Is Perfect Day

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Is Perfect Day

by lexaproeddie

Summary

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>
> Shane furrowed his eyebrows. “You think Santa is creepy?”
>
> “Listen to song, Shane. He sees you when you’re sleeping- knows when you’re awake..” Ilya waved a hand and scrunched up his face as he gently leaned over to inspect the small Christmas village people. “He watches like some pervert.”

Shane surprises Ilya by decorating for christmas....Shane gets railed....and Ilya makes the Hollander parents cry.

Notes

HI HI HI

Thank you all for the love on the fics! Yall are so nice! ONCE AGAIN haven't read the books...idk when this would take place...so lets all just pretend that it makes sense..Ok? ok!

Also....ngl guys this one is probably rough...and I hate it...so..yeah!

ENJOY

See the end of the work for more notes

Maybe it was the way the air seemed to be lighter around that time of year. Maybe it was the reds, greens, and golds that littered towns and houses in decorations, or maybe it was the promise of good food and traditions that filtered through every home. Either way, he was excited. The Montreal Voyagers were not scheduled for any games for the next two weeks, allowing time for them to visit their families for the holidays, and they didn't have any practices lined up either. Usually Shane would have been bummed that there was no Hockey for a little bit, maybe he would have spent the entire off time analyzing games, practicing anyway, or maybe in the gym back home with his parents.

He has a boyfriend now. A boyfriend he never got to see because of their busy schedules and he was buzzing with excitement. Two weeks with Ilya. "Man," Hayden groaned, drying his hair with a towel and stretching a little. Shane was pulling on his jacket and glanced at him. "Are you going to be around the rink or gym during the off time?"

Shane fought a smile as he shook his head. "Nope," He sighed. "Going out of town."

Hayden smirked at him. "To visit *Lily*?" He asked with a knowing flick of his eyebrow, and Shane flushed a bright red and shrugged. "They got the same time off?"

It wasn't that he thought he *couldn't* talk about Ilya with Hayden, but it still made him stiff and uncomfortable. He felt like if he showed too much excitement about that Hayden would be disgusted about it. Maybe he wouldn't have been disgusted, but either way Hayden and Ilya's rivalry was loud and proud so Shane opted not to say much about his boyfriend to his friend and teammate. "Yeah," Shane smiled and nodded. Hayden shoved his shoulder.

"What, you're not excited?" Hayden laughed. "I get it, who would be excited to see Rozanov, but *you* for whatever reasons unknown to even God..like him."

Shane bit his lip and hauled his duffle bag up over his shoulder. "He's hot," He shrugged. He headed toward the exit of the locker room. "Give Jackie and the kids my best! Make sure the kids get my gifts!" He waved at a laughing Hayden over his shoulder.

He saved time by making sure he had packed before he went to practice, so his suitcase was sitting in the back of his jeep. He grinned and quickly fired off a text to Ilya.

Ilya 😬

Leaving practice now!! 😝

Two hours flew by a lot quicker when he was headed to Ottawa instead of from. He hummed along to the Christmas music playing slowly on the radio, and drummed his fingers against the steering wheel. It wasn't long until he was pulling up to the house Ilya had bought. There was a single inflatable in front of the yard, a cute little penguin wearing a red and green scarf and a Santa hat. Shane smiled at it, he knew Ilya hadn't had time to fully decorate- not that the Russian wanted to, or even celebrated Christmas. He bit his lip glancing at the boxes that sat along with his suitcase.

It took him longer than he wanted to admit, but eventually he did get everything inside. He checked his phone to see a few messages from Ilya, making him grin.

Ilya 😬

Be home in 3 hours- 4 if Bood pisses me off again.

...

Did you make it safely?

Shane bit his lip and grinned as he typed out a quick response.

Made it safely. Cute penguin.

Be safe, see you ♥

Shane sighed and rubbed his face. He had three hours to get their house looking like some sort of winter wonderland, but first he wanted to get out of his clothes. They smelled like car. He hated it. He unpacked his suitcase and made sure to neatly fold his clothes into his drawer that already had a few items of his clothing. He'd need more space eventually if he kept 'forgetting' different items of clothing every time he visited.

After he had unpacked everything he tucked his suitcase away in the closet, and rummaged around looking through Ilya's clothes. He settled on a Centaurs' crewneck with *Rozanov* written on the back in blocky letters. He smiled as his fingers curled into the soft fabric, and then he brought it to his face to smell. It overwhelmingly smelled like his boyfriend, like he'd worn it recently, and deemed it not dirty enough to wash. His expensive cologne clung to it, and underneath it his fabric softener.

He stripped off his own hoodie and shirt letting them lay on the bed, and he pulled on the red crewneck. It was soft against his skin, and too big on him. It smelled like Ilya, and he was hit with his chest tightening and a sense of longing. He missed him so much. It had been a month since they lost saw each other in person, a month since they last touched, a month since they last kissed, and a month since Shane's been properly fucked into the mattress.

His jeans followed- he easily kicked them off, and then pulled his socks off and gathered up his dirty clothes setting them in the hamper to be washed tomorrow. He went back to the closet and rummaged around the small little basket that Ilya kept his socks in until he found the pair he was looking for. They were fuzzy, soft, and had little teddy bears on them. It had been a gag gift from one of Ilya's teammates, something stupidly not Ilya's style, but Shane *loved* them. They were soft and warm. He thought they were cute. He pulled them on and then glanced at Ilya's selection of sweatpants and pajama bottoms, and then he glanced down at his bare thighs. His black boxer briefs just barely peeked out from under the big crewneck, and he smiled and shrugged and decided he'd just stay in his boxers. A treat for Iyla after a long day.

After he was settled, unpacked, and in comfortable clothing he moved to where the electric fireplace was and flicked it on watching the fake flames dance for a second. Then he went to the kitchen and opened the fridge grabbing a ginger ale, always kept in stock when Shane was about to visit, and he smiled to himself as he used his hip to close the door. He sat his can down on a coaster- ones he only used because he knew Ilya never cared to use them when Shane wasn't home -he grabbed the Thai menu from the drawer next to the fridge and looked it over pursing his lips.

