

Christmas in July

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Christmas in July

by [DorMarunt](#)

Summary

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Or the calendar.

Because the living room looks like a department store exploded its entire Christmas stock in there. There are fairy lights, stockings, tinsel, and garlands, but the focal point of the room is the sizable Christmas tree that stands right by the fireplace. With no decorations.

Notes

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

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Ilya slowly turns around, still keeping half an eye on the room as if afraid it would all disappear if he blinked. "How far away *is* this place? Are we in Narnia or something?"

Shane, bless his heart, is a little flushed, shoulders slightly drawn up like a reluctant turtle.

"I hope it's not— weird," he says. Finally, he meets Ilya's gaze, sporting a mixture of vaguely apologetic embarrassment and poorly hidden delight. "I thought that since— I know you said you don't want to go back to Russia, but I'll probably spend my holidays with my parents and we won't have a chance to spend Christmas together. Is it stupid?"

Ilya struggles to contain the undoubtedly assholeish *yes* that was on the tip of his tongue. *A little bit*. Instead, he drops his shoulders and envelops Shane in his arms.

It takes a little convincing to coax Shane's face out of the crook of Ilya's neck, to look into his eyes. "You want to spend Christmas with me, Hollander?"

"Yes? Is it too much?"

"It's," Ilya starts, turning around to take in the room again. Yep, still exceedingly Christmassy. "Unexpected," he finds eventually. "Where did you get all this stuff anyway?"

"Most of it was already here; they're the decorations we've been using ever since I was a kid," says Shane. "I did get a couple extra things too since I wasn't sure how you, uh, how you usually celebrate."

Ilya has to kiss him then; the first real kiss since Florida. It's hard to keep all his *need* out of it; all the times he's thought about doing just this (and more, obviously; he's started just having casual conversations with Shane in his mind like— would Shane like this? What would he say to this or that? But even so, most thoughts converged to one thing since not even in his mind—or especially in his mind—he can't keep his hands away) but Shane's trying to extricate himself out of the hug. Ilya's confused.

"What?"

"Let me give you the tour," says Shane.

“Why, do you plan to show me all this and then kick me out? No? Then we have time for tours later.” He’s been sporting a semi for half the drive but he blames his eagerness on the couple of weeks of self-imposed celibacy and the, uhh, vibrations of the car or something. “I missed you, Shane Hollander,” declares Ilya, feeling unbelievably brave for saying that plainly, with no snark. “There’s time for tours and Christmas *after* I suck your dick.”

The cottage is indeed remote; if Ilya hadn’t seen it with his own eyes, he can feel it now, in how relaxed Shane is to be plastered against the door with his pants hanging low on his hips and his cock down Ilya’s throat. He’ll definitely fuck him later, this is just taking the edge off, he tells himself. Although, the more he works Shane’s dick, the closer he brings him to the edge, the more he just wants to turn him around, to bend him over and take him right there.

“I’m not—” A gasp from above, an insistent push at his shoulder. Shane’s thighs are practically trembling with how hard he’s trying to keep himself both upright, and to keep himself from coming. He sighs, tipping his head back until it hits the heavy wood of the door. “I’m not gonna last,” he confesses when Ilya takes pity on him and pulls his mouth away, stroking him lazily with a loose fist.

“And that’s bad?”

“Wanna make you come too,” Shane confesses.

“Okay,” says Ilya, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He gets up, bracketing Shane with his arms planted on either side of him against that door. He teases a kiss, a playful lick at the seam of Shane’s lips to coax them open, just to have him chase to get the kiss just like he wants. And *then* he looks at his favorite Canadian with a coy look down at his own crotch, paired with a raised eyebrow, and Shane instantly understands.

There’s something about the way Shane wants his dick; the magical pull that made the (then) pure guy sink to his knees to take him in like a starved man. The way he always drops to his knees with no protests and with very little convincing, that makes Ilya go a little wild. Sure, sex is fun; good sex is great and great sex is life-changing but he doesn’t seem to remember when he had all of those wrapped in a single person like he does with Shane.

And— *this*, the fact that he’s “Shane” now, it doesn’t cease to make Ilya proud for some reason, like the simple fact that they’re on a first-name basis now is proof that he’s won.

They’ve won.

And then Shane gives him a hungry look through his fanned lashes, and Ilya’s completely done for.

When they finally make it to the big, sprawling couch, they’re sated and content.

“I can’t believe you’re actually here,” says Shane. They’re cuddling, Shane’s breath finally coming even and calm, and he’s absentmindedly playing with the fuzz on Ilya’s lower stomach.

