Not Just on Christmas

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Not Just on Christmas

by Nusilverwolf

Summary

Ilya and Shane have their first Christmas together as a married couple. Gifts are exchanged and naturally the two compete to see who is the better gift giver. Will Shane win with his sweet sentimental gift? Or will it be Ilya's fulfillment of one of Shane's fantasies?

Notes

To my fellow Hollanov obsessed fans, with love.

Merry Christmas, ya filthy animals 🎁🎄❤️

See the end of the work for more notes

I'll love you till I die, boy
Every day of my life
I celebrate you, baby, I enjoy you
Not just on Christmas.

Shane couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong with Ilya.

It was the morning of Christmas Eve, and not only had Ilya not woken Shane with morning sex, he'd also chosen to stay in bed while Shane took Anya out for her walk. Ottawa had beaten Buffalo in the game last night and they had both been happy to start their short Christmas break on a win. But the moment they'd gotten home something had shifted in Ilya. He was acting cagey—still physically affectionate as he always was—and yet something felt…off.

Shane was worried that Ilya was holding something in again. Had Shane said something last night that upset him? Were holidays a sore spot for Ilya because of his family?

Shane really wasn't sure and he'd wanted to ask last night, but thought Ilya might feel better talking in the morning. He'd woken up in Ilya's arms, ready to talk about the somber mood the night before, but Anya's whine seemed desperate. Ilya hadn't moved when Shane asked if he would come with.

Mostly, Shane was sad. He'd hoped their first Christmas as husbands would have consisted of Ilya's soft, sexy smile and his hands all over him every moment of every day. Instead, Shane was alone in the cold, waiting patiently for Anya to pick the perfect place to poop.

"Come on, girl." Shane mumbled. He nodded towards a small patch of grass. "That spot looks good enough."

Anya sniffed the ground and gave him a pointed look before jogging down the sidewalk away from Shane.

Shane huffed and followed her, wishing he'd just let her out in the backyard and crawled back into bed with Ilya instead.

"The sooner we get this over, the sooner we can get back to daddy." Shane told her, heat rushing to his face despite it being just the two of them.

Ilya would have been insufferable if he'd heard Shane refer to him as "daddy". Shane was almost entirely certain he wasn't into that, but if there was anyone who could convince him to call them that, it was Ilya. The thought conjured images of Ilya as a father—teaching their kids hockey, staying up late to wrap Christmas presents, holding them when they cry, and threatening their future partners. Ilya, being soft, fun, and sometimes stern alongside Shane's strict but loving parenting style. Ilya, pressing Shane into the bed and telling him to be quiet and not wake up the kids. Shane shook his head, attempting to shake away the heat that pooled at *that* particular line of thinking.

Oh no, he was *not* going to have a Daddy kink. Was he?

Anya stopped in her tracks and looked back at Shane, unimpressed. He gave a gentle tug at her leash and continued their trek back home. It took another ten minutes and several more grass patches before Anya finally decided it was good enough to potty, and then they were finally heading back.

The first thing Shane noticed when he walked in were the two suitcases sitting in the foyer. His heart dropped to his stomach and he willed it to calm down as he reached down and removed Anya's harness.

"Ilya?" He called out, his voice wobbling slightly.

Shane kicked off his shoes when there was no reply, not bothering to tuck them away neatly like he normally would and rushing into the living room. He called for his husband again, and breathed a sigh of relief when Ilya's large frame came through their bedroom door.

"I was calling you." Shane said, a bit angrily.

Ilya shrugged, "I did not hear you."

"Obviously." Shane mumbled, letting his gaze roam over Ilya for any signs of distress.

Ilya's face was neutral, his shoulders relaxed, arms cradled around—

"What are those?" Shane blurted, gesturing to the boxes in Ilya's grasp. One he recognized since he'd been the one to wrap it. The little dogs in Christmas sweaters that were printed on the wrapping paper seemed sillier now in Ilya's arms than they had when his mom had given him the paper. The other box was long and rectangular, wrapped a bit more clumsily with paper that had alternating stripes of royal and baby blue and topped with a silver bow.

"You know Christmas, yes?" Ilya asked, a brow raised.

Shane rolled his eyes. "Yes, you asshole, I know Christmas. What are you doing with those?"

Ilya's lips lifted in that crooked smile Shane loved and all the worry and anger melted away.

"I want to open gifts early." Ilya said.

Shane shook his head, chuckling. "I didn't think you would be so eager."

In truth Shane wasn't sure how Ilya would feel about his gift, and he wanted to make sure Ilya was in good enough spirits to receive it. It wasn't a bad gift—in fact Shane was quite proud of what he'd put together—but if holidays were sensitive for Ilya then it might just make things worse.

"I am not the eager one." Ilya said. Shane's cock twitched at his suggestive smirk, his ears burning hot. Ilya ignored Shane's attempt at a glare as he went on. "This paper is very cute. It looks like Anya."

Shane nodded, certain he looked absolutely ridiculous trying to maintain his pseudo anger. "My mom found it and insisted I use it."

"She has good taste."

Ilya's smile deepened as he thrust the blue striped box into Shane's chest.

"You first."

Shane conceded to the request, Ilya's insistence peaking his interest.

"Did you wrap this?" He teased though his heart fluttered at the thought.

"Just open it."

Shane tore the paper, his curiosity growing into confusion as the blue paper fell onto the ground. The box was black and unmarked, making no noise as he shook it. Shane gave a quizzical look to Ilya, who had a stupid grin on his face. A small smile pulled on Shane's lips at his husband's excitement and he ripped into the box. He immediately saw something flesh colored, just the top of it peeking out.

Shane's entire body flushed with realization.

"You got me a dildo?" He asked, incredulous.

"Is not just any dick." Ilya answered. He gave a short nod in encouragement.

Shane wasn't sure where he was going with this. He didn't think they'd needed any more sex toys, especially because Shane also happened to get something of the same caliber for Ilya. What was so special about this one?

He pulled it out of the box with that question in mind, but the moment the toy was out and in his hand he knew the answer. Shane's jaw dropped open in disbelief, the box clattering to the ground with a loud thud. His gaze met Ilya's and the heat from that look combined with the familiar weight in his hand had Shane instantly hard.