He already knew what Ilya would want to order, he usually ordered the same thing every time they got Thai food. Shane always struggled, never *really* knew what he wanted to eat, or what he was willing to eat. He always ended up picking from Ilya's food too in the end while they sat on the couch too close and utterly in love.

In the end he ordered enough food for the both of them. He tossed his phone down on the couch, and then flicked on a hockey game. Penguins v Flyers. He watched for a few minutes before he set out on his surprise. He started with a few small Christmas decorations, a few multicolor lights strung across the tops of archways and windows with fake green garland that he supposed was supposed to be pine needles, and then a wreath on the door. A cute one that had fake- realistic looking -but fake pine tree branches and red berries and a few cardinals. Above the door he hung a mistletoe, and grinned to himself as he imagined himself kissing Ilya under it.

A few more snowmen littered on shelves, and small little village scenes built up and like their own little worlds. Once the house was decorated- thoroughly like a christmas wonderland -he set out for the tree. Growing up he'd always had real pine trees, their sharp scent lingering in the house, and pesky, sharp, little needles littering the underneath on the floor. He chose a fake tree specifically because it was less of a mess. Also, Ilya was allergic to real pine trees. He'd never admit it. He claimed what he always claimed. 'Russians do not have allergies.' Still, he sneezed the moment he had walked into Shane's parents house, and by the end of the night his nose was red and his eyes were watery and puffy.

The only one that got away with babying him that night was Yuna, she had made him honey lemon tea, and she had given him allergy medication. She tipped his head back and dropped eye drops into each of his eyes, and finished it with a kiss to his forehead. It would've been easy for Shane to tease him, but he knew what Yuna was to Ilya. He needed her more than Shane could ever truly understand, so he smiled softly and pulled Ilya into his arms when he grew drowsy after the medicine had kicked in.

So, a fake tree it was. It looked realistic enough, and even the plastic needles were enough to still prick his fingers if he wasn't careful. He knew that Ilya wouldn't be patient enough to gently and meticulously fluff the tree so it looked full and lively rather than flat. He planned to get that part done, and then they'd decorate the tree together while they ate dinner and watched Hockey- or whatever movie caught Ilya's attention.

Fifteen minutes later the Thai food arrived, and Shane pulled on sweatpants to answer the door and tipped the delivery driver generously. Once the door was shut he took the food to

the kitchen and put it in the oven to keep it warm until Ilya got home. Then he pulled the sweatpants off and folded them, putting them on the bed.

ILYA 😬

Omw home now. Practice killed me.

Shane smiled and bit his lip looking at his phone. He was sitting on the floor, legs folded under him as he was *still* fluffing the bottom half of the tree. It was almost done.

Be safe ♥

I love you 🔥♥

Shane's heart slammed against his rib cage, and he wanted to bury his face against the couch and squeal- maybe kick his feet a little, but he settled for giggling and quickly returning a text.

I love you too

It wasn't long after he sent the last text that he got lost in watching *The Amazing Spider-Man* and finishing the final touches of fluffing the tree. Then he was plugging it in to make sure the lights worked. He settled for the slow blinking, multicolored version. He grinned to himself. The lock on the door clicked, and Shane looked up toward it watching as Ilya pushed it open and then shut behind him. "Honey I'm home," He sighed with a gentle laugh.

"Don't move!" Shane said quickly, and Ilya paused mid taking his boots off, his eyes wide, and his duffle bag hanging off his arm. Shane giggled getting up to his feet to greet his boyfriend at the door.

“You have planted ground bomb?” Ilya asked, his tone sardonic, and his smile betraying his faux annoyance.

“Landmine,” Shane said softly as he took his boyfriend’s face into his hands then he sweetly pressed his lips to his, and earned a pleased hum as Ilya dropped his bag in favor of holding onto his waist instead. “I caught you under the mistletoe.”

Ilya hummed against his mouth and kissed him again. “I missed you.”

“Missed you too,” Shane grinned into the kiss, and he wrapped his arms around his neck and his fingers curled around the loose curls that fell at the base of his neck. Ilya’s hands traveled to his ass, he squeezed harshly just so Shane would gasp, and then he licked into his mouth.

They stood there in the doorway for a minute making out, relishing in being in person after so long apart, and getting lost in each other’s essence. It was with far too much difficulty that Shane pulled back. “Go shower,” He whispered. “You stink.”

“Wow, *Hollander*, you know how to woo a guy.” Ilya deadpanned, and Shane smiled up at him and pecked his lips again, three quick small ones, and then a final one to the corner of his mouth.

“Shower,” Shane said again. “I ordered Thai and it’s waiting for you.”

Once they pulled apart; Ilya got a good look at his house. He raised his eyebrows as he toed off his boots, and allowed Shane to help him out of his jacket. “It looks like Дед Мороз threw up here,” He said looking around. “The Canadian one.”

“Whose that?” Shane asked. He repeated the name, but the syllables felt wrong on his tongue. “Grandfather Frost?”

Ilya tutted. “Uhm like Father Christmas- Santa Claus, yes? Only, on New Year. Old man visits home, walks through front door, and greets children with present. Less creepy than

Santa Claus.”

Shane furrowed his eyebrows. “You think *Santa* is creepy?”

“Listen to song, Shane. *He sees you when you’re sleeping- knows when you’re awake.*.” Ilya waved a hand and scrunched up his face as he gently leaned over to inspect the small Christmas village people. “He watches like some pervert.”

Shane laughed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Ilya continued as he made his way through the home inspecting the decorations with a small smile. “And comes down- what’s it called… real fireplace-”

“Chimney.”

“Chimney! Yes, Chimney comes down! Why? At least Дед Мороз comes through front door.” Ilya was laughing, and Shane was fiddling with the hem of the crewneck. Suddenly he felt a little self cautious, he knew Ilya didn’t really celebrate Christmas, and he hadn’t really mentioned decorating. Maybe it was a bad idea to decorate without talking to Ilya first. Ilya turned around and caught the nervous look on his boyfriend’s face. He tutted, and then smiled big and wide going back to Shane’s space as he wrapped him in his arms. “I like it,” He said with a firm nod. “Festive. We never did this growing up.”

