Home for the Holiday with You

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Home for the Holiday with You

by a_z_xoxo

Summary

A rare alignment of the Raiders' and Metros' schedules means that Ilya and Shane get 3.5 uninterrupted days in New York City, where they spend their first Christmas as boyfriends together. Just a lot of cute holiday fluff.

Notes

I haven't published a fanfic, since 2008 when I was a freshman in high school. Sure, I have written snippets over the years, but nothing that made it on to AO3. But like the rest of us, I am besotted by Heated Rivalry and Hollanov. So as I was home for the holidays, I had to hammer out this piece of holiday fluff. Some 3,000 words later and we are posting our first fic in 17 years.

I was inspired by a recent trip to NYC, just before the holidays. This year's Saks light show is truly a Hollanov shipper, the light show is playing Diamonds by Rihanna (iykyk). And all the commentary on holiday movies and traditions are mostly taken from my own experiences.

Wanted to get this out before Cottage Summer, but alas the Christmas festivities pushed this to the end of the day. Merry Christmas!

There weren't many times that the NHL schedule cooperated with Shane and Ilya's relationship. But Christmas 2017, their first Christmas as *lovers*, as boyfriends, one of those rare times that the stars aligned and the schedule worked out. Must have been Christmas magic or something.

The Raiders played an afternoon game against the Admirals in New York on the 23rd and then didn't play again until the 27th, in Boston. The Metros had played a road game on the 22nd and they were off until the 27th when they played the Admirals in New York. The nice thing about the time period between the last game before Christmas and the first game after Christmas was that it was the once during the season where the teams didn't have mandatory team travel obligations. Recognizing that the players got barely anytime home for the holidays and that traveling back to where the team was located would cut into the precious Christmas hours, the league let the players leave on their own after the last game before Christmas and allowed them to show up on their own to wherever they played on the 27th, so long as they made it back in time for morning skate.

Shane had gifted his parents a 2-week Christmas trip for their thirtieth wedding anniversary, so this year, Shane wasn't making his yearly trip back to Ottawa to spend Christmas with parent. He had planned on returning to Montreal between his games, enjoying the peace and solitude in the middle of an incredibly busy season. If the weather permitted, he would spend a day or two at his cottage. All said, he was planning a lowkey Christmas.

He wanted to spend Christmas with Ilya, but was nervous to brooch the subject. Even after the summer, even after their time at the cabin, even after the "I love you," Shane was still adjusting to a world where he could be open and honest about his feelings for Ilya and could ask for things. Would spending Christmas together be too much? Maybe Ilya had his own traditions or was planning on spending it with his Raiders' teammates or with Svetlana.

But as he rechecked the Metros' schedule for the last week of December and realized that Ilya would be playing in New York before the Christmas break and he would be playing in New York right after, he thought maybe Christmas together would be possible.

Jane: I was thinking, would you maybe want to do something for Christmas? (sent: 3:02pm)

nvm, forget I asked, you probably already have plans. (sent: 3:03 pm)

It’s stupid anyways. I just missed you. (sent: 3:03 pm)

But we have a game in January. I’ll just see you then. (sent 3:09 pm)

Lily: sweetheart, you are having panic attack. Yes, I want to spend Christmas with you. Always want to spend any moment I can with you. (sent 3:10 pm)

Marley invited me for dinner. But I think he would rather have Christmas alone with his wife so he can fuck her instead of be host. (sent 3:11 pm)

did you have plan? (sent 3:12 pm)

Jane: didn’t need to hear about Marleau’s sex life, please and thank you. (sent 3:15 pm)

DoyouwanttospendChristmasinNewYorkwithme? (sent 3:15 pm)

Lily: New York? Like New York City? (sent 3:17 pm)

is my Christmas present a threesome with you and Scott Hunter? (sent 3:17 pm)

or foursome, his boyfriend can watch too. (sent 3:18 pm)

Jane: fuck you, Rozanov. (sent 3:22 pm)

Why are you so obsessed with Scott Hunter????? (sent 3:22 pm)

Lily: because it makes you blush and you are hot when you blush. (sent 3:24 pm)

Jane: fuck off. (sent 3:31 pm)

Lily: you want to spend Christmas in New York? together? (sent 3:32 pm)

Jane: Your last game before the break is in New York, my first game back after the break is also in New York. We could book a hotel and spend a few days in New York. When I was younger I had a hockey tournament in New York right before Christmas and my family and I spent a few days exploring the city. It's so magical around the holidays, with the lights and trees and window displays. I just thought it might be romantic to experience that with you. (sent 3:34 pm)

Lily is typing

Shane saw the three dots appear, disappear, appear again, and then disappear. Ilya was probably figuring out to let him down easily. It was a stupid idea, thinking they could do something like a romantic getaway for a few days. His ears burned hot with embarrassment, tears threatening to fall. God, he fucked this up.