“I can’t believe it’s Christmas already,” says Ilya, then turns to grin at the flushed, scrunched-up face that he can’t stop seeing in his dreams.

“We don’t have to do any of this,” says Shane. “We can— “ He pauses, like he hasn’t actually thought of anything else they could do for two whole weeks.

“Nah, I can’t remember the last time I decorated one of these,” says Ilya, looking at the big, verdant tree. “But maybe let’s pull up our pants, I don’t think baby Jesus needs to see this.” In truth, he hasn’t seen anything even remotely religious around, which he’s secretly thankful for. His relationship with religion is— complicated, at best. “Where did you get a tree from anyway?”

Shane looks up at him, then wordlessly points at the giant windows that overlook the lake and the whole damn forest out there. Oh. That.

“So you cut it down yourself? With an axe, sweaty and everything?”

“Why; does the image make you hot?”

“Kinda,” Ilya admits.

“Then yes. With an axe, sweaty and everything,” Shane agrees. “But you can, uh. Take a shower first, you’ve been on the road for a while.”

“Didn’t seem to bother you when you had my dick in your mouth.”

“It’s not that,” says Shane with a playful swat.

“Ah, then you just want to get me out of my clothes.”

“I just want you to be comfortable, asshole. And yes, to get you out of your clothes too; but I was thinking we could get you set up, maybe you eat something and then we get to the tree?”

“Eager,” Ilya points out. He takes a breath, takes another look around. Shane must’ve put in a lot of effort to deck the whole place to this degree. *For Ilya*, who doesn’t even know what he did to deserve this. “This means a lot to you.”

Shane just shrugs, one shoulder drawing up, poorly feigning nonchalance.

“Fine, I’ll shower, and then we do the whole— “ Ilya gestures around.

The shower does help (which he doesn’t tell Shane) and he’s revitalized when he walks back down to the living room. The rest of the house has been mercifully spared from the wrath of Christmas happening below, so the transition is all the more striking. Ilya can’t stop smiling.

Shane’s halfway inside a giant cardboard box, digging around for smaller boxes that he pulls out to neatly place on the floor by the tree. He doesn’t seem to have heard Ilya coming down so he’s focused on his task, and Ilya can’t help the fond smile that threatens to be permanently etched on his face now.

“You could have picked a smaller tree,” he says, and Shane can’t hide the way he jumps when he hears his voice.

“We don’t have to go all-out,” Shane says. He sits on his haunches, pulling at the hem of his t-shirt that’s ridden up and given a tantalizing flash of those delicious back-dimples. “I don’t know how you usually do this so I’ve bought a bunch of ornaments,” he starts. “The ones over there,” he says, pointing to some dozen or so pristine boxes, “are new. These are the ones we use every Christmas. I mean, my mom’s taken some to their place but most of them are here. But I also have this— wait.”

Shane gets up, walks to the pile of “new” ornaments. He picks a thinner, longer box out and carefully hands it to Ilya.

“I did some research and— I know it’s not usually for Christmas, right? And this, uh— I mean, if I got it completely wrong or if it’s— I don’t know, if it’s stupid or if you hate it or —”

Ilya takes that box and opens it, ready to say that he loves whatever’s in there because Shane did “research” just for him and how can he not be even more fucking mad about him? Except, when he finally looks down at the contents of the box, his throat narrows and all words momentarily leave him.

“I have others,” says Shane, reaching to take the box away, “we rotated between an angel and a regular—”

“I love it,” Ilya says, finally finding the words. He pulls the box closer to his chest. “It’s just like the one that my mother—” He can’t. He has to pull Shane into another hug, to hide the tears that itch at the corners of his eyes if nothing else.

“Yeah?”

“Da,” he says, voice soft, defenses all but gone now. He places one kiss on Shane’s cheek, then pulls out of the hug to look at the ornament again. It’s almost identical to the one that his mother had from *her* mother; the one that she carefully wrapped in tissue paper before putting it back into the old, tattered box, the one that Ilya was allowed to touch only for as long as it took for him to stick into the very top of the tree. It’s almost feather-light just like he remembers it, made of the most delicate glass; two red baubles arranged on this elongated spike, each of them decorated with intricate gold patterns. “How did you get this?”

“The internet,” says Shane. “I’m glad you like it,” he adds, earnestly.

“I love it,” he repeats. Then, because he just realized, “I didn’t get you anything.”

“It’s okay, no gifts,” says Shane, as though this whole thing wasn’t the best gift Ilya’s had in — maybe ever. “I’ll get you your actual gift on the actual Christmas day.”

“Yours or mine?”