Shane’s heart ached for him, for a younger version of him, but he didn’t dwell on it. He melted into Ilya’s arms, and rubbed his face against his shirt and inhaled deeply. Then he kissed Ilya’s neck in an innocent little peck. “We’re gonna decorate the tree after you shower.” He said looking up at Ilya through his eyelashes.

“Sounds fun,” Ilya hummed. “I will be back then.”

While Ilya showered Shane got their food prepared, divided it onto their plates, and then he brought them to the living room. There was something so wholly domestic about it, the echoes of the shower and Ilya’s speaker playing whatever song came onto his playlist, and Shane in the kitchen prepping their take out. He wanted it for the rest of his life.

He carried their food to the living room, setting the plates on the coffee table. Then he got them their drinks and plopped onto the couch. He flicked through the channels trying to find something to watch while they ate. He could watch another hockey game, or a replay of one. He also knew that Ilya would probably prefer something mindless after a hard practice.

It was only a few minutes later that Ilya emerged from the shower, sweatpants slung low on his hips, and upper body bare and still glistening with droplets of water. He was drying his hair and heading into the bedroom to finish his routine. Shane smiled to himself as he settled to watch some sort of shitty hallmark Christmas movie. With the plot painfully predictable, and extremely heteronomative.

Shane listened to Ilya's humming, and his rummaging as he finished up. That feeling of domesticity wrapped around him again. He got to see a different side of Ilya, a side that nobody else did. To everyone else Ilya was brash, loud, abrasive, who probably lived off vodka and beef. To other people he was a man that had a woman to sleep with in every city he played, suave, and deadly on the ice. A play boy. Womanizer. A personality as thick and cold as the ice during a Moscow winter.

He wasn't though. Anyone who knew him could attest to that. Shane knew him better than anyone. He knew the way Ilya loved hard with everything he had; like sometimes it bursted out of him in explosive colors and noise. He liked cuddling almost more than sex, he liked taking care of the people he loved, and he always did it with gentle hands and soft words. He knew Ilya's showering habits, he knew he used special shampoo and conditioner for his curls, and he had even more hair care he did out of the shower as his hair dried. He knew he claimed to not have a skin routine, but had a moisturizer he used on his face after every shower.

Shane knew him almost as well as he knew himself, and sometimes he thought that maybe he knew Ilya better than he knew himself. It was scary at first. Now, Shane never wanted to let it go. He wanted to learn more. He wanted to breathe Ilya in, he wanted to consume every last little piece of him, and harbour it deep within himself. He never wanted to let Ilya go for as long as he lived.

It was another twenty minutes, and Ilya appeared in the living room. His curls were dried, and his face looked exceptionally soft. He plopped down on the couch next to Shane. "My favorites," Ilya smiled. "You remembered?"

Shane picked up his own plate and dragged his eyes away from the T.V. He looked at Ilya with a look of bewilderment. “Of course,” Shane said, like it was obvious. “I’m your boyfriend.”

Ilya smiled at him, one of those small creeping ones, like he was trying not to smile but failing, and Shane laughed and shook his head. He wanted it forever. He wanted Ilya forever. They settled on the couch together eating in silence, Ilya nudging Shane’s thigh every time he stopped eating and started pushing his food around on the plate.

Ilya was *horrible* at decorating the Christmas Tree. He put ornaments in clusters that had Shane following and adjusting them to look a little more spaced out. After the tenth ornament he had taken off Ilya’s side of the tree to place somewhere else he caught Ilya’s tiny smirk. “You asshole,” He huffed. “You’re doing that on purpose!”

Ilya gaped at him. “I am decorating!”

“You are putting six bulbs in the same place!” Shane slapped Ilya’s chest and Ilya scoffed.

“Well, my apologies, Mr. Hollander. Not everyone can be proficient in decorating like you.”

Shane rolled his eyes and muttered. “Proficient.”

Despite the horrible decorating partner the tree did get decorated. No proper theme, a mess of golds, greens, blues, and whites all splashed onto the tree. Big red bows and a pretty glimmering star at the very top. Ilya stepped back, yanking Shane into his arms, he kissed his head, and sighed softly against his hair. “Is pretty,” He whispered. “Like you.”

Shane hummed in agreement and tilted his head up to press a kiss to Ilya's mouth. Soft, not hurried into any direction. Lights were twinkling around them, and the T.V. softly murmuring christmas music because Shane had declared they couldn't possibly decorate their christmas tree with no christmas music. Ilya was simply too endeared to even think about disagreeing.

Their kiss shifted, as it always did, to something a little more needy. To something that was fueled by too many weeks apart. In all honesty, it was a miracle they lasted this long without falling into bed, the couch, the floor, or *really* any flat enough surface. Shane whined into Ilya's mouth as his boyfriend's hands slid down to grope his ass. "You are like present," Ilya groaned. "I can unwrap you under tree."

It shouldn't have been hot. It shouldn't have been sexy, but at this point he was pretty sure Ilya could talk about taxes and he'd be rock hard within minutes. It seemed silly that he ever worried they'd lose their spark for each other, after so many years he worried Ilya would get bored of him, but as the years ticked by- as they put a label to what they were- it only made them crazier for one another.

"You are little thief," Ilya murmured as his hands slid up his back and under the crewneck. "Always stealing my clothes."

"Smells like you," He whispered his own hands cupping Ilya's cheeks and his thumb smoothing over the mole on his cheek. "I like smelling like you."

Ilya buried his face into his neck, and he whined against his skin. It wasn't often Ilya whined or whimpered, but when he did it was always the most beautiful thing Shane's ever heard. It always made his cock twitch and throb. "I missed you," Shane whispered as his arms wrapped around Ilya's shoulders. "So fucking much, Baby."

Ilya licked a strip up Shane's neck up to his ear when his teeth nipped at his lobe. "Bet you felt empty," He rasped. "Did you?"

"Yes," Shane whimpered.

“Your hands are not as big as mine,” Ilya mumbled as he took Shane’s hand from where it rested on his neck, and he kissed each of his fingertips and licked up his middle finger. “That little toy of yours is also not as big as mine.” He punctuated it with a dirty roll of his hips against Shane, and in the same fluid motion taking two of Shane’s fingers into his mouth sucking on them.

