

It's a Holiday Somewhere

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/67358194) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/67358194>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Smut , Established Relationship , Married Couple , eventually , Porn with Feelings , Rimming , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-07-11 Words: 4,624 Chapters: 1/1

It's a Holiday Somewhere

by [LJ_sunny](#)

Summary

Ilya comes home to a surprise.

Notes

HAPPY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY TO MY FAVOURITE BOYS!!!

(ignore the fact that it's after midnight in my timezone, in Ottawa it's still the 10th and that's what counts!)

You can consider this a palate cleanser after my last fic. Angst? No sir! Just fluff and smut for you!

I don't know if I'm happy with this, but here it is anyway, hope you enjoy.

TW: Brief discussion of depression. Nothing bad actually happens but figured I should mention it.

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

The sky was already dark and the street lit by streetlamps when Ilya returned home.

He pulled his car into the driveway – the SUV, because despite the fact that it had yet to snow that autumn, the mid-November chill was hanging in the air, and Ilya knew it would make his husband feel better – turned off the ignition and sat in the odd silence after the rumble of the engine died down.

Galina had been working with him on being more aware of how he was feeling. Sometimes, he could feel a bad couple of days building in the back of his mind beforehand, and he was learning how to handle it best, but sometimes the bad days caught him off guard.

He leaned back in his seat and took stock of himself – he was feeling... okay. There was this dull pressure in his chest that he sometimes felt after having to talk about his feelings, but it was far from the unending numbness or sadness that he truly dreaded. Sometimes it was cathartic to let everything out. Sometimes, it just was. And it *was* better than bottling it all up.

The autumn wind swirled around him when he stepped out of the car, and he was grateful for the toque Shane had pulled onto his head when he was leaving that afternoon.

“Can’t have you catching a cold in the middle of the season,” Shane had said as he fiddled with the hat, seemingly finally satisfied once he settled it on Ilya’s brow.

“Of course, what would you and the team do without the number one NHL player?” Ilya teased, and Shane lightly punched him on the shoulder before telling him to go already or he’d be late. This naturally meant that Ilya had to press his husband into the wall by their front door and kiss him silly. He *had* almost been late, but the glow in his chest from those last few slow kisses, from the gentle fingers running through his hair, carried him through his session with Galina.

He grabbed the groceries he’d stopped to buy from his trunk and made his way to their front door. There was a light on in their kitchen window, calling to him. Ilya couldn’t wait to spend the evening with Shane. They could curl up on the couch and watch something. Maybe the highlights from the Manatees’ game, since they would face the team in two days. Or maybe they could start a new TV show. It was the first real free evening of their three-day break. The day before, they’d been too exhausted from their road trip and the flight home to do much of anything.

The road trip itself had gone well, with them winning two games out of three. Ilya knew Shane had been nervous about his first season with the Centaurs, but things were going about as well as one could expect them to. Shane was clicking well with the other guys, with his linemates. Facing the Voyageurs in the second game of the season had been stressful for his husband, though they had played against them in preseason as well, but the Ottawa win gave the team a much needed ego boost. Voyageurs were not a bad team by any means, but in Ilya’s opinion, they simply hadn’t managed to make up for the loss of their strongest player. He didn’t even remember their new starting centre’s name, that’s how forgettable the guy was. Though that may have been because Ilya Rozanov had never been particularly good at paying attention to any Voyageur, or any hockey player really, that wasn’t Shane Hollander.

Ilya opened the front door and an adorable fluffball was on him within a second.

