

kiss me at midnight, stupid

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kiss me at midnight, stupid

by [veiledhints](#)

Summary

Ilya knocks once. An innocent light, almost polite one. There are parties Shane could be at. Teammates, friends, noise. Ilya has just left a great one himself. Irish-exited the club, ditched half his team, taken a reckless cab ride across the city just so he could see Shane Hollander.

or, Ilya plays Shane on NYE

Notes

it's just a fluff piece, okay! sometimes you need that kind of stuff.

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

Ilya hated playing on New Year's Eve. He hated it on principle, which was the most important way to hate anything. It felt like such a glaring, unapologetic trope of American capitalism that he was expected to play hockey on a holiday. With all of the bright lights, inflated ticket prices, drunk fans who were just there to have somewhere to be before midnight that wasn't their in-laws' house. It wasn't the fans themselves he minded; he liked the noise, liked the attention, liked being watched. It was the idea of it. A holiday should mean something. A day off, maybe. Champagne. A couch. Anything other than ninety-seven layers of gear and the smell of stale beer soaked into concrete.

If he really thought about it, his schedule had never resembled a normal person's anyway. Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, birthdays, weddings he didn't attend. Time was already a warped concept in the NHL, measured in shifts and road trips and what city you woke up in. What difference did one more holiday make?

Still. He resented it. Luckily, this game had landed exactly where he wanted to be.

"I just think we should have day off," he said to Bood as they shuffled down the bench, skates clacking, shoulders bumping, the low roar of the crowd pressing in on all sides. It was tied, third period, 3-3 against Montreal, the air inside the arena thick with anticipation. The jumbotron shown like the sun overhead, cycling through crowd shots and sponsors, already teasing midnight.

Bood shot him a sideways glance. "You? Wanting a day off?"

"Sometimes I like to relax," Ilya said, entirely serious.

A Montreal player had just been called for high-sticking. Ottawa power play. The whistle cut through the noise, followed by boos raining down from the Montreal fans scattered throughout the stands, louder than necessary, as if volume alone could overturn penalties. The refs skated toward the scorer's table. TV timeout.

Ilya leaned forward, resting his gloves on the boards, and looked straight down the Montreal bench, scanning for Shane. Who, when upset, had tells. Small ones. A tight jaw. A sharp exhale. And—ah, yes, there it was—Shane hitting his stick against the boards, once, irritation flashing across his face before he schooled it back into control. Ilya smirked.

There was something endlessly satisfying about it, about knowing exactly how a call would land on Shane, about watching him react like a well-written punchline. His little Canadian face, all contained frustration and offended fairness.

"Yeah, I guess the concept of time-and-a-half doesn't really work in the NHL," Bood said, leaning back.

Ilya nodded like he understood. He did not know what "time and a half" meant. It sounded fake. Or like math. Either way, there was no time to interrogate him further because the lights

dimmed slightly, the music cut off mid-beat, and the players started lining up again as the commercial break ended.

Shane hopped over the boards and glided toward the face-off dot, smooth and irritatingly effortless, like gravity had simply decided to be kinder to him than everyone else. He was always like that. Elegant. Balanced. Even on hockey skates, Shane looked like some kind of ice angel, all long lines and precise edges, no wasted movement. It made Ilya want to push him, just to see if he'd wobble.

Later—much later—Ilya would absolutely make fun of him for it. Call him a doll. Say he was too perfect. Say it with a grin that meant something else entirely.

Shane won the face-off.

Ilya scowled immediately, offended on a personal level. Ottawa was on the power play. This was not how the universe was supposed to work. But it was fine. Temporary. A small, meaningless victory. Ilya was up next shift. And Shane's little ego boost wasn't going to last very long at all.

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For all of Ilya's complaining about being forced to put on a show, the game ends up going to a shootout, which feels less like irony and more like the universe openly mocking him. The jumbotron leans into it shamelessly: graphics flashing, music swelling, the whole thing behaving like it was the true star of the evening.

Hollander versus Rozanov.

Big block letters. Split screen. Shane on one side, Ilya on the other, spinning their sticks like video game characters. Their (impressive) stat lines scrolling beneath them like résumés. The crowd reacts on cue: loud Montreal fans roaring for their golden boy, Ottawa supporters making themselves known in pockets of red scattered through the stands.

Sometimes hockey felt like someone was writing the script with a heavy hand. Oh, it all comes down to the league's most famous rivals for the game-winning goal on New Year's Eve in a sold-out Montreal arena? Sure. Of course it does. Very subtle.

Montreal's last skater scored, which only made the noise swell again, the building vibrating with belief. Shane is up next, after Ilya, to decide the winner of tonight's game. Maybe more than tonight, if you wanted to get dramatic about it. Ilya did not want to get dramatic about it. He already hated the holiday. He wasn't about to add destiny to the list.

