

Happy Holidays = Happy Endings

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Happy Holidays = Happy Endings

by [FuryRed](#)

Summary

When Ilya agrees to accompany Shane on a weekend trip to his parents' house Shane is overjoyed.

It's their first Christmas together, and Shane is determined to make it special.

Ilya, on the other hand, is determined to defile Shane in his childhood bedroom. And anywhere else he can have him.

“You can’t be serious.”

Seeing Shane like this is probably Ilya’s favourite thing. Hollander is laid out beneath him, his face hot and flushed, his cock hard and pressed up against Ilya’s own as Ilya lays between his legs. Ilya can feel the heat of his body even through the layers of clothing between them- layers he would very much like to remove. But the sullen look on Shane’s face tells him this is not likely to be an easy task.

“We’re in my *parents’ house*,” Shane huffs, squirming in a way that does nothing to deter Ilya’s intentions.

They have been at Yuna and David’s home for only around thirty minutes now. After greeting Shane’s parents Ilya has followed Shane up to his bedroom under the guise of getting settled in. Well, it is not so much a guise on Shane’s part- after entering the room Shane really does start to unpack, taking one neatly folded item of clothing after another out of his suitcase and putting them away in equally neat drawers. There is really only so long Ilya can stand it before he is striding over to Shane, practically performing a full body tackle as he shoves Shane onto the bed and pins him down.

Ilya smiles wickedly as he leans over Shane, admiring how the pink glow of Shane’s skin makes the freckles adorning his cheeks even more prominent. Shane’s wrists are pinned by each of Ilya’s large hands, the full weight of Ilya’s body pressing him into the mattress. Ilya knows that Shane could probably free himself if he really wanted to. The fact that he doesn’t try to escape, along with how fucking hard he is, tells Ilya that Shane’s protests are not entirely sincere.

“What is problem?” Ilya says, feigning ignorance. “Your parents know we are together, I don’t think you will need to come out to them again.”

“The problem, Ilya, is they’re *fucking downstairs*.”

“That’s fine, soon we will be fucking upstairs.”

“Oh god,” Shane exclaims, pulling a face and squirming some more. “You know I didn’t mean it like that.”

Ilya’s grin only grows wider.

“Seriously, Ilya- we can’t do this here. This is my childhood bedroom for fucks sake.”

“Mm, I know. Is making me hot thinking about it. Hockey superstar Shane Hollander’s teenage bedroom, wow...”

Ilya leans closer, pressing his mouth to the sensitive skin just below Shane’s ear. He kisses and then licks the spot, murmuring happily as Shane groans in response.

“Ilya...” Shane hisses, sounding pained as well as desperately aroused. He squirms again, sending shivers running through Ilya’s body.

There is nothing sweeter than hearing Shane say his name. Ilya continues to kiss and lick and bite at Shane's neck and jawline to make him say it some more, before attempting to steal a kiss.

"We can't..." Shane murmurs, pulling away. His pupils are so dilated it's like his eyes are pure black; dark, liquid pools of desire that Ilya cannot help but drown in.

"We are here for whole weekend, Shane. I don't think I can go so long without fucking you."

"You know we can't do that, Ilya."

"So you're not even going to kiss me?" Ilya asks, suddenly unable to tear his eyes away from Shane's lips. The idea of not kissing him for two days is suddenly unbearable.

"Oh, so that's all you want- just a kiss?" Shane replies, clearly not believing a word of it.

"Of course. Just one, simple, very innocent kiss."

"And you have to lie on top of me to do that?"

"I find it helps, yes."

Shane smiles, and Ilya's heart swells at the sight. It has only been a few months that they have been like this- able to enjoy each moment together freely, without either of them having to pretend this is less than it really is. In some ways it still feels completely novel and new, and Ilya can't help but drink in every second, knowing this is what he wants for the rest of his life.

Shane continues to regard Ilya fondly for some time. When he tries to move again Ilya lets him, loosening his hold on Shane's wrists, enabling Shane to reach up to gently cup Ilya's face before sliding his fingers into Ilya's hair.

"We have to behave..." Shane says, prompting Ilya to pull a face. Shane smiles wider, tugging lightly on Ilya's hair as he adds: "But I promise if you're good then I'll make it up to you the next time we're alone together."

"I am always good," Ilya replies, resulting in a laugh from Shane.

When Shane finally lifts his head to place a soft kiss to Ilya's lips it is all that is needed to have Ilya nodding his agreement after they part, knowing he will do anything Shane asks.

Of course, Ilya knows that part of the fun in agreeing to Shane's rules is seeing just how far he can bend them...

"You're unbelievable..."

Ilya grins. “Yes, I am often told this. By you. When I’m fucking you.”

