

new year's eve

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new year's eve

by [multifandomhomo](#)

Summary

They'd never been together on New Year's before.

This year, that was going to change.

Notes

this is very soft and shmoopy be warned. There is smut but also it is very sentimental.

Thank you to @stedesleftshoe for hopping in to beta! <3

Hey it's still new year's eve in my timezone. Enjoy!

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

They'd never been together on New Year's Eve before. Their games had never coincided, and even if they had, they never got long enough together to have been together at midnight. This year, that was going to change.

With Ilya in Ottawa now, playing for the team and having sold his Boston house for a condo, it was an easy decision to drive the two hours to Shane's house, park in the garage, and plan to spend the night.

He'd been invited to a party with the rest of his team, and he knew Shane had too, but both of them had made excuses. Family time for Shane, time with Svetlana for Ilya, who was happy to spend her evening alone in Ilya's condo to cover for them. Ilya would owe her later.

He got to Shane's place around 6. He had a clicker for the garage door, and used it, and Shane met him just inside the door.

Even after months of this – of meeting whenever they had enough time off, of getting together at every possible instance, of acting like they were a *couple* – Shane still looked at him like he was amazed Ilya was there. He stepped up, and Ilya leaned in at the same time to kiss him. He sighed into it. It had been a long week. This was very welcome.

"I've got dinner in the oven," Shane said when they parted. "My parents will be here soon."

"Too soon to fuck before they get here?" Ilya asked, knowing the answer. He just wanted to rile Shane up a bit. He would be more fun after his parents left that way.

"Yeah, jeez," Shane muttered, and Ilya smiled and pulled him in again for a hug. He couldn't get enough of it either. Just being able to be close. He'd only fallen more in love over the past half a year, since they'd spent time together at Shane's cottage. Since they'd properly become boyfriends. "Like ten minutes soon."

"Do you have table set?" Ilya asked, still holding him. Shane nodded.

"Everything's ready," he said. "Let's go sit?"

Ilya followed Shane into the living room and sat beside him, leaning up against his chest for a moment. He knew he was getting sentimental when he listened for Shane's heart beating and felt comforted by it. This man had infected him with a softness that was unbecoming for the persona Ilya put on with his team. Not that he wasn't himself around Shane, but he could feel his edges soften the moment he was in his vicinity.

"How was your week?" Shane asked, and Ilya shrugged. It wasn't anything worth talking about. They had lost two games and won one, but they kept track of each other's stats well enough to know this already. "Mine too," Shane said, because he knew what that meant. "Missed you."

"I missed you as well," Ilya said, because he had. Even though they got to see each other much more often, and had just shared two days for Christmas, it was still hard to watch all the other players getting to go home to their wives or girlfriends every day and wish that was

something he could have for himself. Still, he wouldn't pretend he was not happy with their arrangement. It was working out well. Their charity would be ready to launch in the new year. They had yet to announce it, and that was going to be daunting, an admission in itself. But it would make things easier. They could be seen together, occasionally, and have it be presumed they were doing business. It would lessen the risks significantly. Still, there would always be risks. "How are your ribs?"

"Getting better," Shane said. Ilya knew this, because they'd texted about it, still with pseudonyms in their phones. But they'd gotten better at hiding the previews from their phones.

Ilya reached up and gently ghosted his fingers over the other side of Shane's chest, where his bruised rib was. He sighed softly. One day this game would take its toll on them.

They sat like that, content and quiet, for a few minutes, before there was a knock on the door. Yuna and David always knocked or called, now. Unfortunately they all had to learn that the hard way.

"I will get it," Ilya said, standing up with a final kiss to Shane's shoulder. "You check on dinner."

Ilya let the two inside, and they came in quickly. Yuna hugged Ilya, and David gave him a pat on the back. It was nice to see them. They had only had dinner together a few times since the summer, but they had been very welcoming towards him, very understanding to their situation, and helpful with the charity.

"Happy new years!" Yuna said, offering a bottle of champagne. Ilya took it from her and let her move to take off her coat. David helped her before taking off his own, and they hung them by the door.