“Hi, Anya! Good girl, come here!” Anya dove up to lick his face immediately. The strange hollow feeling that followed him home from his session fell away a little as he sunk his fingers into Anya’s fur. It had been painful, the last three seasons, to return to an empty home with no one waiting for him. This had been his normal ever since he came to America, and really since the age of twelve, but it had still hurt. Growing up, his family cared very much about him in terms of his career and what it would bring them, but they didn’t much care where he was spending his time outside of hockey. Even before his father’s Alzheimer’s had really set in, his home in Moscow, whether he was returning from America every summer or from school every evening, felt empty even despite, or perhaps because of, the people in it. The last person who truly cared wasn’t there anymore, and he never really felt the comfort of home again. He bought an apartment in Moscow to get away from his father, and he bought one in Boston to build a home for himself on the new continent. Neither really helped. This house in Ottawa had been no less empty, in the beginning, and it had felt even worse than his previous attempts, because he’d learned that there was a home for him again, that he wasn’t cursed to just seek temporary, fleeting comfort forever. There was Shane, and there were summers at the cottage. After getting a taste of it, it was hard losing it again during the rest of the year. But now, he had all of this.

“Ilya?” He looked up, and there he was, bathed in the soft kitchen light, in comfortable sweatpants and a t-shirt, with his hair half pulled back to keep it away from his face. Anya turned to Shane and barked once, as if telling him that Ilya was finally home. Shane bent down to pet her briefly and in the next moment, Ilya was in his arms, folding into his embrace. He felt a kiss pressed to the hair just above his ear as Shane pulled him even closer. “Hi.”

“Hello,” Ilya breathed out into his neck.

“Was it bad?”

Ilya shook his head. “No, no, was alright. I just missed you.” Shane’s hand came up to his hair and the last of that uncomfortable feeling dissipated, because Shane was here and Shane knew. Shane knew about the bad days and the fear and the occasional cigarette that he was trying to quit, he *was*, but the world was too much for him sometimes. Shane knew *him*, all of him, and he was here anyway, holding him when he needed it and not letting go until Ilya felt whole again.

“Are you hungry?” Shane asked after Ilya pulled away a little and straightened up, and it was then that Ilya noticed the amazing smell wafting from the kitchen.

“Did you make chicken parmesan?” He knew the answer immediately from the flush on his husband’s cheeks as he looked away.

“I figured we could have a nice dinner tonight,” he said, and Ilya’s chest felt tight for a whole new reason. But he was quite used to feeling that way around Shane.

“That’s an amazing idea, moy lyubimyy. I’ll just put the groceries away—“

“No!” Shane practically dove for the bags that Ilya had dropped by their front door to greet Anya, then gestured with his now-full hands at Ilya, blowing a piece of hair that fell out of his ponytail from his face. It didn’t work very well. “You go sit down at the table, I’ll just be a minute.”

Ilya put up his hands in mock-surrender. “Alright.” He took off his jacket and hung it by the door, returning the toque to its rightful place in the closet, before walking into their living room.

He stopped by the doorway in surprise. Shane hadn’t set the table like this even when they’d had his parents over for dinner. The tablecloth must have been new because Ilya would have remembered it, pristine white with small flowers embroidered on it. There was an unlit candle in the middle of the table, a real wax one this time. It was... elaborate. Ilya sat down, making sure not to disturb his husband’s careful set-up, and wondered what the occasion was. Anya trotted in after him and happily accepted some more pets before curling up on her doggie bed.

Shane didn’t let Ilya wait long, soon bringing out the plates with their delicious-looking meal, pouring them both wine and lighting the candle. Ilya must have had a strange look on his face that Shane noticed once he sat down, because his face subtly fell.

“The internet said Chianti was fine with this. Is it—” His hands twitched on the table.

“No, sweetheart, it’s fine, but the candle—”

“Is it too much? It’s too much, isn’t it? I thought it might be—” And Ilya had to reach over and cover his husband’s hand with his own to stop Shane from pulling it into his lap. Their hands lay on this new tablecloth, with their perfectly set table and his favourite meal and they were about to have a romantic candlelit dinner and his husband did this all *for him*.

