Anniversary Gifts

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Anniversary Gifts

by wilmonstan12345

Summary

“My mom told me that we’re supposed to get each other something with paper for our first anniversary.”

“Paper?” Ilya looked confused. “Like what, a card? We are too wealthy for this, I think.”

Ilya and Shane try to follow the traditional anniversary gift guide.

Chapter 1: Paper

“Have you heard about the whole anniversary gift thing? Like, paper, cotton, whatever?”

“No?”

“My mom told me that we’re supposed to get each other something with paper for our first anniversary.”

“Paper?” Ilya looked confused. “Like what, a card? We are too wealthy for this, I think.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “No, it’s like, a tradition. Every year it’s something different. I think they’re supposed to get more expensive or something to show, like, the relationship getting more invested or whatever.”

Ilya frowned. “This sounds very stupid and American, maybe. What if I want to get you a new car? Can I put a paper inside it?”

“Ilya. Do *not* get me a new car. We talked about this.”

He made a petulant noise that sounded a lot like *hmmph.*

“So what do you think? Do you want to do it?”

It took a second for Ilya to notice that Shane’s eyes had widened, maybe hopefully? He looked a bit shy, which didn’t make any sense at all, because obviously Ilya would do anything for him.

“Let’s do it.” Ilya kissed the top of his head.

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The night of their first anniversary, when it came time to swap gifts, Shane bit his lip, suddenly anxious about what he’d chosen. It wasn’t exactly a glamorous gift, but he didn’t really know how these things were supposed to go anyways.

“Here.” Shane shoved a manilla envelope into his husband’s hands, biting his lip. “Happy anniversary.”

“You are nervous.” The corner of Ilya’s mouth twisted upwards. He’d smiled so much all day that his face slipped into the expression easily.

“Yeah.” Shane exhaled. “Kind of. I’m just thinking of a million other things I could’ve chosen right now. I don’t know. Just open it.”

“Whatever it is, I will love it.” Ilya thumbed at the seal.

It took a moment for him to decipher exactly what he was looking at, a tedious form filled with legalese, before Shane just blurted it out.

“It’s the deed to the cottage. It’s probably stupid, because you’re already in my will, so anything I own is basically yours anyways, but I just wanted to get you officially added as an owner, like… Just in case. I mean, what’s mine is yours, is all I’m saying. So… Yeah.” Shane bit his lip, carefully watching for his husband’s reaction.

When Ilya looked up from the simple sheet of paper, his eyes were shining and his voice strained. “This is… So you.”

Shane huffed a shaky laugh. “Because it’s boring?”

“Very boring.” Ilya blinked back tears, taking Shane’s hand in his. “I love you so much, moy lyubimyy.” He lifted their hands, pressing a soft kiss into Shane’s.

Oh, no. Now Shane’s eyes were watering.

“I love you so fucking much I can’t stand it.” He blinked hard, exhaling through the tension. “Okay, your turn.”

Ilya nuzzled Shane’s hand once more, then excused himself, squeezing Shane’s shoulder on the way out. When he returned, he held a large, rectangular package wrapped in brown paper.

“I may have cheated a little bit.”

“Oh, God. What did you do?”

“Open it and see! It counts. Is just, maybe not only paper.”

“Okay…”

Shane peeled back the wrapping to find a glass framed photo, blown up to poster size. His heart squeezed. “Oh. Wow.”

“I thought we could put it in the trophy room.”

Shane traced their faces with his finger, eyebrows furrowing with emotion. “We look so happy here.”

Ilya’s eyes had gone soft. “Was one of the best days of my life.”

The photo was only about a month old, but it was already being sold on T-shirts, posters, and a vast array of Etsy merch across the globe. They were sweaty and disgusting, and Shane’s “beard” was patchy, and Ilya visibly had tears running down his cheeks. But, they were Stanley Cup champions making out on the ice, and that was pretty damn special if you asked Ilya.

Plus, their kiss was definitely hotter than Scott Hunter's.

"It's perfect." Shane smiled.

Chapter 2: Cotton

“Okay, it says the second one is cotton.” Shane sat at the kitchen table, squinting at his laptop screen.

