oh, golden boy, you shined a light on your home

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oh, golden boy, you shined a light on your home

by pinkmelodramas

Summary

"And when Ilya stops crying, trying not to feel ashamed of being vulnerable, because he knows that he is loved in this home, and that not one of the three Hollanders will give him shit for expressing his feelings, he gives the last present he bought to Shane."

or Ilya's first proper christmas

Notes

yes they made my christmas better and yes i rewatched twice the cottage episode.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya Rozanov never saw the appeal of Christmas ever since moving to Boston, which was strange, cause in true american fashion (go big or go home) that time of the year always consisted of overly decorated streets, overpriced seasonal drinks and too bright christmas light in the shapes of trees and stars. He used to spend those days alone, maybe tagging along with his teammates for the yearly party held before the festivities for the team and crew.

But this Christmas is different, because on top of moving to Ottawa, adjusting to a new team and even colder weather, he has a boyfriend, one who he has been in love with since that cold winter day Shane told him that he couldn't smoke there, trying to make polite conversation with his red nose and blushed freckles because of the cold. So, he knows that this year is different, for once, they managed to take the same days off and will be able to spend some days together since the cottage that summer, with the tranquility of knowing that Yuna and David support them (which at first wasn't Ilya's main concern, he just wanted Shane to be sure and feel loved in their new relationship bliss, everything else came in second), but he knows that it's important for Shane to be with his parents in these days, and for what he could recollect from the family pictures in the living room at Yuna and David's house, he knew it was important for all of them.

Which is why, three days before Christmas, he's making sure everything is ready for Shane to come home, ginger ale stocked in the fridge, the fireplace running and some old sport documentary playing on the TV.

He's too focused on this wrapping presents tutorial with colorful paper playing on his phone and an entire stack of presents already wrapped behind him when he hears the door open.

"Ilya, you in here?" he hears Shane's voice before he sees him.

"Yes, I am coming, wait there" he says with a shaky breath, a little bit anxious about his boyfriend seeing the stack of presents in the living room.

"... Okay? You sure you're alright?" and now he can hear Shane's concern, and his face softens a little at the thought of him making sure he's alright, when Shane's the one who drove for two hours on the tricky winter roads.

"Yes, yes, everything ok, was the drive here good, you know, with the car? Good in the snow, yes?" he says with a little smile when he sees him and crushes him in a hug, loving how Shane's arm wraps around his waist, leaving little kisses along his cheek and neck.

"Hmm yes, you're an asshole, you know that?" Shane answers, with a smirk on his face before giving him a kiss.

They stay like that for a while, before Shane shivers from the cold and Ilya realizes he hasn't even taken his coat and gloves off. He leaves them on the entryway along with his shoes, on the little bench Ilya bought when he moved in, knowing he wouldn't use it much, but knowing how Shane liked to have everything organized or he would freak out a little bit.

Ilya gives him a little kiss on the cheek before leaving him to go to the living room while he takes a can of ginger ale for Shane and a coke from him from the fridge. He hears him moving through the room, for what exactly he doesn't know.

"What's with all these gifts? And why does it look like a classroom here with all these tape and different wrapping papers?"

Shit. Of course Shane would've noticed all of it, it's not like Ilya is big on decorations.

He shrugs, "Nothing, just present for your parents, and some for you"

Shane looks at him perplexed. He knows that his parents love Ilya and have grown fond of him in these months they've been living minutes apart, and he loves it, because even though Ilya doesn't really talk about his family, he knows Ilya misses a motherly hug from time to time, someone like David who gives him good advice while they finish doing a crossword, or how much he appreciates a good home cocked meal like the pasta Yuna makes the day after Ilya loses a game, always making sure to make more so he has at least leftovers to bring home.

But still, what he doesn't know is why he bought that many gifts for them, knowing the four of them will be spending Christmas together and had already picked something for them, not wanting to make Ilya anxious because of it, knowing that this isn't what he does back in Russia and, also, because their relationship is quite new.

