Shane loved that Ilya had gotten him a bunch of useful hockey stuff. Shane could have probably bought the items himself, but he liked that the gift was mostly the products that he liked and used often, the fact that Ilya had thought of what Shane liked, that he knew what Shane liked.

The socks were pretty good, too. Very warm and comfy, which he appreciated, because he always had cold feet.

His own gifts for Ilya seemed kind of silly, but Shane hoped he would appreciate them. He'd gotten Ilya a very nice (and expensive) leather Dopp Kit, along with a nice set of Tom Ford dress socks, and gold, mother of pearl cufflinks. Shane had seen Ilya pack most of his stuff in plastic bags, which was terrible for the environment, and also really disorganized. He figured at least the Dopp Kit might be something useful for him.

Shane watched Ilya's face for his reaction. Ilya unwrapped the Dopp kit first, smiling. He ran his hand over the camel colored leather of the bag, turning it over, inspecting it.

"Is this about the plastic bags?" Ilya asked Shane, looking up at him. He was smiling and Shane smiled back, shrugging.

"I wanted to get you something practical."

"Is very practical. And nice."

Shane nodded, nodding toward the other gifts. Ilya chuckled, lifting another wrapped package, the socks.

"I can always use dress socks," Ilya murmured. "These are nice."

"Mmhmm."

The last gift, the cufflinks, were what Shane was the most nervous about. He'd seen them in the window at an independent jewelry store. They had immediately made him think of Ilya and his style and so he'd bought them. He was worried maybe he'd gotten it wrong.

Ilya unwrapped the cufflinks, looking surprised, and touched.

"Shane," he said, looking up at him. "These are very beautiful."

“Do you like them?” Shane asked, genuinely asking, biting his bottom lip, and scooching closer.

“Yes,” Ilya replied, looking down at the studs, shaking his head a little. He inspected them, running his thumb over the mother of pearl. He looked up again, smiling warmly at Shane, and Shane knew that his face was dreamy and sappy as shit. Ilya leaned in to kiss him.

“Thank you, moy lyubimyy.”

“You’re very welcome.”

They packed their gifts away and started getting ready to head out to Ottawa. Shane was filled with a nervous-excitement at bringing Ilya home for the holidays. His parents had already gotten a chance to get to know Ilya a bit during the summer but this was a whole new experience. For everyone.

“Okay?” Ilya asked, sliding into his coat.

Shane looked at him and smiled. “Yeah. You?”

Ilya tilted his head back and forth. “Eh. Nervous.”

Shane softened and smiled, reaching out to squeeze Ilya’s arm. “Me, too, kinda’.”

Ilya offered a small smile back. “Will be fine. Your parents are good.”

“Yeah. They are. It will be. It’s just new.”

“Yes. But we are together.”

Shane smiled wider and nodded. “We are.”

Ilya sat in the passenger seat of Shane’s Jeep Cherokee as they drove the two hours from Montreal to Ottawa. They talked, argued over the music Ilya wanted to listen to, since Shane had no musical taste whatsoever, and laughed about nothing.

Ilya asked Shane a bunch of questions about his childhood home, if his parents would have pictures of him on the walls, if Ilya would get to see his childhood bedroom. Shane blushed furiously and said that yes, his parents did have pictures of him everywhere, given that he was an only child, and yes, Ilya would see his childhood bedroom, if he wanted.

Yes. *Of course* Ilya wanted.

Ilya had only ever been to Shane’s parents’ cottage, right next to Shane’s. This was Shane’s *childhood home* . Where he had *grown up* . Ilya was excited and felt rather honored to be a part of Shane’s life like this, to *know* Shane on such a deep, intimate level.

As incredible as their sex life was (and it *was* incredible), Ilya really liked the quieter, more domestic, normal parts of their relationship. It was all new and they were navigating that, as well as keeping their relationship a secret, but there were pockets of normalcy. This was something that couples did and got to experience together... and Ilya was looking forward to that.

Ilya watched Shane's face in profile as he drove and his heart rate increased, just looking at him. Shane had such a pretty profile. Ilya loved the straight slope of his nose and his sharp jawline. Being in love was so... weird. Ilya thought that he was maybe adjusting to it... and liking it... particularly because he knew that his feelings were returned.

"What?" Shane asked, his eyes glancing at Ilya.

"You're beautiful," Ilya replied in Russian. He watched Shane's brows furrowed as he tried to translate. His Russian was still pretty rudimentary but Ilya appreciated that he was trying.