Jane: It's a stupid idea. Forget I mentioned it. (sent 3:40 pm).

Ilya immediately recognized Shane's panic and felt gut punched with the misunderstanding. Shane from hundreds of miles away couldn't see his megawatt grin, the pure joy splayed across his face thinking about doing something so couple-y with Shane, usually so cautious and careful. Yet here he was asking him to spend Christmas in New York.

Lily: yes. yes I want. I want all romantic Christmas things with you. sometimes I forget this is real life now. I get to call you my boyfriend. we get to spend holidays together. I was so happy I didn't know what to say. yes, always yes. (sent: 3:42 pm)

And so, they began planning the several days they would get to spend together. Shane would travel to the city after his game on the 22nd and Ilya would stay in New York after his game against the Admirals. “Should I ask Scott Hunter to join us??” he jokingly teased? Shane threatened to cancel the whole trip if Ilya mentioned Scott Hunter one more time, causing Ilya to sober up immediately. They booked the penthouse suite at the Plaza—Shane insisted it was the best decorated hotel in the entire city; Ilya insisted the penthouse suite to save other hotel guests from Shane’s loud screaming while they fucked endless—and for three glorious days they would get to pretend they were a normal couple, celebrating Christmas together.

Shane could hardly contain his excitement as he watched the last 10 minutes of the Raiders-Metros game tick down on the tv as he watched from their room at the Plaza. For the fifth time in as many minutes he did the math. Ten minutes left on the clock, approximately twenty minutes of the actual game with commercial breaks. The score was 3-2 Raiders, so assuming the lead held, no overtime, no shootout. 20 minutes for postgame media—everyone, coaches, staff, media and players alike eager to wrap up media quickly to get home to their loved ones—15 minutes in the locker-room to shower, change, and do whatever pre-holiday captain speech that was required. Sixty-five minutes until Ilya left Madison Square Garden. And then all that was left was for Ilya to travel the 25 blocks to the Plaza. Less than 20 minutes if Ilya took the R line from Herald Square, likely longer if he called for a car depending on the 6th Avenue rush hour traffic post-game. All Shane had to do was wait 90 minutes and then he would get Ilya for three uninterrupted days.

The game ended, 4-2, Ilya scoring the empty netter to ensure that even if the Raiders scored one with their goalie pulled that it wouldn’t force the game to drag longer. He gave 3-word answers during media, willing it to be over quickly and rushed through his shower and changing as quick as he could—he would just drag Shane into their luxurious suite and shower with him once he got to their room. He sprinted out of the arena, determined it would take too long to wait for the car, and ran through the subway stations with his beanie pulled low and his scarf pulled up—looking like any other New Yorker rushing to get home before the holidays.

What felt like an eternity later, Ilya was knocking on the door of their suite, Shane opening the door wearing a cozy Christmas sweat set and an adorable Santa hat. “Merry Christmas, Ilya,” he sighed between kisses. “Merry Christmas, Shane,” Ilya returned with equal softness.

They stood in the doorway, taking each other in for a few moments before Shane exclaimed, “Oh!! I nearly forgot,” as he plucked an identical Santa hat from the credenza by the entryway and plopped on Ilya’s head. “Now we are ready for Christmas!”

A smirk flashed across Ilya's face as he deepened the kiss.

"I know what you can get me for Christmas, moya lyubov."

Shane pulled away briefly, still close enough to feel the warm breath on his lips, "I swear to god, if you mention Scott Hunter right now, I will murder you."

Ilya's shit-eating grin grew wider. "No, for once not Scott Hunter. Me fucking you, while you wear your glasses and this Santa hat. That is what I want."

Shane's face turned impossibly red, matching the crimson of the Santa hat. He tried to rip it off and toss it to the side, but Ilya caught it and secured it back on. Finally, Shane acquiesced and stopped his attempts to hide his embarrassment.

"Okay, Santa hat and glasses. Didn't realize you were so easy, Lily."

That does it for Ilya, who in one motion puts down his duffel, hoists Shane up, and run-walks to the king-size bed. Demands Shane immediately strip, and begins peppering kisses down his naked body.