Shane, who’s *done research*, is clearly up for the challenge.

“Whichever one you like. I’ll mail it to you.”

“What is it?”

“Your gift? You’ll just have to wait and see.”

“Now you’re just being mean,” says Ilya. “This is— you’re giving me blue balls. Blue Christmass balls.”

Shane snorts. “You sure have a way with words.”

They only get to do one side of the tree in the most garish, haphazard way, before deciding that no one’s gonna see the back of it anyway. Shane protested that they should follow a color-scheme, or some sort of logic (the lights first, then the tinsel, and then the ornaments apparently) but Ilya enjoys hanging whatever, wherever.

“That’s how it’s done,” he insists, taking back the red bauble from Shane’s hands and hanging it beside two other red ones. “If it doesn’t look like it was made by children, then what’s the point?”

“The dinner’s sorted,” says Shane, sprawled out on one of the armchairs with a beer in hand, admiring their handiwork. “I got a few Christmas staples catered earlier. But I thought I could introduce you to the *bûche de Noël*. You may know it as a Yule log?”

“I’ve had that before, it’s like this— “ He gestures small spirals with his finger, trying to find words that are not “log”. He gives up. “But aww, you’re gonna cook for me, Hollander? I didn’t know you could cook.”

“Bake. And we’re both doing it,” says Shane. “As a team.”

Shane really does have everything - besides the exceedingly well-stocked fridge and pantry, he hands them both aprons, and he pulls out a baking tray and a whole bunch of assorted tools. He’s taking this *seriously*.

Ilya takes one purple spatula and playfully swats Shane’s ass with it.

“Hey! I wanted to use that, come on,” Shane complains, taking it from his hands to place right in the dishwasher. “Okay. This is fairly easy, I’ve seen like— okay, I’ve seen two videos but I’m pretty sure we got this.” He pulls out his phone from his back pocket and starts typing.

Once everything’s been measured and laid out, Shane takes a deep breath. He looks extremely proud of himself, and absolutely pumped. If Ilya knows him (and he does, maybe; even a little bit) he’ll want to make the best damn... bush? Log? The best cake-thing that’s ever existed. And, because he tends to excel at everything, he just might.

“Right, here’s the plan,” says Shane, and then starts to dole out instructions like he’s as much at home in the kitchen as he is on the ice.

Half an hour later, the kitchen looks like a small but very targeted hurricane swept through. There's a dusting of flour and cocoa all over the counter and the floor (and their aprons) and the amount of dishes they used is frankly impressive. It's lucky that Shane is as prepared as he is; turns out you can over-whip cream and this makes it look lumpy and gross, but they had backup cream and it's now waiting for them on the counter, in all its stiff-peaks glory.

It's not the only thing that's stiff, as it happens.

And it's not the— cooking. *Baking*. It's not the competence that Shane projects even when he clearly has no idea what he's doing, it's the whole domesticity of it all. How they danced around each other in the kitchen, how they worked together to make the whole thing come together so well (eventually) that made Ilya pant inside like a rabid dog. And, because he's not yet mastered expressing his feelings through words, he does what comes easy to him - he follows Shane around while surreptitiously arranging himself in his pants, rubbing his dick against Shane's ass every time he bends over to check the oven.

"Two minutes," Shane insists, straightening himself and only stoking Ilya's need with a deep kiss. "It has two minutes left."

"I seem to remember two minutes is more than enough."

"Ilya," he warns, but it doesn't have the intended effect since to Ilya, hearing his first name doesn't stop feeling like some sort of cursed love spell.

"Fine," he concedes with an exaggerated eye-roll. He leans back against the counter, pushing his hips out. His dick is obvious through the apron, but he waits. For about three minutes - the two for the thing to be done, then as long as it takes Shane—sporting the largest oven mitts known to man—to pull the thing out and to put it on the counter.

"I think we should start rolling it—" Shane makes the mistake of looking up from what he's doing so he can meet Ilya's eyes. Ilya, who smiles at him like a cartoon shark. "What?"

"Now? Do you want to do that now?" Ilya makes a show of touching the tip of a finger to the scorching pan, and hissing. "It's hotter than lava, give it a minute to cool," he says. "In the meantime, there's something else that's hot," he says. He tries to project *sexy* but the whole day managed to soften him up like nothing before, so at best he manages *dopey*.

Or in love, which frankly terrifies him. A part of him desperately wants Shane to notice; maybe to even reciprocate—an even more terrifying prospect—while at the same time he prays that he doesn't.

"Put your hands flat on the counter," Ilya instructs instead. "Oven mitts off, clearly," he adds, when he notices the look on Shane's face.

