

Schastlivogo Rozhdestva

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Schastlivogo Rozhdestva

by [SophieGray](#)

Summary

Since rookie season, Shane had spent December 23rd flying home to Ottawa to be with his parents. He had been looking forward to the one weekend of the year when he could indulge on all the Christmas cookies he wanted.

However, the East Coast weather, ever fickle, seemed to have other plans. Somewhere in the background, an announcement declared that everyone should check their emails to rebook flights.

But in the forefront of Shane's mind was a penthouse in Brookline, a boisterous Russian who had just beat him in a last-second goal attempt, and the present in his bag that Shane hadn't had a chance to give him.

Notes

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

Winter, 2015

Historically, the NHL gave hockey players a well-deserved Christmas break about halfway through their season, a reward for a job well done and a brief respite to spend time with family.

So since rookie season, Shane had spent December 23rd flying home to Ottawa to be with his parents. He had been looking forward to the one weekend of the year when he could indulge on all the Christmas cookies he wanted.

But the East Coast weather, ever fickle, seemed to have other plans.

“Yeah, Mom, they’re saying no one’s flying out of Boston tonight,” Shane rubbed his forehead as he watched fat, fluffy snowflakes drift down onto the tarmac outside the airport window. “I’ll try to get a flight out tomorrow. It might stop by then. I’ll make it in time for Christmas morning, promise.” He wasn’t sure who he was reassuring more; his mom or himself.

When he finally hung up the phone and turned toward the service desk, the staggeringly long line of angry, huffing families all trying to get home for Christmas made his shoulders tense up. He also supposed that there was no point getting a hotel room, with all the smarter people forgoing a new flight in favor of a non-airport place to sleep.

Somewhere in the background, an announcement declared that everyone should check their emails to rebook flights.

But in the forefront of Shane’s mind was a penthouse in Brookline, a boisterous Russian who had just beat him in a last-second goal attempt, and the present in his bag that Shane hadn’t had a chance to give him.

He took a deep breath and held it as he pressed the “Lily” contact on his phone.

When Shane finally navigated the T to Ilya’s apartment it was pitch-black and freezing cold outside, the thick snow sticking to his hair and eyelashes.

“Schastlivogo Rozhdestva, Hollander!” Ilya threw the door open before Shane had the chance to take his glove off and ring the doorbell. The light from inside haloed around his blonde curls and made Shane’s breath catch. He looked beautiful, even dressed in sweatpants and a hoodie.

“If I didn’t know any better I’d think you were waiting for me,” Shane said, dusting the snow off of his jacket as Ilya closed the door. Ilya seemed lighter, almost relaxed, with rosy cheeks and a mischievous quirk to his lips. A sharp change from the harsh rallying cries of their game earlier in the evening.

“Well, I am usually alone for this time. Not enough time to go to Russia, too long to bother Marleau’s family. Come in, come in. Come see what Grandfather Frost has brought all the good boys for Christmas,” Ilya grabbed Shane’s bags by the handles and dragged them away from the door.

The kitchen was filled with a spicy-sweet scent that Shane couldn’t place. Something like nutmeg, mixed with the heady aroma of wine.

“I thought you couldn’t cook anything other than tuna melts,” Shane narrowed his eyes, watching as Ilya stirred something on the stove.

“I contain many things, Hollander,” Ilya chirped, pulling two mugs out of a cabinet. He poured the dark liquid into each mug and handed one to Shane. “Here, drink. Warm you up.”

Shane stared down into the mug, which smelled incredible but looked suspiciously like blood. “... What is it?”

“Sbiten.” Ilya’s Russian glided over the word, smooth as silk in his natural tongue. “Is good! Russian drink, red wine and honey and other good spices...” He said, clinking his mug to Shane’s. “Za zdorov'ye!”

Shane sipped tentatively at first. The drink slid over his tongue, fruity and spicy and deep and settling warmly in his stomach. He took another long gulp, savoring the flavor. “It’s really good.”

Ilya cocked a half-smile. “I am glad you like it. Are you hungry? I can heat something up.” He gestured to the fridge behind him.

“No, no, I’m good. Actually, there’s... something I meant to give you. But I didn’t get a chance to. You know, today...” Shane took a breath, trying to settle his nerves.