"Ilya, is this *your* dick?"

Ilya stepped closer as he purred, "You two are very friendly with each other. I am not surprised you recognize him."

Shane cupped the silicone balls with one hand and stroked the length with the other. Yes—he knew this feeling by heart. His cock jumped in agreement. Eager, indeed.

"H-how?" He sputtered as Ilya closed the rest of the distance and overwhelmed his senses. "Why?"

"They make kits to do this. I thought you might want my company when I am gone."

Shane's brow furrowed. "We play for the same team. We're not going to spend much time apart."

Ilya shrugged. "Maybe I just want to watch you ride my cock while your mouth is full of the real thing."

A pleasant shiver rippled through Shane at the thought. "Yeah?"

Ilya hummed in agreement as he cradled Shane's face in his empty hand. Then he leaned down and captured Shane's lips in a slow, tantalizing kiss. Shane melted under Ilya's touch. Ilya nipped at Shane's lower lip and he opened for him, losing himself in the tangle of their tongues. Shane's body was alight with relief, love, and desire. He didn't think he'd ever be able to process the myriad emotions Ilya brought out of him.

Just as he was about to throw Ilya's silicone dick to the ground and push his husband into their bedroom and onto their bed to ravish him, a knock sounded from the front door. Shane's body tensed at the sound, but it didn't stop Ilya from sneaking one more kiss before he pulled away.

"That is Troy and Harris."

Ilya tucked his erection into the band of his pants and headed towards the front door. Shane, still dazed, barely registered what Ilya had just said until he heard the click of the lock and Anya barking. He dashed into their bedroom, dildo securely in hand, and shut the door behind him.

He could hear that Ilya, Harris, and Troy were chatting in the living room as he sat the dildo on the bed next to the backpack Ilya must have put there. He tucked his still hard dick into the band of his sweats and rifled through the backpack to calm down. It seemed Ilya had packed their toiletries, Shane's glasses, the book Shane was reading, and their phone chargers. Slowly, the pieces came together in Shane's mind.

Ilya must have made plans for them to get away for a few days.

A different warmth filled Shane's heart at Ilya's thoughtfulness. Maybe they were going to get the romantic Christmas experience Shane had hoped for. Feeling touched and still a bit riled up, an idea popped into Shane's mind. He tossed the silicone cock into the backpack, searched his hiding spot in their closet, and ran to the bathroom.

He had to work quickly if he was going to get *his* surprise ready.

♥🎄♥

Not to brag, but Ilya had this whole Christmas thing in the bag.

From the look on Shane's face at his first gift, he had no idea what else Ilya had planned for their first Christmas as a married couple. Though he'd teased Shane, it was Ilya that was eager for the next few days. He'd spent the last month getting all the details together. He'd booked their stay, even going as far as visiting the property to make sure everything looked like the photos and there weren't any of the creepy hidden cameras Wyatt warned him about. He'd arranged for a pet sitter. He'd stayed hard the entire time his dick was in that cold mold. He'd even wrapped the gift himself.

He was overflowing with excitement at this point. So much so that after their win last night he had to work hard to hide it.

The first part of his plan had gone off without a hitch. Thanks to Ilya's performance the night before, Shane hadn't pushed him when he didn't want to go with him this morning. Anya had done a remarkable job—that angel—and dragged out their walk. It had given Ilya enough time to throw their suitcases together and grab the gift Shane had poorly hidden before he got back.

Shane was so cute, hiding Ilya's gift in such an easy spot. He had been tempted to open it beforehand, but fought the urge so he could watch Shane's face after he'd discovered what he'd gotten him. The gift was still in Ilya's hand—its contents light and mysterious.

"Thank you again for taking Anya." Ilya said to Harris as he gestured towards the kitchen. Harris nodded with a smile as he and Troy removed their shoes before following Ilya. Ilya set down Shane's gift on the counter and walked towards the pantry.

"It's no problem at all." Harris said. "Chiron is going to love having a playmate for a few days."

Troy snorted. "More like he'll love being bossed around for a few days."

Harris laughed nervously, a bit flushed as he explained to Ilya, "Really, he does love it. He rolls over the moment he sees Anya and follows her all around the place. They get along just fine."

Ilya grabbed the packed bag of Anya's food, treats, and toys. "Yes, of course. Because she is so perfect."

As if she knew they were talking about her, Anya trotted into the kitchen. She sniffed Troy before moving onto Harris, tail wagging. Troy visibly relaxed and Ilya snorted in amusement. Yeah, Anya bossed around *Chiron*.

Harris took the bag and offered Ilya an apologetic look. Ilya half smiled and repeated what he'd sent Harris in a text about Anya's care. He'd been thorough then and thorough now, but if Harris minded, he didn't say anything. He simply nodded along, bending down to pat Anya as she rifled through her vacation bag.

"That all sounds good." Harris said. "You're back the night of the 26th?"

"Yes." Ilya said with a nod. "We can pick her up from your place on our way home."

Troy had joined Harris on the floor, offering his hand for Anya to sniff. She gave him a few seconds of attention before going back to her task, tail swishing. Troy petted her head softly.

“Great.” Harris said as he stood, Troy following the motion.

Anya perked up, barking at the men in the kitchen. Ilya spoke sweetly to her in Russian, explaining to her that she will be going with these two for a few days, and that she could do no wrong because she was his little princess. She let out a short bark that Ilya interpreted as a promise before dashing off into the living room. When Ilya looked up, his eyes met Shane’s from where he was standing after joining them.

Something mischievous glinted in Shane’s eyes, but the look was gone before Ilya could interpret it. He smiled and greeted Harris and Troy, thanking them as well for their help. Ilya watched him closely, hoping to see what had sparked that look on Shane's face. Had it been Ilya’s not-so-little gift?

“Anya will have so much fun chasing Chiron all day. She’ll be tuckered out by the time we come to get her.”

Anya barked in response and Shane bent down to scratch her behind the ears. Ilya noted the unusual way he’d done it, imperceivable to anyone but him. He had a sneaking suspicion as to what Shane was up to and the thought went straight to his dick. Ilya looked up to redirect his thoughts and caught Troy lifting a brow at Harris as if to say, *See? I told you.*

“Yes, it will be very lively.” Harris admitted with a small chuckle. “Anyway, we should get going. I’m sure you two are ready to head out.”

