All I want for Christmas is You

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All I want for Christmas is You

by drxxmer

Summary

Ilya‘s and Shane‘s first Christmas as a married couple with lots of presents and lots of love.

Notes

Spoilers for The Long Game!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Early into their relationship, Shane discovered that Ilya had quite the appreciation for pretty wrapping paper and a well wrapped gift. This year, with the Stanley Cup within reach, gifts for friends and family had to take a seat on the back burner, which meant wrapping gifts turned into a Christmas Day activity. Ilya and Shane had spent Christmas Eve doing other, arguably more important stuff, both figuring that there would be time for gift wrapping the next day, before their plans with Shane's parents.

While Shane cherished how much love Ilya poured into the presentation of his presents, on this particular Christmas Day they were slowly running late. It was their first Christmas as a married couple, and Shane was determined for it to be perfect. And being late was far from perfect.

Worst of all, there was no one to blame but himself for Ilya being behind with the wrapping. His husband, beautiful, competent, sexy Ilya, set himself an alarm so he could take all the time he would need to make sure his presents for Yuna and David were perfect. Shane had coaxed him back into bed, slowly kissing down his body, pointedly ignoring Ilya‘s erection, and finally sucking him off. "Was that my Christmas present?" Ilya had asked. Shane had pinched his nipple in response.

Anya scratching at their door ended up pulling them out of their reverie, and Ilya went off to wrap the presents with a lot less time than he had originally planned for.

"Are you done soon?" Shane called up the stairs. He quickly made sure everything was ready to go. The lights were off, all his presents were in his bag, and also Anya's towel and treats.

Yet, he still hadn't heard from Ilya. He pulled out his phone to reply to Hayden's text that he had forgotten about earlier. Yes, they would be coming over tomorrow, yes, they‘re bringing Anya, and yes, they would be going ice skating. Although therapy was going rather well, Shane still had very little interest in alcohol so he added a thank you to Jackie for stocking up on ginger ale.

By the time he had checked the rest of his notifications, Ilya was finally coming down the stairs. "Yes," he said, slipping his coat on. "I wrapped presents, rest is in car."

"The rest? What rest?" Shane frowned, grabbing his jacket and bag, shooing Anya out the door and locking it behind the three of them.

"This rest," Ilya said, unfazed. He opened the car trunk to put his stuff inside; next to their sacks of hockey equipment was a large IKEA bag, filled to the brim with gifts of all sizes. "Some for your parents, the rest for Pikes."

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"Merry Christmas!" Yuna immediately pulled her son and favourite son into a bone crushing hug. "I hope the roads weren't too slippery," she said, letting them go. Ilya shook his head no, while Shane quickly started apologizing for being late.

Anya, who had barreled into the house as soon as the door was open, leaving wet paw prints and melting snow in her wake, returned, a flustered David trailing after her. “Hey, guys. Sorry, I was just in the kitchen. The fish was due to come out of the oven right when you rang the doorbell.”

“Is alright, David,” Ilya assured, giving his father-in-law a wink and a hug. He glanced over at Shane, who seemed a bit distracted. He gave him a nudge, silently asking if everything was alright. Shane gave him a soft smile in return. Although he wasn’t quite convinced, Ilya decided to let it go for now.

“Come in! Come in!” Yuna ushered them inside, taking their coats and bags. “If you want to head into the living room already, we’ll be right there.”

“Could I have - how you say - a tote bag?” Ilya asked, remembering the rest of his presents for Yuna, David, and Shane were still in the car.

“Of course,” David said, going and quickly reappearing with a bag for Ilya. He noticed Shane had already gone to the living room, so Ilya headed back out by himself.

He returned, already looking forward to gift-giving time after lunch, but when he dropped everyone off in the living room David told him that Shane had gone upstairs, and was told to ask him to follow.

So, a bit confused and more worried about his husband by the second, Ilya followed Shane into his childhood bedroom, where he found him pacing around, clenching and unclenching his fists. “Sweetheart, are you having a panic attack?”

“No- yes. Maybe, I don’t know,” Shane hiccuped. “Why didn’t you tell me about all the presents?”

This took Ilya by surprise. “I did not think it would matter.”

“But now I’m standing there like an idiot! I only got them one thing, and there you are, with so many gifts, and I had no idea!” Shane snapped. Ilya noticed his breathing was becoming more frantic, but he knew touching him wouldn’t be helpful, especially if what Shane was upset about was him.

“You are not an idiot,” Ilya said, making sure to appear as little defensive as possible. “You are their son, who they love so much.” His English was threatening to give up on him, but he pulled himself together. “You make them so proud. You are the best gift they could ask for.”