Wordlessly, Ilya passed him his glasses as he pulled out a chair to join him, and Shane pushed them on, mumbling his thanks.

“The headrests on airplanes are cotton, yes?” Ilya looked over the rim of his coffee mug innocently.

“Ha-ha. Very funny.”

“Mm. I should have thought of this last year. Plane tickets can be paper as well.”

Shane shoved his shoulder, smiling. “We literally *just* got back. You’re *still* sunburned.”

“I am not.” Ilya scoffed, indignant. “Am, a bit pink, maybe. Is not my fault is like, a thousand degrees outside in Mexico right now.”

“No, but it *is* your fault for ignoring me when I told you to put on sunscreen when we went snorkeling.”

“Hmph. You should not be able to get a sunburn underwater. Is not right.”

Shane smiled, adoration all over his face, and reached over to squeeze Ilya’s hand. “You look good with a tan.”

“I look good all the time. You, however…” Ilya rose from his seat and squeezed his husband from behind, nesting his face into Shane’s neck and taking a bite. “You look irresistible. These freckles…”

Shane sighed, leaning back. “You’re right. We should go back.”

“Cotton headrests.” Ilya waggled his eyebrows, getting a laugh.

“I mean another year!”

“Fine.”

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When their second anniversary arrived and it was time to exchange gifts, Ilya did in fact resist paying for flights back to Tulum.

Pouting, he shoved a fancy, department-store-wrapped package across the table, and Shane took it with a shy smile.

“Is a stupid gift.”

Shane sent over an admonishing look, carefully undoing the bow as though he would be saving it for later, and revealing several boxes of luxury, Egyptian cotton sheets.

He laughed in surprise. “Probably need more of these anyways.”

“Is true.” Ilya huffed. “You are very fussy about changing the sheets.”

“I’m not fussy! I’m clean!”

“You will be even more fussy when I am done with you tonight, so. At least we are prepared.”

Shane looked up, pressing his lips together in a coy smile as pink colored his cheeks. Ilya loved that he could still make him blush after all these years.

“You know, I thought about getting these too.” Shane’s voice dropped lower.

“Oh yes, moya stiral'naya mashina?”

“Ha! Laundry machine! I know that one!”

“Smartass.” Ilya smirked. “Now let me open yours so we can go upstairs and use these.”

“Alright, alright!”

Shane grabbed his own gift bag and passed it over, watching with rapt attention as Ilya unceremoniously ripped out the paper tissue.

He lifted up a tiny cotton shirt, eyeing the snaps in brief confusion, before barking a laugh.

“Ha! Is so cute! For Anya, yes?”

“Yeah.” Shane grinned, proud of himself, as Ilya held the little shirt up to his chest — a custom doggie T-shirt for Anya with the Centaurs logo on it, and Rozanov printed on the back. “There are a couple more in there, too. I couldn’t decide which way to put it, so, she’s got options.”

Ilya sorted through the bag and found more little doggie jerseys, three options of Hollander, Rozanov-Hollander, and Hollander-Rozanov.

“They are perfect!” Glee radiated off of him, and he sprung out of his seat, lifting a sleeping Anya out of her bed. “Anya, my sweet girl! You have a new wardrobe! You are going to be the best dressed dog in the world!”

He smothered her in kisses, and Shane laughed, heart clenching at the sight.

He didn’t know how to tell Ilya yet, but a small — okay, not small — part of him hoped that maybe, just *maybe*, seeing their names on Anya’s little back this season might help them decide which version their kids would get.

Chapter 3: Leather

Shane was on edge, not because he thought Ilya wouldn't like his third anniversary gift. At this point in their relationship, he knew that Ilya would call him boring for it, but secretly love it. No, what had Shane feeling antsy was this year's category. Ilya had been taunting him ever since they'd looked it up.

Shane really had no idea what sort of leather thing Ilya was going to add to their sex toy collection. Because if he knew his husband — and he damn well did — it would be something they'd be using that night.

When Shane had originally searched for ideas of what he might buy Ilya, he'd thought about turning the tables on him for once. Maybe getting that harness he enjoyed poking fun at Shane about so much, and see how he liked it. But, two minutes of research ended that idea, because he couldn't even scroll without violently blushing.