Shane let out a punched out whimper as he watched with his mouth hung open, eyes glassing over, and his breath coming out in harsh pants. Ilya dragged his mouth off Shane’s fingers letting saliva trail between his bottom lip and the tip of Shane’s middle finger. “But you did not even touch yourself here,” Ilya smirked, his hand slipping into Shane’s boxers and almost too easily between his cheeks to rub at his hole with a dry finger. “Tell me why, Sweetheart.”

Shane was on fire. Heat was coiling in his belly, his cock kicking against Ilya’s hips, and his hole fluttering at the dry stimulation. He whimpered, his face flushing a pretty red, and his eyes fluttering and fighting to stay open. “It’s not mine,” He whispered, his voice choking, and a tiny bit whiney. Ilya grinned at him wolfishly.

“да, мой красавчик,” Ilya said. “Who’s hole is it?”

Shane gasped and his eyes fell shut. “Yours.”

“Good boy,” Ilya praised, and it was like someone had shoved Shane’s head under water as everything that wasn’t Ilya became moot. All of his senses were flooded with Ilya. All of it was just *Ilya Ilya Ilya*. “Go to bedroom,” Ilya demanded softly. “Take all your clothes off and wait for me.”

Shane, if his brain hadn’t been replaced with cotton, would have been embarrassed by how fast he wrenched himself away from his boyfriend and ran to their bedroom. He tossed the forgotten, folded sweatpants toward the hamper, and he stripped himself out of his clothes and set them in the hamper. Then he dropped to his knees on the carpet that laid on the floor at the foot of the bed. He kept his palms flat on his thighs, his eyes closed, his head slightly bowed as he took slow and deep breaths. His cock was heavy between his thighs, drooling from the slit, and flushed a pretty pink.

Ilya liked to take his time. He liked to keep Shane waiting, suspended in anticipation, but Shane never complained. He liked it. He liked sitting in the buzzing energy around him, he

liked letting his head swim, and tipping into that beautiful needy space that made all his problems drift away.

It was like he was trying to listen to Ilya while he was wearing thick ear muffs. He heard Ilya washing up their dishes, tucking away boxes from their decorating, and then his footsteps padding toward their bedroom. Shane bit his lips, his chest tightening, and his belly swooping as the door opened. “Ебать,” Ilya whispered. “Still, every time, you stop my heart like this.”

Shane opened his eyes and lifted his head to look at Ilya. He was standing in the doorway, hand squeezing his clothed cock, and twinkling lights illuminating him like a rainbow halo. Shane swallowed thickly, his mouth opening, and he shuddered as he watched Ilya slowly begin to palm himself. “Please,” Shane whispered- pleaded.

Once Ilya was close enough, Shane leaned forward and nuzzled against Ilya’s cock, and he breathed deeply and moaned. He mouthed and licked at the sweatpants covering Ilya’s cock making it damp from his spit. His tongue followed over the bulge, and Ilya’s hand was heavy yet grounding on his head. “You need it,” He stated, a smugness to his voice, but Shane didn’t care.

“Gimme,” Shane murmured, his hands coming to Ilya’s thighs, and his nose following over the line of his cock.

“Now,” Ilya whispered as his fingers curled into Shane’s hair and he yanked his head back forcing him to look up. He arched an eyebrow down at his boy. “You know better..where is my good boy?”

Shane whined, his eyes fluttering, and his mouth hanging open as he squeezed Ilya’s thighs. “Please Ilya, please, let me suck your cock, please? I’ll be *so* good,” He begged. “I’ll make it so good for you, please?”

Ilya’s smirk was slow, predatory, and he licked over his teeth as he tutted. “So greedy, Принцесса.” Then like he wasn’t gagging for it himself, he sighed, and then he shrugged and let Shane’s hair go. “Go ahead.”

It was all the permission Shane needed as he dove forward, he yanked Ilya's sweatpants down, and whined as he watched his cock spring free. His dick was hard, slick, and red. He licked his lips, and leaned forward and nuzzled the base of his cock. He nosed up the length inhaling deeply and groaning as he did. He kissed the head tasting the pre-come that beaded there. Ilya's breath hitched as Shane took him into his mouth, and Shane hummed as his eyes fluttered. There was nothing more he loved than sucking Ilya's cock, he could spend hours on his knees worshipping it, and he *wanted* to spend hours worshipping his cock. He wanted to just nuzzle it, keep it warm in his mouth, and just let Ilya do whatever he wanted. "That's it," Ilya rasped. "Fuck, look at you!"

Shane hummed again, drool slipping past his lips and onto his chin, and Ilya's hand grounded him in his hair. Pulling the soft strands, and slowly rocking his hips into Shane's mouth. Shane relaxed. His jaw relaxed, his entire body shuttering as Ilya used him. He stared up at Ilya through a cockdrunk haze, and still his boyfriend was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. "Just take it," Ilya grunted. "You were made for it."

All too soon, Ilya pulled out of Shane's mouth and he whined. Whimpered. He chased after Ilya's cock with his tongue out and tears in his eyes, but Ilya chuckled lowly and hauled him up to his feet. He gently caressed his face. "Are you with me?" He asked, his thumb and forefinger holding Shane's chin in place. Shane blinked. His head fuzzy, the urge to do everything Ilya wanted strong and fierce beating behind his ribcage, but he still felt clear headed enough to safeword out if he needed to.

"Yes," he whispered. "Ilya."

Ilya's thumb rubbed over Shane's bottom lip, and his mouth fell open obediently waiting for Ilya to slip the digit in. "Hm," Ilya hummed and tilted his head to the side. "What's your color, Sweetheart."

Shane's breath fluttered out of him. His tongue felt too thick for his mouth, and his body felt too empty. He appreciated Ilya, though, having the control and restraint to check in to make sure Shane wasn't floating off too fast. "Green," he whispered. "Neon, fucking, bright as fuck green. *Please*."

