

## My Only Wish is You

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# My Only Wish is You

by [moonchild1998](#)

## Summary

The Russian New Year tradition of "burning wishes" involves writing a wish on paper, burning it as the Kremlin clock strikes midnight, putting the ashes in a glass of champagne or other drink, and consuming it before the chimes end, all within seconds, to make the wish come true. It's a popular ritual symbolizing releasing intentions for the coming year, often accompanied by toasts and family gatherings as the new year begins.

Ilya Rozanov has everything he's ever wanted. He has Shane Hollander. What the hell is he supposed to wish for now?

## Notes

A friend of mine was telling me about what her Russian family does for NYE and I couldn't get this idea out of my head. I blacked out and wrote this in like two hours because Hollanov has bewitched me. Everything is about #them.

Timeframe for this story is a bit ambiguous but I'm imagining post-Ilya moving to Ottawa, pre-engagement. IDK just go with it lol. Enjoy <3

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Ilya's phone lit up with a FaceTime request; the ringtone sent flutters down his spine. He glanced at the clock on the bedside table. *Right on time*. With a smile, Ilya settled himself onto the cool, stiff hotel sheets and propped a few pillows behind him. He answered the call on the third ring.

"Hi," Shane breathed as soon as Ilya's face appeared. Ilya smiled. His boyfriend looked soft and cozy in a sweatshirt slightly too big for him. Ilya's sweatshirt.

"Hi," Ilya replied. They simply looked at each other, sharing quiet breaths, until a wide grin broke across Shane's face. Ilya realized he was smiling too. "Nice sweatshirt."

"What? Oh! Yeah. Sorry. You left it at my place last week, and I just... It's *so* comfy."

"Looks good on you," Ilya mused. "Nice work on power play, also."

Ilya watched in amusement as Shane racked his brain. Montreal had not, in fact, had a power play that evening. Boston, on the other hand...

"Oh, fuck you, Rozanov. That was *not* slashing."

During Montreal's game against Boston earlier tonight, Shane had gotten into it with one of Ilya's former teammates, leading to a slashing call against Shane and a two-minute power play for Boston. During this time, Boston scored their second goal. In the end, Montreal won 3-2.

"Was a little slashing," Ilya teased.

"Fucking Marchand," Shane muttered.

"Aw. Marchy is big teddy bear."

"Maybe in the locker room, but he's aggressive on the ice."

Ilya shrugged. "You still won."

"So did you, I heard." Ilya beamed and nodded. Shane laughed. "God. You're so cute. I wish you were here."

"Me too," Ilya agreed.

"Anyway, I didn't call to moon over you."

"No? Why did you call, Hollander?" Ilya asked, raising an eyebrow. His cock twitched in anticipation. "Need something?" Ilya reveled in the way Shane's cheeks flushed, and his freckles grew more pronounced. "Are you hard, Hollander? Show me."

"No," Shane protested.

"No?"

"Fuck—I mean, yes. I'm hard. But that's not why I called."

"Oh." Ilya pouted.

"That's not the *only* reason I called," Shane amended. Ilya stared in response, waiting for Shane to elaborate, which went over Shane's head, apparently.

"Is boring, Hollander. Tell me why you called."

Shane sputtered. "Oh, right! sorry! What are you doing for New Year's?"

"New Year's? I have game."

"Right, at noon. But after?"

"I don't know. Maybe go out with Bood and Hazy?" That was a lie. They had asked, but Ilya wasn't feeling up to it. What good was a club if you couldn't share a New Year's kiss with the person you loved? No, Ilya was likely going to down a bottle of champagne on the couch, snuggled up to Anya. At midnight, he'd toast to his mother, and then he'd take himself to bed. "Maybe I'll hang out with your parents."

Shane snorted. "I don't think anyone needs to see my dad cry to Old Aung Syne for the 60th time." At that, Ilya laughed. "Come to Montreal?"

"Montreal?"

"Yeah. Like after your game, obviously. I'm going to Hayden's and Jackie is making a roast, and we're gonna do sparklers with the kids at midnight and... I want you to be there with me."