So, he figured he'd leave that one to his husband's expertise. That did not, however, mean that he was enjoying the week leading up to their anniversary's torment.

Their anniversary was on a Wednesday this year, and the prior Thursday, while sitting on the couch in comfortable silence, Ilya casually looked up from his phone and said, "Did you know they make leather cock cages?"

Shane choked on his water.

On Friday, Shane was chopping an onion when Ilya walked behind him, squeezed his waist, and whispered, "I just learned there are butt plugs with leather bases."

Shane banned him from the kitchen until lunch was ready.

Saturday, as they waited for their coffee in the middle of a Tim Horton's, they ran into a couple of fans, and right before they snapped a selfie, Ilya murmured into his ear, "What do you think about getting a leather sex swing?"

Needless to say, it was not Shane's favorite tagged photo of himself.

Sunday night had been particularly egregious. They'd gone to David and Yuna's place for dinner, which Shane foolishly thought would be a safe space. But, he'd bought his parents a fancy games table that Christmas, and when he went to check in on Ilya fiddling with a puzzle, Ilya had taken the opportunity to run his thumb along the leather trim, innocently asking, "Do you think this counts as a leather anniversary gift?"

Shane tentatively shrugged, "Sure," only for Ilya to murmur, "Would be fun to fuck you over one of these," earning himself a smack on the chest right as his parents returned to the living room.

On Monday, camp prep kept them busy, and when Shane noted, “We have to get more cones this year,” Ilya replied, “Yes. Also maybe a leather paddle.”

Shane furiously locked the door to their office.

Tuesday morning meant a Zoom call with Farah. While Shane waited for her to accept, he muttered, “We have to remember to ask her about the Nike thing,” to which Ilya responded, “Yes. I also have to remember to ask how you feel about floggers.”

Farah picked up the call to find a very red Shane, and a very smiley Ilya.

Now that Wednesday was here, the nerves were properly killing him. Shane thought he might actually scream with anticipation. He'd already broken down multiple times, trying every tactic he could to get Ilya to reveal what his anniversary gift would be, to no avail.

He had tried feigning nonchalance.

He had tried sexual coercion.

He had tried whining.

But Ilya wouldn't waver in his commitment to the mind game. By the time their dinner reservation came around, Shane was practically begging him to let them do the gift swap beforehand.

“Oh, moy lyubov. Is this really bothering you this much?”

“Yes!” Shane’s angry kitten look took full effect.

“You want to know that badly?”

“Yes,” he seethed as Ilya pulled him into his arms, and for all of Shane's ire, he put up absolutely nothing of a fight.

“You want to know what I have in store for you tonight? Is that it?”

“Will you just tell me?” Shane gritted his teeth, fully aware that he was being toyed with. “We don't even have to swap. Just tell me.”

Ilya leaned in close, his mouth only a centimeter from Shane’s, before whispering, “No.”

Shane let out a pathetic noise. “Will you at least give me a hint?”

“Okay. I will give you a hint. Your gift… “ He dropped his hand to Shane's dress pants, cupping him through the soft linen, and let his lips graze Shane’s ear. “…Is leather.”

“Oh my God. You are a nightmare.”

Ilya cackled as Shane stomped to the garage.

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Shane had never eaten a meal faster in his life.

He stabbed at his salad, practically chugged his red wine, and ripped into his steak, glaring at Ilya the whole time.

Meanwhile, his husband was completely at his leisure. He pointedly dragged his foot up and down Shane's calf, and slid his knee between Shane's thighs, grinning at the concerned waitress as she asked if everything was all right.

By the time they were ready to leave, Shane had no choice but to walk with his hands in his pockets, trying to disguise how hard he was.

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Shane silently fumed through the ride home as Ilya played with the hair on the back of his neck, laughing at his husband's misery.

“I think every year should be leather year.”

“If you don't fuck me the second we get home, I swear to God.” Shade glowered.

“Shane! Is our anniversary! We have to swap gifts first!”

Shane folded his arms and stared out the window, doing everything in his power to ignore his hard-on.