“A gift?” Ilya’s gaze turned to focus sharply on the small box Shane pulled from his bag— a predatory bird, zeroing in on its prey. “Hollander, you shouldn’t have, I have plenty of shiny things at home...” Then his pupils dilated as he opened the box, glancing back and forth from the gift to Shane’s face. “... This is... for me?”

“For us,” Shane inclined his head. “Do you know what it is?”

“I have heard of them, but never...” Ilya trailed off, lifting the cock ring out of the box. “Have you?”

Shane quickly shook head. “I haven’t. But, uh, I’d like to... with you... if you want to... It also, um, vibrates. If we wanted to do that...” He cleared his throat.

He was tripping over his words and making a fool of himself. This was it. This was too kinky, even for someone as promiscuous as Ilya Rozanov. Shane shook his head again, reaching for the box.

But instead of the box Shane’s hand found Ilya’s, which pulled him in for a searing kiss that tasted of wine and hope and Christmas. Shane relaxed into Ilya’s embrace, only gasping for

air when Ilya broke their kiss to look into his eyes. “This...” Ilya whispered, punctuating the word with a kiss, “is best Christmas present ever.” Shane smiled against his lips. “You think so?”

Instead of responding, Ilya put the toy in Shane’s hand and lifted him by his thighs, carrying him into his bedroom. Shane could feel the length of Ilya already half-hard and pressing against his own.

A trail of clothes followed them to the bed, where Shane was grinding against Ilya’s thighs and fully intending to suck the sweet taste of the Christmas drink right out of Ilya’s mouth. Ilya’s finger pads were gripped onto his hips, holding him close, guiding the friction that Shane so desperately needed. Shane moved one hand to Ilya’s cock, stroking the skin up and down and eliciting a low, hissing, “*Fuck*, Hollander,” from his mouth. Ilya’s hand moved to Shane’s other hand, slung over his shoulder and still holding the cock ring. “Put it on,” his breath ghosted over Shane’s ear, sending little goosebumps down his back.

Shane glanced down, unravelling his arm and slowing his other hand to a stop. The cock ring was a little ridiculous—black and glittery, but the shop he’d gone to didn’t seem to have any other colors, and Shane was *definitely* not going to ask. He eased it down Ilya’s length. Mere inches away, Ilya was blinking rapidly and biting one side of his plump pink lips. “Is it... okay?” Shane asked, with the ring settled around the base of Ilya’s cock. Ilya released his lip from between his teeth, his tongue darting out to soothe the bite. “Is... good. Strange, different. But good.” Ilya reached down to match his hand to Shane’s, stroking slowly up his own length with their fingers intertwined. “Lube?”

Shane blinked his stare away from their joined hands to grab the tube from the night stand.

“Ready?” Ilya breathed. Shane lined himself up and sunk down on top of Ilya, joining their lips in a long moan. When he was seated fully to the hilt he gave a few shallow tilts of his hips, drawing more pleased noises from Ilya’s mouth. The top of the ring sat just behind Shane’s balls, not uncomfortably, just different from what his body remembered of Ilya’s. But his mouth was the same—his hands, tracing down Shane’s back, were the same—his beautiful cock was the same as it buried deep inside of him. Shane reached back down to where they met, finding the button on the side of the ring. “Ready?” He echoed, to which Ilya responded with an open-mouthed kiss on his neck.

And then Shane turned it on.

And nearly blacked out.

Ilya’s hips bucked up into him in a frenzy, a salacious groan ripping up his throat and falling from his mouth into Shane’s collarbone, and the insistent buzzing right to his perineum made Shane go cross-eyed and slack-jawed. Through the animalistic haze he heard slurring Russian next to his ear.

“Fuck, Hollander, fuck!” Ilya’s hand was under him, somewhere, and then as soon as it started, the vibration stopped. Shane let out a breath—maybe that’s why his vision went fuzzy—and rested his forehead against Ilya’s. “Fuck,” Ilya’s whisper brushed against his mouth.

Shane glanced down again— he hadn't come, so that was a positive— and he could still feel Ilya aching hard inside of him.

“Crazy. This is crazy. Did you turn on maximum?” Ilya flared his nostrils. Shane squinted an eye, remembering something from the package the toy had come in. “Wait, hold on. Is this my left or your left?”

“What is left?”

“One of the sides is for low speed, and one is for high. I think my left is high and the other one is—”

Oh.

A pleasant buzzing emanated from where they connected. Ilya sighed audibly. “Better.” His arms relaxed around Shane's back and fell down to his hips, which Shane tipped experimentally. “Much better.”