Ilya's heart did somersaults in his chest. "I don't think Hayden wants me to ruin his New Year's."

Shane rolled his eyes. "He will live. I want you there, and Jackie is already picking up fgood vodka for you, and Ruby and Jade haven't stopped talking about how much they want to paint your nails again. And I want you there. We've never spent New Year's together."

"Okay, Hollander."

"Okay?"

"Yes. I will endure Hayden Pike to kiss you at midnight if is what you want."

"'Endure.' Big word," Shane teased. "I love you."

"Ye tebluyu. Now lie back. Take your pants off. I want to see you."

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And that's how Ilya ended up here: In Hayden Pike's house on New Year's Eve, pleasantly buzzed with a baby in his arms as he watched two children attempting to braid his boyfriends

hair. He looked down at the baby in his arms as she pawed at his face.

"You are so cute. How did you get so cute? Your dad is not very nice to look at."

"Fuck you, Rozanov," Hayden called. Jackie swatted him across the chest for swearing, muttering 'jar' as she moved into the kitchen to top off Ilya's glass.

"Thank you, Jackie. She is very cute. Very doughy and happy."

Jackie laughed, picking Amber off his lap. "Alright, come here, Cute Girl. Let's give Uncle Rozy a break, hmm?"

*Uncle Rozy.* Ilya caught Shane's eye, who was positively beaming at him like Ilya was the one who made the sun shine and the stars twinkle. Ilya smiled back, giving a shy wink.

"God, you two are digesting," Hayden muttered.

"No need to be jealous, Hayden. You have very good life. Nice kids. Pretty wife. Not the best hockey player, but you can't have everything."

"Leave him alone, Ilya," Shane pleaded, but he was smiling as he struggled a laugh.

"What? Was compliment."

"I'm gonna hit him, Shane."

"In front of the kids? Bad example, Pike."

Hayden groaned and sat down next to Shane. Ruby and Jade had just finished their haphazard attempt at braiding Shane's hair, which was barely long enough to hold a well-structured braid, much less one made by two eight-year-old girls. Short tendrils stuck out in places, and the whole braid was listing toward the right.

Hayden clapped his hand on Shane's shoulder as he said, "Looking gorgeous, Buddy."

Ilya smiled fondly at the scene. His boyfriend really *was* gorgeous. Gorgeous and *his*. Ilya's heart swelled the way it always did when he thought too long about the fact that Shane was his and he was Shane's, and they'd built this beautiful life together, even if they weren't fully out yet. They were sat in the home of Shane's best friend, and Shane was openly staring back at Ilya with the same sort of timid wonder.

"He is always gorgeous," Ilya said. "But the braid is very nice touch."

Jade beamed. "Thank you! This way, his hair won't burn when we light sparklers later. Daddy, can we do yours next?"

Shane barked out a laugh. "Go on, Hay. Let the girls braid your hair."

"Uh uh. No way," Hayden protested. Less than a minute later, his daughters were climbing into his lap, attempting to wrangle his chin-length hair into pigtails.

Ilya took a swig of his drink and motioned with his head for Shane to come closer. Instantaneously, Shane was by his side, intertwining their fingers.

“What are these sparklers?” Ilya asked. “And why are the twins so excited about them?”

“Oh,” Shane said, giving Ilya a contemplative look as he searched for the right words. It was a look Ilya was familiar with because he made the same one when he couldn’t remember the English word for something. “Um, it’s like a long match that you light and fire sparks and crackles for a while before burning out. Like a handheld firework. They’re popular in America on the 4th of July, I think. Do you not have them in Russia?”

Ilya shrugged. “Don’t know. Maybe. Maybe we call them something different. I’ve never used one, though.

“They’re fun.”

Jackie rejoined them at the table, once again topping off Ilya’s drink and placing a beer in front of Shane. Ilya watched as Shane hesitated briefly. He pressed his foot against Shane’s under the table.

“It’s New Year’s Eve, ah?” Ilya supplied. Shane closed his eyes and nodded. He popped open his can and took a small, slow sip. Ilya stared at Shane’s Adam’s apple as it bobbed. He wanted to trace his tongue across Shane’s throat until his cock was leaking and he was squirming. Ilya bit back a groan and slightly willed his dick to calm down.