***

When they got home, Shane flung the door open, immediately stormed off to find his present, and shoved it into Ilya's hand.

“Here. Open it.”

“Should we not sit? Do you want some coffee?”

Shane scowled, and Ilya finally conceded.

“Fine, sweetheart.” He ran a hand through Shane's hair, pulling him into a kiss that briefly distracted Shane, before he got a swat to his chest. “Such a brat today.”

”Don’t pretend you don’t like it.” Shane crossed his arms.

Ilya smirked as he worked open the small package, still standing in their living room with their shoes and jackets on.

What he found was a soft brown leather wallet stamped with his initials.

He smiled, a sweet expression crossing his face, and leaned in to kiss his husband, only to be met with more irritation, as Shane grabbed his shoulder and pushed him away again.

"Open it, there's more.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow, but he did, and inside, he saw that one side held his new permanent resident card, while the other displayed a recent photo Yuna had taken of the two of them. Ilya looked down in wonder, thumbing over the picture. Shane could pout all he wanted, but they looked so damn *happy*.

Sometimes it still surprised him that he could have this; this home, this life, this man, this love.

“Just tell me it's boring and you love me, so I can open yours already.”

“Shane,” Ilya made an apologetic face, “I love it. Is perfect.” He knocked their foreheads together. “*You* are perfect. I love you.”

“Yeah, well,” Shane huffed, irritation momentarily set aside, “I love you, too. A whole fucking lot. Now, will you please stop torturing me?”

“Okay.” Ilya kissed his pouty little face, more gentle than ever, and Shane gave in, all of his impatience forgotten to the feeling of Ilya's lips on his. “Upstairs.”

Shane's eyes went dark as Ilya took his hands, leading him to their bedroom.

“On the bed. Clothes off.”

“Fucking *finally,”* Shane unceremoniously ripped at his socks while Ilya retrieved a box from their closet.

The package was decidedly larger than Shane had anticipated, and his jaw slackened as he opened it, letting out an involuntary, *“Fuck.”*

“Could not decide.” Ilya grinned. The box contained a full twenty five piece set of sex toys and bondage gear. “I am excited about the handcuffs though. I do not think I am done torturing you tonight.”

“This is fucking amazing,” Shane’s nostrils flared, “but if you don't fuck me right now, I will set it all on fire.”

With those words, all of Ilya’s resolve was lost. He pounced on Shane, tackling him to the bed and devouring him.

“Thank fucking God,” Shane gasped.

“My impatient slut. Maybe I will tie you up and leave you here for hours.”

“No way. You’re going to fuck me right now.” Shane was not above begging. “Please,” he said between kisses. “Please, please, please, fuck me. I love you. Fuck me. Please.”

And the last of Ilya’s bravado crumbled as he heaved, “Your second orgasm of the night, then.”

Chapter 4: Fruit, Flowers or Appliances

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I’m confused. It looks like we have options for this one. It says there’s a traditional guide or a modern guide, so it could be fruit, flowers, or appliances.”

“Hmm. These are not very fun choices. What if we just did leather again?”

Shane glared, the memory of last year's torture taunting him. “I don't think there's anything left for you to buy.”

“There is probably something.” Ilya looked into the distance, thoughtful.

“No,” Shane protested. “Fruit, flowers, or appliances. That's it.”

“*Okay,* moy granat.” Ilya conceded.

Shane frowned, thinking. “Nope. I don’t know that one.”

“Pomegranate.”

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Ilya tried to think of a way to make the category sexy, but this summer’s camps had snuck up on him. The Vancouver expansion was taking up more time than expected, and he wasn't particularly excited about this year's selection.

He folded his arms while Shane carefully unwrapped his gift, irritation all over his face, until he saw the way Shane lit up.

“A Vitamix! I've been wanting one of these!” Shane looked like a child on Christmas morning.

“I know.” Ilya huffed. “There is fruit in the refrigerator to go with it.”

“I love it!” He turned the box around, inspecting it. “Is this the one with—?”

“The juicer, yes.” Ilya tried to maintain his annoyed facade, but he failed, seeing how happy the very unsexy gift made Shane.