“That’s not the point, Ilya,” Shane sobbed. He was crying now. Whether it was because of what Ilya had said, or rather, hadn’t said, he didn’t know, but at least he knew how to take care of him now.

“I will hug you now,” Ilya let him know. He stepped forward, reaching out slowly to give Shane enough time to tell him not to, but Shane simply slumped against him, letting Ilya wrap his arms around him. “I’m sorry for not telling you.”

“Thank you,” Shane mumbled into his chest, slowly reaching his own arms around Ilya. They were hugging now, swaying softly, as Shane’s breathing calmed down and his hands found their home underneath Ilya’s T-shirt. “I’m sorry for snapping at you. I know this is so irrational, I don’t know entirely why it upset me so much. I think I just would’ve liked to know.”

“I understand,” Ilya promised, stroking the hair at the back of Shane’s head and pressing his lips against his forehead. “I will tell you next time, I promise.”

He paused, contemplating how much of this to tell to Shane, not wanting to get emotional himself while comforting his husband. “Can I say something in Russian? English is not working.”

Shane nodded. He turned his head up to Ilya, surely to make sure he would understand as much as possible. So, to make it easy for Shane and to give himself time to gather his thoughts, Ilya spoke slowly.

“I got your parents so many presents, because since my mom died, I haven’t had a real parent. My dad was just a father, someone who had a part in creating me, but I have not had parents who loved me, who were proud of me, who look forward to seeing me, in a very long time.” He smiled, ignoring the tear running down his cheek, and went on. “I want your parents to know how grateful I am for them. I’m so grateful that they created you, raised you to be the man who you are today, the man who I love so much. It’s thanks to them that my life is as good today as it is. I know I tell them, but I want to show them. I thought giving them gifts might be a good way to go about it.”

After a long pause, Shane finally kissed him. “Thank you for sharing that with me,” he said, in English.

“Thank you for hearing it,” Ilya replied, also in English. “Je t’aime.”

“Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu,” Shane grinned. “Do you feel okay to go downstairs? My parents are probably starting to wonder what’s taking us so long.”

“They think we are fucking,” Ilya said, nodding earnestly. Shane punched his arm playfully, but quickly pulled Ilya down for a proper kiss.

It was nice, Ilya thought, to talk things out. Understanding each other’s feelings and making sure that they were feeling okay. Sharing a kiss after, sealing the deal of okayness, was purely fantastic.

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“The table is set,” Yuna said, inspecting the final glass for cleanliness. “Is everything okay?”

Shane looked up at his husband, who was looking at him, too, and smiled, entirely genuine this time. “We’re great. Is there anything we can do?”

“No,” Yuna said, coming over and giving his son’s arms a little squeeze. “Just go wash your hands, and then come sit down.”

They did as they were told, and came back to the table covered in small bowls of amazing smelling food. The main pot had a beautiful, baked salmon, with sides of potato mash, brussel sprouts, gravy, and some baked vegetables. Even Anya got a little bowl of plain salmon with an array of veggies.

Once they were all sat, and there was some food on everyone’s plate, David jumped back up, exclaiming, “The tree!” He quickly went to turn it on, along with some Christmas candles around the room, and returned.

“Before we eat,” Ilya started, “I would like to say thanks to you all.” Shane noticed his fingers tapping nervously, so he took Ilya’s hand into his own, squeezing it reassuringly. Ilya gave him a thankful smile. “Ever since you have known that Shane and I are a couple, you have loved me like I am your son. I have a family again, and I love that it is you. I want to thank you for this.”

To say that everyone stayed dry-eyed would be a blatant lie. Yuna was dabbing at her eyes, while David had waterfalls running down his cheeks. Shane himself quickly wiped his own tears away, always endlessly grateful for how much his parents love his partner.

“We love you, Ilya,” David said, “And we’re so glad that we’re able to give you love and safety here.”

With David and Yuna recounting stories of Shane’s childhood that he was sure Ilya had heard before, dinner was lovely. The plates emptied quickly, while stomachs were satisfyingly full, and there were enough leftovers for everyone to keep some.

After the table was cleared and the empty dishes were put in the dishwasher, everyone grabbed a glass of wine and headed back to the living room for gifting time.

Ilya, who had the most presents to hand out, insisted on handing them out first. “If you do not like them, Shane’s gifts will make up,” he explained. Although he was clearly nervous, Shane knew that Ilya had done amazingly with getting everyone their gifts.

“Which one first?” asked Yuna, gesturing over her pile of gifts.

