

Finally Home for Christmas

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Finally Home for Christmas

by [MASD_1138](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are slowly getting used to their new schedules and figuring out what their relationship looks like, but with Christmas arriving, they leave their stressful life behind for a few days so they can enjoy their first holiday as a family at the cottage.

Notes

In honour of all of us all going to the cottage tomorrow, here's a little Christmas fic!

I've been enjoying reading and writing for Hollanov so much, it's not even funny lol. English is my second language and I wrote this while taking little breaks from cooking Christmas dinner so I apologize in advance for the typos that might have slipped by me.

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

Shane is laying on his belly, his head pillowed on his forearms as he listens to Ilya move around the room.

It's late in the night, not that it's easy to guess the time since the sun goes down at 4PM now, but Shane can't really bring himself to go to sleep just yet.

Not when he's finally reunited with Ilya after weeks on the road, both of them finally getting a few days off since the league is taking it's usual Christmas break.

The mattress dips as Ilya sits down next to Shane's hips and then there's a warm towel wiping his thighs and ass. Ilya is careful as he cleans him up, his touches soothing Shane's sore muscles.

"Good?" Ilya asks, breaking the silence.

Shane hums in agreement and opens his eyes to look at Ilya. There are a few bruises on his skin, small bumps from his most recent hockey game, but Shane always think he's the most beautiful thing in the world.

Ilya throws the hand towel towards the ensuite bathroom and lays back down next him. He then pulls the blankets that had been kicked at the bottom of the bed over both of their bodies, making sure that neither of them feel too cold.

Ilya had arrived to the cottage a few hours before Shane and got the heating started, but with how cold it is outside in December by the lake, it usually takes a while before the entire cottage is truly warm. Shane had arrived a bit later, having driven straight from Montréal after his morning practice.

Ilya had had dinner prepared for when Shane arrived and after eating, they had fallen straight into bed where they spent hours worshipping each other. It's remarkable they didn't just tear each other's clothes off the moment Shane opened the door, but Shane had really been hungry after practice and driving a few hours.

Shane shifts until his head is comfortably pillowed on Ilya's chest, sighing happily as he's wrapped in a tight hug. Ilya is pressing soft kisses into his hair, murmuring little words in Russian that Shane is trying to understand.

Shane's just starting to learn it, using an ebook on his phone to secretly work his way through the basics of the language. He wants to do this for Ilya, so he can express himself in his native tongue without having to worry about Shane following.

"It's our first Christmas together," Shane says after a while, tilting his head up to look at Ilya properly.

"Yes," Ilya answers simply, brushing his lips against Shane's forehead.

"We can decorate the tree tomorrow morning when my parents arrive," Shane adds rubbing his hand on Ilya's belly, enjoying the feel of his abs under his palm. "I'll pull it out of the

garage.”

Shane still doesn't quite know what Ilya's thoughts about Christmas are like. He'd done some research, mostly about how orthodox Christmas was like in Russia, only to find out that it's in January for them and not December. With what he knows about Ilya's family, Christmas wasn't really a thing after his mother's death either, mostly Ilya's father dragging his sons to fancy parties with other military personnel, so Shane still isn't too sure what Ilya likes to do for the holidays.

He would have asked, but with a little time they have together during the season, Christmas wasn't really something they talked about, apart from the fact that they were going to spend it together at the cottage. He's been wondering, in the last few days especially, what five years old Ilya used to do on Christmas Day. Did they unwrap their gifts in the morning or in the evening? Would he go play outside with his brother while his mother prepared their dinner or did he stand on a little stool by the kitchen counter so he could help? What toys did he ask for as a child? Was he like Shane, asking for a new hockey stick or new skates?

They are all questions that Shane doesn't really know how to bring up or even if he should at the moment. He wants their first Christmas together to be perfect and filled with good memories, not to be tinged with loss and sadness. If Ilya wants to bring up anything, he knows that Shane is more than ready to listen.

