

What are you doing New Year's Eve

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by [lately](#)

Summary

“Russian food,” Ilya said eventually, their foreheads pressed together as somewhere behind them Shane’s parents set the table. “You’re going to eat Russian food.”

“Yeah,” Shane replied, nerves still fluttering. “Surprise.”

OR

Shane and Ilya celebrate New Years for the first time.

Notes

With thanks to toomuchplor and hoko_onchi for their help.

Shane untied his skate, and pulled the laces straight before tying them up again, tighter. Beside him, Hayden gave him a look, and leaned over to bump their shoulders together.

“Nervous, Cap?”

“No.” It was a lie, but there was not one single part about why Shane was nervous that he could share with Hayden. “We’ll get them tonight.”

“Fuck yeah we will!” JJ shouted from across the room, and Shane closed his eyes and breathed, trying to get his head in the game.

His dad was on it, he reminded himself. He stood up and grabbed his helmet. And his job right now was to crush the Raiders.

“Let’s go boys!”

*

The game ended in a shootout, 4-2 to the Raiders. Shane could see Ilya’s wink on repeat, as he skated past the Metros bench after his goal. He threw his gloves into his stall, then sighed and bent over to pick them up again.

“Rozanov is such a fucking dick,” Comeau muttered, brushing past Shane.

“We’ll get them next time,” Hayden said, patting Shane on the shoulder. “You played a good game.”

“Not good enough,” Shane grumbled, placing his helmet on its shelf. He grabbed his phone, and swiped to open the message from his Dad. It was just pictures of bowls of food, and his brain lurched as it switched gears away from hockey. Despite his exhaustion, a fresh wave of adrenaline flooded his body.

“Sure you don’t want to come over tonight? The kids are over at their grandparents, we’re going to get into the champagne something fierce.”

“Nah,” Shane said, locking his phone again. “I’ve got plans.”

“Shane Hollander,” JJ said, already laughing. “The most boring man on the Metros. Plans. *Bien sûr.*”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane said, but his mind was already elsewhere. He needed to cool down, shower and get the fuck out of here.

He had to get to his place before Ilya did.

*

He called his mom from the car, phone on speaker on the seat beside him.

“It’s all ready, Shane, don’t worry.”

“Ilya’s not there yet, is he? And you found the blinis? And the caviar?”

“No, Ilya isn’t here yet. You know he’ll wait for you, of course. And we have everything, honey, you just drive safe, okay?”

“Okay,” Shane replied, taking a deep breath and sighing it out. “Okay.”

Ilya’s cab was waiting in front as Shane turned to park behind his building next to his parents. He threw himself out of his car, sprinting to get up the stairs.

I’m here he texted, taking a couple of deep breaths before opening the door to the sharp smell of vinegar and bread.

“He’s here,” he said unnecessarily, stepping into the hug from his mom. His dad was bent over the oven to pull out the duck. It smelled amazing.

“Everything’s ready,” she said soothingly, stroking the back of his head like he was five again, not twenty-six. “You can relax, Shane.”

There was a knock at the door, a quick tap-tap-tap. Shane took a deep breath, and opened it.

“Happy new—” Ilya was still holding out the bottle of champagne in his hand, but his eyes had gone wide as he took in not only Shane, but Yuna and David.

“Happy new year, Ilya,” Yuna said, stepping forward to take the champagne, and wrap him in a hug. Ilya looked at Shane the *what the fuck* clear in his eyes even as he hugged Yuna back.

“I, uh—” Shane started, as David and Ilya shook hands. “Wanted to do something. Nice. For you. Since we couldn’t spend Christmas together.”

“Nice,” Ilya repeated. He was still wearing his coat and shoes, like he might turn to leave again.

“Yeah, nice,” Shane replied, with a bit of bite. “So, uh. We got some Russian stuff. For New Years.”

Ilya’s expression shifted, softening, and the corner of his mouth lifted in that crooked smile Shane couldn’t get enough of. He found himself smiling helplessly back, some of the tension finally leaving his body.

“Let’s get the food on the table, shall we? We’re not that far off midnight,” David said, but Shane wasn’t listening. He was stepping forward instead to kiss Ilya, thumbs pressing into his cheekbones as if he had to hold on or Ilya would disappear. Ilya’s hands were in Shane’s hair, and he too seemed to feel like this was goodbye instead of hello.

“Russian food,” Ilya said eventually, their foreheads pressed together as somewhere behind them Shane’s parents set the table. “You’re going to eat Russian food.”

“Yeah,” Shane replied, nerves still fluttering. “Surprise.”