Ilya smiled at him. Then he was kissing him, cradling the back of his head, licking behind his teeth, and nipping at his bottom lip. It was the type of kiss that made Shane go boneless, and he moaned into Ilya's mouth allowing him to drink up the sound. He was moving them back,

back, back until Shane fell against the mattress. His face flushed, his cock bobbing and neglected and so fucking wet, and his eyes were glossy as he panted. He raised himself onto his elbows so he could watch Ilya. Ilya kicked his sweatpants and boxers the rest of the way off, he gripped his cock at the base, and Shane fought a dopesick grin as pride surged through his entire body. Ilya was already close. He was just as desperate as Shane was. Shane made him desperate. He flushed.

"You're cock hungry," Ilya said in a tone that almost made him sound bored. "Staring at me- at my cock like it's only thing you need to live."

Shane bit his lip shyly as he glanced up at Ilya. Over the years he's gotten good at his role. He had gotten good at being a submissive- Ilya's submissive. He had gotten good at angling his face in just a way, fluttering his eyelashes, biting his lip, and smiling smally. Everything that drove Ilya crazy. "Need it," He whispered. "I'm so empty, Ilya. *Please!*"

Ilya swore, cursed in Russian, and then he was crawling up the bed so his body was covering Shane's. "You are perfect," Ilya whispered as he ducked his head and bit Shane's neck. "Perfect and all mine."

"Yes," Shane gasped as he lolled his head to the side. "*Yours*!"

Ilya licked the line of Shane's collarbone, and then he ducked down and bit his pec. Shane hissed, his back bowing off the bed, and he arched into Ilya's mouth. "Fuck," He whispered. "Ilya..please..need you so bad."

Ilya licked over his nipple. "We have all night, Пчелка." Shane bit back another whine, and he let Ilya worship him.

There was a distant memory. One of the younger versions of themselves, needy, desperate, and just trying to get off as quickly as they could. It was hotel rooms, bitten lips, and the looming ticking of a clock signaling their time together ending soon. Now, they had all the time in the world. They could take their time. They had the rest of their lives.

Ilya's mouth was biting marks into Shane's skin. Bruises blooming across his body, evidence of who he belonged to, and who owned him. It wasn't often Ilya could mark him, not when they were in season, and Shane was changing in front of his teammates. Sure, he could make up a lie about how he was seeing a girl, and how she traveled a lot so it was rare they met up with their schedules. Shane was a terrible liar.

His teammates likely knew he had *someone*. It was obvious to anyone with eyes, any breaks they had he was always conveniently rushing out of town, during the summer he was disappeared at his cottage, and there were definitely practice days and game days where he stumbled in late- well late for Shane Hollander -and a limp he passed off as a pulled muscle.

"Ilya.." Shane sighed dreamily. Ilya was lavishing his tongue over his cock now, nuzzling his face against the base of his dick, and mouthing at his balls all to drag his tongue back up his shaft. "Need you."

"You have me," Ilya said as he ducked his head down and swallowed Shane down in practiced ease earning a loud shout, and Shane's hips bucking up against him. Ilya was ready for it, knew it was coming before Shane did, and when his hips started Ilya used his forearm to pin him to the bed.

"Oh my god," Shane gasped, his head tossed back, back arching, and body wiggling against the mattress as Ilya's mouth worked him over just the way he liked. "I'm gonna- Ilya- please- *please can I come*?"

Ilya pulled away with a wolfish smirk, and he tilted his head in a way that made him suddenly seem like that eighteen year old that Shane fell in love with. "No." Shane deflated with a cry as Ilya rubbed his thigh, and then he was covering his body again and they were kissing again. Shane could taste himself on Ilya's tongue, and it drove him crazy as he clawed at Ilya's back. "How many?" Ilya asked, and Shane knew what he was asking.

"Fuck," Shane whimpered. "As many as you want, please, Ilya- *Sweetheart*."

Ilya grinned, he smacked Shane's thigh and moved so Shane could roll over, and he did automatically. "Come when you want," Ilya said *almost* dismissively. "I will not stop."

Shane's whine was muffled. His head was already floaty, and his limbs were already beginning to feel too heavy for his body. He had one desire, one goal, and that was to please Ilya. He wanted to do whatever Ilya wanted. Ilya was kneading his ass, his hips, and rubbing a palm up his spine to the spot between his shoulder blades then back down to his ass. Shane whined, noises slipping from his mouth without his permission, but he didn't care. All of his senses were zoomed in on Ilya.

Ilya groaned, rolled his hips against Shane's ass, and for a brief- glorious -moment he thought Ilya was going to fuck him without prep. He wanted it. He wanted to feel the burn. Needed it. "Please," Shane whimpered. "Fuck me, please, *god*!"

Ilya chuckled darkly, his cock easily rubbing between his asscheeks, his fat cockhead catching his rim only slightly, and then he was gone and Shane whimpered. "You are not prepped, Sweetheart." Ilya said, and Shane was already shaking his head wanting to argue.

"I need you," Shane cried. "I'm so *empty*, please, need to feel full of your cock. Fuck! Just," Shane shuttered and whimpered pathetically. "Make it fit!"

Ilya slapped Shane's ass again. "Be good boy. I want to play with you."

Shane gasped, "Yes!"

Ilya gripped Shane's ass tightly, fingers promising bruises, and then he was spreading him open and staring at his hole. Shane groaned, clenched around nothing, and looked over his shoulder at his boyfriend. Ilya looked like a man starved, his lips sheen with spit from where his tongue had darted out to wet them, and his hazel eyes nearly black with lust. He could claim that Russians couldn't blush, but Shane knew the truth. Ilya's face was flushed lightly, his curls unruly, and his lips just a tad swollen.

Then Ilya was ducking down, his teeth were sinking into his ass cheek, harsh, and all consuming that had Shane's cock twitching hard beneath him wet and neglected. Ilya began sucking kisses into the sensitive skin, groaning, and panting and then he was pressing a wet kiss against his hole. Shane's hand gripped the sheets under him, and his hips twitched back chasing Ilya's mouth. Another slap to his ass, and then Ilya was licking him in earnest.

Shane was gone. All his senses were zeroed in on Ilya and his mouth, he was working his tongue into him, and Shane was desperate to get more of it in him. “More, more, more,” Shane chanted. “I need-” He gasped as Ilya slid a finger in using just his spit as lube, and Shane was rocking back against him trying to get more.