“You are thinking so loudly Hollander,” Ilya says, snapping Shane out of his spiralling.

“I'm not,” Shane counters immediately, frowning. “You can't think loudly.”

“You do it all the time moy l'vyónok,” Ilya argues as he cups the side of Shane's face and tenderly smooths out his frown.

“Moy l'vyónok... my... what does that mean?” Shane asks, trying to figure out if Ilya is using one of the Russian words he already knows. “It better be something cute.”

“It means cute lion,” Ilya replies fondly. “You think so loud, like a lion roar.”

“I can accept this comparison,” Shane grins before tucking his face back against Ilya's chest.

“Room is warm enough, yes?” Ilya asks after a while, hiking the thick comforter higher on Shane's shoulders.

Shane hums in agreement, feeling himself melt against Ilya's body so easily. “Are you ready to go to sleep?”

“Yes,” Ilya answers, shifting for a moment and then the lights in the bedroom are off.

Shane keeps his eyes closed, already feeling himself drift off to sleep, and hears the blinds close. He's glad he invested in the mechanical blinds considering how big the windows are in this bedroom. With one click of a button, the room is properly plunged in darkness, especially with how bright it gets in the morning when the sun reflects on the lake.

Ilya stays awake for a bit longer, letting his eyes adjust to the darkness so he can watch Shane slowly drift off to sleep. He's never really slept well, not since he was young. He usually needs to be completely exhausted to fall asleep, needing to truly feel like his body is screaming for a break. Drinking and sex used to be his solution to go to sleep quickly, especially after a hard hockey game.

It's not really a solution for him anymore. Well sex clearly is, especially very satisfying sex with Shane after not seeing each other for a while, but it's not the same. It's also so much easier for him to relax when he has the comforting weight of Shane in his arms.

Now, he finds himself fighting sleep just so he can look at Shane for a bit longer. Twenty minutes is a long time for people who can only see each other for a few hours every other week, so Ilya tries to make the most of it.

The holidays always feel strange to him too, he hasn't properly celebrated Christmas in more than a decade now, but Shane seems so excited about it. Yuna had talked for hours the other night while he was doing a puzzle with David about everything she had planned for their four days at the cabin and Ilya had found himself slowly warming up to the idea of it.

Shane shifts in his arms a little bit and Ilya smiles to himself. Even if the next four days were just spent like this, with Shane sleeping in his arms, Ilya would be satisfied. He craves quiet moments like this more than he likes to admit. Moments when neither of them are on edge, trying to make sure that the image they are projecting is perfect and not revealing anything about their relationship.

Ilya closes his eyes and tries to save the moment to memory, hoping that next week he'll be able to remember all the little details from tonight. The way Shane's nose felt against his cheeks when they kissed for the first time, cold from the crisp winter air or the little noises Shane made when Ilya kissed a path down his body after pushing him into bed.

Having just a single picture of them would make things easier, but all Ilya has are those few selfies they took in Las Vegas all those years ago, tucked in a locked album in his phone where no one can find them.

Yuna had showed him the family photo album the other day and Ilya had wanted to snap a picture of the one of Shane a few years ago, sitting in the sun with his freckles in full bloom and make it his lock screen, but he knew that was far too risky.

Ilya tucks his nose in Shane's hair and takes in a few deep breaths, slowly relaxing and eventually falls asleep.

Shane wakes up slowly, burrowing into his pillow for a moment before opening his eyes. The first thing he notices is that Ilya is already awake and sitting up against the headboard with a book in his lap. He wonders sometimes if Ilya even sleeps. His boyfriend is often awake when Shane falls asleep and pretty much always awake before him. He doesn't remember when he's genuinely seen Ilya sleep.

“Good morning,” Shane says softly, his voice still rough with sleep. “Did you sleep well?”

“Of course, I am with you,” Ilya replies instantly and puts his book aside.

“What were you reading?”

“My English book,” Ilya answers before shifting until he’s laying back down next to Shane.

“You look pretty in the morning.”