Shane whirls to face Ilya, regarding him hotly. They are together in the Hollanders’ kitchen after dinner, tasked with bringing out the dessert. Ilya had of course offered to help, wanting to make a positive impression on Shane’s family. But then he had seen Shane- *his boyfriend*- standing in front of the kitchen counter and Ilya had found himself unable to resist moving closer and pressing himself against Shane’s back. It had started innocently enough at first, Ilya’s hands bracketing Shane’s waist, Ilya’s chin resting on Shane’s shoulder, but then he had stood there for too long, inhaling the sweet scent of Shane’s skin, feeling his warmth, and Ilya’s body has begun to respond rather predictably.

Ilya grins down at Shane now, nudging his hips forward so that his slowly hardening cock can be felt more firmly against Shane’s leg. Shane visibly shivers in response, his eyelids closing as he presumably runs through some kind of mental exercise to compose himself.

“My mom and dad are *right next door...*”

Ilya shrugs. “Dessert is already cold, yes? Will not matter if we take some time to serve it.”

Shane’s eyes narrow as he glares at Ilya, and it is just about the most adorable thing Ilya has ever seen.

“Okay, okay,” Ilya says, taking a couple of steps back, both hands held up as if in surrender.

He turns his attention back to the task at hand- helping to serve the dessert- and tries not to think about what he would rather be eating...

“What is it?”

Ilya stares over at where Shane is standing in the middle of the bedroom, wondering just how the fuck he can possibly not know what has Ilya so captivated.

Shane has just returned from showering and is only wearing a towel around his waist. His hair is damp and sticking to his forehead. There are beads of water running down his torso. And Ilya is dying at the sight.

“Come here,” Ilya urges, holding his hand up to Shane from where he is lying on the bed.

Shane pulls a face. “No chance.”

“Shane...” Ilya pleads, shifting forward to sit on the edge of the bed. By now his rapidly hardening cock is only too apparent, as evidenced by Shane’s reaction when he glances down to it.

“Ilya, fuck- come on. You know we can’t.”

“I just want to hold you.”

“Yeah, which parts of me?” Shane replies, and Ilya laughs. Shane really is funnier than he realises.

“I think you know what parts... But I will take what I can get. Come here, please.”

Shane hesitates for a moment longer, before he lets out a sigh and moves closer. When he reaches Ilya he takes his hand and climbs readily into Ilya’s lap, sliding his arms around to hold him as Ilya does the same.

“This is killing me,” Ilya says, pressing his face into Shane’s neck.

“Me too. But it’ll be worth the wait, I promise.”

Ilya huffs out a breath against Shane’s skin. “I will hold you to that.”

“Did you enjoy yourself?”

Somehow they have made it through the weekend. Two whole days of being close to Shane and not really being able to touch him, to kiss him in the way Ilya would like. It has been extremely testing, for both of them- so many occasions when they have flirted with their boundaries, holding each other a little too close and only making things more difficult. Ilya has wanted Shane in the bedroom, in the kitchen, in the bathroom, in the garage, even in the fucking garden. But somehow, through some miracle, they have both managed to resist.

After the long drive back to Shane’s house they stand together now, just inside the front door, bodies pressed close with arms wrapped around each other. Ilya smiles at Shane as he gently caresses the base of his spine, enjoying the way Shane melts into his touch.

“Enjoy what, having permanent erection?”

Shane laughs, squeezing Ilya’s arms. “Not that. Did you enjoy the weekend with my parents? I know you’d probably rather it was just us but it means a lot to me that you wanted to come along. And I hope it was nice, for you, spending Christmas with us. Did you have a good time?”

Ilya’s expression grows contemplative as he considers Shane’s question, thinking of the weekend they have just spent together and what the alternative would be. Previously Christmas had meant uncomfortable dinners in Russia, dealing with his father’s illness and his brother’s resentment, drinking away the discomfort as he waited for it to be over so he could return to Boston. Following his father’s death he knew he faced either an unwelcome reunion with his remaining family or a lonely time on his own. But now... Now there is Shane. And the rest of the Hollanders.

Since Yuna and David found out about Ilya and Shane's relationship they have embraced Ilya fully, welcoming him into the family, clearly trusting Shane's judgement that Ilya is someone worth loving. It has meant so much to Ilya to have that kind of acceptance- more than he has ever really told Shane. This past weekend, though testing of Ilya's patience for *certain reasons*, has really been the best Christmas Ilya can remember for many, many years.

"I had a great time..." Ilya says softly, meaning every word of it.

Shane smiles widely. "I'm glad."

Ilya uses his grip to pull Shane closer to his body, his hands sliding down to grope indiscriminately at Shane's ass.

"I seem to remember there was talk of a reward... for my good behaviour..." Ilya murmurs.

"You really think you deserve that?" Shane replies, laughing. "I think if I'd let you have your way you would have fucked me in every room of my parents' house."

"And in garden too."

Shane smacks Ilya lightly on the arm but doesn't resist as he is pulled in for a kiss.