“It’s perfect,” Ilya stated in a tone that said he wouldn’t accept any argument. He met Shane’s eyes across the table, running his thumb over his knuckles, and saw a bit of the anxiety leave his husband’s eyes. “Is it a holiday? Or some kind of anniversary?” He couldn’t think of anything, but maybe there was some Canadian holiday he had missed in his two years of living here.

Shane let out an embarrassed laugh. “I’m sure it’s some kind of holiday somewhere. Not here, I don’t think. But we don’t have a game tomorrow and I thought we could do this.”

It wasn’t an explanation of what exactly “this” was, but Ilya only brought Shane’s hand to his mouth and kissed the back of his knuckles. He would enjoy this amazing dinner with his amazing husband immensely. “Yes. Thank you for cooking.”

Shane squeezed his hand before letting it go and picking up his cutlery. “I’ve never made this before, not on my own. But I followed the recipe dad gave me.”

When Ilya took the first bite, he really wasn’t surprised. “It’s good.”

“Good?” Shane repeated sceptically and poked at his food as if searching for any visible flaws.

“Very good. Delicious.” Shane squinted his eyes at him, but when Ilya quickly shoved another forkful into his mouth and hummed his approval, he seemed to let it go. The meal really was amazing. Not quite as good as David made it, but Ilya would never admit that. Shane had always improved quickly at things he cared about, anyway.

Once Shane seemed less likely to question him on the quality of his cooking, Ilya slowed down and let himself enjoy the scene before him.

Shane gave him an incredulous look. “Are you trying to play footsie with me?”

“This is a romantic dinner, yes? I am flirting with you.”

“We’re married. And at home. I’m wearing sweatpants.”

“Yes. They make your ass look good. Solid eight out of ten.”

Shane kicked him under the table and almost knocked over the candle.

As they were finishing their meal, talking about the upcoming game and a visit they had planned to the Pikes, a timer rang out in the kitchen.

“It’s the dessert,” Shane said.

“Actual dessert? With sugar in it?”

“See if I get you any,” Shane threatened, before in fact getting up to go get him some.

The dessert was a cake made up of crisscrossing bands of dough with jam peaking through between them. When Ilya bit into it, it was the perfect combination of tart and sweet. He groaned appreciatively and watched his husband preen out of the corner of his eye.

His slice disappeared in no time at all. Shane, still in the middle of his own slice, reached out towards him and brushed away crumbs from the corner of his mouth. Now, Ilya didn’t think that Shane meant anything more by the gesture, however. His hand was really close to Ilya’s mouth.

Ilya’s tongue darted out to lick Shane’s finger. It made Shane pause, his gaze growing heavy, and it was all the opportunity Ilya needed to suck his thumb into his mouth. What could be a better way to end their evening?

Shane cleared his throat, not making any effort to move away. “Do you want to go take a shower?” Ilya gave his thumb a parting kiss before answering.

“Not particularly.” But even as he said it, he realised how disgusting he felt. A shower actually sounded really good.

Shane ran his thumb over Ilya's cheekbone. "Go take a shower. I'll clean up and join you."

"But you did all the cooking!" Shane quickly prevented any of his attempts to grab the dishes.

"Go," he shoed him away.

The shower did feel heavenly. His clothes left behind on the en-suite bathroom floor, he stood under the hot water cascading over his body, relaxing every muscle until he felt like he would melt into a puddle of goo. Eventually he reached for the shower gel and started lathering himself up. Shane must have gotten through the clean-up process quickly (And it was A Process™. The steps were incredibly specific and had a particular order, and they had to be completed as soon as possible after one had finished their meal (with cooking itself also interspersed with clean-up). In Ilya's opinion, Shane only stopped himself from writing them down and putting them on the fridge thanks to the threat of guests accidentally seeing them.), because he joined him a minute later, already naked.

"Want me to get your hair?"