“Stop it,” Shane laughs, hiding his face in his pillow again.

“Never,” Ilya says and grabs Shane by the jaw, forcing him to look at Ilya. “You are the prettiest.”

Ilya punctuates his compliment with a soft kiss to Shane’s lips, sliding his hand into his short black hair. The kiss gets heated for a moment and Shane gets lost in the feeling of Ilya’s tongue sliding against his until he remembers his parents are coming over for breakfast.

“What time is it?” Shane says against Ilya’s lips, his words coming out slightly muffled.

“Early,” Ilya answers simply and pushes Shane onto his back. “We have time.”

“Do we?” Shane says, stretching his neck to attempt to get a glimpse at his alarm clock, but Ilya is quick to rearrange them so Shane’s legs are wrapped around Ilya’s waist. “Just tell me what time it is.”

“Relax Hollander, it is only seven. Your parents arrive at ten,” Ilya concedes, rocking his hips softly. “Let me fuck you.”

“You’re so romantic,” Shane laughs as he spreads his thighs a bit more, giving Ilya more space to work with. “Good morning to us.”

“Very good morning,” Ilya agrees, reaching for the bottle of lube on the bedside table.

Shane put his hands under his head as he watches Ilya sit back on his haunches, appreciating the sight of his boyfriend in the morning sun and the pale snow covered lake outside the window.

“Not too sore after last night?” Ilya asks softly as he squeezes some lube onto two of his fingers, warming it up with his thumb.

“It’s okay,” Shane reassures him. It’s not rare for Shane to be a bit sore the day after they reunite, especially when he played hockey hours before. “You were gentle last night.”

Ilya smiles - the kind of smile he has when he’s quietly proud of himself - and pushes Shane’s right knee up to his chest with his clean hand. Then Shane feels a thick finger against his hole, taking a deep breath in before Ilya pushes it in. He’s still a bit loose from last night, but Ilya is still thorough as he adds in a second and third finger, even adding a bit of lube halfway through.

Shane allows himself to be loud, grunting and moaning every single time Ilya crooks his finger just right. "Okay, okay, enough. Or else I'm gonna come," he says as he tries to get his breathing under control.

"I will just make you come again," Ilya says smugly before bending down and taking Shane's entire length into his mouth.

Shane back arches against the mattress, his right hand tangling into Ilya's blonde curls and tugging on them in his pleasure. Everything feels warm and soft around him, from their soft sheets to Ilya's mouth around his cock and Shane feels like his brain is melting and dripping out of his ears as Ilya crooks his fingers at the same time as he bobs his head.

"Ilya, baby, I'm gonna -", Shane is interrupted by his own loud moan as he comes down Ilya's throat.

Ilya stares up at Shane through his pale lashes, his gaze heavy and filled with lust as he swallows every single drop of Shane's release.

"Fuck you're so hot," Shane groans, finally letting go of his death grip on Ilya's hair.

"Not so bad yourself Hollander," Ilya replies smugly after he pulls off, kissing his way up Shane's body until they are face to face. "Good, yes?"

"Amazing," Shane insists, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck. "Come on Rozanov, get in me."

"Talking dirty to me, wow," Ilya says dramatically and kisses him on the cheek. "I will fuck you now, do not worry."

Shane settles himself properly, busing himself by playing with the soft curls at the back of Ilya's head with his fingers.

Ilya is quick to line up, the blunt head of his cock pressing into Shane slowly until he's bottomed out. Ilya occupies himself with sucking a bruise on Shane's collarbone while Shane gets used to the stretch, shifting his hips a little.

"Good?" Ilya asks him after a minute, shifting just slightly on his knees to get in a better position. "I can move lyubímyy?"

"Yes," Shane says in one long breath and then pulls Ilya in for a kiss just as he starts slowly pulling out. "I love you."

"I love you too," Ilya echoes the sentiment and pulls out before carefully pushing in again. "Feel so good my love."