“You are greedy,” Ilya tsked, his other hand was still holding his ass apart as his dominate hand began to fuck the finger in and out. “Lucky I am in giving mood.”

“Thank you!” Shane gasped. “More!”

Ilya laughed. Shane felt it against his hole, and then Ilya was working his tongue back beside his finger. Shane felt the tears on his cheeks, felt his head drifting further and further, and his cock begging for more attention. He was so wound up. Heat was coiling in his belly, his balls were drawing tight, and then Ilya crooked his finger just right brushing against that sensitive bundle of nerves.

Shane clenched down on the finger inside of him, on Ilya’s slick tongue, and his cock was spurting to the sheets beneath him and onto his belly. “Oh my god, oh- oh jesus *fucking* christ!” Shane whined, and Ilya continued to fuck his tongue into his hole and kept rubbing his prostate relentlessly. “*Oh,* Ilya, oh my god, st-stop.”

Ilya only let up, he didn’t remove his finger, but he paused his movements to let Shane catch his breath. He rubbed his thigh through the twitches of aftershock, and kissed his stretch marks and back dimples. Then he was shifting behind Shane, grabbing the lube from the nightstand, and then a condom. Shane whined while attempting to shake his head. “No condom?” Ilya asked, his finger drawing out to push back in. Shane shook his head again, eyes lidded, shy smile taking his face as he flushed a dark red. “Baby,” Ilya cooed. “You need it bad, hm?”

“So bad,” Shane whined, hips already rocking back to meet Ilya’s teasing finger. “So *fucking* bad! Fuck me- oh my god- *please fuck me, Ilya!*”

Ilya drew out his finger, and cooed when Shane whimpered. Shane glanced at him, eyes pleading, and his mouth already forming around a whine. Ilya drizzled some lube onto his fingers, and then he was shoving two into Shane making him lurch and cry out. “Fuck!” He cried. “Shit!”

“You’re so hot,” Ilya whispered. “My pretty boy.”

Shane whimpered and nodded in agreement. “Please! More, gimme-”

Ilya was fucking two fingers into him, rubbing against his prostate with every push in and drag out, and Shane was seeing stars. His words escaped him, the only things falling from his lips were little sounds, “Uh, uh, uh,” He whined. Ilya scissored his fingers apart, the stretch lighting up pleasure in his belly, and his moans turning pitchy. Ilya was kissing his back, biting at the dimples that dented there, and his other hand was kneading his thigh scratching at his stretch marks. “Please,” He whimpered. “Fuck me! Gimme your cock!”

Ilya laughed, something light, dark, and absolutely delighted. Shane shivered as Ilya wiggled a third finger in. The stretch was even more intense, and then he was rubbing his prostate firmer. Every stroke pressed the bundles of nerves, and it lit Shane’s body on fire. “Greedy,” Ilya tsked, and he slapped Shane’s ass earning a delighted hiss. “You were made for this,” Ilya growled. “Made to take my fingers- my cock.”

“Iyla!” Shane whined- cried. “In me! Jesus *Christ*! Gimme it! Please!” His hole fluttering around Ilya’s long, thick fingers, and his hips canting back trying to fuck himself onto the digits. Ilya spanked him again, and his hips stilled. His cock was leaking profusely between his thighs, ruining the sheets further, and smearing pre-come on his belly and thighs. The familiar feeling was crawling up his spine, the low tingle in his belly, and his balls drawing up once again. “Oh- oh no- oh my God! Ilya! *Ilyailyailya!”* His cock pulsed and he was spurting thick white ropes up his belly coating his chest and the bed beneath him.

“Good boy,” Ilya purred. “Принцесса, so good.”

Shane whined, shuttered as Ilya continued to work him over with his fingers. It was almost too much, his sensitivity burning through him, and his entire body shaking from his orgasm. Still, Shane craved more. He wanted more. But Ilya withdrew his fingers, settled with kissing up Shane’s spine, and dragging his fingers along Shane’s skin. “I love you,” Ilya murmured, pressing kisses to his shoulder. “So good for me,” He praised, and Shane whimpered. He still felt empty, hollow, and he wanted- needed Ilya’s cock.

“Ilya,” Shane whimpered, voice barely above a whisper, and Ilya hummed as he continued to worship the freckles on Shane’s shoulders. He was pressing him into the mattress, letting his hips and shaking legs relax, and his one hand was massaging his ass. His own neglected hard cock rutting against his hip and thigh smearing pre-come over his stretch marks. “*Please*!”

“What do you need?” Ilya asked in a teasing whisper.

Shane groaned, rubbed his face against the pillows, and then he was turning to catch Ilya’s eyes. “Fuck me,” He begged. “Please, Ilya, I need it so bad.”

“You with me?” Ilya asked. Shane nodded. “Feel good?”

“So good,” Shane sighed. “And so fucking green.”

Ilya grinned, his hand went back down to Shane’s ass, and slipped three fingers in, earning a punched out moan. “Please,” Shane whimpered. “Fuck me, *baby*. Fuck me, fuck me, *fuck me*!” Ilya bit his shoulder and then Shane felt his cockhead at his hole and he groaned loud and long as all his muscles relaxed at once. “*Yes*!”

Ilya pushed in agonizingly slow, his own groans coming out punched out, and Shane was trying to push back harder to force Ilya to go faster. “Get in me,” Shane whined. “C’mon Rozanov!”

Ilya laughed and stopped his movements. “So demanding,” Ilya tutted, his hands smoothing up and down Shane’s back, and then his hand slid into his hair and he yanked Shane’s head back as he covered his body with his own and slammed in. “Take what I give, Princess.”

Shane cried out, his mouth falling open, and his oversensitive cock desperately trying to get hard again. “I-” Shane’s words fell off in a moan as Ilya began to drill into him. Brutal. Fast. Deep. He filled Shane’s every sense, he fucked him like he was making up for lost time, and it had Shane shaking and going boneless.

His head was foggy, beyond foggy, and his entire body took Ilya like it was his only purpose in life. Maybe it was. His words were incoherent, a mess of noises, and Ilya's name. Ilya'a hand never left his head, even as he was pushing it into the pillows beneath him, and his other hand curled around his hip promising a pretty bruise of finger marks. His hips slapped Shane's ass on every thrust. Shane was gone.