Ilya nodded, checking his phone for the time. “Yes. The drive is only a few hours but we should leave soon so we can have some lunch.”

Shane and Ilya helped load Anya into Harris’s car as she yipped excitedly. Ilya gave her a dozen kisses, reiterating their plans in Russian one more time. Warmth filled his chest as Shane gave her one, quick kiss on the head, and finally they were alone.

“So,” Shane started, his tone intending to sound peeved though a smile was on his face. “Where exactly are we heading?”

Ilya returned the smile, turning and sweeping Shane up into a tight embrace. He delighted in the grunt that came out of Shane when he squeezed him. Shane shifted in his arms like he wanted to escape, but the attempt was half-hearted. Ilya kissed him, short and sweet. Shane kissed him back for a few moments before finally wiggling out of Ilya’s grasp.

“Tell me you fucker!”

“You are no fun.” Ilya pouted.

Shane’s scoff was belied by the way his eyes lingered on Ilya’s lower lip. The mischievous, sexy look returned to his gaze and he turned it on Ilya in full force. The things Ilya wanted to do when Shane looked at him like *that.* They would never get to the real surprise.

“Tell me,” Shane started as he reached into his back pocket and pulled out something. “And I’ll let you have *this* in the car ride.”

Ilya’s eyes darted to the object in Shane’s hand. It was a small, black remote with a couple of buttons. Ilya grabbed at Shane’s wrist to get a better look, but Shane pulled back before he had the chance to snatch it.

“Hollander.” Ilya warned.

“Tell me.” Shane insisted.

Ilya let out a small huff of frustration, but who was he kidding? He could never truly deny this man. “I rented a cabin for us. It has a hot tub, sauna, ice rink, and I was told it’s decorated for the holiday.”

The arm that held the remote didn’t budge—the doubt lingering in Shane’s eyes.

“And,” Ilya purred as he reached for Shane’s wrist. Shane let him grab it this time and Ilya held it gently, caressing his pulse point with his thumb. “It’s completely remote. It will just be you and me for the next two days.”

Shane exhaled, his breath mingling with Ilya’s and lighting his insides on fire. His eyes scanned Ilya’s face for a few seconds as he processed that information. Then, his gaze softened and Ilya could read the unspoken words in his eyes.

I trust you.

Ilya’s heart simultaneously thudded wildly in his chest and melted down to his toes. He loved Shane so much. They had come so far, and he couldn’t wait to show him how much he appreciated the journey they’d been through.

Shane pulled his wrist out of Ilya’s grasp and placed the remote in his palm. Ilya brought it closer to his face to inspect the buttons, pleasure flooding his system as he realized what Shane had just handed him.

“Maybe you are not as boring as I thought.”

♥🎄♥

Shane’s knee bounced up and down as he watched the scenery pass by the passenger window. According to the GPS, they only had ten minutes until they arrived at their destination. Ilya was whistling along with a Bad Bunny song, totally nonchalant as Shane teetered on the edge of sanity.

He’d waited until after they’d loaded up the car with their suitcases and hockey equipment—after they’d hit the one hour mark—to finally press a button on the remote Shane had given

him. Then, he'd proceeded to tease Shane for the last half hour by switching up the settings. The plug in Shane's ass went from a low vibrating setting, to a teasing pulse, to a consistent thrum against his prostate that had Shane's toes curling. He'd been painfully hard for what felt like so long that he was concerned they may need to call a doctor.

Ilya had watched Shane writhe in his seat with his crooked smile, a dangerous and dark look in his eyes warning Shane to not come. Shane, never one to back down from a challenge, had endured. He thought he was actually doing pretty well. That was, until about ten minutes ago when Ilya had suddenly turned the plug off.

Shane was delirious with want, still hard, and now desperate to have *anything* to stimulate him.

He snuck glances at Ilya's lap, willing the half-hard bulge in his pants to come out and drive him as crazy as Shane felt. When that tactic didn't work, he closed his eyes and focused on the bass of the reggaeton and the sound of the gravel beneath the tires. His cock pulsed against his sweatpants, eager for attention. Especially from the man in the driver's seat.

Ilya put the car in park and then as if sensing Shane's thoughts, he turned to face Shane. His eyes swept over Shane and for a brief moment Shane wondered what he saw. He probably looked as pathetic and needy as he felt—a wet stain of precum darkening his sweats and pleading eyes. Whatever Ilya saw, he must have liked because his eyes were dark when they met Shane's.

Ilya's tongue darted out to swipe against his lower lip and Shane gasped as Ilya reached out a beat later, his thumb grazing the head of Shane's erection. Shane bucked at the contact and Ilya hummed his approval.

"You were so good."

A wave of pleasure washed over Shane at Ilya's praise, leaving goosebumps in its wake.

"Fuck, you look incredible like this." Ilya said, his thumb coming up to brush against Shane's lips. "I love seeing you all needy for me. Like putty. It never gets old."

Shane sucked Ilya's thumb into his mouth, begging with his eyes. *Fuck me.*

A low growl rumbled in Ilya's chest as he leaned over the center console and kissed him. Shane shamelessly moaned into Ilya's mouth, welcoming his tongue as Ilya deepened the kiss. He hadn't realized he'd been moving towards Ilya, attempting to crawl into his lap, until he felt the hard press of the center console against his aching cock.

"Shit," Shane shakily exhaled, shivering as Ilya slowly dragged his fingers out of his hair. Shane's hands were fisted in Ilya's hoodie and he hadn't remembered putting them there.

"Are we going to go inside or should we just…"

"Fuck in the car?" Ilya asked, brow raised.

Shane's gaze dropped to Ilya's dick and his own cock jumped. He was probably crimson, but he hardly cared. He could just reach over and put his mouth on Ilya—swallow him down and take the edge off so Shane could fully appreciate the cabin Ilya had so thoughtfully picked out. Even if Ilya didn't turn on the plug again, Shane knew he could come just from sucking his husband off.