Shane wants to reply, but all he can do is let out a breathy moan as Ilya fills him up perfectly. His jaw hangs open as Ilya sets an intense rhythm, letting out little grunts and moans every time Ilya hits his prostate.

It's always so good between them, hot and intense, but since they've both decided to really give this a go, to try to make things work and truly be together, sex has just amazing.

It's as hot as it is sweet and romantic and incredibly intimate. No one knows Shane's body better than Ilya nor does someone know Ilya's body better than Shane.

"Shane," Ilya grunts, pressing his forehead against Shane's one, their mouths so close to each other they are breathing the same air. "Okay?"

"Yes, more Ilya, I need more please," Shane whines, tilting his hips up and ready to beg for more if he needs to.

Ilya fuses their mouths together, licking into Shane's mouth as he picks up the pace and slams his hips into the back of Shane's thighs. Sometimes, Ilya will make him beg and edge him for hours until Shane's almost out of his mind, but this morning isn't one of those times.

Ilya keeps one hand on the mattress next to Shane's head for balance as he uses the other one to hold one of Shane's legs around his hips to get a bit more leverage.

"Yes! Like that!" Shane screams against Ilya's lips, arching his back on the mattress as his boyfriend fills him up over and over again, hitting that sweet spot insane of him that drives him crazy.

With the angle and the pace, Shane comes untouched between them, covering both of their stomachs with his release.

Shane clenches down on Ilya's length as he rides out his orgasm and Ilya only needs a few more thrusts before his own orgasm washes over him.

Ilya presses more kisses to Shane's face, to the corner of his plush lips, to his red cheeks, to the freckles he loves so much and the tip of his nose as they both catch their breaths. They make out sloppily like that, Ilya's length still tucked into Shane's hole.

The whole room smells like sex now, like them and Shane can't get enough of it. He used to need to get in the shower as soon as possible after they had sex, especially the first time after they'd stopped using condoms, but now he loves to settle in the moment and enjoy how claimed he feels.

Ilya is everywhere around him - in him - and Shane doesn't want the moment end as they slowly kiss, their noses squished together in such a ridiculously endearing way.

"Fuck Shane, we are too good at this," Ilya comments in between kisses, making Shane laugh. "I will pull out now."

Shane hums in agreement and barely makes a sound Ilya carefully pulls his hips back and slides his cock out of him. Ilya's hands on his skin are comforting as he lays down besides him, both of their bodies warm and slick, but fundamentally satisfied.

"I want to shower," Shane says after a while, shifting on the bed to get up.

“Good idea,” Ilya agrees and follows him all the way to the ensuite, his eyes fixed on Shane’s ass and thighs as he hurries to get in the shower stall before he makes a mess.

Ilya waits for a moment, leaning back in their multiple pillows until he hears the shower being turned on and gets up to join his boyfriend.

Ilya finishes washing his hair, rinsing out the hair mask Yuna insisted on getting him a few weeks ago for his curly hair, while Shane is changing the sheets. It’s a brand she swears by and Ilya doesn’t exactly know what it does, but Shane did say his hair felt softer than usual last night so it’s clearly doing something.

When he steps out of the shower, a warm towel is waiting for him and he warps it around himself quickly before reaching for another for his hair. The first time he had seen Shane’s towel warmer, he had laughed at him as he found the whole thing ridiculous, but now he can admit that it’s a great little gadget to have.

Once he’s satisfied with how dry his hair is, he walks back into the bedroom where Shane is waiting for him on the bed.

“I have something for you,” Shane says before Ilya has time to get himself something to wear from their closet.

“Gift giving is for tomorrow no?” Ilya asks, a bit confused. “Is it something you do not want your parents to see?” He adds, his mind suddenly thinking of all the fun things Shane could potentially give him.

“No,” Shane replies almost too quickly, his cheeks slightly red.

Ilya watches curiously as Shane places something on the bed beside him. It’s wrapped in tissue paper, not too big and looks very soft.

