

the kissing custom

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by [amongtheshadows](#)

Summary

“Actually I need your help. . . over here.” Ilya adds coyly. Shane shakes his head before he even enters the room, seeing, unsurprisingly, Ilya leaned against the doorframe holding the garland in both hands directly under the mistletoe.

“Is that so?”

“Hmm, yes. Yuna said she wanted it on the mantle, and I don’t actually know where that goes.” he adds, sobering a touch with his actual question, but it doesn’t last long. “But I need you to come over here and help me. It is very important. For Christmas.” he adds and starts twirling the end of the garland with one hand.

(ie. ilya is spending christmas with the hollanders for the first time and shane surprises him with misteltoe and ilya becomes a bit of a menace about it)

Notes

you know what i do not care that it's literally april - this came to me in a vision and i think its so cute and i had so much fun writing it.

if you're reading this in the future and its actually christmas, happy present day to you, and no matter when you're reading this i hope you enjoy!!!

this is technically in my hollander-rozanov series bc the time jump (spoiler) mentions their daughter in this series, mina, but can be read as a stand alone.

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

Chapter 1

“Shane, can you bring in the, oh!” Yuna startles as the back door bangs open and Ilya sticks his head in. “Sweetheart, you scared me, what are you doing?” She asks and peeks her head around the corner.

“David wanted me to ask if you wanted the tree now?” He asked, his curls sticking out of the hat he was wearing and the tip of his nose red against his pale skin. She noticed he was holding their christmas tree, cut down from a neighbor’s farm, with one hand outside the back patio as to not bring in any snow. It was his first real Christmas with the Hollanders and she was going all out to make sure it was the warmest, most wholesome Christmas she could make happen.

“Yes, thank you honey. Shake it out first and bring it in, I can have Shane - Shane!” She calls into the house behind her. “Shane, where did you go? I need you down here.” She calls again and turns to Ilya to shake her head, finding some sort of camaraderie as he just shrugs and lifts his eyebrows.

“I don’t know.” he holds his free hand up in surrender, also apparently not knowing what Shane had gotten so distracted with while Ilya had been sent to fetch the tree.

Not ten seconds later, Shane comes around the corner, dressed in a cream sweater with his hair tucked behind his ear. His cheeks were flushed and had a small smile on his face as he spots Ilya at the back door. “What are you doing?”

“What am I doing? I wait for you. Yuna needs you.” he gestures towards his mom who is standing with her hands on her hips.

“Shane, you are making him wait out in the snow. Help Ilya with the tree, please.” she scolds with a small smile. She’d put the two men, and David, to work early in the morning and with an incentive of homemade cocktails by the fire when they were done, and most of her to-do list was already taken care of.

“Sorry, sorry.” Shane mumbles and steps to the back door as Ilya shakes the excess snow off the tree so Shane can grab it and help him bring it in the house as he stomps snow off his boots before kicking them off and entering the house. “I don’t know why you waited until the day before Christmas to get the tree this year?” Shane grumbles.

“Well sue me for wanting to have my boys home to go cut down the tree with us.” she scoffs lightly, watching as a small smile spreads on Ilya’s face. “It’s a tradition, and this is Ilya’s first Christmas with us. I wanted to make sure we do it right.” She smiles warmly, patting Ilya on the back as he smiles wider now and follows Shane into the house.

Shane can’t hide his happiness; he’s practically glowing with it. “Okay, fair. Forget I said anything.”

“Thank you, sweetheart.” She kisses his cheek before waving the two men into the living room to set up the tree by the fireplace.

“You leave me out in the cold? What is this Canadian Christmas?” Ilya jokes as they get the tree in the tree stand and lock it in place. He snuffles and takes off his jacket, his hair still tumbling in his face as he takes his hat off his head and his cheeks and nose still red.

Shane can’t help it; he walks up to him and squishes his face between his palms. Ilya grumbled for a moment before humming at the warmth against his skin after being outside.

“I have a surprise for you.” Shane responds, raising his eyebrows with a small smile.