He was gone. On cloud nine. Floating away from his body, earth, and everything that mattered. Hours could have passed and he wouldn't have known, and it was in a hazy snap shot that he felt his body cave and an orgasm- his third one in under an hour -ripped directly from his soul. He was gone, and blissed out and happy. Nothing else mattered.

Shane blinked his eyes open, he groaned, and he attempted to move until he felt Ilya's hand on his chest keeping him pinned. He shuttered, felt Ilya's fingers prodding at his puffy and sore hole, and Shane whined and attempted to squeeze his thighs shut. "I love this part," Ilya whispered. Shane hummed. "Watching my cum leak out you."

"Ilya," Shane groaned. He reached down and swatted at Ilya's hand. "Enough."

Ilya smirked at him, but he stopped pushing his cum back inside of him. He leaned up and kissed him instead, languid, easy, and he grinned into it. "Feel good?"

Shane sighed happily, he felt like he was floating on air, and he nodded and grinned dopily. "So good."

"Bath?"

Shane hummed and nodded. Usually he hated baths, never understood the appeal of sitting-stewing -in your own filth. Their bath tub was big with jets, and Ilya always added bubbles that made the entire bathroom smell like cotton candy and lilacs. Ilya helped him up, his legs shaky and sore, and they made their way to the bathroom. "You wait for tub, I'll go and clean up bedroom."

Shane nodded sleepily, he leaned over to turn the tub on, and he added the bubbles. In the other room; Ilya changed their bed sheets and blankets. He made the bed just the way Shane liked, and then he returned with fresh clothes. “Do you want my hoodie or shirt?”

“Hoodie,” Shane smiled. “Does it smell like you?”

Ilya smiled at him. It was all gooey, love-sick, and happy. Shane wondered what the world would think if they knew? The aggressive, impulsive Hockey player with his sharp teeth and sharper wit hurling insults like they were his own language…what would they think of him now? Soft, sated, and offering his boyfriend a choice between clothes while smiling at him like he invented the stars.

He offered the hoodie to Shane, and Shane brought it to his nose and inhaled deeply and groaned as he set the fabric aside. “You are obsessed,” Ilya teased as he came and stood in front of Shane, his hand gently petting Shane’s hair, and Shane fell forward to nuzzle against the soft hairs on Ilya’s belly. “I love this, you like this, all…soft and happy.”

“I love you,” Shane murmured as he licked Ilya’s hip and nipped him hard enough it had Ilya flinching away.

They got into the bath together. Shane sat between Ilya’s legs with his back against his chest, and Ilya’s arms loose wrapped around him. He gently stroked up and down his arms, over his chest, and left kisses across the tops of his shoulders and against his ear. “I love you,” Shane sighed, happily.

“Я люблю тебя,” Ilya said as he kissed his neck. Shane repeated the Russian.

After fifteen minutes of relaxing in the tub they actually got clean with a shower, and once they were dressed they went back to the living room to plop on the couch. “Hungry?” Ilya asked, and Shane sighed offering a small shrug. Ilya grinned and went to the kitchen to make a snack for them.

A few minutes later, he returned with a coke and ginger ale, and a plate of fruit and chocolate. They settled on the couch, Shane melted into his side as he took small sips of his drink, and ate whatever food Ilya brought to his lips. He felt happy. Light as air. He wanted to live in that feeling forever. “When do we go to your parents?” Ilya asked.

“Christmas,” Shane mumbled, his eyes were focused on the Hockey game in front of him, and Ilya was stroking his hair with the hand that wasn’t feeding Shane. “They’re excited to see you.”

Ilya hummed. “Do you think they will like gifts I bought?”

Shane shifted and pressed a kiss to Ilya’s bare pec. “Yes,” he said simply. “Mom’s gonna cry. Dad’ll pretend he isn’t crying.”

“You Canadians cry too much,” Ilya laughed.

Shane smacked his thigh. “You cried over *The Lion King* last month.”

Shane had been showing Ilya different animated movies since he found out Ilya hadn’t really watched many cartoons growing up. Ilya huffed. “That was because of bad brain day,” He lightly tapped Shane’s head.

Shane laughed and turned his head to bite his pec. “Do not weaponize your depression to seem more macho,” Shane said, and bit his pec again just because he could.

“Is my depression,” Ilya laughed. “I do what I want with it.”

“You cried when Mufasa died,” Shane teased. “You cried because you felt bad for Simba.”

Ilya made a noise of protest. “Not true. Is lie.”

Shane scoffed. “Whatever you say, Babe.”

The rest of the night they spent it on the couch trading lazy kisses that led nowhere, and bantering over anything that they could. Then they crawled into bed and into each other’s arms and hearts and fell asleep. They always slept better together.

Ilya had walked into the Hollander home with gifts under his arms, and a plate of hand pies each with Yuna and David’s favorite filling. “Your favorite son is here!” He called. Shane laughed and shook his head softly from where he was behind Ilya. "And Shane is also here." Shane swatted at Ilya's arm for that one.

Yuna appeared first with a big smile, she went to Ilya and kissed his cheek, and then wrapped Shane in a big hug. David appeared and helped Ilya settle the gifts and hand pies. Shane felt warm and fuzzy all over watching his boyfriend and parents fuss over each other.

They all settled easily, eating dinner, and then they gathered in the living room. Yuna and David on the couch, David’s arm loosely wrapped around his wife. Shane sat perched on Ilya’s lap in a chair, Ilya’s arms wrapped loosely around his middle, and Shane leaning back against his chest. They were exchanging gifts, and currently they were watching Yuna and David open their last gift from Ilya specifically rather than them combined.

Ilya was nervous, Shane could feel it, so he twisted around in his lap so he could get an arm around him and press a kiss to his temple. David opened his first. A small box opening to reveal a watch, a soft, glossy, leather strap with a gold face, and intricate details with the numbers and hands being bold and delicate. “There’s an-” Ilya fumbled with his eyebrows furrowed. “What is like carved words?”

“Inscription..engraved?”

“Yes!” Ilya nodded. “On back of watch.”