Ilya watched Shane's cheeks turn pink.

"Um... did you call me beautiful?"

Ilya chuckled. "Yes."

Shane shook his head, his cheeks turning even more pink. Ilya grinned.

The two hours in the car passed pretty quickly and before he knew it, they were pulling up to an adorable little house in the suburbs of Ottawa. Shane parked the car behind a sedan in the driveway and cut the engine. He sighed and turned to Ilya.

"Ready?"

"Yes," Ilya replied, smiling broadly. He was. He was looking forward to this. He had worn a very nice sweater and pants and he'd even let Shane tease him as he stood in his bathroom with his hairdryer and the appropriate diffuser attachment so that his hair wasn't a mess as he normally let it be.

Shane smiled back, soft and tender, and reached out to brush the back of his hand over Ilya's neatened curls, then over his cheek.

"I love you," Shane said. "I'm glad you're here."

Ilya completely melted inside. "I love you, too. I am also glad."

Shane leaned over the console and kissed Ilya gently. Ilya closed his eyes, leaning into it. Shane's mouth was warm and soft against his and Ilya could feel the importance of this moment and what it meant for them. They pulled apart and chuckled softly at one another before finally getting out of the car, into the snow, and went to meet Shane's parents.

Ilya wasn't at all surprised to be greeted so warmly as soon as he and Shane walked through the door. It sort of seemed like Yuna had been waiting for them by the door, Shane basically walking right into her outstretched arms as soon as he walked into the house.

Ilya got a warm hug and a kiss, too, and he leaned into it, enjoying Yuna's easy affection, and the comfort of it. David waited until Yuna had cleared out before he came in for handshakes and hugs and asking what they wanted to drink.

Ilya and Shane were able to take off their boots and hang up their coats and Ilya followed after Shane, since he was unfamiliar with the house, and it was his first time here.

"I'll give you a tour," Shane told him softly. "And we can put this stuff," he indicated their gifts, "under the tree."

Shane's parents' house was so warm and welcoming and *lived in*. Ilya's experience in his own childhood home had been like this once, before his mother had died. It made him feel rather fond and maybe more emotional than he was anticipating, but he tucked those feelings away in favor of focusing on what more he would get to learn about Shane.

They placed their gifts under the neat little tree in the window and Ilya admired it, looking at the ornaments, things that Shane's parents had probably kept from when Shane was a kid. He smiled, turning from the tree, and wandered over to the mantel where pictures of Shane at various ages in various kinds of hockey uniforms resided. He slid a hand in his pocket as he looked curiously at all of the pictures, seeing Shane grow up behind the glass of the picture frames.

"You were adorable," Ilya said, pointing to a picture of Shane when he was maybe six or seven, with a helmet on, wearing an Ottawa Centaurs jersey. He was smiling in the picture and he was missing one of his front teeth. Ilya giggled.

"Stop it," Shane huffed, coming to Ilya's side, blushing furiously, though he wasn't really fighting Ilya very hard about it.

"No," Ilya replied, smiling brightly. "I want to know everything."

Shane pouted a little and god, he was *still* so fucking cute.

"I want to ask your parents all kinds of embarrassing stories about you," he chuckled and Shane smacked the back of his hand lightly against Ilya's chest, which made Ilya laugh.

"No. Be nice."

"I am being very nice," Ilya replied, faking offense.

Shane rolled his eyes but he was smiling, too. Ilya watched him, feeling so full of love for him he thought he might explode, or have to find a pillow he could scream into, or just bite the shit out of Shane's pink ears.

"Come on," Shane said. "I'll show you the whole house."

"We are coming back to these," Ilya replied, indicating the mantel as Shane took his hand.

Shane took Ilya around the house. Showing him the kitchen and the attached half bath, the hall that led to the backdoor and the moderately sized backyard. They went through the

dining room and living room, then taking Ilya upstairs to show him the full bath, his parents' room, an office, and what was Shane's old bedroom.

Ilya lingered in the doorway of Shane's childhood bedroom. He stepped inside, turning on the light, taking in the room's measure. Ilya wasn't surprised that Shane's parents had kept the room much the same as when Shane had last used it and Ilya was so glad.

"You were a nerd," Ilya said, looking at the hockey posters on Shane's wall, the trophies and medals from hockey when he had been a kid, all kinds of books on hockey in the small bookcase against the wall.