"It is still not for a few hours," Ilya said, though he knew this was an expression. "But yes, it will be a happy new year."

"Hi mom! Hi dad!" Shane called from the kitchen, where he had gone, hopefully to rescue their dinner from burning. "Dinner's ready in a minute!"

Dinner was a pork roast and a smattering of vegetables. Shane had lightened on his macrobiotic diet and was eating somewhat outside it, now, and Ilya felt like he could see the improvement. A few more pounds on him had gone to the right places, and he seemed to have more energy for practice.

The conversation over dinner was warm and lovely. Ilya mostly listened as he ate, but it was easy to fit in a few comments on whatever topic came up. A lot of it was hockey, but they talked about various movies and shows that had come out recently, opinions on celebrities, and other hockey players. Ilya shared anecdotes from his team, and had opinions on some of the movies. Shane and he had found a way to watch things together from their respective locations and call as they did, so they'd seen mostly all the same things.

They and Yuna had a glass of champagne with dinner, and then another with the dessert that David had made and brought along. Ilya's hand found Shane's under the table, and he ate dessert with his left hand so that he could continue holding it. He could see Shane smiling from beside him, and felt his calf and foot press up against his.

Yuna and David left shortly after 8, leaving the rest of the night to Ilya and Shane.

"Want to watch a movie?" Shane asked as they were cleaning up after dinner, but Ilya was already approaching, pressing him up against the counter with his hips, crowding him in with his arms on either side of him. Ilya leaned in to press a kiss to the back of his neck.

"No," he said easily. "I want you, in bed, coming on my cock and moaning my name."

"Ilya," Shane breathed, just a hint of what was to come, and leaned back against him.

"Yes?" Ilya murmured, kissing down the side of his neck.

"Yes," Shane agreed easily. His legs parted as Ilya pushed them with his foot, and then Ilya slid down to his knees behind him. He reached up and undid the zipper on Shane's pants with his hand, pulling them down with his underwear at the same time. Shane put his hands on the counter and leaned forward, baring his ass towards Ilya.

Ilya licked his lips. He couldn't wait to take Shane apart on his tongue. He parted his cheeks with his hands and leaned in, licking at his hole. Ilya savoured Shane's moans as he licked at him, doing all the tricks he knew with his tongue to make his legs waver.

"Bedroom," Shane groaned after a minute. "Now."

Ilya grinned and slid back up to his feet, grabbing Shane's hand and pulling him, pantsless, to the bedroom.

It was easy to strip Shane of his shirt, and then to pull his own off as well, quickly followed by his pants and underwear. He was already getting hard, but Shane's hand on his cock had it swelling rapidly. Shane spit in his hand and pumped it over Ilya's cock, and they leaned in to kiss again, tongues pressing together, lips sliding easily. It felt natural, after all this time, more natural than breathing.

"On the bed," Ilya murmured into Shane's mouth. "On your back."

Ilya made a stop in the bedside drawer for lube – no condoms anymore, they'd both been tested – and brought it back to Shane. He pressed Shane's legs up against his chest and dove in with his tongue once again, waiting until Shane was moaning and whimpering before giving him a stretch with his fingers. They both enjoyed this part of things, still, even when it wasn't strictly necessary. Shane groaned as Ilya bullied his prostate, stopping when he was on the verge of orgasming from it.

"Damn it, please," Shane whimpered as Ilya slid his fingers back out, and then stood at the edge of the bed.

"Please what?" he prompted, mostly to be an asshole.

“Please, give me your cock,” Shane breathed, looking up at him with those dark, wet, gorgeous eyes, a blush underneath his freckles. “Please, Ilya, I need you, I need you in me.”

“Hush, now,” Ilya soothed, lubing up his cock. He knew exactly what Shane needed. He knew exactly how to give it to him. “I have what you need. Ready?”

“Fuck, yes, come on, please,” Shane begged. Ilya just loved hearing it. He slid inside slowly, pressing his cock forward until he was as deep as he could go. He put his hands on the back of Shane’s thighs, taking a few moments to breathe. Shane groaned, his back arching as he was filled, words slurring together. “Ilya, fuck, *yes.*”

Ilya smiled, rubbing at the back of his thighs as he started to move. It felt absolutely heavenly, fucking him. Fucking his boyfriend, his lover, the one he loved.