Ilya tears through the paper easily, revealing some flannel patterned fabric. He picks it up and unfolds it, finally understanding what his gift is. “Is a pyjama?”

“Yeah,” Shane says with a soft smile. “It’s a family tradition, we get a matching set every year. My mom guessed your sized, but I think it will fit.”

“You have the same one?” Ilya asks, slightly in disbelief that these wonderful people want him to be apart of a family tradition. “Like me?”

“Yes,” Shane pulls what has to be his own pair from under the cover where he had hid his own. “That way we’ll all match.”

Ilya doesn’t know what to say, not when he’s holding the softest pyjamas he’s ever felt in his life in his hand, pyjamas that were picked by the mother of the man he loves so he can be apart of a family tradition. He feels overwhelmed in the best way possible.

“It’s okay if you don’t want to wear it,” Shane says softly, making Ilya realize that he had been staring at the pyjamas in silence for a minute. “We just wanted you to have the option.”

Ilya hugs the pyjamas to his chest before Shane can even think of taking them back. “No! I love them,” he insists quickly.

Shane smiles brightly at him and leans across the bed to kiss Ilya, their lips meeting in a gentle press. “I’m happy you do, lets put them on and head to the garage so we can get the tree out before my parents arrive?”

“Da,” Ilya says, getting up to get dressed.

The pyjama fits him perfectly, the fabric soft and warm against his skin and Ilya can’t help but smile at the idea that Yuna Hollander knows his clothing size already. He grabs two pairs of socks - one for Shane and one for him - and soon enough, he’s following Shane into the garage.

“It shouldn’t be too far,” Shane says as he puts some plastic bins to the side as they walk deeper.

Ilya spots a few old hockey sticks, most of them smaller than Shane’s current sticks and is hit once again with the fact that this is Shane’s home. Not just a building where Shane occasionally sleeps or spends his time during the season, but the place where he feels safe and that he loves. And now, Ilya gets to share that with him.

“Got it!” Shane cheers from a few feet away, pulling a large canvas bag away from the other boxes. “We sometimes get a real one, but this one already has all the lights in,” Shane explains as Ilya helps him carry the tree out.

“I am sure it is nice,” Ilya says.

Ilya doesn’t even remember the last time he had a tree or decorated for the holidays. A few times, he had paid a company to decorate his Boston condo so he could host a party, but it hadn’t been personal or special. His father used to do the same in Russia just to keep up the appearances with his high ranking colleagues, making Christmas just another event where Ilya had to be the perfect son.

Ilya has a few happy memories from Christmas from before he’s mother passed. They are mostly of his mother and him in the kitchen as they cooked their Christmas meal. He does remember unwrapping his gifts while sitting in his mother’s lap, her arms around his waist in a tight hug, but his father had taken that early too, citing that he was a man and shouldn’t be acting all soft.

Shane’s family seem to take Christmas pretty seriously Ilya assumes as he helps Shane drag even more boxes filled with decor into the living room.

Eventually, Shane’s parents arrive, bringing with them even more boxes and Ilya smiles as they remove their coats, revealing the exact same pyjamas he’s wearing.

“Oh, it fits you perfectly,” Yuna says happily as she spots Ilya and goes to hug him. “We all match now!”

“Thank you, it means a lot,” Ilya says quietly and Yuna holds him just a little bit tighter. “I am very happy to be here.”

“And we’re happy to have you,” Yuna replies softly. “Now, I’ll get breakfast started while you boys work on getting the tree up.”

Ilya initially wanted to take care of breakfast, not wanting Yuna or David to do any work since they were technically guests, but Shane had explained that Yuna making them breakfast while they decorate the tree is part of their tradition. Ilya had still prepared the coffee though, knowing that it took a bit of time for it to be ready.

Shane and his dad are already unzipping the pouch in which the tree is stored and Ilya doesn’t quite know what to do with himself. He stands on the other side of the kitchen island, looking in on a scene that he doesn’t get where he fits in yet.

