

Party Animal

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Party Animal

by [burkiebeans](#)

Summary

“What do you mean you never had a birthday party?”

Shane was looking at him like he'd grown three heads. His brows were furrowed, his jaw slack, and underneath the surprise, there was also a look of pity. One that Ilya despised.

But he had to keep cool. He was a good-tempered, chill, not-abashed-by-anything kind of guy.

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Shane finds out Ilya has never had a birthday party and decides to throw him a surprise one!

Featuring childhood memories, Chiron, a nice birthday dinner, sheet cake, and lots of liquor.

Notes

Inspired by a TikTok I saw today where people threw their friend a birthday party because he'd never had one before.

Also, let's just pretend they both don't have summer birthdays!! For the plot!

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [派对动物 \(授翻\)](#) by [SLoan_1007](#)

“What do you mean you never had a birthday party?”

Shane was looking at him like he'd grown three heads. His brows were furrowed, his jaw slack, and underneath the surprise, there was also a look of pity. One that Ilya despised.

But he had to keep cool. He was a good-tempered, chill, not-abashed-by-anything kind of guy. So, he just shrugged and took a sip of the vodka in front of him.

“We just never did that back in Russia. Maybe I had one when I was baby?” he thought about it for a second, “But I do not remember.”

Shane's surprised face turned into a frown.

“Isn't that kind of... I don't know, sad?”

“It just was. I was not sad. Grigori was always busy and mom...” he trailed off, shaking his head and avoiding Shane's gaze. He swallowed another gulp of his drink.

The Rozanov's didn't do big, extravagant birthday parties. Not like the ones he was sure Shane had growing up.

He'd seen the childhood photo albums the first time he had Hollander Sunday Family Dinner. Yuna took no hesitation dusting off the books and handing them over one by one while Shane withered away in the loveseat next to him.

His 5th birthday party was superhero themed, with picture balloons, a batman cake, and Shane dressed up in costume. He had a mask on in almost all the photos, but Ilya found it very fond.

His 7th birthday party was at a park near by his childhood home. Yuna and David had reserved the pavilion and set up the picnic tables in shades of red and black. He was missing his two front teeth, but Ilya still recognized his signature smile.

His 10th birthday party was at the Hollander's cottage with a small group of friends. They spent the weekend wakeboarding and making s'mores, a delicacy Ilya still hadn't had. Yuna gasped when she heard that, and promised they would make them during the summer break.

His 12th birthday, and all the ones after that, were spent at a Centaurs game. There were pictures of Shane and his friends against the glass, holding up pucks and signed jerseys. There were also pictures of them with popcorn and cotton candy and all the other foods you buy at a sports game when you're in middle school.

It made Ilya grin with glee, flipping through the pages and pointing out the different stages of his husband's life.

He didn't feel as much disappointment as he expected. His love for Shane overpowered that, and he was happy that Shane had those experiences and had friends and family to share it with.

Maybe a small part of him wished he had a party when he was a kid, but look at all the parties he goes to now. He wasn't dubbed a party animal on the Raiders for nothing. He was almost entirely sure he went out in every city they had an away game in during his rookie year.

So that made up for the lack of birthday parties, at least. Of course it did.

"I think I turned out ok." Ilya said after a second.

"I suppose." Shane said it calmly, but the glint in his eyes showed something else.

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"Harris, please. This is so stupid."

He went to stand up from the stool when Harris stuck his head out from the behind the camera and scowled.

"Ilya, please just sit. We do this for all the players, so suck it up or I will tell Shane to yell at you."

"Oh Shane." He guffawed and held up his hands.

Ilya rolled his eyes. He wasn't scared of Shane.

Ok, he was a *little* scared of Shane. Only Husband Shane, though.

Since they started living together full-time, they quickly fell into traditional marriage roles. Shane would tell him what to do, and Ilya would listen. He wasn't a huge fan of the prissy look and silent treatment Shane would give him if he annoyed him, so he did as told.

For the most part.

"Ok fine. What do you want me to do?"

"Just sit and look happy and surprised when the confetti falls down, ok? It's a video for social media for your birthday, so we'll have music over it." Harris went back behind the camera set up.

Ilya looked above him, and sure enough, there was a net of confetti held up by a string.

"Shouldn't we have done this on media day?" he asked, carefully eyeing the bag.