Ilya secretly loved the feeling of Shane's fingers in his hair. (Or perhaps not so secretly. Shane definitely knew, or he wouldn't do it quite so often. Wyatt probably knew, because since preseason they had spent a lot of time together on buses and airplanes and not a lot got past that guy. Also Troy possibly knew, because Ilya vaguely remembered getting really drunk at a bar in Detroit after their win and holding Troy hostage until he understood the pleasure and the absolute blessing Shane Hollander caressing his hair was. And Bood had eventually come to rescue Troy, so Bood probably knew, and Ilya probably hadn't been talking particularly quietly, so the rest of the team probably... Anyway.) Shane approached petting Ilya's hair, or in this case washing it, the same way he ever did anything he cared about – with single-minded focus. He knew just how much pressure to use. If Ilya had felt boneless before, now he sagged against Shane's body, feeling like he could just melt into him, sink under his skin until they were one. It would be nice, Ilya thought. To never have to be separated ever again.

After telling him to rinse, Shane was regretfully done washing his hair. Instead of staying and enjoying the rest of their shower, Shane stepped out and patted himself down with a towel.

"You can stay a little longer, if you want," he said to Ilya.

"I'll be out soon." Right at that moment, Ilya didn't want to stay anywhere Shane wasn't.

When Ilya got into their bedroom, Shane was nervously pacing at the foot of their bed while doing his best trying to look like he wasn't nervously pacing, which resulted in him shuffling minimally and not being able to mask his feelings *at all*. He looked up at Ilya and gestured towards the bed.

"Could you sit down?"

Ilya sat. When Shane didn't look satisfied, he shuffled up to sit with his back to the headboard, and in the next moment he had his lap full of his very naked husband.

"Shane," he tried to say, except it didn't quite work out, what with Shane kissing his mouth immediately and all. This paused conversation for a while, but not forever. "Shane, what is this?" When Shane didn't seem inclined to respond, Ilya elaborated. "The dinner, and dessert, and the clean-up, and this." If they weren't already married, Ilya might think he was about to be proposed to.

"Just." Shane sighed. "I just wanted you to have a nice night."

"I always have a nice time with you."

"God, this is so stupid." Shane briefly buried his head in Ilya's shoulder before looking up and meeting Ilya's eyes. "You know I love you, right? So much. More than anything in the world."

"Yes?"

"Right. But you didn't. Pretty recently. You doubted it, at least? And you do nice things for me, all the time. Like, remember when I complained about the crick in my neck from sleeping on planes, and you bought me that really nice neck pillow? And I thought it wouldn't work, 'cause I've *tried* that before, but apparently anything you touch is magic, so it obviously did?" Ilya tried to interject, but now that he'd started talking, his husband couldn't be stopped. "You make me feel special every day. You always go out of your way to do things that'll make my life easier. You're the best husband. Pretty much ever, I think? And I don't mind losing to you in this, but I want to even the score a little bit. I want you to feel that special, and I want you to know that you're loved." Shane was blushing, his freckles standing out on flushed skin. Ilya wanted to lick him. He also wanted to tear out his heart and serve it to Shane on a silver platter, but that was incidental. An ever-present feeling, really. "And I thought if I could prepare one perfect evening, maybe I could make you feel the way I do around you all the time." Ilya didn't lick him, but he kissed him on the forehead, which was a suitable alternative for now.

"Shane. Every day I get to spend with you is a blessing."

"It could be better."

"I don't know if it could."

Shane ran his hand down Ilya's cheek and neck, resting it on his clavicle. "Let me try anyway?" This time, when Shane kissed him, Ilya had nothing more to say.

Shane's tongue caressed his, sharing saliva. Shane then trailed kisses down the same path his hand had travelled just moments before, licking Ilya's Adam's apple and stopping to suck a hickey at the base of his throat. His hands explored simultaneously, running over Ilya's upper arms and chest. He gave a soft kiss to his bear tattoo before sucking the nipple into his mouth.

With one last lick, he let the nipple go, moving even more down, and this was a sight Ilya had loved for twelve years. Long before he could admit to himself that he loved Shane, he'd admired Shane between his legs.