Ilya, seeming to permanently reside in Shane's thoughts, said, "Surprisingly we have never done that."

Shane smiled. "We'd have to get it detailed after."

Ilya laughed. "With how wet you get they would have so much to clean."

Shane shoved at Ilya's chest, face burning and smiling stupidly. "You're such a dick."

But Ilya was right, it would be a hard mess to clean up and so awkward to have someone else do it. Instead of telling Ilya this, he opted for something else.

"I have a better idea." Shane said. He opened his hands, making a "gimme" motion for the keys. Ilya was eyeing him curiously.

"Tell me."

"We can go inside and try out *your* Christmas gift."

"Hmm…" Ilya hummed as he pretended to contemplate, but his eyes sparkled in a way that Shane knew meant he was into it. And that he was up to something.

Ilya's eyes darkened. He pulled Shane into a fervent kiss and released him, then quickly unbuckled his seatbelt and threw open the car door. Shane did the same with a shake of his head and a quiet chuckle. Ilya was around the car and in Shane's personal space just as Shane stood. Shane's eyes narrowed.

"Do *not* pick me up. I can walk to the front door just fine by myself."

Ilya just smiled.

Shane took off towards the door, clutching the backpack tight to his chest as Ilya chased after them, both of them laughing. Ilya caught up quickly, though Shane didn't try *that* hard. He was in front of Shane now, cutting off his path to the door. Ilya's chest heaved, but a wicked smile was plastered on his face. Shane dug his feet into the ground, but he was too late to pivot away.

The last of Shane's laughs ended with a sudden huff as Ilya crashed into him. Instead of lifting him into his arms like he had the night after their "first" wedding—bridal style—Ilya had grabbed Shane around the waist and hoisted him over his shoulder.

"What the fuck Ilya!" Shane scolded breathlessly. "I'm a grown man. You can't just carry me like this!"

“Looks like I already am!” Ilya answered. Shane could hear the smile in his words. “Are you saying that because this is proof that I can bench more than you?”

Shane scoffed. His body swayed with every one of Ilya’s steps, the hood of his hoodie blocking out the late afternoon sun. He clutched onto the backpack, the blood in his body going to either his head or his dick as he stared at Ilya’s beautiful ass.

“It is *not*. Clearly you are still salty about me out squatting you.”

“Hollander, no one was surprised at your squatting skills.”

Shane let out a heavy sigh, but he knew his face was red for more reasons than being held upside down.

“You’re such a pig.” Shane muttered in Russian.

“Fine,” He conceded, though it hardly mattered at this point. “You can carry me through the door, but then you need to put me down.” His tone turned bossy, “And after that you’ll bring in everything else and I will show you how much I appreciate my gifts.”

A groan of approval rumbled in Ilya’s chest and Shane’s heart somersaulted. Being with Ilya like this, flirting and carefree, still felt like a dream.

He never wanted to wake up.

Ilya effortlessly carried Shane to the threshold and Shane could hear the sound of beeping as Ilya typed in the doorcode. The door opened with a click and Ilya stepped through. He set Shane down gently, a cocky smile on his face. Then he leaned in for a sweet kiss and Shane happily obliged.

Shane turned towards the inside of the cabin and squinted into the dark space. It was the late afternoon, but the winter sun had already begun to set. He could hear Ilya fumbling around for the light switch, cursing in Russian under his breath. Then in one lucky strike the room was bathed in warm, multicolored light.

For a second Shane let himself get lost in the magic of this moment. They weren’t hiding away anymore. Shane didn’t have to worry if or when they would get caught. If the hockey world would hate or support them. He and Ilya were free to love each other wherever and whenever they wanted. They had all the support they needed. They didn’t have to spend every moment together as if there wasn’t enough time.

Shane turned to Ilya, the smile on his face a mirror of Ilya’s. The multicolored light sparkled in Ilya’s hazel eyes—the love he had for Shane on full display. It was so raw and real, and Shane could only hope his expression looked the same because this man meant so much to him and he deserved to know that. Shane lifted up and kissed Ilya like they had all the time in the world.

Ilya kissed him back greedily, wasting no time in completely dominating the kiss. His hands roamed over Shane’s body, his touch featherlight. Shane melted into his touch, his grip on

Ilya's hoodie the only thing keeping him upright. Ilya grabbed Shane's ass possessively and Shane broke from the kiss with a moan as Ilya trailed kisses down his neck. Ilya's long fingers dipped under Shane's sweats and along his crease. Shane lifted up for him, a desperate groan falling from his lips as Ilya pressed against the plug.

Shane trembled under the attention, his erection rubbing against Ilya's.

"Ilya…" Shane panted as their bodies rocked against each other. "Go get the stuff."

Ilya groaned in disapproval, playing more with the plug. Shane squirmed, his body heating as Ilya pulled the plug out and pushed it back in. He stopped only after Shane finally gathered himself enough to push him away.

"Fine." Ilya grumbled, turning and running back to the car.

Shane let himself watch Ilya's retreat for a few seconds, admiring the handsome man he got to call his husband, before he made his own sprint in the opposite direction. He scanned the living room—a small, cozy space with a large couch sprawled in front of a rustic fireplace—as he formed a gameplan. Then, plans hastily thrown together and heart beating wildly with anticipation, Shane stripped.

♥🎄♥

It took him a couple of minutes to figure it out through the haze of horniness, but Ilya managed to get everything they'd packed into one trip. Suitcases in one hand and Shane's gift to him in the other, Ilya carefully shuffled to the front door. His dick had softened a bit while he'd been out in the cold, but the moment he'd stepped back inside that instantly changed. Shane was moaning from what sounded like the living room and Ilya was rock hard again.

He dropped the suitcases, locked the front door, and sprinted to where he'd heard his husband. When he saw Shane on the floor of the living room, spread open and crouching, Ilya swore he could hear the blood rushing in his ears. He hastily set Shane's gift down on the couch and walked over to Shane in two strides.

"You started without me."

"I—you were torturing me the whole car ride." Shane breathed. He was red from his cheeks down to his bare chest.

Ilya lifted Shane's face with two fingers under his chin, humming low. "I should make you wait longer because you started without me."