“So, what do Russians do on New Year’s?” Jackie’s voice pulled Ilya out of his devious and inappropriate thoughts.

“Drink, mostly.”

Jackie laughed. “That’s it? No fun cultural differences? What about family traditions?”

Ilya’s jaw tightened, and Shane noticed. Ilya felt Shane’s hand land on his thigh and give a tight squeeze, which was comforting and did nothing to dissuade his already hardening cock. Ilya hummed.

“Russians... We are very stoic people. We do not watch ball drop. Usually it’s family feast and lots of drinking. My mother, she always used to make us burn and drink wish at midnight.”

“What?” Jackie asked with a small giggle. Ilya laughed too. Even he had heard how broken his English had sounded. He blamed the alcohol thrumming through his veins and the fact that his dick was very much aware of Shane’s presence pressed into his side. It had been *weeks*.

“Is old Russian tradition. A superstition. You write wish on napkin, like, umm, ‘promotion,’ or ‘love,’ or if you’re Hayden, maybe you write ‘to become real hockey player.’”

“Hey!” Hayden interjected. “I *am* a real hockey player.”

“If you say so,” Ilya chirped with a shit-eating grin. Hayden rolled his eyes. “Anyway. You write this wish on napkin, and then you burn it and drop ashes into glass of champagne and toast to wish coming true at midnight.”

“Aw, I think that’s lovely!” Jackie cooed. “We should do that tonight. What do you think, Hay?”

Hayden grumbled something that sounded like *I’m not going to wish to be a hockey player*, but agreed. When Jackie stood up to find champagne flutes, napkins, and pens, Shane turned to Ilya.

“You never told me about this.”

“You never asked,” Ilya replied with a small shrug.

Shane scooted even closer, lowering his voice as he spoke so this conversation could remain between the two of them. It was endearing, Ilya thought, though entirely unnecessary. Hayden was in dad-mode and still groveling over Ilya’s earlier snipe. He was not paying them a lick of attention.

“What did you wish for? You know, when you were a kid.”

“Drugs, sex, fame. Usual rockstar stuff,” Ilya deflected.

“Asshole,” Shane muttered with a soft shove.

“When I was little, it was typical kid stuff. A new bike. New skates. To win school hockey championship. One year after my mom died, I wished for her back. My father found out and...” Ilya trailed off and turned his head up to prevent tears from falling.

“Hey. Hey,” Shane whispered, turning Ilya’s head back toward him. Shane took their still intertwined hands and brought them to his lips. Ilya shook his head, physically trying to banish the darkness from his head.

“Then it was all hockey. To be first-round draft pick. To win MVP. To win cups.”

“All those came true,” Shane pointed out.

“Da.”

“So this wishing thing. Seems like it works, then? Most times?”

“Or I am just ridiculously good hockey player.”

Shane snorted. “What do you wish for now that you’ve achieved all those things?”

“I haven’t done this in years, Hollander,” Ilya lied.

*No, Ilya wanted to say. I haven’t wished for anything hockey-related in so many years. I don’t care about that. The only thing I’ve ever truly wanted is—*

“Can someone grab the sparkling cider for the kids?” Jackie asked as she returned with supplies. *Saved by the Pike.*

“Yeah,” Ilya said, not breaking eye contact with Shane. He leaned in and pressed a chaste kiss to his boyfriend's lips and stood. He rummaged in the fridge for the cider and placed it in front of Jackie on the table. He glanced at the clock. 11:45. He grabbed a champagne glass, a napkin, and a pen and stepped outside onto the Pike's expansive back deck. He needed a cigarette.

He leaned over the deck railing as he lit up. His eyes went glassy as he stared at the pool. The water danced, well illuminated by the color-changing pool lights. He took a long drag and stared up at the clear night sky. What was he supposed to wish for? Everything he could possibly want was already his. Sure he wanted the Centaurs to make it into the playoffs, but it felt so superfluous. He loved his team regardless of the outcome of their games.