"*Here?*" Shane's breathing slows; body immediately pliant. He asks but doesn't wait for an answer, he removes the mitts and does what he's told; he lays his hands flat, right beside the piping-hot tray.

Ilya hums, coming up behind him to caress the back of his neck before placing a trail of kisses there, veering just enough to get to the cut of his jaw. “Good,” he says, then turns Shane’s head to steal a kiss. “Keep your hands there.”

“Oh god,” whispers Shane, arching back into the bulk of Ilya’s body, pushing his ass into the heat of Ilya’s groin. Always so eager, so fucking horny for Ilya it’s intoxicating. He gasps, somehow surprised, when Ilya traces his arms around his waist, sliding under the apron to pop open the button of his jeans.

Yes, the kitchen is not ideal but it’s fucking *hot*. Plus, Ilya’s set to fuck Shane in every room of that damn house—and there are plenty of rooms—and in his mind it makes sense to do it first where Shane so clearly put in his own effort to make Ilya feel— *cherished*. He feels cherished and for now the only way he knows how to show it back is with orgasms. With skilled fingers that pop all those damn buttons open, that pull the pants and soft cotton boxers down. Idly, while uncovering the beauty that’s Shane’s ass, he decides he needs to get him in a jockstrap. To *fuck* him in one, to have Shane shoot off, untouched, inside the cotton.

He’s reverent, almost, when he places a soft kiss on the swell of a cheek, before parting him open and reveling in the small gasp it elicits. He has to cup himself through his clothes at the sight of him, the sight that makes his mouth water and his brain go dumb. And then he buries his face in there, not wasting a second more before he laves a wet lick over that winking hole.

“Oh fuck— God, *fuck*,” Shane chokes, widening his stance. “Wh—”

Ilya’s not giving him time to think, set on rendering him incoherent with his tongue. He loves doing this, loves the needy sounds it elicits from above; he grabs his cheeks and spreads him wider and gets deeper, licks round and round, then down, only to come back up and make Shane whine even louder. He swirls his soft tongue then darts the tip until it breaches the crimped muscle, making Shane’s strong thighs tremble around him, not giving him a single moment to catch his breath. Thing is, he knows how sensitive Shane is. How eager; even without him pushing his ass back, practically fucking himself on Ilya’s tongue, he’s been known to pop without getting a single finger on his cock (that’s why his hands are on the counter; Ilya’s going to drag this out for as long as he can) so, with one last dart inside, with one last wet lick, Ilya stops.

“Good?”

The answer he gets back isn’t words; it’s a garbled moan-grunt followed by a sigh, and when Ilya looks up, he can see that Shane’s bent over that counter, face on the messy surface.

“Don’t move,” Ilya says, getting to his feet. He arranges his aching cock once more through the thick apron, and he walks maybe a little funny to the other end of the counter where he’s placed the condoms and the lube he’s brought earlier. Shane hadn’t even noticed them and they’ve been there ever since Ilya excused himself to go to the bathroom—in fact he went to their bedroom (*their* bedroom!) to retrieve them from his bag—and now he placidly accepts their sudden existence.

It’s with a sense of inordinate pride that Ilya notices he’s managed to make as much of a mess of Shane as they’ve made of the kitchen as a whole. And they have barely gotten started.

He can be patient, especially when torturing Shane, but now is not the time for patience, Ilya accepts. He pulls his apron off even before he's back, and he pops his own jeans open as he arranges himself between Shane's spread legs. One day, he thinks; one day he'll plug Shane up and keep him like that, squirming and open, ready to take him whenever and wherever he pleases. For now though, he fumbles the cap of the lube open with fingers that are suddenly shaky and useless, pouring enough lube that some of it drips on the floor as well.

"Come on," Shane whines, the brat he is, only to relax and arch his back when Ilya covers his body with his own, peppering kisses along his spine. "Okay," he just says, luxuriating into the touch.

And— this. This thing drives Ilya wild. Everything Shane does drives him wild, it's true, but the way he just— accepts whatever Ilya gives him, it makes Ilya want to give him the world. He swallows then, fights down the knot in his throat and chases away the thought of what he wants and what he can have, because right now he can have Shane, like this, and so he does. One patient finger first, breaching his sopping wet hole, wrenching a deep, sweet moan. He's got to do this again, he's barely eaten him out for a few minutes and Shane's opening up easily, relaxed and willing.

He wants to take his time like he does every time; it's the best part, how he manages to get Shane so close to the edge before he's even got his dick inside him, but Shane is eager, impatient.