Shane whined but didn't move. Every muscle on display was flexed with his effort. Ilya drank in the sight. He would love Shane no matter how his body looked but seeing him like this—taut like a bow string ready to snap, each muscle so prominently displayed and hard cock bobbing between his legs—made his mouth water. He wanted to lick every dip and

curve of Shane's body. Leave his mark there for the world to see, now that they all knew he was Ilya's.

But they would have time for that later.

"Ilya, *please*." Shane begged, his eyes clouded with lust.

Ilya bent down and dipped his tongue into Shane's open mouth, reveling in the way his body had begun to shake with the effort of holding this position. When he pulled away, he caught a glimpse of silver and a bottle of lube on the floor next to Shane and smiled. Ilya's eyes flicked to Shane's feet and his dick jumped at his realization.

"I can't stay mad at you when you are using my gift."

"Haven't…yet."

"Hmm…you have been so good. Sitting so pretty while I played with you in the car and waiting to ride *my cock.*"

Shane whimpered.

"Go ahead." Ilya said, his voice low and daring. "I want to watch your face as you take all of me. Then I will fuck your mouth too."

Shane shivered at Ilya's words, wasting no time as he placed his hands behind him and sunk down onto the dildo molded from Ilya's cock.

"Fuuuuuckkk…." Shane moaned as he slid down, letting out a gasp of surprise when he made it to the base.

It had a suction cup at the bottom and Ilya hoped it would hold out. He palmed himself over his pants, completely enraptured in watching Shane as he adjusted to the silicone Ilya. He was fucking himself slowly, like he would if he were riding the real thing. Ilya might actually be a bit jealous.

"You are so beautiful." Ilya told him, ignoring the stupid jealousy.

Shane, the ever diligent overachiever, had a good rhythm set after a few minutes. Using his athleticism, he bounced up and down on the dildo, his muscles straining with the effort of holding himself in that position. Ilya freed his cock and stroked himself in earnest as he watched Shane's face relax with pleasure, his cock slapping against his stomach with every bob of his hips.

"*Ilya*." Shane pleaded, looking up at Ilya. His dark lashes fluttered against his cheeks as he gasped and moaned.

Ilya moved his hand down his dick in one languid stroke, pulling back the foreskin to reveal the angry, red head. Shane's abs flexed as he shifted his weight and leaned more forward, moving his hands from the ground to Ilya's waist. Ilya's cock was inches away from his

parted lips and as he looked up, Ilya took a moment to trace a familiar path across the freckles he loved so much.

Then, Ilya weaved his hands into Shane's hair and thrust into his open mouth.

"Fuck, *Shane.*" Ilya moaned, a jolt of pleasure shooting down his spine as Shane groaned around his length.

Shane stayed like that for a few minutes, just sucking Ilya's cock, before his neediness took over again. He held onto Ilya's hips as he figured out the motion of continuing to suck and also pleasuring himself with the dildo. Ilya did his best to try to support his head and neck as he tried a few different angles, but he was distracted by the view.

He couldn't really see the dildo from this angle, but he could hear the slick sound of it as Shane moved up and down. The thought of being in Shane in two places combined with the eager way Shane always sucked Ilya, had Ilya's orgasm shooting to the surface. Apparently he wasn't alone in this because a moment later Shane pulled off his cock with a desperate groan.

"Ilya, *fuck,* I'm—"

God, Shane would probably come from just this.

"Me too." Ilya said, just as breathless and desperate.

Shane took Ilya into his mouth again, moaning as Ilya rocked his hips in time with Shane's bouncing.

"Oh sweetheart, you take me so well." Ilya mumbled, maybe in English, maybe in Russian. He wasn't really sure at the moment.

Shane's moan vibrated around Ilya's shaft, his fingers digging into Ilya's hips as his rhythm picked up.

"Love this so much." Ilya said, in Russian for certain this time, matching Shane's need to climax. "Love *you* so much."

Shane shook with his release, a few hot spurts of it hitting Ilya's legs as he whimpered and moaned. Ilya followed shortly after, coming down Shane's throat in one long stroke. Shane stilled as Ilya's dick pulsed a few more times. He waited a few more seconds before releasing him, his tongue dragging along the bottom of Ilya's dick as he pulled away. Ilya's hand moved from Shane's hair to his cheek and he brushed his thumb along Shane's bottom lip before he could swallow.

"Show me."

Shane opened his mouth and Ilya growled at the sight of his cum on Shane's tongue. He leaned back far enough to get the glorious view of Shane's own release on his chest, Ilya's silicone cock still buried in him.

“Fuck, Hollander. You really are so pretty.”

Shane’s already flushed skin went a shade darker, making the brown of his freckles look even more stunning against the red.

“Swallow, my love.”

Pleasure danced up Ilya’s spine as he watched Shane follow his orders, his Adam’s apple bobbing with his swallow.

“That was—” Shane whispered.

Ilya hummed and spoke in Russian, “Come here.”

He helped Shane slowly get up off the floor, setting his boneless body gently down onto the couch before retreating into the kitchen. Ilya cleaned himself quickly, pulled his pants back up, and returned to Shane with a warm, damp towel.

Shane lay where Ilya left him, one hand over his closed eyes. He was trying to even out his breathing with slow, calm inhales and exhales. He didn’t move as Ilya cleaned him, even when Ilya peppered kisses along the ridges of the muscles he’d been ogling earlier. Ilya looked up when he was done and found Shane staring down at him, naked affection in his eyes.

Ilya gave him a few languid kisses before he stood and collected Shane’s clothes. Shane took them with a grateful smile.

“Great gift.” Ilya said, smirking.

Shane’s smile turned bashful. “Yours too.”

It reminded Ilya of the earlier days of this thing between them, and he was so happy he could still coax that expression out of Shane.

“We’ll have to do it again.”

Shane groaned half-heartedly. “Not right now. I’m starving. Does this place have any food?”

Shane had seemed impressed when Ilya showed him the fridge, stocked with healthy, ready to eat meals for the next few days. Ilya was grateful that the company he’d hired, per coach Wiebe’s recommendation, was able to swing by the cabin and deliver their meals while they drove up earlier. As they waited for the oven to preheat Shane cleaned up the living room and Ilya took their suitcases to the bedroom.