The truth, Ilya knew, was that he hadn't wanted for anything in sometime. The one thing he'd ever truly desired was now his. He was in no position to ask the universe for more. Not when Shane Hollander loved him.

Ilya heard the sliding glass door open some moments later. His lips quirked up. Even without turning around, he knew who it was. He knew from the timid tambour of his footsteps and the smell of something almost like home that wafted into the night air.

“You should put that out before the kids come out,” Shane said once they were shoulder to shoulder.

“Da,” Ilya nodded. He stubbed out the butt and flicked it into one of Pikes' bushes. He felt Shane bristle at his action. Ilya chose to ignore it. “What did you wish for?”

Shane laughed. “Don't think I can tell you. Otherwise, it won't come true.”

“Yeah? Says who?”

“That's just a universal rule of wishes.”

Ilya turned to Shane and kissed him softly. “Ah, not in Russia. In Russia, is required you tell your boyfriend so he can decide if should can make fun of you or not.”

“You made that up,” Shane said.

“Prove it.” Ilya began kissing Shane again. First his lips, and then his chin, and then down his jaw. He left wet, open-mouth kisses across Shane's throat. “Come on. Tell me, Hollander. I know you want to.”

“No!” Shane protested. Ilya clamped his teeth down on the spot that always made Shane supple and compliant in his arms. “God, you're so fucking annoying,” Shane groaned, playfully giving Ilya a shove.

“Maybe,” Ilya mused. “But you love me.”

Shane glared at him, but there was no malice behind it. “Not so sure anymore.”

“Aw, Hollander. If you want me to punish you later, all you have to do is ask.” Ilya reveled in the furious flush that coated Shane’s cheeks and neck. Ilya smirked as he sauntered forward, cock-sure and drunk on the mess he could devolve Shane into with such simple words. Teasing, but laced with the promise of *later. If that is what you want.*

Shane huffed in response. His hands met Ilya’s neck once he was within arm’s reach again. His fingers tangled in the soft curls at the nape of Ilya’s neck. He gave a soft tug, drawing a stifled groan from Ilya. Ilya rested his forehead on Shane’s, but not before kissing his nose.

“Please, *kholodil'nik.*”

“Refrigerator?” Shane’s nose wrinkled in amusement as he spoke.

“Tell me.” Ilya’s voice was demanding, but not angry. Shane shuddered.

“I wished that there was a way we could come out, okay? And that the world would be kind to us when we do.”

“*Sweetheart,*” Ilya murmured. His lips were on Shane’s before either of them could say something stupid and ruin the moment.

They did that a lot in situations like this. It was easy to be sexy. To flirt and push each other until they both broke and ended up a sweaty pile of limp limbs on the floor. It was also easy to be forthright with how they felt about one another. Neither of them had any issue admitting how much they meant to one another. How they didn’t think—no—they *knew* that they couldn’t live without each other. That their relationship had changed them both for the better.

But when it came to the terrifying ordeal of letting others in on their own personal Eden, of admitting what they meant to each other to the world, and letting the masses cast their judgements, one of them would always say something stupid to deflect from the heartbreak and terror.

Ilya would deflect with a joke. It was easier to laugh about it, or place blame on the world, than to address the fact that if Shane asked, he’d scream from the rooftops that they belonged to one another. Still, he could admit, at least to himself, that the prospect terrified him. There were too many contingencies that kept him up at night:

*What if they got kicked out of the league?*

*What if the sex was only good because it was forbidden?*

*What if the secret of them was the only thing keeping their relationship together?*

Worst of all, *what if the pressure was too much for Shane and he decided to leave Ilya? What would he do then?*

Shane, on the other hand, would retreat into himself. He’d become withdrawn and aloof. Ilya knew Shane was waging wars in his head that other people couldn’t see. Sometimes, when

the idea of coming out was broached, Shane would get defensive and angry. He was scared, and Ilya could understand that. It was worse when Shane would become non-verbal, sometimes for hours at a time. Ilya didn't know how to help or how to bring his sweet boy back to him.

"Ilya," Shane muttered into his mouth. Ilya greedily swallowed his name, savoring the way Shane's tongue flicked against his lips. Shane's hands tightened in Ilya's hair as he pulled them apart just briefly enough to whisper, "soon."