"Hollander, I can hear you thinking from here, don't worry, there's nothing, how do you say? Innapropiate? In there, just something I saw while on a walk and thought they will love"

"No no it's not that, and I'm glad that you like to spend time with them and think of them enough to buy gifts for, I'm just a little freaked out because I thought that we would just give them what we bought last month and I don't know I just don't want you to be spending money on them or anything, I don't know. Fuck, I'm sorry" Shane rumbles, in the verge of tears and suddenly feeling like he can't breath.

A steady hand touches Shane's chest, bringing him comfort and stops him from spinning, he holds Ilya's free hand with his own, moments before he calms down a little bit, looking into his boyfriend's worried eyes.

"Nothing to be sorry for, lyubovnik" and that earns a little smile from Shane, who murmurs something like "that is still gross". "If it makes you uncomfortable, we just give them our present and the rest for birthdays and anniversaries, I don't mind"

Oh, sweet and considerate Ilya, and how could Shane ever say no to him.

"No it's okay, I know you put effort on these and I know you're too excited to give them their presents, it was just a momentary breakdown, I'll be alright"

They sit on the sofa after that, cuddling with a blanket and another sport documentary playing in the background.

Just after lunch and before it gets dark, they load the wine and a few other groceries for Christmas dinner in the car and drive to the cottage in a comfortable silence, with the cheesy christmas songs playing in the radio and the sun setting, leaving a golden hue on the snow covered mountains, and Shane can help but think about the drive into the sunset they took after that first meal with their parents, and a smile spreads in his face, while Ilya takes his hand and puts little kisses in there, making obnoxious muaaah noises, knowing that'll earn a laugh from Shane and ease him from his anxiety, at least a little bit.

Once they pull in the driveway and make it out of the car, they can see Yuna and David talking and prepping dinner, looking all domestic, and Ilya can't wait until this is the two of them, once they retire and maybe a couple of kids excited about presents, cooking dinner in that boring kitchen with floor to ceiling windows and a lake view that takes your breath away, he can't help but think how that's all he needs to be happy, something he never thought we could have.

Shane notices his discomfort, so he takes his hand and holds it, not before giving it a small kiss and giving him a reassuring smile.

"Ilya! Shane! Oh my boys, come here!" Yuna exclaims, embracing them in a hug before they even close the door.

"Hi boys, it's good to see you again" David gives them both another hug (Ilya thinks that those are more hugs that he had gotten in his lifetime, but doesn't complain)

"Hi dad, mind if we leave the bags in our bedroom and come down to help? It will be just a minute" because now that is their bedroom, with a lamp that stays on while Shane reads his boring hockey book with the glasses on while Ilya is pressed to his chest, sometimes Shane reading aloud and explaining some new words to Ilya in the quiet of the night, and Ilya can't wait for it to be forever.

"Yes of course, don't worry about it, dinner is almost done and we just finished putting the gifts under the tree, take all the time you need" David answers sweetly, giving the boys a warm smile and taking the wine and few groceries to place them in the fridge.

Later on, the table is set, full of home cooked food and soft lightning, conversation flows easily, they talk about the first months of Ilya as a centaur, telling Shane how much they love having him over a few days a week, and how the three of them try to watch Shane's games in the warmth of his parents living room, with ice cream and cookies stocked up for Ilya. And Ilya thinks about how the cold doesn't matter to him because Shane's smiles gives him all the warmth he needs to survive the cold winter away from him, until the summer begins again that they come back here, to this boring cottage, swim in the lake and look at the fire at night while the loon noises still make Ilya jump from Shane's thigh while his boyfriends laughs at him.

When it's finally time for presents, Ilya insists that he goes first, mainly because he's the one that has the most to give, with neatly wrapped boxes and velvety ribbons that make the gift look beautiful.

David opens his first, a bottle of the good russian vodka from the slavic store at the city, new card games and a few other board games, mostly so they can have a few at the cottage for days like this, and a stack of puzzles with the most famous New Yorker covers on them, varying from 500 to 1000 pieces.

“Oh you sweet boy, you didn’t have to get me anything Ilya, you being here with Shane is enough for me” says David, giving him a hug, “Though I’m excited to make the puzzles with you the next time you come over, I’ll make sure to have one prepared already” and Ilya simply nods, because he can’t believe that this is his life now.