Fucking him was as easy as anything. Shane was perfect inside, and he moaned so prettily as Ilya rocked his hips back and forth. He no longer had to ask if Shane was okay, because he trusted Shane enough to know he’d say something if he wasn’t, and that in itself made Ilya’s heart swell. He’d really gone far too soft, too sentimental, utterly infatuated with this man and the fact he got to have him, to fuck him.

Right as he could tell Shane was starting to get there, he pulled out. Shane let out a pitiful whine, looking up at him with a lip red from biting.

“Ilya!” he whimpered, legs still spread, asshole winking at Ilya as it tightened back up from its stretch. “You’re so cruel.” The pout on Shane’s face was absolutely worth it.

“Roll over. Slide up the bed,” Ilya ordered, and Shane immediately complied, rolling onto his stomach and lifting his butt up into the air. Ilya gave it a light smack, just for the sound, and because he knew Shane enjoyed it. Shane shivered and moaned, spreading his legs to give Ilya space between them as he climbed onto the bed. He laid bodily on top of Shane, pressing him down into the mattress, not yet inside again but rubbing his cock up and down against Shane’s ass. “You are so gorgeous,” Ilya murmured right into Ilya’s ear. “Beautiful. And do you know what else?”

“No...” Shane murmured, wiggling his ass back and forth enticingly.

Ilya groaned, biting the side of Shane’s neck gently. “You are *mine*,” he grunted. He reached a hand between them and used it to press himself back inside, and then started fucking Shane properly, nice and hard, exactly how he liked.

“Fuck!” Shane exclaimed, gripping at the pillows above him. “Fuck, Ilya, fuck, yes, all yours, all, all yours.”

The words devolved into babbling and moans as Ilya fucked into him hard, groaning himself. He put his forearms on the mattress and thrust his hips, making sure to get deep with each thrust, to hit exactly where Shane needed it. And he held out, knowing soon Shane would come and drag them both over the edge.

“Ilya, Ilya, Ilya,” Shane chanted as his orgasm hit him, his cock spurting on the bed underneath him, his ass clenching around Ilya.

“Fuck, *Shane*, ” Ilya groaned as he came into Shane, thrusting through both of their orgasms.

Ilya rolled off to lie next to him, and pulled Shane onto his side so they could spoon out of the wet spot for a little bit. He held him as Shane came back to himself, and as his own breathing came back to normal. Ilya kissed the back of Shane’s head, and eventually Shane spun around to kiss him again.

“Come on,” Ilya murmured, after a while had passed in loving silence. “Let’s get cleaned up and watch whatever boring movie you have picked out.” He had to include a little jab, if only because Shane groaned and rolled his eyes, but there was a smile on his face as he defended his choice of movie for the night.

It wasn’t the best one in the world, but Ilya enjoyed it enough. After it finished, they put on one of those television programs that counted down to the new year, and sat together, finishing off the bottle of champagne and talking quietly about things that didn’t matter.

“Our first new year’s eve together,” Shane said, when only about a minute was left in the countdown. “I mean, together, together. As boyfriends.”

Ilya had an arm around Shane, and tightened it, looking down at him. He couldn’t keep the sincerity out, again, and said quietly, “this year has been very good. I would not take it back for anything.”

Shane smiled that delighted smile of him, one that had widened over the years. It wasn’t the one he used for interviews. It was the one reserved for people he loved. His eyes glowed with it. Ilya felt himself falling in love again.

“How did I get so lucky,” Shane murmured.

Ten, the TV said. Ilya leaned in.

Nine, Shane leaned in as well.

Eight, and they hovered just apart from each other.

Seven, and Shane said “I love you.”

Six, and Ilya replied, gently, “Ya tebya lyublyu.” It meant much more this way.

Five, sounded through the speakers, but neither of them could wait another second to kiss, knowing they still would be as the new year rang in.

End Notes

Thank you for reading. Please consider leaving a comment if you enjoyed it <3

Wherever you are, I hope you have a good new year <3

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