“Shanushka,” Ilya murmured, kissing him again.

“I was reading,” Shane said, in between kisses, because his brain hadn’t got with the program that the surprise was a success, it could chill out. “About what you do in Russia. Do we really have to drink ashes from burning wishes?”

Ilya laughed, finally pulling back enough to look Shane in the eye. “Is tradition. You don’t like wishes?”

“I had some rice paper at home,” Yuna called from where she was laying out napkins. “Seemed better than regular paper.”

Shane glanced back at his mom, then at Ilya who seemed nonplussed by this change. “Sure, okay,” Ilya said, and finally, finally toed off his shoes.

Ilya exclaimed over everything — the duck, the caviar, the little herring things Shane couldn’t remember the name of — but reserved the most extravagant praise for the Olivier salad, which David had made from scratch.

“I looked at a few recipes, and then just—went with what seemed best in all of them. You like it, huh?”

Ilya made lip-smacking noises and reached for the serving spoon. “Is good, very good. I take it home, eat it for days.” He piled a small mountain on his plate, and beamed at David.

“Oh hey, what time is it? We can’t miss midnight.”

Everyone checked their phones, and Shane made a small noise when he realised it was already eight minutes past.

“I’ll get the champagne,” David said, pushing away from the table.

“I’m sorry,” Shane said, reaching across the table towards Ilya. He should’ve set an alarm. He should have been paying closer attention.

“Is okay, Shane,” Ilya replied, taking his hand. “We do it now, will still work.”

Yuna got the paper and carefully tore it into little strips while David poured the champagne into flutes that must have been the designer’s idea. Yuna had somehow found four little Ikea pencils, and passed them out round the table.

Shane stared at the little bit of paper in front of him and tried to figure out what he was going to write. There were so many things he’d already got this year, it seemed almost greedy to wish for more. He had Ilya, and they had a plan. He had hockey, and his parents, and his health. What more could he possibly need?

He looked up to see Ilya holding his paper over his champagne, flames licking the edge of the words. They were written in Russian so Shane couldn’t read them, but whatever they said had

taken the smile off Ilya's face. He looked closed off, suddenly, in the flickering light as the paper dropped blackened into the glass.

He wordlessly passed his lighter to Yuna, and then it was Shane's dad's turn and Shane still hadn't written anything on his paper.

"Shane. Is not exam."

"Yeah, yeah, fine, okay," Shane said hurriedly and bent over his paper to write ILYA in all caps. He folded it in half and lit it with the lighter, letting the bits of burning paper fall into his glass where the bubbles fizzed around them.

"Why don't you start the toasts, Ilya?" Yuna suggested, picking up her flute by the stem.

Ilya was staring at his champagne, apparently lost in thought. He startled when Yuna spoke, and smiled, but Shane could tell it was fake. "Sure. I do some in Russian, some in English, okay?"

They all murmured their assent as Ilya pushed back his chair and stood, glass in hand. Shane understood almost nothing of the Russian — he really needed to learn some — but he heard both "papa" and "mama" and it made him feel funny, and a little turned on.

"Mr and Mrs Hollander, thank you for this meal. I have not had Russian New Year in... many years. And thank you for being Shane's parents. He is good hockey player, but also good man."

Yuna and David raised their glasses too, in silent acknowledgement, and Shane tried not to squirm. Ilya was being so sincere. Shane could feel himself going pinker by the second.

"Shane. Thank you. For everything. *Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

He sat down again and they all leaned together to clink glasses and then drink. Shane pushed his foot under the table until it bumped up against Ilya's, smiling when Ilya snugged his foot tight against Shane's.

David went next, extolling the virtues of his wife, his son, and Roger Federer, ending with a word of appreciation for Ilya, which Shane bore despite the embarrassment. Yuna was worse, spending more time talking about how much happier Shane seemed since the summer — "giving credit where it's due, Ilya" — until Shane wanted to crawl under the table. It was nice, though, and the way Ilya ducked his head and smiled at his plate was worth it.

"Your turn, Shane."

Oh god. "Uh. Well." He stood up, champagne glass slippery under his fingertips from condensation. "I guess I want to toast everyone around this table," he said finally. "You've all been there for me—" He stopped, suddenly a bit overcome.

Ilya reached his hand across the table, too far away for Shane to touch. Still, it helped; Shane took a deep breath.

“I love you,” he said, turning to look his mom in the eye, then his dad, and finally Ilya, who was looking back at him like Shane had given him the moon. It made the corners of Shane’s mouth curl up, even with the lump in his throat, and he tipped the rest of the champagne into his mouth in one go. The people he loved most with him to start the new year, he thought. Couldn’t be better.