Ilya skates out slowly, deliberately, letting the boos wash over him, thick and theatrical. He can feel the goalie tense as Ilya approaches, can practically hear the man's internal monologue screaming *don't let this guy embarrass you on a highlight reel that will live forever*. Ilya takes his time. Draws the goalie towards him. Lets him think forehand. Lets him believe it. Then at the last second Ilya goes backhand and lifts the puck cleanly over the goalie's right shoulder, burying it into the net with a sound that is deeply, profoundly satisfying.

The arena goes quiet.

Not politely quiet, not respectfully quiet. A sweet, stunned, offended silence that only exists in an opposing team's sold-out building. Somewhere in the distance, a lone Ottawa fan whoops before being immediately drowned out.

Behind him, his bench loses its collective mind. Sticks slam against the outside boards, gloves thump shoulders, someone yells something incoherent but affectionate. Ilya turns and skates past them slowly, dragging the moment out, exchanging high-fives, tossing out sweet, exaggerated *I love yous* like party favors. He makes sure to soak it in. If he has to work on a holiday, he's at least going to enjoy himself.

Shane is already over the boards by the time Ilya turns back around, standing maybe ten feet away, glaring at him like Ilya has just committed a personal offense rather than doing his job.

"Get back on the bench already," Shane chirps.

Ilya grins and sends him a wink. Shane rolls his eyes hard enough to qualify as a workout, but Ilya catches the little smirk Shane tries and fails to hide afterward. A tiny betrayal of emotion. Always there, if you knew where to look.

Now it was Shane's turn.

Half of Ilya wants him to miss. Wants Montreal to fall apart. Wants Ottawa to go into the New Year as winners, champagne and points and all of it. The other half (the deeply inconvenient half) likes seeing Shane happy. Likes the way his face lights up when things go right. That half is a problem. That half ruins things.

Shane skates in, confident, smooth, elegant as ever.

And then he fans on the puck. Misses the mark. Misses the goal.

For a split second, there's nothing. And then the Ottawa bench explodes again. Bodies collide. Helmets knock together. Everyone yelling, laughing, shoving, pure unfiltered joy. Ilya joins in automatically, caught up in the noise and the movement and the win, even as he knows Shane is standing over there somewhere, sulking and furious and pretending he doesn't care.

He knows, distantly, that Shane won't stay mad for long. Or at least, Shane won't be able to hold onto it once Ilya got his hands on him.

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Ilya searches the bar for a clock, which is a deeply unserious task given his current condition. His eyes are lazy, half-full of champagne, unable to follow the straight lines of the walls or settle on anything useful. If there was a clock, it is hiding from him on purpose.

After a full three seconds of effort, he gives up.

“What time is it?” he asks, grabbing the closest body and tugging them down by the neck so he can shout directly into their ear.

The body turned out to be Dystka, who looks offended for half a second before pulling out his phone and flashing the screen in Ilya’s face. 11:39 p.m.

“Perfect,” Ilya says, with no explanation.

The club is consuming in the way only New Year's celebrations can be: bass vibrating through his ribs, lights strobing hard enough to erase entire thoughts, sweat and perfume and champagne hanging thick in the air. It is too much. He closes his eyes just to get a clean hold on the moment, to keep his brain from floating off entirely.

There is a text sitting in his pocket. He knew it by heart.

New Year's kiss?

From Shane.

It was so sweet and so painfully gentle that Ilya had nearly told his entire team to go fuck themselves and vanished into the night to find him. He’d almost left the locker room the second he read it, helmet still on, champagne still dripping down the floor. But they had won. They had slain the beast. Montreal. New Year’s Eve. All of it.

And so they celebrated.

Ilya lost count of how many champagnes he has had. Conservatively, five. Realistically, possibly seven, if you counted the gulps straight from the bottle in the locker room when no one was looking. His blood felt warm and loose, his thoughts pleasantly uncooperative.

Still, beneath all of it, he could feel Shane pulling at him. Like gravity. Like a tide.

As if he was going to miss kissing Shane Hollander on New Year’s Eve. After all his bitching about the holiday? Absolutely not.

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Shane’s gate code is 2481, which almost sends Ilya over the edge. He stares at the keypad for half a second too long, thumb hovering, like the numbers might rearrange themselves if he waits. Another nod from the universe? He’s had just about as many as he can handle tonight. He knew Shane was changing the code. He just hadn’t known to what.

He punches it in before he can overthink it.

Ilya knocks once. An innocent light, almost polite one. There are parties Shane could be at. Teammates, friends, noise. Ilya has just left a great one himself. Irish-exited the club, ditched half his team, taken a reckless cab ride across the city just so he could see Shane Hollander. And then, as if Shane is already on the other side of the door, fully prepared for this exact moment, Shane opens the door and drags him into a kiss.

“Whiskey?” Ilya manages around Shane’s hungry mouth, already being walked backward into the house.

“You were taking so long,” Shane mutters, hands sliding up Ilya’s chest, impatient, familiar. His breath is sweet and sharp all at once, and whatever mental note Ilya had just made about this being out of character evaporates immediately.