"Yeah, well, you knew that," Shane mumbled. Ilya turned to look at him. He had both hands in the back pockets of his jeans, toeing at the carpet, his ears were red, and his head was bowed. Ilya moved toward him, tucking his finger under his chin, lifting Shane's head so he would meet Ilya's eyes.

His face was all red and his expression self-conscious. Ilya made a fond little sound and smiled, leaning in to brush a kiss against Shane's cheekbone, unable to help himself.

"I love what I am learning about you," Ilya whispered against his ear and nipped Shane's earlobe, making Shane gasp softly.

"Behave," Shane murmured, one hand pressed to Ilya's chest, though he wasn't pushing Ilya away.

"You are sure? You do not want me to fuck you in your childhood room? See if you can be quiet with your parents downstairs?"

Ilya could feel how tense Shane was, taut as a bowstring, his fingers curling into Ilya's sweater. Ilya hid his smile against Shane's cheek. He knew he was tempting fate. Shane could very well say yes and Ilya would have to put his money where his mouth was, though he was up for the challenge, but the likelihood of that was low.

"Don't," Shane huffed.

Ilya hummed and kissed Shane's cheek once more before pulling away. Shane looked at him, his dark eyes filled with heat and Ilya's eyes slid down to the obvious tent in his pants. Ilya met Shane's eyes and grinned wickedly at him.

"I hate you."

Ilya's grin grew. "You love me."

They lingered upstairs for a while longer, which Ilya didn't mind, it gave him time to poke around at Shane's old childhood things, before Shane deemed it safe to return back downstairs. They went to the kitchen, where David handed them glasses of wine, and told them dinner would be ready soon.

Ilya complimented him and Yuna on their comfortable home and they chatted a bit about how the season had been going so far and if Ilya was excited about some of his time off.

“Yes,” Ilya replied. “Is nice to be with Shane... and to be here. Thank you for inviting me.”

“Oh of course,” David replied.

“We’re so happy you’re here,” Yuna added.

Shane rested a hand against Ilya’s lower back, tucked closer against his side, and Ilya glanced at him. Shane was looking up at him, smiling softly.

“Me, too,” he murmured and pressed a brief, tiny kiss to Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya melted inside. They talked for a little while longer before Shane eventually excused himself to use the bathroom, and Ilya leaned in conspiratorially.

“Please tell me the most embarrassing story you have of Shane as a kid,” he said, making both Yuna and David laugh.

“That’s a tall order,” Yuna chuckled, looking at Ilya. “I have *a lot* .”

Ilya looked at her gleefully. “I have to know *everything* .”

“You have to know everything about what?” Shane asked from behind Ilya. Ilya looked innocently over his shoulder.

“Nothing.”

“Mmhmm.”

Ilya smiled and Shane narrowed his eyes at him.

Dinner was eventually served and they all sat around the dining room table to eat. It was lovely really, something so wholesome and entertaining in a way that Ilya hadn’t ever really experienced before.

He loved watching Shane with his parents and seeing their dynamic play out, and he appreciated being included. Shane met his eyes over his wine glass and his foot brushed up against Ilya’s under the table, a very gentle check in.

You good?

Yeah. I’m good.

They cleaned up after dinner and dessert was brought out. Ilya was already eying the thumbprint cookies with jam. He *loved* jam and sweets in general, so he was very excited about sampling all the cookies.

They made plates of cookies, glasses were refilled, and they went to the living room to do gifts. Shane had Ilya sit on one of the armchairs and he sat on the floor, leaning back against Ilya’s legs. Ilya smiled softly, reaching down to gently (and briefly) card his fingers through Shane’s silky hair. Shane looked up at him and smiled. Ilya smiled back.

His insides were completely liquid at this point. He could hardly stand how soft he was for this man, how in love with him he was.

Gifts were handed out and opened. Yuna and David were very appreciative of Ilya's gifts, though he felt like they weren't really that big of a deal. They had gotten him a very soft sweater which he very much liked and appreciated.

It was a completely lovely evening and Ilya was a bit sad to go but he liked the idea of cuddling up with Shane back in his Montreal apartment and making love to him. Slow and sweet and soft. Shane wouldn't like it at first, Ilya knew, but he'd endure it, and ultimately enjoy it. He always did.

They said their goodbyes to Yuna and David, who wished Ilya a good rest of the season, and to take care of himself, and that they were excited to see him during the summer. Ilya thanked them again for having him and then he and Shane trekked to the car to head back to Montreal.