Sated after both of them have come multiple times, Ilya is whispering sweet nothings in Shane's ear and Shane is curled into Ilya's side. Eventually their stomachs grumble and Ilya rolls over to grab the in-room dining menu. The hours that follow are perfect domestic bliss. They order room service, and Ilya even convinced Shane to splurge on a hot chocolate for himself, turn on the fire, and flip through the channels until they come across *Home Alone 2*, which is just starting.

"It's my favorite movie, and it's perfect because New York and the Plaza," Shane says with a twinkle in his eye.

Ilya has never seen the movie before, but any favorite of Shane's is something he wants to experience. Quickly he gets into the movie. Shouts, "he is fucking asshole," when Buzz ruins

the Christmas recital, is indignant when the family realizes they have left Kevin —"AGAIN??," he huffs, cries at the kindness between the bird lady and Kevin—it reminds him a bit of the kindness Yuna and David have shown him—and is doubled over laughing when the Kevin bests the Sticky Bandits in New York. He gets why Shane likes the movie; he loves it too.

They go to bed soon after, Ilya in a state of perfect bliss—grateful for these quiet moments where he and Shane get to exist: alone, together.

The next morning, Christmas Eve, continues much like the evening before, room service for breakfast, making love in the shower, on the bed, in the foyer of the penthouse, and watching more Christmas moves in between. This morning it is *Santa Clause* and *Santa Clause 2*, with Shane confessing to him that he definitely had a crush on rebellious Charlie in the second movie. Overnight, a light snow has fallen, making the city a perfect winter wonderland.

"Guess I liked trouble," mumbles Shane, burying his face in Ilya's shoulder, trying to outrun the embarrassment.

Ilya find it, like everything Shane does, endearing. "So, you had crush on Charlie, but it took you 8 years after we fucked to realize you are gay," he teases with a smile across his face.

Shane bites his shoulder in response, and the rest of the movie is forgotten as their play wrestling becomes another round of sex.

It's the afternoon, when Ilya can hear Shane's thoughts.

"I know you are thinking something. What is it?"

"I don't know how you can always hear my thoughts and know that I have something to say before I work up the courage to say it."

"Because I love you."

“Okay, Mr. Smooth Operator. I was thinking, it’s Christmas Eve, and I would like to walk around Central Park and look at the window displays for the stores on Fifth Avenue. See the tree at Rockefeller. Would you want to do that?”

“Who are you, and what have you done with Shane Hollander? Has my boyfriend been kidnapped? He wants to go outside, in public?”

“It’s snowing outside, looks quiet, we can wear hats, scarves, and glasses, no one will know it’s us.” Shane rifles through his bag and grabs two beanies with “I heart NY” garishly emblazoned across them. “We can wear these; we will look like tourists.”

“Okay. Yes, that sounds perfect, Shane.”

So, they bundle up, don on the kitschy beanies, wrap scarves over their defining facial features, and put on sunglasses. They look silly, sure, but know the chance of anyone seeing them is low.

They make their way to Centra Park, walking past Wollman Rink, the Bethesda Fountain, fresh snow crunching under their boots, they grab another hot chocolate from a street vendor, before turning back to the road and walking down 5th Avenue to look at the famous window displays adorn with holiday cheer.

Ilya marvels at the childlike wonder on Shane’s face as he gushes over the details. The Louis Vuitton store that is made to look like luggage trunks, the Tiffany store bedazzled with glistening diamonds.

They walk past Wempe, a luxury watch retailer and Ilya giggles at the Rolex display, which of course is featuring the 2018 collection and the campaign Shane filmed for them not too long ago. He clumsily pushes Shane toward the window displays, tells him to smile and flashes a picture before Shane can even process what he’s doing.

“My god, Ilya you’re ridiculous”

“What can I say, huge Hollander fan, very boring person, very good hockey player. Second best after Ilya Rosanov.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever I have more cups than you,” he says as he lightly pushes Ilya’s shoulder.

They continue to walk down, until Shane slows down in front of Saks Fifth Avenue. He informs Ilya that Saks is known for their light show, so they wait a few minutes until the light show starts again.

They next turn down 49th heading toward the Rockefeller tree.

“Close your eyes,” Shane says gently right before the tree comes into view. “You’re going to kill me? In public, on Christmas Eve?”

Shane chuckles, god he loves Ilya so much. “No, I just want to see your face when you see the tree for the first time.”

Ilya obliges—he would do anything Shane asked—until they come to a stop.

“Okay, and open.”

Shane knew he made the right choice the moment Ilya takes in the tree and smiles. It is the smile that is all his, that he gets to see now, that he realizes he could have had years earlier if they sorted themselves out. Shane pulls his eyes away from Ilya’s face, now marveling at the tree.