David turned it over, and in a pretty and delicate script read a beautiful little sentiment. “Папа, спасибо, я люблю тебя.” Ilya said. Shane bit back a smile behind his hand. “Dad, thank you, I love you.” Ilya translated. David looked up with wide eyes, they were welling up, and he quickly wiped his face to hide the face he was close to tears.

“Wow,” David whispered. Ilya chewed on his lip, and Shane smiled softly at him gently touching his cheek that was reddening. “This is,” David blew out a breath. “Ilya this is, thank you, Son.”

“Da,” Ilya nodded with his voice thick with emotion. “Of course.”

“Let me see,” Shane whispered as he moved from Ilya’s lap to the floor in front of his dad to look at the watch.

“My turn?” Yuna asked with a soft smile, and even softer eyes as she looked toward Ilya. Ilya nodded eagerly. She also had a small box, red velvet, and she opened it and her mouth dropped. “Ilya!” She gasped.

Shane looked over at her, and she was holding a gold necklace. A dainty locket, oval, with swirls of delicate patterns carved into the metal, and she slowly opened the locket. “Мама. Мать золотые руки, да сердце огня.” Ilya said. “Mom, A mother with golden hands and heart of fire.”

Yuna’s hands fell to her lap with the locket, her cheeks wet with tears, and she sniffled and shook her head. Ilya barreled on with explanation. “It is Russian saying,” He said, quickly. His own eyes were welling, and Shane was biting his lip watching and letting his boyfriend have his moment. “About a mother’s unwavering passion for her child.”

“Ilya,” Yuna whispered. She looked down at the locket again, and then back up at the Russian. “This is- oh my god.”

“You do not have to wear,” Ilya said quietly. “If you do not like…both of you.”

David brandished his wrist with his new watch showing Ilya. Yuna was moving from the couch, and she was crouching down in front of Ilya. “Could you put it on me?”

Shane watched as Ilya took his shaking hands and gently clasped the chain around his mother’s neck. Yuna touched the locket, opened it again to look down at it, the inscription written on one side, and on the other a picture of Ilya and Shane. The picture was one she had taken of them, they had been visiting Shane’s parents, and they both had fallen asleep on the couch. Ilya’s arm wrapped protectively around him, and Shane’s arm laid across Ilya’s abdomen and his head pillowed on Ilya's chest while Ilya’s face was pressed against Shane’s hair.

“It’s beautiful, Honey.” Yuna grinned as she turned around and pulled him into a tight hug. Her tears were still falling, and Ilya couldn’t hold his back anymore as he buried his face into her shoulder.

Once they all calmed down, Shane moved back to his spot on Ilya’s lap, hand tangling in his curls gently petting them in an act of comfort, and Ilya’s arms wrapping around him and gently rocking them both. “This is nice,” Yuna sighed happily. “Our boys are visiting,” She said as she elbowed her husband. “The house feels so much warmer.”

David hummed in agreement. “As comfortable as you all look,” He said almost sternly but missed by a mile. “Ilya, I got us a new puzzle. I think you’ll like it.”

Ilya grinned widely, and his hand tapped Shane’s thigh and he stood up allowing his boyfriend up. Then it was David and Ilya in the dining room, puzzle pieces spread out, and them gently talking to each other casually about what had been going on. Shane ended up in the kitchen with his mom as they made hot chocolate.

“You seem happy,” Yuna hummed, her hip bumping her son’s easily. Shane blushed and nodded. “He’s good for you. You were always so,” She waved a hand. “Focused on Hockey- which is good and necessary -but it’s nice to see you relax.”

“He makes it easy,” Shane sighed, he glanced toward his boyfriend. The overhead light in the dining room cascaded him, and it made him seem like he was almost glowing in a golden

light. Ilya was smiling, soft, beautiful, and unguarded as David talked about something he couldn't hear from the kitchen. They both were picking out pieces rapidly and pressing them into the correct slots. It looked boring. It took a while for Shane to understand that maybe Ilya had always wanted boring rather than thrill. "I love him," Shane whispered. "We're going to come out next summer."

Yuna made a surprised noise. "Is that..are you sure? It might ruin your careers."

Shane swallowed thickly, "Maybe, but he's worth it." Shane bit his lip and furrowed his eyebrows. "I want to marry him, and I don't want that to be a secret. I'm *going* to marry him."

Yuna gasped. "You have a ring?"

Shane blushed and he nodded sheepishly. "Yeah. I think I'm gonna do it soon, maybe after the holidays."

Yuna wrapped her son in a tight hug, and she pressed a kiss to his cheek then wiped away the smear of nude lipstick she left. "I'm so happy for you. Both of you."

Shane grinned. Once the hot chocolate was done; Shane helped his mom pour it into mugs, and then helped add the toppings. He only added whipped cream to his, but he loaded Ilya's up with sprinkles, whipped cream, and marshmallows. Yuna brought David's mug to him and sat in the chair next to his. Shane did the same thing, and couldn't help the flutter of domesticity in his tummy. He wanted this for the rest of his life, he wanted his family, he wanted Ilya, and he was going to get it no matter what.

Ilya hummed as he licked the whipped cream from the top of his lip, and Shane reached out and collected the dot left on his nose with his thumb. He licked it off with a soft smile. "This isn't too *boring* for you?" He asked, teasing, but Ilya only hummed and looked at his family-his boyfriend with sincerity.

"Is perfect," Ilya smiled and took Shane's hand to kiss his knuckles. "You and family. Is perfect day." Shane really believed him.

End Notes

heyyyyy....so that was like really hot right?

I hope yall enjoyed! THANK YOU for so much love on my first two fics in this fandom and to all the love you guys give my twt!

I LOVE YOU ALL AND WERE NOW BEST FRIENDS

tricked ya.

anyways if you haven't already feel free to scream at me on twitter. ok bye!

Twitter:
@lexaproeddie

RUSSIAN TRANSLATIONS (lol anyone else start learning Russian?)

Дед Мороз: Grandfather Frost
да, мой красавчик: Yes, my pretty boy/ yes, my handsome man/boy
Ебать: Fuck
Принцесса: Princess
Пчелка: bee/ little bee
Я люблю тебя: I love you

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!