Ilya fists Shane’s hoodie and drags him farther inside. The door shuts behind them with a dull click. The living room glows blue from the TV, which is (of course) on CBC. Shane is nothing if not loyal to tradition. Some random brunette Canadian man is monologuing earnestly on-screen, gesturing with both hands like the moment matters deeply.

Five minutes to go until midnight.

“Five minutes,” Ilya murmurs into Shane’s neck. “Is enough time, yes?”

“Fuck you,” Shane says, but he’s smiling, soft and pleased, like this is exactly where he wants to be.

Ilya steers him toward the couch and pushes him down. He glances at the TV again, amused.

“Do Canadians really watch this?” Ilya asks, looming over him.

The broadcast cuts to a promo. Montreal’s next game against Detroit. Shane’s face flashes across the screen, helmet on, jaw set, lining up for a face-off. Ilya smirks and looks back down. Shane Hollander in the flesh. Warm. Wanting. Waiting.

“It’s tradition,” Shane says, almost whining, hands already hooked in Ilya’s belt loops, tugging.

“Patience, *malysh*,” Ilya murmurs. “I want to kiss you at midnight.”

He catches Shane’s wrists gently but firmly and pins them above his head, sliding his thigh between Shane’s legs, pressing just enough to remind him who’s in control. He bends down, kisses tracing along Shane’s jaw, his cheek, lingering just out of reach.

“Where are your teammates tonight?” Ilya asks, mouth near Shane’s ear.

“I don’t care,” Shane says immediately, rolling his hips up without shame. There’s no patience in him tonight. Ilya finds that deeply endearing.

“What did you think of my goal?” Ilya asks, choosing to annoy Shane.

“You’re such an ass,” Shane mutters, breath hitching anyway.

Ilya kisses his jaw again. “Not an answer.”

“You deserved to win,” Shane says, arching up once more. “Is that what you want to hear?”

“No,” Ilya says lightly. “I want to hear much dirtier things.”

Shane makes a soft, frustrated sound into Ilya’s neck.

This becomes the second game Ilya plays tonight. How long he can make Shane writhe before he gives in himself. His record is ten minutes. A respectable number. A hard game.

Possibly harder than hockey.

The Canadian man on the TV clears his throat like this is a sacred duty, like the fate of the year depends on him getting it right. The crowd behind him is already loud, already leaning forward, champagne flutes raised and glittering under the lights.

Five minutes, it turns out, pass very quickly when you are actively tormenting your sweetheart.

Ilya breaks the kiss on purpose and turns his head toward the television, fixing his attention there with exaggerated seriousness. He can feel Shane stiffen beneath him immediately, can feel the protest coming before it happens.

“Oh, absolutely not,” Shane says, grabbing at Ilya’s head and trying to haul him back down.

Ilya laughs, low and warm, letting himself be pulled halfway before resisting just enough to be annoying.

“Thirty,” he says aloud, counting along with the broadcast, voice crooked with amusement.

“Twenty-nine. Twenty-eight.”

Shane groans, fingers tightening in Ilya’s hair.

“Twenty-five—Hollander, your grip is very strong,” Ilya adds, delighted.

He stops counting just to lean in and press a quick, teasing kiss to Shane’s mouth. Not enough. Never enough. Just enough to make Shane breathe out sharply and relax for half a second. On the TV, the numbers keep going.

Fifteen. Fourteen.

“Ilya,” Shane says, voice rougher now, tugging harder, no longer pretending at patience.

Thirteen. Twelve.

Ilya hovers there, close enough to feel Shane’s breath on his lips, close enough to see the way his eyes have gone dark and unfocused.

Ten. Nine.

Shane pulls again, desperate now, and this time Ilya lets himself be turned, but he doesn't kiss him yet. He just looks at him. Holds his face in both hands. Memorizes the moment like he might need it later.

Five. Four. Three.

"I love you," Ilya says softly, clearly, like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

Two. One.

He kisses him deeply, decisively, right as the room on the TV explodes into cheers and confetti and noise, the year tipping over into something new beneath them. Shane moans into the kiss, hands clutching at Ilya like he's grounding himself, like this is the thing that matters.

Fireworks crackle faintly through the speakers.

When Shane finally pulls back, breathless and flushed, it's already 12:01 a.m.

"I wanted to say it first," Shane mutters, half-pouting, half-smiling.

"Well," Ilya says, smug and unrepentant, finally sliding his hand down to Shane's sweatpants like he's been threatening to all along, "I win again."

Shane laughs once, short and breathless, and then says it anyway.

"I love you."

It lands square in Ilya's chest. Clean. Perfect. Sweeter than the final buzzer of a winning game.

End Notes

i just want to say THANK YOU to this show. really came in and made 2025 an amazing time. i wrote this when i was halfway through a bottle of champagne, so please forgive any weird moments. i just had to get it out!

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