Their gloved hands gently brush as they stand side-by-side. Ilya makes the move to hold Shane’s hand in his. Shane’s heartbeat momentarily spikes. *We are in public, someone could see us*, he almost hisses until he takes a moment to look around. The area around the tree is, for once, fairly quiet with most of the city getting ready for Christmas Eve. And if someone saw them at this moment, they would see two bundled up men—not Shane Hollander and

Ilya Rosanov, not NHL's greatest stars in a forbidden relationship. Shane forces himself to relax, grabs Ilya's hand, and continues to stroll hand-in-hand around the tree. Ilya insists on snapping a few selfies, including one where he is kissing Shane's cheek, much like he did at last year's All Star Game in Tampa where the mere thought of this moment seemed like an unattainable fairytale.

Time stills as they watch other tourists, excited to see the tree for the first time, gaze at the tree and each other, until the wind picks up and the cold sets in their bones from standing for so long. They continue their walk, still hand in hand, until night falls over the city. Slowly they make their way back to the hotel. It's almost dinner, and while Ilya would love nothing more than to find a cozy restaurant and indulge in a romantic holiday meal, he knows there is no way that Shane would be comfortable. Out here, under the cover of the snow and the cold temperatures, their winterwear is the perfect disguise. But inside a cozy restaurant, where the hats and scarves come off, it would be them, bare and open.

Back in their suite, Ilya goes a little wild with room service. He insists on doing the caviar tasting menu, telling Shane that it is a Russian tradition to have caviar during the holidays (albeit, back in Russia it was for Orthodox Christmas on January 7). He doesn't stop their ordering top shelf Russian vodka, an exquisite bottle of Champagne, and all the desserts.

"None of this is part of my diet," Shane grumbles once the staff delivers the feast.

"Ahhh yes, all part of my plan to make sure you lose Stanley Cup, Art Ross, and Maurice Rocket Richard Trophy this year."

Shane sticks his tongue out that, continuing his rant about his diet.

"It is Christmas Eve sweetheart, you can have one day to enjoy. You will still be second best hockey player even if you have caviar and chocolate."

They settle in side-by-side indulging in the food, the coziness, the feelings of merriment.

"Thanks for today, Ilya. Thank you for indulging me with my New York Christmas holiday."

“Best Christmas ever. Even if we have not had Santa hat sex yet.”

Shane turns toward Ilya, a serious look on his face. Ilya realizes that Shane is trying to get something serious and heartfelt out so he sobers up, gently placing his hand on Shane’s and silently encouraging him to continue.

“I always felt different growing up. At first, I thought it was because I was the only Asian kid in most places. And then when my friends starting date girls, I thought it was because I could never bring myself to talk about girls in that crass, locker room speak sort of way. I thought I was just more focused and disciplined and that’s why I didn’t really date, because hockey was everything and I didn’t want any distractions. And then I met you, and that turned everything on its head. I never felt that way about anyone before. You unlocked feelings I never knew I had. You made me feel loved and cherished. I used to dream about spending the holidays with a partner, someone who loved me, getting to do normal couple stuff, hold hands with them on the street. For a while, I didn’t think that was possible. I didn’t think it was in the cards for me. But you, you made today possible. You made my dreams come true. I love you so much, Ilya. I wish I would have realized my feelings sooner. I wish I never ran away the day you made me a tuna melt. I wish I wouldn’t have been so scared. You are my everything.”

By the time Shane finished, both him and Ilya had tears in their eyes.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” is the only thing that Ilya can whisper as he brings Shane close to him, gently kissing his lips and wiping away the tears that have started to fall. He whispers “I love you,” over and over, alternating between Russian and English.

“I am glad you invited me, Shane. Christmas after my mom died has always been hard. When I was still in Russia it was a day filled with sadness. After I was drafted, I didn’t have the time to go back home. Some years I would spend Christmas with Sveta, some years with teammates, and some years by myself. But this year, with you, this is the perfect Christmas present.”

“Merry Christmas, Ilya.”

“Merry Christmas, Shane.”

Christmas Day is spent similarly. They watch Christmas movies, stroll hand-in-hand in New York, facetime Yuna and David. They exchange gifts, have lots of sex, and bask in the merriment that is their perfect cocoon. The day passes too quickly, as does December 26 and soon Ilya is packing his bags to head back to Boston to make sure he makes its before morning skate in the morning. The goodbye is bittersweet—it always is when they have such little time together, but they are comforted by the fact that the Metros and Raiders play each other soon and the knowledge that they will always have Christmas 2017 to return to, a perfect couple of days that showed them what they could one day have all the time.

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