Shane went slow at first, grinding down and letting the toy settle against them both before sliding up again. There was their rhythm, their focus, their baseline, at last.

Ilya's hands were scraping softly down his back, and Shane tangled one hand in his honey-brown hair, letting the other one grip on Ilya's shoulder for balance. Shane's thrusts became shallower as he savored every sound he was pulling from Ilya's mouth and drowned out the hum of the ring.

“Yes.”

“Fuck, just like that.”

“Please, fuck.”

“So good.”

Ilya's grip tightened around Shane's shoulder. His thumb had found its way into Shane's mouth, where it pressed against his tongue and dragged his lips open. This was a sign— he was getting close to his edge. In a moment of heedless courage, Shane leaned forward and bit his partner's lip.

“Come on, Rozanov. Just a little longer. *Please.*”

Shane had said the magic word. Ilya's sea-blue eyes flew open, that same cocky half-smile setting on his face as he flipped them over and crushed his face into Shane's. He ground his hips down, down, down, until they were both at the mercy of the vibrating little toy. Shane was seeing stars again, the buzzing becoming nearly too much.

“You started this, Hollander, I will finish it,” Shane felt the scrape of Ilya's growl through the parted lips on his neck.

Ilya was nothing if not a man of his word.

“You will come for me, Hollander? Come all over this fucking toy? Let me feel you shake around me?”

“Fuck, Rozanov. Fuck, please.”

“Just like that, Hollander. Touch yourself.”

“Fuck— you touch me.”

Ilya gripped Shane’s flushed cock, pumping in time with his thrusts. His thumb ran over the head, still wet from Shane’s mouth, until he cried out. Ilya moaned along with him, and through the near-orgasmic lights firing in his mind, Shane knew that Ilya was losing his composure.

“Please, Rozanov, come for me.”

“You first.”

Ilya pressed deeply and stayed there. The vibrations coursed through Shane’s body, and he catapulted into his orgasm, spurting thick ropes of cum onto his stomach and Ilya’s hand. The sight of the mess and the deep vibration pushed Ilya over the edge seconds later with a long “*Fuck, Hollander, I’m coming*” whining out from between his lips.

Moments or maybe hours later, Ilya pulled out of Shane with short, jerking movements, as if he was being electrocuted. “How do I stop this thing?” He grumbled, his cock still much too sensitive for this amount of stimulation.

Shane sighed through his post-orgasmic bliss. He was sleepy and pliant, and just barely this side of tipsy from the Sbiten. He watched Ilya pull it off through heavy-lidded eyes, smiling as Ilya’s brows knit together the entire time. It plopped into Shane’s outstretched palm and he pressed the button, a hush finally falling over the room.

“We should give you wine more often,” Ilya settled his nose into the junction of Shane’s neck and shoulder. “You’re less boring this way.”

Shane snorted. “Maybe we can get some more toys, too. For a little more... excitement.” He didn’t want to admit that everything about Ilya made him excited. His passion, his creativity, his drive. His clever hands. His soft lips, which slanted into a rare, soft smile.

“Yes, I think that could be good for us both.”

A buzz sounded from the night stand, causing them both to twitch. Not the toy— Shane’s phone. He reached for it and clicked the screen on to a notification from his mom declaring his flight re-booked for 10 o’clock the next morning. He glanced at the clock, glowing nearly midnight.

After this many years of knowing each other, Ilya could almost read his mind. “You could... stay,” he whispered, “I could drive you to airport early tomorrow morning.”

“I don’t want to put you out or anything—” A firm finger settled over Shane’s lips.

“Shh, that’s crazy person talk. Is nothing, really. You got me a gift, this is my gift to you.”
Ilya nodded, considering the debacle sorted. Shane kissed the finger against his mouth, melting finally into Ilya’s embrace.

“Thank you. Really.”

“Schastlivogo Rozhdestva, Hollander.”

“Merry Christmas, Rozanov.”

End Notes

Canonically, 2015 was the warmest Christmas on record in Boston. But for the plot, we're simply going to ignore that :)

If you've followed me over from my Law & Order SVU fics, hello! I write sometimes, and I am no stranger to yearning that nearly rips your heart out. Maybe that's why I found so much inspiration in these hockey boys.

If you're my sister and you read this, no you didn't! And thank you for the peer pressure to start writing again.

Thank you for reading, happy post-Christmas HR withdrawals <3

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