And Shane loved this too. It was obvious. The way he toyed with the head, licking around it, letting it into his mouth a sucking just a little before letting go, then pressing open-mouthed kisses over the whole shaft. Ilya reached down, sinking his fingers into Shane's hair. It just brushed his shoulders now. Ilya hoped he would grow it out even longer.

Ilya tugged a little and Shane groaned, breathing out hot air that nevertheless felt chilly on his wet skin, making Ilya shiver. Shane looked up, locking eyes with Ilya as he took his cock in his mouth for the first time that night, bobbing his head but never severing the eye contact. Shane's hand came up to hold his cock in place, moving a little with the pace Shane had set, spreading his saliva all over Ilya's shaft.

Shane slowly drew off, his hand moving downwards to play with Ilya's balls, and soon Shane sucked one into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks. He did the same with the second one. Hesitantly, his hand travelled even lower and brushed over Ilya's opening. Ilya's breath hitched.

"Yeah?" Shane asked. Ilya nodded. Shane grabbed him under his thighs, pulling Ilya forward until only his head rested on the headboard, then pushed on his knees to open him up. Ilya was taller than Shane, heavier too, but it was strangely appealing to be positioned like this. His husband was strong, and Ilya enjoyed the reminder. As much as he was used to and liked being in charge in bed, he didn't mind this at all. It was clear his husband had a plan, that he'd thought about this extensively. Ilya was happy to be along for the ride.

The first drag of tongue over his hole made Ilya let out something very close to a whimper. Shane teased him with slow licks at first, taking his time, before he truly dove in. Soon, Shane had Ilya relaxed and pliant under his touch. He never paused his ministrations as he added a lubed finger to the mix, still licking at Ilya's rim even as he sunk into him. First one finger, then two, brushing over his prostate only occasionally, as if coincidentally, like Shane wasn't specifically seeking it out, just let it happen whenever it did. Even with this sporadic stimulation, it didn't take long for Ilya to be close to the edge. Shane must have recognised it too, because he lifted his head without stopping the movement of his fingers.

"Do you want it like this?" Ilya was an impatient creature by nature, but he could wait and see what else his husband had in store for him.

"You had something different planned, yes?"

"Sure. I'm not committed to it."

"But I like your plans. Usually." Shane tilted his head a little and smiled.

"Okay." He drew out his fingers, replacing them with his mouth immediately. Ilya was open and sloppy, shivering at every lick now, grasping the headboard for support, getting closer and closer. He wondered if this is what Shane had decided to do, in the end. He wouldn't mind that at all.

Then it all stopped. Shane pressed a kiss to his spread-open thigh, lingering there for a moment, sucking just a little, not enough to leave a mark.

“Would you sit back up, then?” Ilya, drowning in the dark eyes which watched him with such open affection, didn’t comprehend what was being asked of him for a moment. Shane sat up on his heels, and the cold air suddenly filling the space his husband’s warm body had occupied finally woke Ilya up from that trance. His back was to the headboard in the next moment.

Shane shuffled forward on his knees, sitting on Ilya’s lap and bringing their chests together. Instinctively, Ilya’s arms came up to hold him close. Shane grasped his wrist and brought his hand lower, beyond the curve of his spine at his lower back. Ilya grabbed at the base of the plug he found there immediately, jostling it and making Shane let out a breathy moan.

“When did you put this in?”

“You texted me when you were finished at the store. I knew I had about thirty minutes.”

Ilya had a good grasp at the base now, nudging it forward a little to tease Shane before easing it back slightly. Shane huffed into his neck.

“Are you gonna take it out?”

Ilya smirked. “I don’t know. Should I?” Shane bit at the hickey he’d left earlier in retaliation, making Ilya jump a little and press on the plug more. They both moaned. Ilya started pulling out the plug. “Such a good boy, getting ready for me. How did you want it?” Shane’s body reacted to the praise beautifully, flushing red and pressing even closer. Their cocks were trapped in between their bellies, both hard and leaking. The plug finally gave and Ilya immediately replaced it with two of his fingers.