"The intern had this idea, so we didn't know then." Harris hummed, clicked a few buttons, then looked at Ilya. "Ok, going to count you down. 5...4...3...2...1, action!"

Confetti fell and Ilya put on his best happy face. He waved his hands around, but wasn't really sure what else to do.

This was so stupid.

He stopped after a few seconds, back to his normal, disinterested face.

“Ok done?”

Harris sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Yes. Fine. Go away.”

Ilya smirked as he walked back to the locker room. Annoying him was too easy.

He froze around halfway down the hall, stunned at his forgetfulness. He sprinted back, full speed into the media room.

“Wait! You will still let me play with Chiron, right? I am sorry Harris, I was asshole.” He looked down and shook his head, hoping that would portray his sorrow correctly.

Harris just cackled.

“Hmmm. Jury’s out. I might keep him from you until you enthusiastically do a TikTok.” he waved jazz hands around.

Ilya sighed. He was too old for this.

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Shane and Ilya were laying on the couch post-afternoon game, watching the primetime New York-San Francisco game. Usually, Shane was very interested in watching the other games. He wanted to see the competition, learn where the weaknesses were, figure out he could make plays and dodge defenders the next time they played the teams.

Tonight, however, he’d been antsy. Picking up his phone every few minutes, typing away, chewing on the inside of his cheek. His expression was hardened with concentration.

Ilya tapped Shane’s foot with his own.

“What is wrong? You look stressed.”

Shane sat up and slammed his phone down.

“Oh, nothing!” Shane neutralized his expression, “Um, Hayden just had a question about something. I think I figured it out.”

Ilya stared at him, unconvinced.

“Okay...”

They sat in silence for a few minutes, both now watching the destruction of San Francisco happening on the TV. New York had just scored their fifth goal when the second period ended.

“So we go to nice dinner tomorrow? Your treat?” Ilya asked, watching Shane sneak a glance at a notification on his phone.

“Oh um, yeah! I have a reservation, don’t worry. Bood recommended it.”

Ilya hummed.

“And then we come home and you suck my dick and we have nice, slow, romantic birthday sex?” he continued.

Shane gulped and Ilya watched his face turn red.

“Yeah, something like that...”

Ilya frowned. That was his favorite part of his birthday.

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Bood *had* recommended a very good restaurant. It was small and intimate with shaded lighting and a nice view of the bustling street.

They spent a few hours in nice suits drinking red wine and eating copious amounts of appetizers. Shane, for what it was worth, was looking incredibly sexy across the table and Ilya was more excited to take him home and strip him out of his clothes than to eat the steak sitting in front of him.

But Shane was sitting nicely in front of him, cutting into his potatoes, making thoughtful conversation and looking at him with his beautiful, sparkly eyes.

So, Ilya would wait.

Waiting made it better, anyways.

The Uber home felt like eternity. Ilya was wine drunk and doing everything he could to not crawl in Shane’s lap and take him right there. He snaked his hand across Shane’s lap and onto his inner thigh, pinching lightly.

“Ilya.” Shane tested, pushing his hand away.

“You are not fun.”

Shane just shook his head and pulled his phone out of his pocket. He glanced at it quickly, eyes skimming the home screen, then put it back.

When the car finally pulled up to their house, Ilya sighed in relief and dragged Shane out. He, very kindly he thinks, waited until the driver pulled away to push Shane against the front door and slam his lips into Shane’s. He slipped one hand behind the back of Shane’s head to protect it from the wood, and moved the other to Shane’s back pocket, squeezing hard. They kept kissing frantically, breathing each other in until Shane pulled away and placed a hand on Ilya’s chest.

Ilya pulled back immediately and scanned Shane's face for any signs of discomfort. His neck was flush and his mouth was tugged in an amused, shy grin. He saw nothing out of the ordinary.

"What is wrong? Did I hurt you?" Ilya asked, reaching out to brush his cheek.

"No, no. Never. I just," he took in a big breath, "thought maybe we should go inside."

Oh. That was simple enough.

"Ok. We go inside."

Shane turned around and fished his keys out of his pocket. Ilya bracketed him into the door while he worked to unlock it.

Patience was not his best quality.

Finally, after what felt like eternity, the latch clicked and Shane swung the door open. Ilya was giddy to push him against the back of the door when all the lights turned on and he heard cacophony of cheers, whistles, pops, and yells.

Ilya yelped, then, eyes wide, he turned around and took in the sight before him.