Ilya, David, and Shane all pointed at different ones, which made the four of them laugh. Yuna ended up picking the smallest one.

She unwrapped a small jewelry box, in which was an Ottawa Centaurs pendant, which she quickly fastened around her neck. “Thank you, Ilya. Now I can have you two with me even outside the rink.”

It was Shane’s turn next. He hated surprises, and Ilya was very good at keeping a secret, so he had no idea what to expect. The packet felt soft, like fabric might feel when wrapped. Ilya’s face jumped out at him. Not only one, but five different photos of his husband had been edited together into a collage. In big red letters it said Ilya Rozanov is my Husband.

Shane looked up to see a proud grin plastered onto Ilya's face. "You like?" he asked.

"I'm not even kidding, this is probably the best present I've ever gotten," Shane indulged. He wasn't even lying. In spite of the fact that - and he couldn't stress this enough - he really hated surprises, this was the most wholesome, innocent, funniest present he could've asked for from Ilya.

"Put it on!" David urged, patting Ilya on the back proudly.

"It's not washed yet," Shane opposed, folding it back up neatly.

"Ah, no, is washed," Ilya confirmed.

Shane whipped his head around to pout at him. "Really?"

Ilya nodded, grinning wide. "I washed and dried when you were on long walk with Anya."

Shane swiftly took his shirt off and put his new shirt on, proudly displaying the best present he has ever gotten.

"Thank you," he said softly, leaning over to give his husband a quick kiss. "I really, really love it. Your turn, Dad."

"My turn!" David clapped his hands, picking up the first of many rectangular boxes. Once again, Ilya's face was the first thing visible. It was a custom ordered puzzle, the picture taken from their very first draft pick, where Ilya was picked first and Shane, to the Hollanders' dismay, second. "I love it, I can't wait to puzzle your face."

They went around in this circle until Ilya's gifts were all opened. Yuna got a cook book on Russian cuisine, lots of Ottowa Centaurs merch (because how could she support the Montreal Voyageurs after the way they had treated her son), and finally a new set of the highest-quality knives.

David got three more custom puzzles: Ilya and Shane on their wedding day, the four of them in front of Shane's cottage, Anya's tail barely in frame but recognisable as hers, and one of Anya playing in the snow. Shane figured that one would be particularly challenging, because the snow, of course, was only one colour. And one that didn't even actually qualify as a colour to begin with.

With the puzzles for David also came some puzzle books, Sudoku and the likes, and a set of Rubix Cubes.

Ilya had also made sure to get David and Yuna a collection of some games they might like, all bought with Shane's input, so they could have some new things to play together. It was starting to be the same people winning at the same games. They were in need of new challenges.

Since starting therapy and getting his autism diagnosis, Shane had put more focus onto self-care and making sure to relax properly. A new part of this routine were animal

documentaries, which meant that Ilya had gotten him lots of animal-related gifts. Especially reptiles, since, in Shane's opinion, they had the coolest evolution and survival adaptations.

From Yuna and David, Ilya was given some puzzle games, a pretty hefty voucher for his favourite sushi place, and a self-knitted 'warmth set' consisting of a beanie, scarf, and mittens.

Shane's gift from his parents was pretty big, with a few small rectangular packets taped on top, fanned out.

"This wasn't on your list," Yuna starts, smiling apologetically, "but we talked to Ilya and Hayden, and we did a lot of research to make sure you would like it."

Shane grimaced; he was grateful that his parents were so thoughtful as to ask his closest friends if it was a good present, but having no idea what something might be was starting to freak him out.

"It's also gift for me," Ilya said, bumping his shoulder, surely picking up on Shane's slight discomfort.

"I'll open the things on top first," Shane said cautiously. He carefully peeled the four packets apart from each other, making sure not to rip the wrapping paper.

When his first gift was The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild, he sighed in relief, finally knowing what to expect. He felt a bit stupid now, considering that the shapes of the gifts were all pretty uniform and he had seen Nintendo games so often at the Pikes' house.

"Thank you, mom," Shane said, looking up from his gift to smile at her.

The next three games were It Takes Two, Mario Kart 8 and Nintendo Switch Sports.

By the time it came to unwrapping his Switch, Shane was much more relaxed than he could have hoped for.

They spent the rest of the day setting up their new things, everyone kind of doing their own thing, but everyone happy to have family around.

End Notes

Hello! I hope you enjoyed this! I wrote it as a Christmas gift for my lovelydovely boyfriend and everyone else who I had proof-read it really liked it too so I wanted to share with the world. Merry late Christmas, Happy late Holidays! (Would love your thoughts!)

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