“Hey baby, would you mind detangling the lights?” Shane says so casually, standing there in front of Ilya with a mess of cables in his arms.

“Da, I can do that,” Ilya says softly, taking the lights from Shane.

Looking at the mess of boxes and pieces of the plastic tree scattered around the large living room, Ilya figures that the little free corner of carpet is the perfect place for him to figure out how to untangle the lights.

Ilya focuses on his task with intent, carefully pulling the cable to undo all of the knots without damaging it. If he wasn’t so shocked about being included in this family tradition, he’d make a comment about Shane not having his Christmas lights colour coded and properly stored, but he doesn’t want to pop the pleasant bubble he’s found himself in.

He eventually notices that there’s Christmas music playing from the entertainment system, mingling perfectly with the sound of Shane, Yuna and David talking as they all worked together. He wonders if this is how most families are at Christmas or if the Hollanders are special. He likes to think they are different - out of the norm - because all three Hollanders are special to him.

“Are we eating in the kitchen or in the living room?” Yuna asks, snapping Ilya out of his train of thoughts.

“Living room,” David chooses and Ilya watches Shane’s face scrunch up as he looks at the rug, probably thinking about how dirty it might get.

Ilya puts the untangled lights aside and helps David clear the low glass table in the middle of the room so they all have a spot to sit down. Before he knows it, what looks like a McGriddle is placed in front of him.

It’s even more surprising that Yuna places a similar one in front of Shane.

“You eat this?” Ilya asks curiously, ready to stand up and go make Shane’s usual green breakfast smoothie with the ingredients he bought before driving to the cottage.

“Homemade protein pancakes and turkey sausage, it’s as healthy as I can get it for you boys during the season,” Yuna cuts in as she puts down cups of coffees and sits down in front of Ilya. “Extra maple syrup for whoever wants it.”

Ilya reaches for it immediately, pouring a decent amount on his breakfast sandwich.

With Shane’s knee against his, Ilya quickly eats through his breakfast, the flavours different from his beloved McGriddle, but also very delicious. It’s even better in a way because Shane’s mom made it for him because she remembers how much he enjoys breakfast sandwiches. Someone other than Shane made him something he loves without him needing to ask or pay for it and it’s almost too much for him to handle for a moment.

Shane even eats his, the Christmas spirit clearly encouraging him to leave behind his usual macrobiotic diet and Ilya is just so profoundly happy.

They stay seated on the carpet, going through their plan of attack to decorate the tree and get some cooking done for tomorrow when Shane tenses up next to him.

“Oh I forgot, I got you something else!” Shane says as he suddenly jumps to his feet and runs up the stairs.

Ilya looks over his shoulder, confused about why he would be getting another gift when Christmas is tomorrow night. He gets why Shane gave him his pyjamas early, but now he’s starting to question the Hollander’s Christmas traditions. He wonders if he should go get one of the gifts he got for Shane from their bedroom, but before he can choose Shane is already running back into the room.

“I should get gift for you Shane,” Ilya tells him as Shane shoves the small package into his hands. “Is not Christmas yet.”

“No, it’s not really a gift - just open it and you will understand why I need to give it to you now,” Shane explains quickly.

Ilya wants to ask for more details, but Shane looks so excited that he complies and rips the wrapping paper. It reveals what looks like a clay figure of a loon with a piece of rope at the top.

“A wolf bird?” Ilya asks looking up to see all the Hollanders staring at him excitedly. “Is what?”

“It’s an ornament for the tree!” Shane explains and turns the loon over, revealing this year’s Christmas date in Shane’s handwriting. “So we have a souvenir from our first Christmas together.”

Ilya looks down at the stupid bird, the one that scared the shit out of him just months ago in this very same place. He won’t admit it to Shane, but he loves the sound now. It means he’s

home when he hears it.

Ilya loves it instantly.

He loves it so much that he doesn't know what to say and just wraps Shane in the tightest hug possible. The position is slightly awkward with Shane sitting with his legs crossed and Ilya is on his knees, but they make it work.

