

All I want for Christmas is you

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All I want for Christmas is you

by [AriasAstro](#)

Summary

Shane did not mean to be running in a storm, protecting his last minute gift from the wind and snowflakes, and yet here he was.

After all, he wouldn't be able to live with himself if he ditched Ilya again.

Or

Shane's an overthinker and it causes him to do some dumb shit.

The Hollanov Holiday Special!

Notes

Hollanov Holiday special!!

Shane is sort of an unreliable narrator, so don't trick yourself into thinking Ilya is an asshole with the way he's described. Shane's just super insecure.

Thank you all for reading, if you like it, please think about leaving a Kudos or a comment! And if you don't, that's all good! Have a fun reading :)! Also, fair warning, I wrote Air BnB like 4 different ways because I could not be bothered to figure it out. So, apologies for that!

A soft white powder covered everything in the distance. A lot of houses had lights wrapped around their trees, giving a colorful shine to the snow. The sky was painted dark, with glistening spots covering it in a magnificent way. The night was calm, the storm having tempered down a lot since earlier.

There was still snow coming down, but the flakes were slow and big and no wind accompanied them. It made for a very nice evening all and all.

Shane breathed out, the air fogging up from the warm air. He rushed down the street, the sound of his boots hitting the snow much like the poof of a cloud. He held a small bag on his arm, shielding it from the snow. He didn't want this to get wet.

It was too important for that.

He was late. God, Shane was so late. It wasn't in his habits to be late, and Ilya knew that. Right now, he was fucking terrified that Ilya thought he had ditched on their plans. It was a horrifying thought. He'd tried to text Ilya, but apparently the service was out do to the fucking snow storm.

Shane loved snow so much. It felt like home. It was everything to him. But, at this current moment, on this current day, he had never cursed out snow more.

He just needed Ilya to know he was coming. Shane wasn't avoiding him- or- or getting scared again. He had just, like usual, overthought everything. More specifically, his gift. He'd been running around for the past two weeks, trying to find a perfect gift for their first Christmas together. Usually, Shane would be spending it happily with his parents, but after realizing Ilya would have nobody to spend it with, he asked his parents how they'd feel about a trip to the Bahamas, his treat.

They had been surprised, but not offended, especially when Shane had explained he was worried about a friend who'd be alone for Christmas.

The plan had been simple. So simple.

Meet up tonight, on Christmas Eve, at 8 PM. Ilya had rented out an air bnb in a quiet town, so they were away from the big crowds and Montreal fans.

The night before today he had finally found a beautiful gift for Ilya. It was perfect. But, like a moron, Shane had ordered it and figured he'd pick it up tonight before driving to the bnb. He hadn't thought about parking and had ended up finding a legal spot two blocks over. Maybe if he wasn't such a stickler for rules, this wouldn't have happened.

In the minutes it took to get to the store and get the gift, the 'light' snow had gotten really, awfully bad. He'd been about 15 minutes of a drive to the Air BnB. As he had looked at the roads, he knew he that plan was out the window.

Shane would have to go on foot.

That 15 minute drive? It had ended up as a 2 hour thing. He had ran, tried to go fast, but being covered in thick winter clothes, the snow piling up and dragging around a heavy gift had ruined his hopes of going anywhere near as fast as he usually could. If the service had been on, it would've been fine! Ilya would have known he was coming!

But... Now? He was so, so scared. So scared Ilya thought he was abandoning him.

Shane felt tears of relief come to his eyes as he saw the house from the pictures come into his vision. He managed to hold them back, telling himself he didn't need his eyes freezing over right now. His lungs were burning. His legs were killing him.

But for those last two hundred meters, Shane went faster than he ever thought he could in these conditions.

He didn't allow himself a second to breathe, rushing to the door and immediately knocking as loudly as he could. Shane froze, suddenly pausing to think. What if Ilya didn't let him explain? What if he just slammed the door in Shane's face? What could Shane do if that was what happened?

He took a deep breath.

Calm.

Ilya wouldn't do that. He'd let Shane explain himself and probably interrogate Shane himself. If Shane just explained as fast as he could, then everything would be okay. It had to be.

He held in a deep breath when the door started creaking open. When he saw Ilya's face, he almost crumbled right into sobs, begging for forgiveness. Ilya looked so blank, so analysing, that he just wanted to curl up into a ball and hide in a closet. Long seconds passed as Ilya looked him up and down, expression morphing multiple times until it settled onto something unreadable.

"You look like icicle." Ilya said bluntly, making Shane flush a bit.