"Soon," Ilya agreed. His insides contracted upon seeing his glassy-eyed boyfriend staring at him fondly.

"Alright, your turn."

"*'My turn,'* what?"

"Tell me your wish," Shane stated, as if it were the simplest thing in the world.

"Ah," Ilya hummed. His hand subconsciously grabbed the napkin resting next to his champagne. He crumpled it and placed it in his pocket. "Is private."

Shane sputtered. "Private? I thought you said Russians *had* to tell their boyfriends."

Ilya knew Shane was being incredulous, so he played a long. "I lied. Wanted to hear your wish, so I tricked you. Ha ha. You are gullible."

Ilya tried to pull away, but Shane held him firm. "Ilya."

"Shane," Ilya parroted.

When Shane reached into his coat pocket for the crumpled napkin, Ilya didn't protest. Shane was going to find out either way. He was persistent, and Ilya had a hard time denying him anything.

"Ilya," Shane started and then stopped. He held Ilya's gaze as he thrust the napkin toward Ilya. "This is blank."

"Yes."

"You made me go through all of that for a blank napkin?" Ilya snorted a little as he thought about how ridiculous this must look from Shane's point of view. "It's not funny, Ilya."

"Is a little funny." Shane shot daggers into Ilya with his eyes. "Fuck, okay." Ilya stepped back a bit so he could stare at the pool. He ran his fingers nervously through his hair. *Fuck*, he really wished he hadn't finished that cigarette. "I lied. Earlier, when I told you I haven't done this in years."

"I figured." Shane did not push further. He waited patiently for Ilya to elaborate.

“For so long, I wished for only one thing: Hockey. To be the best, to win the most, to beat you. I kept thinking, *if I get paid more, if I win one more cup, if I beat annoying Montreal hockey player with the warm eyes and cute freckles, I will be happy. I will be satisfied.* But I never was. Then I realized I didn’t actually care all that much about hockey. I like being good at it. I like winning. But I never had the drive and passion I saw from other players... From you.

“A few years back, maybe 2014, I started thinking about what I really wanted. What got me out of bed in morning? What kept me coming back to the ice? What was the one thing I truly, *truly* wanted out of this life? I could only think of one thing. After that, every New Year's wish was about that.”

“What was it?” Shane asked, voice hitching like he already knew the answer.

“You, Hollander. You and your stupidly adorable anal habits and soft smiles. Every fucking wish I made was about you: That you’d stay with me longer than one night. That you’d love me. That we could be together in any way you’d have me. That we’d figure out a way to be together for real. I have you now, Hollander. I have everything I’ve ever wanted in life because of you. *With* you. What the hell am I to wish for now?”

Tears welled in Shane’s eyes. He surged to kiss Ilya again. The kiss was wet and sloppy and downright too filthy to be done on Hayden Pike’s patio, but Ilya couldn’t give less of a fuck. Shane was *his*, and he was real and here and loving him. His cock was rigid against Shane’s hip. To his delight, Shane was rock hard against him as well. Their hips juttied against one another, both of them desperate for more friction. Ilya had half a mind to haul Shane into his arms, shove him in the car, and drive him home so he could have his way with him, New Year’s be damned.

“Fuck, Ilya. I love you so much,” Shane whispered in Russian. “That was so romantic.”

“Don’t get used to it,” Ilya teased.

“You’re always romantic.”

“There is nothing romantic about things I’m planning to do to you later.”

“Yeah?” Shane breathed.

“Mhmm. Will have you spread out on the bed. Will tie you down so you can’t move.”

Shane moaned, rubbing himself against Ilya slightly. “Then what?”

“Then I will lick and bite every inch of your skin until you are crying out. You will beg for me to fuck you, but I won’t. Not until the sound of your whines can be heard throughout Montreal.”

“Oh, fuck, Ilya. *Please.*”

Ilya glanced inside. Jackie and Hayden were putting coats and hats on the kids. It was almost midnight. Ilya reached down and squeezed Shane’s cock once. “Soon, Moya Lyubov. For

now, we have a toast to make.”