“Hmm, wait, don’t move yet. Hands are warm.” Ilay replies and places his hands on Shane’s hips to hold him still for a moment. His cheeks feel raw with the cold but he’d been talking with David and laughing and smiling almost all day so he wasn’t sure if it was a lingering ache from the sheer joy he’d felt from being around the Hollanders all day.

“I have a present for you.”

“For me? Shane you know Christmas is tomorrow, yes?” he asks, letting Shane keep his face squished between his palms.

“Once you know what it is you’re not going to want to wait.”

“Ohhh, I see. C’mon.” he smiles and starts to move upstairs towards Shane’s bedroom they were staying in for the week.

“No, pervert! We’re at my parents house.” he scolds, pinching Ilya’s cheek for good measure.

“That has not stopped you before.” Ilya whispers with a wink. Shane flushes, thinking back to the night before when he’d been too pent up from traveling through the snow and too happy seeing Ilya wear an ugly Christmas sweater that he had to get on his knees for him only moments after they’d said goodnight and gone to bed.

“Shut up. Come on.” Shane rolls his eyes and takes one of Ilya’s hands to move him towards the front door of the house. Ilya lets himself be led around but bumps into Shane when he stops abruptly in the doorway in the foyer and turns to Ilya.

“Okay.” he nods and puts his hands on Ilya’s waist. He’s smiling, and he looks proud of himself, like he just solved a puzzle or finished a task that he’d been looking forward to.

Ilya looked around, waiting for something to jump out at him or for him to see a puppy with a bow hidden somewhere in the home. He nods and looks back to Shane. “You? You are my present? I am very lucky.” he nods and leans in to kiss Shane, but he leans away.

Ilya can feel the scowl on his face before he can stop it; Shane did not ever lean away from kisses. He could if he wanted to, of course, but he didn’t. Never. Not once.

“Look up.” he nudges and Ilya grumbles before craning his neck back and looking up at the doorway. In it, there’s a small twig tied with a red ribbon hanging like an ornament from

the wall like a little mini wreath.

“There is a twig on the ceiling.” he states and looks back to where Shane is still smiling proudly. “It is. . . very beautiful twig? Thank you, Shane.” he nods and Shane’s eyes go wide and his face quickly changes as he drops his head and groans. “No, no. I love it, it is so cute. Thank you.” he adds and places his hands on Shane’s arms to squeeze them reassuringly.

“Do Russians not do mistletoe?” Shane groans and rests his forehead forward on Ilya’s shoulder.

“Misteltoe?”

“Yes; like the kissing plant?”

“There is plant for kissing? Seems like something you would know a lot about.” He wags his eyebrows.

“Why would I know a lot about it?”

“Becuase you are very good at kissing. And also you got me one for Christmas. Thank you, I think.” he adds, hoping he’s reading the situation correctly.

That seems to stir something in Shane and he lifts his head with a small smile. “Mistletoe. It’s a Christmas thing. You hang it in the doorway for Christmas and if you walk under it or like stand under it with someone you have to kiss. It’s like good luck or something.” he shrugs and blushes and as he speaks Ilya’s smile grows wider and wider, until it cracks and he can’t help but let out a punched out laugh of joy.

“Shut up! I was trying to do something nice!” Shane laughs along with him and Ilya just wraps his arms around his neck and pulls him closer so they’re chest to chest.

“So you, Shane Hollander, hung up the kiss plant in your parent’s house so you could kiss me on Christmas? That is adorable. You must stop, you are so sweet all of my teeth will fall out.” he laughs; not laughing at Shane but just because his body doesn’t know what to do with all the sheer joy that’s running through his veins.

“Stop it!” Shane laughs along with him, nuzzling his nose on the inside of Ilya’s arm where it’s next to his face. “I just wanted to do all the cheesy Christmas stuff. Don’t make fun of me, I’ve never done this before.” he groans and Ilya can’t stop smiling as he kisses the side of his head, getting him to meet his eyes again.

“I love it. That is. . . you are. . . so cute. This is so fucking cute.” he sighs with another laugh. “I would like to kiss you under mistletoe plant now, yes?” he asks and Shane finally cracks and smiles, nodding his head.