His parents had thought to get some rare Russian vodka, and so when the plates were cleared and in the dishwasher, they all had tumblers of it with ice. Surprisingly, it was Yuna who tipped the bottle against Ilya’s glass again, as well as her own. They were arguing about whether New York or Boston were going to make it to the final this year, but Shane was too tired to join in.

After the third refill of his mom’s and Ilya’s glasses, Shane stretched his arms above his head and turned to look at what needed putting away, only to find his dad had already done it all. He got up anyway, leaning up against the counter as he watched the last champagne flute getting rinsed clean of soap before being carefully placed on the draining rack.

“Thanks Dad,” Shane said, handing his dad a tea towel to dry his hands.

“You’re welcome, bud. It’s good to see you interested in something besides hockey, even if it’s hockey adjacent.”

Shane scratched at his collarbone, shrugging. “I guess so.”

“It was very thoughtful of you to arrange tonight for Ilya. Can’t be easy, being so far from home for the holidays. And to have lost his parents already, so young. Must be tough.”

It was too presumptuous to say he has us now, so he kept that thought to himself. He nodded instead, and resolved to give Ilya an extra hug just because.

“Honey, maybe we should get back to our hotel. Don’t forget the boys played a game tonight, they must be wiped.”

“Oh, goodness, you’re right David,” Yuna said, hand releasing the bottle of vodka. She’d been going for another refill, Shane noticed, and tried not to be too relieved that his dad had stopped her. Ilya was having a nice time, but Shane was, indeed, wiped.

“We’ll do this again,” Yuna was promising Ilya, who wasn’t hesitating in pouring himself more vodka despite having lost his drinking partner. He didn’t slouch back in his chair, though, standing instead to hold out his hand to Shane’s dad, who’d returned with their coats.

“Thank you, David, thank you, Yuna. Was very very nice to spend the new year with you.”

Yuna silently stepped in to take Ilya in her arms, her hand going to the back of Ilya’s head the way she did when Shane was really upset. It made Shane feel a little funny, overwhelmed and pleased, and also confused. Ilya didn’t seem sad, or frustrated, or... anything, other than happy. Didn’t he?

When Yuna finally let go, looking a little teary, Shane reached out to take Ilya's hand. It was cold, from the ice and vodka, but Shane held on all the same and Ilya curled his fingers round Shane's in return.

"Are you—" Shane started, when they were alone in the apartment, lurching forward and then coming to a sudden halt.

"Yes?" Ilya was back at the table with his vodka, and he raised his eyebrows at Shane before taking a sip.

"Happy. Are you—happy. Did you have a good evening?"

Ilya looked off past Shane, like he was contemplating the answer. "Raiders won the game. Your father made Olivier salad. Your mother likes good vodka. Now we will go to bed together and you will suck my cock. Yes, was good evening. Thank you, Shane."

Shane went hot all over at the idea of sucking anything, his suit trousers getting tighter at the thought. And then another thought came to him.

"We didn't even kiss. At midnight."

"Is not too late to kiss, Hollander. Come here, I kiss you." He pushed back the chair, holding his arms wide, so Shane settled in his lap facing Ilya, excitement fluttering in his belly. It was still a bit unbelievable that he got this, even if it was limited to when they played together, to the summer.

He didn't wait for Ilya to make the first move, leaning in to press his lips against Ilya's ever so gently. Ilya parted his lips, taking Shane's lower lip between his own. "Happy new year," Shane murmured when Ilya let him. "*S nastupauschim*," Ilya murmured in return, voice hoarse, then abruptly ducked his head.

"Ilya?"

He was laughing, his forehead pressed into Shane's chest, arms tight around Shane's waist. Shane put his hand on the nape of Ilya's neck, holding on to him in confusion.

"*S nastupauschim*," Ilya repeated, between giggles, eyes sparkling with unshed tears. "Means happy coming."

"Oh. Oh." Shane laughed too, could feel his cheeks heat a little even though they were alone and had done—well. Lots of coming, together.

"Happy coming to you too, Rozanov." Shane said as wryly as he could manage.

"You will help, I think," Ilya said, eyes bright as he put his fingertips on Shane's lower lip, tugging a little. Shane opened his mouth helplessly, let Ilya press his tongue down until Shane couldn't stand it, closed his lips and sucked.

"Okay, is enough, we go to bed now," Ilya said after only a few seconds. "*S nastupauschim* in bed."

Their first new year really together, and Shane's wish was coming true.

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