“These are amazing, you know? They can handle celery and make soups and stuff. Wow.” Shane grinned down at the box.

Ilya cracked as so much fondness clenched at him that he wanted to scream.

“Thank you,” Shane beamed and got up from the table, peppering kisses all over Ilya’s face, cheeks, and forehead.

Ilya shook his head, biting back a smile as his ridiculous husband picked up the stupidly expensive blender and started walking towards the kitchen, muttering to himself, "I want to use it right now. What fruits did you get?"

"Look in the fridge and see.”

Ilya listened as the refrigerator door opened, chuckling at the sound of Shane's gasp, a long *wow* accompanying it.

“I don't know if I can use all of this up in one week.”

“I’m sure you will try.” Ilya rose from the dining room table, hugging his husband from behind as he stared in wonder at the stuffed drawers. "Kale is in freezer."

“Seriously, this is amazing.” Shane turned to him, kissing him with the door still open.

“I am glad you like it.” Ilya’s cheeks warmed, heart lurching in his chest as Shane investigated the various produce at his disposal.

He didn't know how he could love this man in front of him even more, but Shane never failed to surprise him. He wondered how much love could fit inside a person. Sometimes he thought he might explode with it. He shook his head, unable to resist saying it any longer.

“You are such a nerd. I love you so fucking much.”

Shane turned around, a bashful smile pulling at his lips as his eyes grew three sizes.

The plain affection on Ilya’s face made Shane's chest ache. He closed the fridge and slid into his husband's arms, nuzzling into him.

“You know me so well.”

“I do.” Ilya murmured into his hair, pressing light kisses into his scalp.

“I love you.” Shane leaned up to kiss him. “Thank you.”

“Of course. Happy anniversary.”

"Happy anniversary."

Ilya thought he might actually burst if he had to keep watching this adorable display of passion over juices any longer, so he cut it off. “My turn.”

Shane's eyes lit up.

“Your turn. Okay.” Shane grinned, mischief taking over. “Close your eyes.”

“Where are you taking me?” Ilya held a hand over his face as Shane carefully led him down a set of stairs, then two, until the night air hit them.

“No peeking,” Shane insisted, as the wood of the patio hit their bare feet.

“Did you put a new bush of flowers in the garden?”

“Shut up. Okay. You can look.”

Ilya dropped the hand. He’d already been grinning with his eyes closed, but when he opened them, they widened into shocked delight, mouth gaping open.

“Shane!”

“This counts as an appliance, right?” Shane smirked, all too proud of himself, and Ilya actually *giggled* at the sight of the brand new motorboat tied to their dock. He couldn't help it.

He ran to the boat, hopping in and inspecting everything like a dog off leash in a new place.

“Shane.” He repeated, totally awestruck, and all his husband did was laugh. He looked like such a little kid.

“You like it?”

Ilya bounded back to the dock, scooping Shane into his arms from underneath his knees and squeezing tight. “Is perfect. Incredible. Thank you.”

Shane beamed as Ilya smacked kisses over every part of him he could reach.

“I figured, I still don't want you to get a pilot's license, but maybe we could start with your boating license.”

“Yes. Okay.” Ilya’s eyes sparkled. “Or maybe we will take it out right now.”

Shane squirmed in the air, but Ilya only held him tighter.

“No way. You're getting that license first. Come on, I'll help you study.” Shane slid to the ground, still pleased as punch. “I’m pretty sure you should have gotten it for the jet skis before this anyway.”

"Jet skis are like go karts.” A dismissive noise left Ilya’s mouth. “Practically kid-friendly.”

“Slow down.” Shane rested his palms on Ilya’s chest. “Jet skis are *not* kid-friendly. And you'd better not say that to the adoption agency.”

“Shane.” Ilya tsked. “You want me to start off the interview process on a lie?”

And damn it, Shane laughed.

“Boating license.”

Ilya smiled, leaning in to kiss his husband.

“Boating license.”

Chapter End Notes

And that takes us to 2025! Maybe I'll pick this up later if there's any interest but for now I'm going to leave it here! Thank you for reading! :)

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