They embrace for a long time, holding each other close, kissing deeply. Ilya feels like he has spent the weekend gasping for air and Shane's mouth is oxygen. When Shane pulls away it is like suffocating all over again.

"Can you go upstairs?" Shane says breathlessly. "Take your clothes off and lie on the bed, I'll be up soon."

Ilya feels desire pool in the pit of his stomach as his mind begins to wander, thinking of all the wonderful things Shane might want to do to him, or that he wants Ilya to do in return. The idea of waiting any longer is torturous, leaving him considering just throwing Shane to the floor and taking him, right here right now in the hallway. But Shane has asked for this and Ilya knows he will do anything for him.

A short while later Ilya is naked and lying on the bed, as requested. He gazes absently around the room as he waits for Shane, trying to resist the urge to stroke his aching cock, wanting to keep it all for Shane.

When Shane enters the room Ilya's mouth dries at the sight, wanting desperately to reach for him but equally prepared to just wait and see what Shane has planned. Shane is naked and glorious, the flush on his skin running all the way from his face down to his hard cock. It takes a moment for Ilya to fully take in the sight before himself, and to realise Shane is holding something.

Shane approaches the bed, crawling onto it and coming to kneel next to Ilya, smiling down at him.

"Don't tell me we are going to sleep now," Ilya says, raising his eyebrows at the luxurious silk sleepmask Shane is holding- a present from his parents for use during flights.

“Not exactly...” Shane replies. He lifts the mask up and raises his eyebrows, his expression asking a tacit question that Ilya answers with a nod.

As soon as the mask has been placed over Ilya’s eyes he finds himself mourning the loss of sight. One of his favourite things to do is to watch Shane, drinking in every shiver and moan as Ilya touches him, in love with the way Shane gives everything to Ilya, so eager and so dedicated. Already Ilya misses the sight of his favourite person. But then Shane begins to touch Ilya, and Ilya finds he has no cause to complain.

It starts with gentle kisses all over Ilya’s face- his forehead, his chin, the corner of his mouth. Without his sight Ilya has no way of knowing what will come next, and he is spellbound by each soft press of Shane’s lips and each caress of careful fingertips that trail down his torso. Shane moves away and Ilya is left aching in his absence, then groaning deeply as Shane’s lips next press to the point of his hip. Shane’s tongue chases the kiss, sweeping across Ilya’s hipbone and then his stomach, making Ilya frantically grasp fistfuls of the blanket beneath himself as he writhes.

“Fuck, Shane...”

The small chuckle that comes from Shane in response tells Ilya that he is enjoying himself, and Ilya is only too happy to let Shane have all the fun he wants. He continues to moan and pant as Shane kisses seemingly everywhere but Ilya’s throbbing cock, placing his warm mouth to Ilya’s neck, his inner thighs, his ribs, his belly, his fucking *knees*. Ilya practically shouts at that, desperate for Shane to put his lips on the area that craves him the most, his cock growing ever more achingly hard as it lies against his stomach completely untouched. He needs Shane to take him in his mouth; to worship him like only Shane can. He feels like he will die without it.

“You doing okay there, Rozanov?”

Ilya swears loudly in Russian, tilting his head back as Shane begins to mouth gently against the skin of his stomach, tantalisingly close to his cock.

“You will pay for this, Hollander,” Ilya manages to get out through gritted teeth.

Shane laughs. “Well, I guess I may as well enjoy myself before that happens then,” he says.

Ilya is about to offer a pithy retort when Shane suddenly takes Ilya’s cock in his mouth, swallowing down the whole length and causing all words in all known languages to completely vacate his mind as the head of his cock bumps against the back of Shane’s throat. He gasps and moans desperately, knowing it will not take long for him to arrive at his climax but not caring when it feels so fucking good.

Shane draws his mouth back up the length, swirling his tongue around the head of Ilya’s cock once before he begins to slide up and down in a steady rhythm. Ilya is writhing, groaning, grabbing fistfuls of Shane’s hair and trying not to hurt him as he feels the pleasure intensify. Eventually Ilya lets go, reaching back to grasp the headboard instead and holding on as his release builds, as he swears and gasps, as Shane sucks hard and Ilya comes in his mouth, shuddering through his orgasm.

For a while afterwards Ilya is sure he has gone blind from coming too hard, until eventually he remembers the sleepmask. Everything seems much too bright when it is removed, until gradually things come back into focus and Ilya is able to regard the beautiful sight of Shane smiling down at him, face flushed and giddy with pride.

“Shane, I need to tell you something,” Ilya says.

Shane looks concerned for a moment, until Ilya gently takes his face in his hands and smiles softly at him.

“It’s official. Is best Christmas ever.”

Shane laughs, before leaning down to kiss Ilya fondly.

“Best Christmas *so far*,” he replies.

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