They don’t waste a second, Ilya pulling him in close to press their mouths together in a warm and gentle kiss. Shane’s arms wrap tight around his waist and he holds him close. Ilya’s chest feels like it’s going to explode, which is normal when he’s kissing Shane, but something about the thought of him going out of his way to hang it up with a little ribbon, he’s sure with brows furrowed in determination, all so that he could kiss Ilya for Christmas was too much. He was blown away by the gentle love he received from the man in his arms and from how they were able to love loudly in the comfort of this house that had raised Shane, and now become a sanctuary for them both.

When they pulled back Ilya was already smiling and couldn’t help himself as he placed loud kisses on either of Shane’s cheeks, his forehead, his nose, his jaw, until Shane was blushing and laughing.

“Stop it!”

“Hmm, cannot stop.” He sighs and kisses his temple. “I’m under the kissing plant, this is what I am supposed to do, yes?” he clarifies as he kisses Shane’s cheek again.

“I guess you’re right.” Shane shrugs and sighs, but Ilya knows, can feel it between them, that he’s soaking up every press of lips and moment of contact. For as much as this was Ilya’s first time under the mistletoe, it was Shane’s too.

He wondered how many Christmases had passed where he'd been at parties or even in this very house and seen couples stop and kiss and share a moment of joy among the holidays and wished that could be him. How many times he'd watched it and maybe even hoped it was Ilya. That he'd have to just look down and accept that maybe it was just something he'd never get to do.

That thought alone made Ilya feel like he was getting stabbed in the chest. He'd give Shane anything he wanted.

"Boys, what is taking so long?" Yuna calls from the kitchen and comes around the corner to see them connected at the mouth under a mistletoe ornament in the doorway. She stops though, when she sees Shane's shy smile and Ilya's downright victorious grin

"Yuna, did you know about this? The kissing plant?" he asks and points up.

She can't help but clutch her heart and smile at her boys. "Yes I did, sweetheart. Shane, I didn't know you were such a romantic." she sighs, watching as David comes to stand behind her and take in the sight.

"Well isn't that sweet." he sighs and Shane just huffs a laugh.

"Okay, we'll get back to work. What next, mom?" he asks but Yuna just starts pulling out her phone and pointing it at them.

"I need you two to stand there so I can take a picture."

"Mom!"

"Yes ma'am." Ilya sings and places a wet kiss to Shane's blushed cheek, causing him to squeal and laugh.

“Aw, that’s a good one. Now, go get the boxes of tinsel from the garage, there is still work to be done.” She smiles as she puts her phone back in her pocket and turns, taking David with her, to the kitchen.

Shane is smiling so big, he can’t help it, he doesn’t think he ever remembers feeling this happy. Ilya still holds him in his arms, kissing his neck softly. “You’re not going to let this go are you?” he asks.

“No. No I am not. Wouldn’t want my Christmas present to go to waste, would I?” he asks and Shane rolls his eyes playfully before grabbing his chin, catching him by surprise and pulling him in for one more lingering kiss.

Ilya hums against his mouth and chases it when he finally pulls away. “More when we get the tinsel set up, okay?”

“Anything. Anything for more kissing plant, yes.” he nods seriously and Shane already knows he started something dangerous when Ilya has the audacity to wink at him before turning back to the garage to get back to work.

Something about the easy confidence in the way he moved, hips swinging just a little as he crossed the room, broad shoulders shifting under the weight of whatever box he had slung up against them, made Shane feel a little unhinged in the best, most inconvenient way possible.

Ilya carried things like it was nothing, like he hadn’t just hoisted half their garage into his arms, like he wasn’t rearranging furniture and climbing ladders and reaching high shelves with that same casual, unbothered strength. And the worst part, truly the worst part, was how nice he was about all of it.

He’d met Yuna in the driveway the second she pulled in, already halfway down the front steps before she’d even turned the engine off, opening her door with a warm smile and taking the grocery bags from her hands before she could protest.

“Too heavy,” he’d said, like it was obvious, like it wasn’t even a question.

And then later, out in the garage, helping David move the bigger boxes, moving things around like some kind of human crane, all long limbs and steady hands and that same focused expression that Shane had seen a hundred times on the ice, now softened at the edges in a way that made his chest ache. It was domestic in a way Shane hadn’t ever been able to be with him before. It made him feel like he was the luckiest man in the world to see it directed at his family, fitting so seamlessly into a space that meant so much to him.