When Ilya returned to the kitchen Shane was seated at the small table there, the gift with the Anya wrapping paper cradled in his hands.

“I’m guessing this little getaway is your other gift.” Shane said.

Ilya nodded as he pulled out the chair across from Shane and sat down. They'd agreed on two gifts this year and though Ilya broke that rule with what he had planned for tomorrow, he knew Shane was going to follow the rules.

"I thought it would be nice to spend our first Christmas with just the two of us."

Shane gave Ilya a small smile. "Me too. I'm glad you did this. It's perfect."

Ilya beamed, nudging Shane's foot with his. "I'm the *best* gift giver."

Shane rolled his eyes, but nudged Ilya back. "You're a decent gift giver." He said with a shrug. "I guess."

Ilya hooked Shane's ankle with his foot and tugged. They both laughed.

"You still have one more gift to open." Shane said, a hint of nervousness in his voice.

Ilya eyed the gift box as Shane pushed it over to him, curious. "We'll see about that."

He carefully unwrapped the gift, not wanting to rip the paper that looked like his precious Anya. Shane ribbed him a bit for it, but as Ilya peeled away more of the wrapping paper he looked more and more nervous.

Ilya *had* to know what was in this box.

Once the paper was completely gone and set aside, Ilya tore into the box. Shane had begun to scold him for being so savage, but was quickly cut off by Ilya's sudden stillness. They sat there for a few silent moments, Ilya's heartbeat pounding in his eardrums.

"Is this…" He started, the words catching in his throat as he stared at Shane's gift.

"It took a few months, a lot of broken Russian/English conversations, and several hundred dollars but I finally managed to get a hold of it. It was the only one I could find of her I hope it's—"

"It's really her." Ilya said, his voice a choked warble as tears ran down his cheeks.

Shane smiled in understanding, standing up and coming over to Ilya's side of the table to wrap his arms around his shoulders. Ilya lifted one arm, cradling Shane's forearm as he stroked a finger over the picture of his mother. It was a candid shot of her and Ilya, taken at the park she'd love to take him as a child. Ilya was just a toddler in the photo, his hair a shade lighter and even more curly than it was now. She wasn't looking at the camera, half her face hidden as she angled it towards Ilya.

She looked so *happy.*

"How did you find this?" Ilya croaked, fully aware of the tears blotting Shane's shirt sleeve.

Shane nuzzled into Ilya's hair, his voice quiet next to his ear. "It took a while but I was able to find an old friend of Irina's. She was able to send it over to me."

Ilya sobbed, holding onto both of the people he loved the most in the world as tightly as he could. He thought of the nightmares he'd had in those months he was in agony about keeping his and Shane's secret. He thought of that last image of his mother—laying in her bed, her hand hanging there, unmoving—and tried to reconcile it with this version of her. She hadn't always lived in the shadow of his father. She had friends. She had been *happy.* She had looked at Ilya and given him a *true* smile. A smile Ilya had forgotten she was capable of.

And now, *Shane* had been the one to bring this version back to him.

A thought from some distant part of his mind occurred to Ilya. He wasn't freaking out. In fact, the pain he'd normally felt when it came to his mother was suspiciously absent, replaced instead by a warmth in his chest. Ilya marveled at this reaction. He was crying, yes, but would he have been able to accept this gift from Shane—from his mother—without all the progress he made in the last year?

From what felt like somewhere in the far distance Ilya could hear the sound of the oven beeping to let them know it was preheated, but neither he nor Shane moved. They held each other for what felt like hours, Shane slightly rocking Ilya as he calmed down.

"Guess *I'm* the best gift giver." Shane finally said.

Ilya laughed shakily. "No, you asshole. My gift made you come and your gift made me *cry.* I am the winner."

Shane laughed too and it sounded nearly as wet as Ilya's. Ilya turned his head and kissed Shane. It was short but sweet and when they broke apart, they rested their foreheads together.

"Thank you."

"I love you, Ilya. Merry Christmas."

Ilya swallowed, choking back more tears as his eyes burned. He kissed Shane again—feeling, for the first time—that his mother was wrapping her arms around them both.

♥🎄♥

Between the hockey game the night before, the incredible sex, and the emotional release, both Shane and Ilya were exhausted. They tried to watch a movie after dinner, but once they snuggled together they passed out. A few hours later they woke up and dragged themselves to bed, Ilya holding Shane close the whole night through.

Shane woke up the next morning feeling groggy in both his mind and body. He yawned as his vision came into focus, stretching his body like a cat. His gaze landed first on the empty space beside him, then on the picture frame sitting on Ilya's nightstand. He hadn't remembered Ilya bringing it in last night, but he wasn't surprised to see it there.

He took a few moments to stare at the photo, remembering how Ilya had reacted yesterday. They had so many photos of Shane and his family back at their place and Shane had wanted Ilya to feel his family—the best part of it at least—was there too. He'd been so worried that this gift would push Ilya back into that dark place he sometimes went, but he'd also felt that Ilya deserved to have this piece of his mother back.

Shane thought, for the most part, his gift was a success.

As if on queue, he could hear Ilya singing in the kitchen. That had to be a good sign.

Shane stumbled out of bed, not bothering to put on a shirt as he joined Ilya in the kitchen. The smell of food and fresh coffee coaxed a grumble out of Shane's stomach and he could feel his cheeks pink at the loud sound of it.

Ilya greeted him in Russian, his voice still gravely with sleep. Shane was pretty sure he'd called him a "flower pot" somewhere in there, but he was still learning and it was hard to focus as his husband came barreling towards him. Ilya wrapped him in his arms and kissed him.

"Good morning." Shane said in Russian. "Merry Christmas."

He couldn't help but smile as Ilya swayed them around the kitchen, humming a Christmas tune. He would have been totally content staying like that with him, that was until Shane's stomach let out another growl in protest. Ilya laughed, the sound rumbling against Shane's chest. Shane gave him a playful shove.

Ilya released him and hummed, "Make sure you eat a lot this morning. You'll need the energy."

Shane cocked a brow at his husband and Ilya waved away his suspicion. "Get your mind out of the sewer or whatever the English is."