"You okay?" Shane asked softly as they drove back to his penthouse. Ilya had been awfully quiet during the drive and while Shane didn't think he was angry or anything, he was a bit worried.

"Mm," Ilya replied absently. Shane reached over, resting his hand on Ilya's thigh, and Ilya curled his fingers around Shane's, his thumb brushing over Shane's knuckles.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Yes. Was very nice. Your parents are great."

Shane smiled and nodded, glancing at his boyfriend. Ilya was leaning against the door, looking out the window. He had put product in his hair and blow dried his curls, which Shane had never seen before, and while they'd been mussed a bit by his toque, they were shiny and springy and made Ilya look even more like he belonged on the cover of GQ. He had put on his cologne, too, the smell filling the car, and had Shane not been driving, he would have buried his face in Ilya's chest and just breathed in.

Ilya looked perfect but maybe a little sad. Shane didn't want to poke or prod too much. Ilya didn't like talking about his feelings and Shane was sure he would like it even less to talk about anything related to family, but Shane was sure that that was what was going on in his head.

He considered his words carefully before he spoke.

"Are you... thinking about your mom?" he asked softly.

Ilya didn't move. He just took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

"Yes," he replied, just as quietly.

Shane didn't say any more. If Ilya wanted to talk about it, Shane was all ears, but he didn't want to push. They didn't have much time together and Shane didn't want that time to be overshadowed by discomfort.

"Was nice... being with your parents. Reminded me a little of when I was young. But, I have not really enjoyed the holidays in a long time, so..." Ilya shrugged. "Was good to have fun."

Shane rubbed his thumb against Ilya's thigh. "Yeah. My parents like you a lot. And they're happy I'm happy... with you. They were excited to have you. I've never brought home a boyfriend before."

"Girlfriends?" Ilya replied, glancing at Shane, who glanced back.

"Yeah, but nothing that was ever serious. Not like this."

Ilya huffed softly. "We are serious, Hollander?"

Shane wasn't sure if Ilya was teasing him or not and the implication made him uncomfortable. This was sure as hell serious to him. He wanted, well, *forever*, with Ilya. He was pretty sure he'd made that very clear... and he was pretty sure Ilya felt the same but...

"I mean... we are to me..."

"Shane," Ilya said, releasing Shane's hand so he could tangle their fingers instead, bringing Shane's hand up for a kiss. "Is serious for me, too. I have never met anyone's parents before. This is... big."

Shane nodded, sniffing a little. "Yeah. It is."

"This whole night was..." Ilya paused, as if searching for the right words. Shane wished he could understand Russian better... but he was working on it. "Was perfect. Fun and warm. I really like your parents. I like that I got to see where you grew up. I think I will like Ottawa..."

Shane smiled. "I'm glad... and I hope you do."

They fell into a more comfortable silence and then Ilya said, "your mom told me about you and the horse."

"She *what?!* "

Ilya laughed and Shane let go of his hand to hit him instead.

"I'm gonna kill her," he hissed as Ilya wheezed and fended off his attacks.

"This is not safe driving, Hollander."

"Shut up," Shane replied, both hands on the steering wheel, hunched up over it.

Ilya chuckled. "Oh, was so funny."

The drive back was filled with Ilya retelling the embarrassing stories that Shane's parents had disclosed and Shane was regretting bringing Ilya home. Now he had all of this information to use against him and Shane had nothing to retaliate with! That wasn't very fair.

But by the time they got home, they were both in good spirits, if a bit tired. They packed away the leftovers they'd been given and went straight to the bedroom, washing up and changing, before flopping into bed together.

Ilya lay mostly on top of Shane, one leg tossed over Shane's hips, his head pillowed on Shane's chest. Shane rubbed his hand along Ilya's back occasionally, his fingers toying with his curls. They were so *bouncy* and *soft*.

Ilya chuckled. "Having fun?"

"Yes," Shane laughed. "They never look like this. So... perfect."

"What? You don't like when my hair is a mess?"

"I like it all the time but this is different. Why don't you dry it more often?"

"Because, if you didn't notice, drying my hair takes a million years."

Shane bobbed his head from side to side. That was true. Ilya had spent quite a bit of time just standing with the dryer and diffuser attachment for almost an hour.

"Fair."

Ilya chuckled. "Maybe I will more often. For you."