"Sorry, I- I ran all the way here in the storm and it was just so cold and I don't think I was dressed the right way-"

"You *what*?" Ilya said, tone changing from blank to incredulous. Oh no. Ilya was probably pissed that Shane walked instead of driving. Ilya probably thought Shane was wasting his time.

"Sorry- it's just that the roads were blocked and I didn't know what to do- and I'm so so sorry, I'm so stupid and I-" Shane completely stopped as two warm arms suddenly wrapped around him.

"You *fucking idiot*." Ilya whispered, roughly pulling him into the warmth of the house. "Why? Why would you do that? Why didn't you find somewhere to stay? Why didn't you call me? Why would you ever think to run in a storm?"

“Well- the lines were out and I didn’t want you to be mad- or- or think I was ditching you!” Shane stuttered out, feeling himself getting closer and closer to what was considered hyper ventilating.

“It didn’t work Shane. I’m fucking pissed.” Ilya said, letting out a controlled breath as his arms tightened even more around Shane. Shane’s heart stopped. Ilya was still mad? He shouldn’t be surprised- “I’m pissed at myself. So fucking angry that I ever made you think you’d have to do that. I love you Shane. And that means, I don’t want you getting hurt. Ever. No matter how angry I could get, no matter what you think I could assume.”

Shane let out a soft breath, tension starting to slowly melt out of his muscles. Ilya wasn’t angry at him. He was angry at the situation. And, while he somewhat thought that Ilya should be happy that Shane prioritised him so much, he also understood where the man was coming from.

“I’m sorry-”

“Stop. Apologising.” Ilya whispered into Shane’s neck, voice oddly wet. Was he crying? Shane decided not to question it. This wasn’t the time to make Ilya feel insecure. He blinked, realizing he wasn’t holding Ilya back, having been too stuck in his own brain. He quietly brought his arms up, wrapping them as tight as he could around Ilya (without hurting him of course).

God, he was so stupid. Why did he ever think Ilya would want this? Want Shane to potentially hurt himself for him? He was tearing up himself a bit now as well. Shane let out a quiet, wet laugh.

“Well, it doesn’t make up for it, but I do have a gift for you.” Shane spoke up in the silence of the room, making Ilya gently pull away to look up at Shane, suspicious intrigue in his eyes. “It’s nothing huge, and I’m not even sure you’ll like it, but-”

“Shh, asking too many questions again.” Ilya shushed him, shaking his head a bit.

Shane let out another laugh, this one a little less wet as his tears dried up. He brought the bag up, pulling out a wrapped rectangle. Ilya’s eyes filled with even more curiosity, hands reaching out before pausing right in front, waiting for Shane to continue the motions. Shane silently passed it, trying to make his anxious shaking as inconspicuous as he could.

Ilya hesitated a second before ripping the paper apart. It was very different from Shane, who’d usually spend minutes making sure to remove the paper in the most perfect way possible. Shane could not care less, the paper didn’t matter in any capacity.

All that mattered was the inside.

He saw Ilya freeze as he finally caught sight of what was under the paper. Long seconds went by as Ilya stared at the object, the silence Shane dreaded filling the room as the clock ticked by. Finally, he couldn’t take it any longer and blurted out the thoughts filling his head.

“I know you mentioned that your mom used to read you some old russian tales and I did some research and found this edition. I thought it looked really good and thought maybe there would be some tales you’d like in there- But if there’s not, I do have a receipt and you can return it of course-”

Shane couldn’t get another word out because in a blink, Ilya was pressed against him, lips gently mingling in what was the kissing equivalent of sitting by a fireplace with a blanket around your shoulders. All the worries bouncing around his head, all the overthinking that his brain was doing, all of that left in that moment.

Nothing mattered except the lips against his.

“I love you so god damn much.” Ilya roughly whispered against his lips, pulling Shane close to him, as if trying to merge them together in a mess of depression and anxiety. Shane vaguely heard Ilya put his gift on the table near them, his eyes catching sight of the book again.

It was a custom made, leather bound edition of Chukovsky’s most famous works. The carvings had been hand made and all specifically requested by Shane. It was a mix of symbolism, things referencing their relationship, some having to do with the stories and a few representing what Shane could make of Ilya and his mother.

His attention left it as Ilya picked him up, going back to kissing him as if Shane was the only thing that mattered right now.

And maybe, Shane could finally believe he was.

And... if the morning after, Shane had woken up horribly sick from his own actions, and Ilya had spent the rest of their romantic getaway taking care of him and reading him Russian fairytales... well then, that would just stay in between themselves, wouldn’t it?

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