Shane found himself hovering more than once, lingering in doorways or at the edge of rooms, watching longer than he meant to, heat curling low in his stomach in a way that was deeply inconvenient given the setting.

The sight of Ilya rolling his sleeves up, forearms flexing as he lifted another box, or ducking his head with a soft laugh at something Yuna said, or brushing past Shane in the hallway with a distracted, absentminded touch to his waist like it was the most natural thing in the world made Shane feel feral.

Like he needed to pace. Or bite something. Or maybe just gnaw on his own arm to keep himself in check.

He thought the mistletoe would be a nice little gift, a sweet thing he’d seen in movies, but what he didn’t expect was the raw joy that was spilling out of Ilya when he’d shown him. He thought he’d let it go, that he’d get his kiss and they’d go about their day, but Shane should have known better.

He finds every reason under the sun to linger in the doorway and drag Shane in to stop for a kiss as they continue to follow Yuna’s directions and prepare the house for Christmas.

“Oh, Shane. Will you please help me with the garland?” he calls from the living room. Shane starts to move from where he’d been packing cookies into gift bags for the neighbors, but moves through the kitchen door rather than the entrance from the living room.

“Actually I need your help. . . over here.” Ilya adds coyly. Shane shakes his head before he even enters the room, seeing, unsurprisingly, Ilya leaned against the doorframe holding the

garland in both hands directly under the mistletoe. He's got a shit-eating grin on his face and Shane can only laugh at his seductive pose and devilish smile.

"Is that so?"

"Hmm, yes. Yuna said she wanted it on the mantle, and I don't actually know where that goes." he adds, sobering a touch with his actual question, but it doesn't last long. "But I need you to come over here and help me. It is very important. For Christmas." he adds and starts twirling the end of the garland with one hand.

Shane walks slowly over to where Ilya is standing until he is just out of reach. "I've started something terrible."

"Ah, yes. So terrible to have to kiss your sexy boyfriend for Christmas, what a shame." Ilya rolls his eyes, but Shane doesn't even have time to respond, because the magnet in his chest that seems to always draw him to Ilya works overtime and before he knows it he's pressing his lips to his own again.

Ilya smiles against his mouth and drops one end of the garland to hold his hip while Shane cups his face with gentle hands that smell like sugar cookies and cinnamon.

The rest of the day goes on like that, until they're finally done in the evening and sipping on old fashions by the fire, courtesy of Yuna, and Ilya is tucked under Shane's arm on the couch and flipping through a photo album that David had found earlier that day.

Ilya blames it on the strong cocktails but he found himself smiling so hard he had to swipe a few tears from his eyes as he looks through pictures of baby Shane.

"Don't make fun of me!" Shane cried and covered his face with his hand when Ilya got to a picture of him at age five, playing hockey and nearly being swallowed by his helmet and pads.

“He was a little guy at first, everything was too big so we had to fix his shoulderpads with zip ties so they fit.” David laughs and Yuna just nods at points to a picture above it.

“And that’s at his first grade graduation.” In the photo, tiny Shane is wearing a little cap and gown, his baby face, even then, serious and focused on standing in line and waiting for his miniature diploma.

“No, this is too much. I die from cuteness. What do you call it, Shane?” Ilya laughs and turns to Shane, who has slumped into the corner of the couch with a dramatic groan as he watches his parents point things out to Ilya, but there’s a lovesick smile on his face he can’t drop.

“Cuteness overload.”

“Da. That. He’s too cute. I will explode.” he sighs dramatically and pulls Shane to sit up and pulls him back to his side with a kiss to the side of his head. David and Yuna can only smile and watch as they relax against each other, looking at Shane’s baby pictures like it was the most normal thing in the world.

“You know if you two could have kids, they would be so good at hockey.” Yuna states out of the blue as she nods as she sips her drink, nodding seriously like she’s already planning it in her head.

“Mom!” Shane shouts. David is laughing where he sits leaning back in his recliner as Yuna looks at him for back up and he just shrugs.