"Come *on*," Shane insists, and Ilya gives in.

He pulls Shane up, turning his head to lick at the cocoa dusted along his cheek, stealing a dirty kiss. "You sure?"

"*Fuck*; yes," Shane grits. "Although I kinda—" A gasp, when the head of Ilya's cock rubs at his slick asshole. "I kinda hoped we'd do this on the bed."

"Does your bed have legs?"

"What?" Shane stops, a look of pure confusion on his face. "Yeah it does."

Ilya can't help the smile that spreads on his face at that. He fucking loves Shane's earnest naïveté.

"And is it going anywhere? With those legs?"

"Fuck you," says Shane, shaking his head and turning around. He's sticking his ass back out, which is nice.

"That's the idea."

They both moan when Ilya finally presses in; gently, gentler than he's ever been. His entire body is trembling with how much he's trying to control himself, to keep in check the urge to push in, to fuck, to *take*. But he's careful, only inching slowly, stopping until he's sure Shane is open and relaxed enough, and then he pulls out just a fraction and pushes in the same

amount. It feels like hours until he's fully seated, and he stays there, grinding deep, making Shane keen high in his throat.

They're both beyond words; Ilya's so overwhelmed he feels like his whole body will combust if he doesn't start moving, but Shane is coordinated enough to push back, dictating a rhythm, so Ilya lets him. He lets him set the pace, set alight from the inside out because he knows how much Shane wants it; he's not shy to show it, yet every time it seems as much of a wonder as the first.

It's quick. Shamefully quick for both of them, if Ilya was in any position to feel shame anymore; he's not sure he's got two minutes inside him before he feels the edges of orgasm narrowing, threatening to engulf him whole.

"You're so fucking hot," he says, tracing a reverent hand down Shane's dewy spine; "are you ___"

And that's as far as he goes before Shane stiffens and gasps, and then he's clenching around his cock in fierce, vice-grip pulses, and Ilya follows. He knew he was coming before he was, and yet it takes him by surprise with how sudden it happens, how it echoes throughout his entire body; a sweet-sharp shiver that overloads his senses, that pours out of him in thick and endless spurts.

"Fuuuck," he draws out, forehead dropping to Shane's back. "You are incredible."

Underneath him, Shane groans.

Extricating themselves isn't easy, for some reason. His limbs are useless, jelly-soft and tingling, and Ilya feels giddy with the feeling. He helps Shane to his feet, turns him around, then wraps him in his arms to kiss him properly, soft and satisfied.

"I came on the fucking apron," Shane complains, and the only thing Ilya can say is, "*Good.*"

The cake—or log, whatever—turns out to be a fucking mess. Half of the cake remains stuck to the parchment paper like it hates them, it hates Shane and Ilya personally and it insists on taking it out on them. Probably because of all the fucking they did instead of paying it any attention, Ilya jokes, which Shane does not find funny at all. He tries to roll it but the cake splits and breaks, and if they manage to do something, it doesn't look like a log at all; if anything, it looks like a long, broken triangle that seeps white frosting through way too many places.

"This is a disaster," Shane declares, looking at the sad monstrosity with a forlorn look of acceptance.

Ilya, however, is happier than he's been in years. He's so proud of what they (Shane) have achieved that he's willing to parade that thing around like it was the fucking Stanley Cup.

"Can we do this—" *every year*; he wants to say, but that's not possible, is it? Not for them. "—again? But, of course, better."

“Fuck you, I bet it still tastes great,” says Shane, suddenly protective of his log.

“It looks like it’s been through a— “ He stops, tries to find the word. “That thing that eats up wood. Cuts it real small.”

“Wood chipper?”

“That’s it. I dare you to post it to your Instagram,” says Ilya. Then he frowns. “Actually, don’t. I bet it would draw all the girls to you; Shane Hollander is handsome, he can cook, he sort of knows his way with a hockey stick—”

“*Sort of?* Fuck you,” Shane objects.

“And he’s single,” adds Ilya.

“Is he?”

Ilya’s heart wraps itself into a tight little knot. When did he get so sappy? It’s Hollander; he’s made him like this. It’s his fault.

“He’s not?”

“No,” says Shane with a hopeful smile. “If you want, of course. Just for us, you know we can’t—”

“Of course. Yes. Between us, Shane Hollander has a boyfriend,” he declares.

“And it’s that asshole Rozanov.”

Ilya smiles, he seals the declaration with a kiss and feels like the luckiest asshole in the world.

“Best Christmas ever,” he declares. “Even though it’s only July.”

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed my first fluffy, domestic and smutty foray into the fandom! <3

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