“Just like this,” Shane breathed. “I want to be close.”

“Hand me the lube, moyo solnyshko.” The bottle appeared in his hand a moment later.

Shane kissed the hinge of his jaw. “I know that one,” he breathed out before biting Ilya’s earlobe.

Shane was pretty stretched out from the plug, but Ilya quickly checked with two and then three fingers, Shane squirming on his lap. Being even less patient than Ilya in certain situations, it wasn’t long before Shane sat up on his knees and then slowly sank down on Ilya’s cock, slowly working himself down until he was flush with Ilya’s pelvis. Ilya wouldn’t have much leverage this way, but he knew that wasn’t the point. The point was this: Ilya’s arms around Shane, holding him close, running up and down his back. Shane’s arms resting on his shoulders, one holding him by the nape of his neck, the other playing with his curls. Their foreheads pressed together. Trading slow kisses, never parting for long. Their hearts, beating side by side, separated by a thin layer of skin and muscle and bone but never truly apart.

They rocked together like that, time stretching like molasses around them, losing all meaning. Nothing mattered, nothing existed in the world but this safe cocoon their bodies had made together. Slowly Shane sped up his movements, never pulling too far away but increasing the friction between their bodies.

“I love you,” Shane whispered in Russian. Ilya said it back to him, drawing him into a passionate kiss as they reached their peak, fitting a hand between their bodies to fist at the head of Shane's cock to push him past the edge.

Shane refused to let go of him for a long moment in the aftermath. Ilya expected Shane's discomfort to win out at any moment, but he didn't let Shane go either, holding him close as if he could fit him into his chest if he tried hard enough.

Shane came out of the bathroom to find his husband snickering at his phone.

“What?”

“Guess what day it is today.”

“22nd of November?”

“It's officially Go for a Ride Day.” Shane stared at Ilya blankly.

“You're joking.”

“I'm not!”

“Show me your phone then!” Shane was prepared to tackle Ilya if he tried to run, but Ilya gave his phone over quite willingly.

“No.”

“And I asked if we were celebrating anything! You should have told me you wanted to—” Ilya leaned over his shoulder to read the words on the screen, then very proudly continued, “go for a ride on ‘whatever mode of transportation suits you best’.” Shane tried to look at him disapprovingly, but it was only a couple of seconds before they both dissolved into giggles. Ilya took his phone back from Shane, locking it and placing it on his bedside table, before drawing him into an embrace. Shane didn't even try to protest.

“Hey, what kind of jam was in the cake?”

“Raspberry, why?” *Ilya's favourite.* Ilya's eyes softened.

“It’s National Cranberry something Day in America. I was hoping for more coincidences. You know what else it is today?” Shane looked at him sceptically.

“Even more holidays?”

“Yes, listen.” Ilya place a loud kiss on Shane’s cheek. “It is Love Your Freckles Day, which I do. But also, and most importantly...”

“Oh no,” said Shane, expecting some terrible joke.

“It is Good Spouses Day in Japan.”

“Oh.”

“And I have my very best spouse right here.” Ilya squeezed him in his arms.

“You have other spouses?” Shane joked, but weakly.

“And he’s very pretty, and very smart, and very strong, and very short—”

“Five-ten is above average.”

“Yes, shh. And he makes me feel like the luckiest man every day. And he is the best husband.”

“You can’t insult me and then make me cry in the same sentence. It’s unfair.”

“Yes, sweetheart.”

“Also, you’re the best husband. I’m not even close.”

“We’ll just have to agree to disagree.”

End Notes

moyo solnyshko = my sun

I truly don't know how I feel about this, but I promised myself I'd post something on the 10th (which it still is in Canada !!) so here you go. Please let me know if you liked it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!