"Get my mind out of the gutter? When it comes to *you?*"

Ilya contemplated this and shrugged. "Eat all of your breakfast and you will get your surprise."

The surprise, it turns out, was a one-on-one hockey game at the private rink in the backyard. Dressed for the chilly but sunny Christmas morning, they set out onto the ice. The rink was a decent size and relatively well-maintained. The nets on the goals were a little worn by the weather, but Shane was impressed with the quality of the ice as he and Ilya warmed up with lazy passes of the puck.

"Welcome to the 2022 All-Star Game!" Ilya said as he accepted a pass from Shane. He took the puck, skating a teasing circle around Shane as his voice boomed, the sound caught trapped the trees surrounding the property. "We are happy to have the handsome and most talented player ever Ilya Rosanov back on the ice."

Ilya imitated a crowd cheering and Shane shook his head and chased after him. He wasn't sure what Ilya was up to, but he was willing to play along.

"Joined by Shane Hollander, the defender of three Stanley cups and record holder for most shots on goal." Shane added, using the same announcer voice as Ilya. He skated towards Ilya and tried to take the puck.

Ilya booed, then continued loudly. "They may be fucking now, but they will always be rivals. On and off the ice."

"They would not say 'fucking' in the stadium." Shane said, rolling his eyes and laughing.

Ilya only smirked and bodied Shane off of him, skating past him towards the other goal as he shouted. "With half the league being gay, no one was surprised when the rivals ended up playing for the same team!"

Shane skated after him, catching up quickly and laughing uncontrollably. He wondered who had taught Ilya that turn of phrase. Shane poked his stick at Ilya's just before he lined up a shot, and stole the puck back, smiling like the lovedrunk fool he was.

"Hey ref, are you blind?" Ilya chided the non-existent referee.

Shane chuckled and smacked the puck at the empty net. It fell back to the ice with a thud and Shane skated over to retrieve it. Ilya was waiting at center ice, his posture indicating he was ready for a face-off. Shane took his place across from him, placing the puck between them since they didn't have anyone to drop it in. He crouched like they were in a game—like they'd done so many times in their career, in their relationship.

Ilya eyed Shane, Shane's favorite crooked smile spread across his lips, and it was as if they were in a crowded stadium. Though all they had at this moment were their skates and their sticks, he could feel the ghost of his pads and helmet against his skin. He could hear the fans chanting their names in the stands. But across the ice from him, like he always had been, was just *Ilya*.

The rest of the world faded away.

"Remember that dream you told me?" Ilya asked, the white puff of his breath mingling with Shane's as he waited for Shane's response.

"What?"

"The one where we were fucking on center ice."

Shane blushed at the memory, the heat from it cascading down his body and settling on his dick. Ilya gave an appreciative glance at the bulge already tenting in Shane's sweats.

"We can't fuck on center ice." Shane said, a bit shaky.

Ilya leaned in, a shit-eating grun on his face as if he already won the face-off. "Who says we can't?"

Shane's body reacted on instinct as his stick shot out towards the puck, but Ilya was faster. He dropped his stick and skated into Shane, embracing him and turning them slightly before falling onto his back. Shane landed on top of him with an exasperated gasp.

"Jesus Christ, Ilya!" He chided, thumping his husband's chest. "We could have cut each other with our skates!"

"But we didn't."

"You could have gotten a concussion! Or bruised your tailbone or some shit."

"But I didn't."

Shane groaned in his frustration, glaring down at Ilya's stupid handsome face. His knees were on either side of Ilya's hips, the blades up but thankfully not in either of their ways. Ilya bucked up into Shane, his erection grinding against Shane's. He was still smirking, the bastard. He did it again and Shane's groan was more of a moan this time.

"The ice must be hard." Shane mumbled, cursing to himself the moment it left his mouth.

"It is not the only thing that is hard." Ilya quipped, grinding his dick against Shane's again.

"We can't fuck out here."

"Imagine it, Hollander. The crowd is here, or they are not, but anyone could walk in and see the two arch-rivals on center ice. Like *this*."

Shane closed his eyes and pictured it. He wasn't normally into voyeurism, but he indulged in the moment, imagining the fans who he feared would hate him for being himself watch as the man who loved him claimed him. Shane rocked his hips against Ilya again, surprised to find that he *did* like that thought.

"Rosanov."

Heat burned behind Ilya's hazel eyes. "Hollander."

"Fuck you."

Ilya's face darkened. "Make me."

Shane bent down to kiss him fiercely, trapping their cocks between them. Ilya moaned into Shane's mouth, kissing back with the same fervor. They grinded into each other and Shane imagined all the bigots and assholes watching them do this. Watching them crash into each other and exploding like the two stars they were, shining bright and blinding.

Ilya bit Shane's lower lip and Shane moaned, biting him back. Ilya's hips jerked again and Shane pulled back, leaning up to lower his sweats and take his cock out. Ilya shuffled slightly underneath him, careful to avoid the blades as he pulled out his cock.

"*Fuck.*" Ilya sighed, giving himself a single stroke before holding out his hand to Shane.

Shane pushed his hand away and angled his mouth down instead. A long strand of spit flowed down from his mouth to their dicks and Shane used it as he rubbed them together. Ilya's head hit the ice with a thump as Shane worked them like that, his precum combining with his saliva and creating tantalizing friction.

Ilya was thrusting up into Shane's hand as he gripped them together, the sensation every bit delightful as it always was. Shane's eyes were locked on Ilya's, watching white clouds puff out of his mouth as he lost himself to his desire. Ilya's cheeks were pink, lips bruised from their frantic kissing. His gold crucifix had fallen to the side of his neck, the glint of it just barely visible as the muscles there tensed and relaxed.

"*Ilya."* Shane warned, his orgasm suddenly right on the precipice.

Ilya stilled Shane's movements with a hand on his wrist.

"Not yet."

Shane exhaled in frustration. His entire body was on fire. He wanted to come. He wanted *Ilya* to come. Wasn't it *him* that instigated this so they would fuck on center ice?

"Calm down, Hollander." Ilya said as if reading his mind. "I am going to fuck you. It is just actually difficult to do on the ice."