Shane huffed. “You’re such an asshole.”

“You love me.”

“I do,” Shane admitted earnestly. “I love you so much it hurts sometimes, and... God, I just want to be around you all the time. I never knew I could feel so much for one person. You’ve been all my wishes, too, by the way. Every birthday, every shooting star, I’ve wished for you. Even before I knew you, I think I’ve always been waiting for you.”

Ilya felt like he was going to cry. He yanked Shane back against his chest so he could bury his nose in Shane’s hair and breathe him in. He’d never understood when people would say that there is no place like home until he met Shane. He had hated being at home. It had been cold and distant after his mother died. He never felt truly safe in Russia. The only place he ever felt safe and confident was on the ice, but even that never felt like home. His house in Boston, though beautiful, had felt impersonal. His house in Ottawa was filled with love, but he often felt lonely.

He never once thought that home could be a person. Everything about Shane was comforting to him. Just a small glimpse of his face, even if on TV, could turn Ilya’s day around. His voice calmed him down when he was spiraling, and his touch saved him whenever he was crashing. His house was warmer, Hell, his life was just *better* with Shane in it. He wanted this forever.

“Do you guys ever stop being fucking disgusting?” Hayden groaned, breaking Shane and Ilya apart.

Shane flipped him off and said, “Jar, Asshole.”

The kids let out a resounding “oooooh” sound as if Hayden had just been scolded by a teacher. Ilya smiled. Not even Hayden fucking Pike could ruin this moment for him.

“So we just burn the napkin into our glasses, right? And then we drink it?” Jackie asked. Ilya nodded. “Shoot, does anyone have a lighter?”

“Da,” Ilya said, handing over the Ottawa Centaurs lighter he’d purchased at a gas station and stored at Shane’s as a joke.

“I am *not* using that lighter, Dude,” Hayden said.

“Wish won’t come true then. Too bad for you.”

“30 seconds to midnight,” Shane announced, clearly attempting to diffuse Ilya and Hayden’s standoff.

As Jackie passed the lighter around, Ilya turned back to his napkin and scribbled something down quickly. When he was finished, the Pikes began to count down.

*Ten.*

Warmth spread through Ilya's middle as Shane happily pressed himself into Ilya's side and lit his napkin on fire.

*Nine.*

Ilya marveled at the way the fire danced across Shane's face, making him somehow appear younger.

*Eight.*

Shane looked almost like he had when they met at 18. Ilya realized long ago that he had been half in love with him from that first conversation.

*Seven.*

It had been a long journey, but now Shane was his in every sense of the word.

*Six.*

Tonight, they'd share a bed. They'd fuck for hours and then lay in the afterglow, holding each other and giggling about nothing. Tomorrow, they'd have to part ways again, but only for a little while.

*Five.*

It still killed Ilya to watch Shane leave, but unlike their early twenties, he knew they'd always come back to each other. Ilya longed for a day when he could fall asleep in a bed that he could confidently call *theirs* and wake up to a sleepy Shane, knowing that he didn't have to savor every second, because they had nowhere to be but together.

*Four.*

Shane passed him the lighter and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. Ilya was sure of one thing in that very moment: he was going to spend the rest of his life making sure he was worthy of Shane Hollander.

*Three.*

Ilya hesitated before lighting his match. Shane had shared his wish with him. It was only fair that he did the same.

*Two.*

Ilya nudged Shane, gesturing toward the napkin. He watched as Shane read the single word he'd transcribed in Russian: *навсегда*.

*One.*

"Happy New Year!"

Ilya lit his napkin on fire and watched as it burned into his glass. He turned toward Shane and took a confident swig of his drink as Shane did the same. He bent down and pressed a family-appropriate kiss to Shane's lips despite his body screaming at him to capture Shane's lips and never let go.

When they pulled apart, Shane was beaming. He was also crying a bit, but Ilya suspected they were happy tears.

*"Forever,"* Shane agreed.

## End Notes

Brad Marchand mention!!! Could I have used an in-universe hockey player? Sure, but I'm a Bruins fan first and a person second and I miss Brad Marchand... come back, King. I love you.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!