When Yuna’s time comes, he gives her a pasta maker, some Ottawa Centaurs merch (jokingly, and Shane slaps him on his arm, but Yuna smiles nonetheless and wears her new Centaur hat with pride for the rest of the evening), a cookbook just with baking recipes, and a picture book of Japan's landscapes, because even though he finally feels like his family is there and for the first time in a while, his heart doesn’t ache to be in Russia, he knows that remembering your culture is important, and that from time to time, being homesick is okay too.

“Thank you darling” says Yuna, while giving him what feels like the hundredth hug of the day, with tears in her eyes. “I’ll make sure we have all the ingredients so we can make those chocolate chip cookies we love next time for dessert”

And Shane can’t help but smile, the insignificant gift they bought for them long forgotten.

Then it’s Ilya’s turn, and Yuna gives him a Russian cookbook, because in the past few months she noticed how he doesn’t have family there, so there’s no one to pass down the recipes of his favorite childhood meals, and David gives him a puzzle of Moscow's landscape, with 1000 pieces, and Shane makes sure to have it always and the house in Ottawa so they both can make it together on the boring days he gets to spend with his boyfriend. But, as always, Shane gives him a framed photo of the famous (for David only) cheek kiss from the all stars game,and because he knows that it’s the only time that we was allowed to let people have a glimpse of their relationship to the world, with a note on the side that reads “we do have so much chemistry indeed, happy first christmas, moya lyubov, i hope this memory lasts a lifetime, i love you”

And when Ilya stops crying, trying not to feel ashamed of being vulnerable, because he knows that he is loved in this home, and that not one of the three Hollanders will give him shit for expressing his feelings, he gives the last present he bought to Shane.

“Now that I noticed how presents match” Ilya laughs, while Shane wipes the last tears from his boyfriend's cheek with his thumb. “It’s silly, but I know we can’t really take pictures with our phones and we had to delete a few of these months in case, so maybe having a camera to take pictures is a good idea.”

Shane unwraps the box cautiously, and his eyes fill with tears when he spots the polaroid camera in a soft blue just like Ilya’s eyes, a digital camera with a few memory cards, a mini printer so they don’t have to take the cards to a shop and print them there, in case someone sees them, and a soft purple photo album for the polaroids and normal pictures.

“I know that you have one of those at home because Yuna told me, so it’s probably silly, but I just wanted us to have something where our memories remain and we don’t have to be afraid of someone else having them, so they can be just for us and the people we want to share them with, but if you think it’s dumb I can take them back-” he rambles, but Shane crashes him in a hug, and he notices that his shirt gets a little soaked with tears.

“Jesus Ilya, this is the best gift you could’ve ever given me, thank you” with shaky hands, Shane holds Ilya’s face and gives him a kiss that tastes like salt from tears and at the end is not a kiss entirely because both of them are smiling too hard.

After saying goodnight, they both go to their room, and if Shane takes a polaroid of Ilya smiling from ear to ear and places it on the cover, leaving it on the nightstand, Ilya doesn’t say anything. Instead, he gets up right to the sunrise, going to the dock with a blanket to see the sky turn from a deep blue to a hue of oranges and pinks to a soft blue, and thinks about how the same happened to him in these years, how finding Shane made him full of light and not afraid of anything, because he now knows that the boy who drools and snore a little in his sleep loves him, and wants to spend the rest of his life with him, in this boring cottage with ridiculously big windows, making eight burgers when it’s just the two of them because it’s what the recipe says, and sleep and make love and everything in between in their bed for the rest of their boring lives.

And now, on his first proper American Christmas he can’t help but think that maybe there’s some of that cheesy magic people talk about, and he wants nothing more than a boring life with the man he loves.

End Notes

hi !!!!!! this is my first hr fic and yes it's not good and i wrote it under two hours in a sudden insipiration strike, also, english is not my first language, so if there are any misktakes please let me know! i used the google translator for the russian parts and i don't know russian either so it might make no sense but anyway. title is from merry christmas, please don't call by bleachers.

come and say hi on twitter !!!! i'm ghiblisainz :)
i hope y'all enjoy it :)

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