Gathered around the kitchen island, basically everyone he knew was staring back at him with bright faces and wide smiles. The Centaurs were there, some Raiders players were there, Yuna and David, Kip and Scott, Hayden and Jackie, Svetlana, even *Chiron* was leashed on the ground, tugging and yelping at him.

There were streamers hanging from the ceiling, along with a very hand painted banner that read 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY ILYA!' Confetti covered the tables and the floor, shiny and glittering in the light.

There was even one of those silly light up electric disco balls on the coffee table, whirling silently and decorating the room in a rainbow of colors.

"Holy shit." He whispered.

He looked over at Shane who was smiling bashfully.

"Surprise!" he said quietly. "I wanted to give you a birthday party. Like a real party with friends and party games and cake."

Ilya felt his eyes soften and his mouth twitch.

Shane was so sweet. He was so considerate and kind and loving. He was throwing him a *birthday party*.

"Shane." he mumbled. He pulled Shane close to him, embracing him in a hug.

"You didn't have to do this." He whispered against his neck.

“I know. I wanted to. I love you.”

Ilya pulled back and placed his hands on Shane’s shoulders.

“I love you too. So much.”

“So much.”

Shane was standing there, toying with his fingers and looking pretty. Ilya was just about to lean in for a kiss when a cough brought them out of the moment.

“Um, love you guys, like, so much. But *please* stop before you mentally scar *all of us*.” Hayden said.

Shane jumped back, like he forgot that he invited everyone into their house. Ilya scoffed and glared at Hayden.

“Why did you invite him?” he asked Shane, pointing his thumb over his shoulder at Hayden.

Shane just rolled his eyes and shoved Ilya back.

“Come on.” He grabbed Ilya’s hand and started walking towards the kitchen. “It’s your birthday party!”

“I’m still expecting an afterparty.” He rumbled low, just within Shane’s earshot.

Shane smirked and looked back at him. “Oh, I know.”

The rest of the evening was spent milling around the house and chatting with all the guests. Every so often, someone new would take aux and Ilya would yell out about their shit music taste, and then Shane would yell back that Ilya was just being an ass and that they could keep playing whatever music they wanted to.

Later in the night, when Ilya was caught up rolling around the living room floor with Chiron and Anya, the lights dimmed and a hush fell over the room. He sat up quickly, trying to find the source of the silence when he saw Shane walk out of the pantry, carrying one of those massive grocery store sheet cakes. The kind of cake every kid gets, that gets sliced into squares and divided up amongst friends who fight for the pieces with the better icing. He melted at the sight.

It was iced with all of Ilya’s favorite things, liquor, hockey, dogs. Though Shane’s face wasn’t on it, he still appreciated the gesture. There were a scary 31 candles spread over the cake, also, so he made quick work of blowing them out when drunken rendition of the birthday song ended.

He didn’t really want to blow them out though; Shane’s face was glowing in the light, and he looked so positively happy, proud, and carefree in that moment. It was one of Ilya’s favorite looks on him. One that he didn’t always get to see.

But, he also didn’t want to set their house on fire, so he had to make the tough decision there.

Finally, hours and hours later, after everyone was ushered out of the house and the liquor was drunk and the music stopped playing, Shane led Ilya to their bedroom. He pushed Ilya on the bed, all unsurety gone, just pure desire left, and loomed over him.

They stripped each other bare, Ilya taking Shane apart slowly, softly. He was mesmerizing in every way. He had always been mesmerizing.

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“Thank you.” Ilya whispered, early in the morning after they had cleaned themselves up. Their naked limbs were tangled in the sheets as they laid next to each other. Shane was breathing softly against Ilya’s ear.

“Always,” Shane whispered back, “You deserve everything, Ilya.”

Ilya’s breath hitched and he pressed his lips into Shane’s hair.

“I think I liked having a birthday party. It was... nice.”

“Yeah?”

Ilya nodded against him.

“Then I’ll make it happen. Always. Forever.”

Ilya sniffled. He wasn’t sure why he was emotional over a birthday party. But it was nice to feel loved.

To have ~~people~~ family show up for you and want to celebrate your existence.

Maybe he had missed out when he was younger, but he was making up for it now. There was no one else he’d rather celebrate with.

He listened to Shane’s breathing soften and smiled.

Forever.

End Notes

Yay! Hope y'all liked this! Thank you for all the kind words and kudos on my other fics <3

Works inspired by this one

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