Shane sighed, smiling, and burying his face in Ilya's hair. "You don't have to."

Ilya just hummed, sneaking his hand up Shane's shirt, stroking his skin. He moved his head, pressing a kiss to Shane's chest, then his neck, then the underside of his jaw. Shane knew where this was going and he wasn't going to fight it, he didn't want to. Too many days without this meant wanting it all the time, taking it whenever he could get it.

"I want to take my time with you," Ilya murmured against Shane's mouth. "Go slow."

Shane bit his lip. "Will you fuck me?"

"Yes," Ilya replied, nipping his bottom lip.

This time, things were unhurried and exploratory. Ilya brought the sex dice back out and they laughed *a lot*, as they followed what the dice said, some of which were silly, and some which were pretty hot.

Even though Shane had enjoyed teasing Ilya about his feet being ticklish, he liked learning what Ilya liked and didn't like, places he liked being kissed and caressed. Sex with Ilya was always amazing and fun... but this felt like... *more*.

Ilya reached for the condom he'd grabbed out of the drawer and Shane stilled his hand.

"You don't have to," he said.

Ilya looked at him very seriously, his hazel eyes tracking over Shane's face. "You're sure?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah. I'm sure."

They had never not used condoms before and Shane was a little anxious about not using them but also... he trusted Ilya... and this felt... right.

Ilya was very still, just looking at Shane, then he put the condom down and rested his hand very lovingly on Shane's cheek. His expression softened, his thumb brushing over Shane's cheekbone.

"Sweetheart," he murmured. Shane blushed and turned his head to kiss Ilya's palm, his heart fluttering in his chest at the pet name, the way it made him fizz inside with delight and warmth. He was so in love it was ridiculous.

"Come on," he sighed, knocking his knee against Ilya's ribs lightly. "I'm ready."

Ilya went slowly, pressing into Shane with care, and almost... reverence. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's shoulders, his legs around his waist, wanting him as deep as possible. Ilya's hazel eyes were wide, his kiss swollen lips parted slightly. He was looking at Shane like he was everything he could have ever wanted and Shane had to close his eyes because that expression was too much for him to take.

Ilya fucked him slow and deep and Shane never wanted it to end. He felt like it could go on forever, his climax building slowly, until he felt like he was just hovering right there, almost enough, but not quite.

"Together?" Ilya asked, voice a bit strained and Shane nodded.

"Yeah. Yes," he breathed. Ilya rested their foreheads together, picking up speed, and Shane reached between them to jerk himself off.

"Fuck, Ilya, I'm right there."

"With me. Now."

"Oh—" Shane managed, cutting off anything else as his mouth fell open, and he gasped and panted and came all over his hand and stomach.

"Shane," Ilya breathed at the same time, his body still and tense as he emptied himself inside Shane.

They stared at each other, foreheads pressed together, breathing heavy, neither of them moving. Shane wrapped his arms tighter around Ilya, pulling him closer, and Ilya buried his face in Shane's neck.

“I love you,” Shane said, his voice crackling. Ilya nuzzled closer and Shane swallowed, a few tears sliding down his cheeks and into Ilya’s curls.

Ilya lifted his head, kissing Shane softly, and then carefully brushed away his tears.

“I love you,” he replied, stroking his hand over Shane’s hair, pressing small, tender kisses to Shane’s face, quietly hushing him. Shane felt weirdly vulnerable, as if they had crossed over another threshold, further cementing this trajectory that they were on together. It wasn’t scary but it was emotionally overwhelming in ways he hadn’t anticipated.

He felt so much for this man. He wanted so much with him, from him. Shane had no idea how they would make any of it work, but he believed that they would. He was determined and he would protect what was between them at any cost. It was new and fragile but they’d make it stronger.

Ilya’s softened cock slid out of Shane and he went to the bathroom, coming back with a cloth, cleaning Shane carefully, making Shane shiver and sigh at the tender, sweet attention. He tossed the cloth aside. They crawled under the blankets and Ilya held Shane close and tight.

Shane snuggled against Ilya’s chest, his head tucked under Ilya’s chin, brushing his fingers back and forth over Ilya’s right pec. Ilya nuzzled and kissed his forehead and Shane let his eyes slide closed.

“Ilya?”

“Yes?”

“Let’s stay in bed all day tomorrow.”

Ilya chuckled and pressed a long kiss to Shane’s forehead. “Good idea.”

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

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