"Thank you lyubimyy," Ilya whispers against Shane's neck.

Ilya doesn't want to cry - even if he logically knows he is in a safe place to do so - but his emotions are a bit overwhelming currently. He sits back on his haunches and looks back at his loon ornament. He feels Shane's thumb while under his eyes, confirming that a few tears did escape even though he tried to hold them in.

"We'll find a good spot for it," Shane offers, softly kissing Ilya on the lips.

Ilya melts into the touch easily, still surprised every single time Shane kisses him in front of his parents.

The rest of the morning is a blur of Christmas lights and coloured ornaments and soon enough Ilya's loon ornament is hanging next to a salt dough imprint of Shane's foot as a baby. Ilya asks questions about the other ornaments, a lot of them looking either handmade or oddly specific and giving the tree an eclectic look that somehow works. Shane answers the questions for the decorations he knows and his parents fill in the gap, especially for the older ones.

Even though it's freezing outside, the lake frozen solid and a thick snowflakes are drifting from the sky, Ilya feels so warm as Shane pulls him onto the couch so they can watch a Christmas movie with his parents. It's another family tradition apparently so Ilya settles easily, wrapping an arm around Shane and tucking him close as the opening credits for Home Alone begin.

Yuna Hollander loves the day before Christmas. She loves it for multiple reasons, but mostly because it's a little break where her son gets to relax before the Regular Season truly kicks off and they get to be a normal family.

This year's Christmas is obviously different than all the other holidays they've had before. Since this summer, she's watched her son blossom in a way she never anticipated, but she's also gained a new son.

Ilya Rozanov is the exact opposite of what she assumed he would be and Yuna can't blame her son for falling head over heels in love. Since Ilya's moved to Ottawa, they've spent a lot of time together, even when Shane isn't there and Yuna's had the honour of discovering who Ilya actually is off the ice.

Spending Christmas with her sons significant other was always going to be interesting no matter what considering it is the first time it is happening, but Ilya in one single day had already made it amazing. He's attentive and curious, but also the same sarcastic and funny player she's always noticed on the ice.

They are about halfway through the movie now - watching Kevin catch the bandits in another one of his traps - and her husband puts his hand on her forearm, pointing to the other side of the couch. Yuna sits forward a little bit so she can look at the other side of the couch and is greeted by a heartwarming sight.

Shane is fast asleep, his head tucked against Ilya's chest, which isn't surprising to Yuna since her son famously falls asleep watching the TV unless it's hockey on the screen, but the look on his face is what gets her. Shane has always been an anxious boy and it's always a rare thing to see him truly relaxed. Even when he's asleep, it isn't surprising to see him frown or twitch, as if he's deep in his thoughts even when he's asleep.

Shane now appears completely at ease, his features softened by a gentle, peaceful smile. His body fits snugly against Ilya's, one hand resting lightly over Ilya's chest, fingers faintly curled into Ilya's pyjama shirt as if to make sure he can't leave.

Ilya also looks more than just content with the situation, his eyes are fixed on the screen as he watches the movie, but his nose is buried in Shane's short hair. With both their feet peaking out from under the blanket covering their laps, Yuna can guess that their legs are tangled together.

They look so comfortable like this, once again reminding her that while this is such a new thing for David and her, it isn't necessarily for Shane and Ilya. She can't imagine how hard it has been for them, to have the person you seek for comfort be so far away all the time, but it just makes her want to work harder. To make sure that their plan to ensure that one day they are both comfortable enough to come out and share their relationship with the world is possible so neither of them have to hide away to be happy.

Yuna doesn't want to think about such stressful things - not when it's Christmas - so she sits back and lays her head on her husband's shoulder, focusing on the movie again.

This is already one of the best Christmas of their lives.

End Notes

Happy holidays to everyone that celebrates and to those who don't, I hope you have a great week too!

(I'll see everyone at the cottage, I call dibs on the room that oversees the dock)

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