Shane breathed a sigh of relief. They both tucked themselves back into their pants and stood slowly. Shane helped Ilya up. Ilya used the arm Shane offered to pull him into another feverish kiss before leading him over to the rink's only makeshift bench.

Shane stood at the doorway, dumfounded as Ilya sat on the bench and unlaced his skates.

"What are you doing?"

Ilya gestured to the spot beside him with a raised brow. "Shane, as good as we are as hockey players, we cannot fuck in our skates."

"We don't have any lube." Was all Shane could say in response.

Ilya reached beneath the bench and pulled out a bottle of lube, smiling mischievously.

Shane scoffed. "You really thought this all through."

Ilya shrugged. "My husband dreamed of fucking on center ice."

Shane practically pounced on Ilya, straddling him and threading his fingers in his hair as he kissed him senseless.

"Skates. Off." Ilya demanded.

Shane shuffled away, quickly throwing off his skates so he could throw himself at Ilya again. Ilya was already standing and he got to Shane before he could, his lips finding his and kissing him possessively. Shane moaned, shamelessly humping Ilya's thigh as they kissed. With a

growl Ilya flipped Shane, bending him over the wall so his face was hanging towards the ice on the other side.

“Was feeling jealous.” Ilya mumbled.

“Why?” Shane said, his voice breathy as Ilya pulled his sweats down and caressed his ass.

“That you had already been fucked, but it wasn’t me inside *here.*” Ilya growled, his fingers pressing against Shane’s entrance.

“*Oh.*” Shane moaned as he slowly processed Ilya’s words. “You’re jealous of...yourself?"

Ilya grunted and Shane nearly let out another laugh, but he was stopped short by another sensation. He shivered as Ilya dribbled cold lube onto his hole. Shane's dick, he realized, had also been freed. It hung heavy between his legs, twitching and wet with precum as Ilya worked him open. Ilya pressed his chest to Shane’s back, kissing and sucking at Shane’s ears and neck as he breathed praises into his skin.

“Imagine again for me, Hollander. We are at the stadium. I have you over the Montreal bench and—”

“The *Ottawa* bench.” Shane corrected. This fantasy of theirs was jumping all over the place, blending in where it didn’t actually exist together as they both got lost in it. Shane loved it.

“The *Montreal* bench. And you are staring up at a banner in the rafters with *your* name on it.”

Shane looked up and he could see it—his name forever hanging like it meant something. Mocking all of those who doubted him. Including himself.

"I—"The head of Ilya’s cock pressed against Shane’s hole and the rest of his sentence came out in a gasp. "I'm not retiring my number there."

Ilya groaned and Shane pressed back, slowly sheathing himself on Ilya's cock.

"*Holyfuck*—fine. It is in the Ottawa stadium." Ilya conceded, pushing the rest of the way into Shane and growling in Shane's ear. "Next to mine."

Both of them groaned in relief as they finally melded together. Shane had goosebumps he was certain weren't from the cold. In fact, his body was on fire.

Ilya wasted no time, fucking into him at a hurried, hard pace. Shane took his eyes off the ice, leaning back so he was flush against Ilya’s chest. Ilya held onto him tightly, his breath hot in his ear.

“Shane Hollander.” Ilya panted, his thrusts relentless. Shane was stroking himself at the same pace, the sound of his name in Ilya’s sex soaked voice sending him into orbit. “The greatest hockey player of his generation.”

Shane closed his eyes and Ilya went on. “Being loved completely and utterly by Ilya Rozanov.”

“The second greatest hockey player.” Shane panted, his orgasm just underneath the surface.

Ilya let out a quick, breathy laugh. It was hot in Shane’s ear, the sound completely taking over his senses. Shane started to laugh too, but it was cut short by a moan as he came. He was still surprised by his sudden orgasm as Ilya’s thrusts grew erratic and he followed Shane over the edge. He pulsed inside Shane, filling him with his release.

They stood there panting for only a few minutes before the cold started to get to them. Ilya pulled out of Shane carefully, pulling up his pants for him. Shane’s legs felt like jelly and he was sore and sticky. Though they mostly fucked without a condom, he and Ilya had never really done it so far away from a bathroom.

Shane just wanted to clean off and snuggle for the rest of the day.

“The greatest hockey player of his generation, eh?” He teased Ilya as he went out to grab their sticks and the puck.

He walked carefully on the ice and turned to shout, “Your surprise is me saying that *one* time. Merry Christmas.”

Shane laughed, scrubbing at the cum stains with his socks. They would have to come back and clean it better before they left.

“Maybe you *are* the better gift giver.” He said as he grabbed their skates.

Ilya was grinning ear to ear when he came back. “I’m happy to see you finally telling the truth.”

♥🎄♥

Twenty minutes later they were sitting in the large en suite tub, hot water soothing their sore bodies. Shane was leaning back in Ilya’s arms, his eyes closed as Ilya stroked his hair. Ilya felt this sense of peace settled over him. This was real. Shane was really here with him, married and stupidly happy. They didn’t have to hide anymore. The glint of their wedding bands under the water reminded him of everything they’d been through and everything they had to look forward to.

Ilya thought of his mother, this time the version with the smile for just Ilya instead of the lifeless one. He knew without a doubt that she would be happy for him. For the family he’d built for himself. Shane had helped him find that part of her again—to remind him of the peace that could exist within him.

Ilya thought of future Christmases spent with Shane, like this. With their friends and family. With some children of their own. He let himself imagine a lifetime of these peaceful moments, adoring Shane and being adored by Shane, and those dark parts of his mind felt brighter.

End Notes

So full disclosure this is my latest obsession. I've read all the books in the series and I just love Rachel Reid's writing and her depiction of queerness. And then, we got to also have an amazing TV show with incredible writers/director/actors and really all my dreams are coming through. This oneshot was basically me just throwing all my fluffy feelings about this world into one document. It is not beta read, so I will likely go back and fix little things as I find them. The song I quoted at the above was the inspiration behind the soft feelings and I would recommend looking up all the lyrics because they are so perfect (I do think every song is about Hollanov though, fair warning)

All of this to say, thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed it and *please please please* go read this entire series! There are so many other amazing stories in this world🙏❤️❤️❤️

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