“She’s not wrong.” Ilya agrees enthusiastically, nodding his head and looking at Shane who’s already shaking his head.

“Not helping.” Shane quips, looking around like suddenly he was the only sane person in the room.

“I mean think about it; the two greatest hockey players of the last decade, you’re both very smart and could get started on training right away, and they’d be so cute.” Yuna adds with a soft smile.

“Da, with these cheeks too.” Ilya agrees and points at a picture of Shane as a toddler with his little cheeks bright red while he plays in the snow behind the house they were currently sitting in.

“Exactly.” Yuna nods. “Thank you, Ilya.”

“Of course, Yuna.” he nods and looks at Shane who’s looking at them with wide eyes and a blush high up on his cheeks. He and Ilya hadn’t had a serious conversation about having kids but the casualness to which Ilya was talking to his mom about their non-existent, and not biologically possible children was making him feel insane.

“I’d like to take this opportunity to remind everyone that we cannot have biological children together and that I cannot get pregnant.”

There’s a beat where Yuna just looks at him. “Oh, honey,” she says, fond, like he’s the one who’s missing something obvious. “I know that.”

Shane narrows his eyes. “Okay, great, then,”

“I just assumed,” she continues smoothly, turning back to the photo album, “that if anyone was going to find a way, it would be you. You’ve always been very. . . committed.”

Ilya snorts and Shane whips his head toward him. “Don’t.”

But it’s too late. Ilya is already grinning, that slow, delighted kind that means he’s about to be insufferable. “Yes,” Ilya says thoughtfully. “Very committed. Very. . . flexible problem-solver.”

“Oh my god.” Shane mutters.

Yuna taps the edge of the album lightly. “Or,” she adds, like an afterthought, “,we could just accept what we all already know.”

Shane freezes. “What do we all already know?”

She looks up at him, completely serene. “That you’re the one who would be pregnant if it were possible. Because you, well you know. . .” She trails off and gestures at Shane.

Ilya actually chokes on his own laughter.

“Mom!”

“It’s fine,” she says, waving a hand. “There’s no shame in it.”

“I disagree. There is shame. We should be ashamed we are having his conversation right now, oh my god.”

Ilya leans back into the couch, openly enjoying himself now. “I think she is making very strong, argument.”

“On what evidence?” Shane demands.

Ilya gestures at him, up and down, like it’s obvious. “You’re very smart. Where there’s a will there’s a way.”

“That’s not science!”

“Well there could be changes to science, you never know.” Ilya says.

Yuna nods in agreement. “Exactly.”

Shane groans and puts his head in his hands, betrayed. “I hate it here.”

“You love it here.” Yuna corrects gently.

Shane sits up and opens his mouth to argue, then closes it, because, annoyingly, she’s right. Ilya reaches over, tugging Shane into his side again and presses a quick, absentminded kiss to the inside of Shane’s wrist, still smiling.

“Do not worry,” he says, softer now, just for him. “However it happens, our kids will still be menace.”

Shane exhales, some of the heat draining out of him despite himself. “Yeah,” he mutters. “That part I believe.”

Yuna beams at both of them like she’s already won the argument anyway. And Ilya, traitor that he is, looks entirely pleased.

Later that night after drinks have been finished and they’ve called it a day, Shane returns from brushing his teeth to his childhood bedroom, and sees Ilya already sitting up in bed with his face lit up from his phone screen. The room had been somewhat remodeled to host a bigger bed as a guest room, but seeing him tucked in bed in the same room where his junior hockey trophies and posters lined the walls was still kind of a mind fuck.

“I have wonderful news.” he smiles as Shane shuts the door and climbs into bed to sit next to Ilya. His face is mischievous and snarky looking and Shane is giving him a weary side eye

before he can even get fully under the covers.

“Oh?”

“I look up mistletoe, and Google tells me that it is ‘*a symbol of peace, fertility, and vitality*’.” he reads and then wags his eyebrows at Shane. “This is perfect, because we can tell our children they they were conceived at Christmas because of the kissing plant.” he laughs at his own joke, still delighted by the way that it gets a groan out of Shane as he melts into the bed and rolls over so that he’s pressed against Ilya’s side but now his groans are muffled by the pillow.

“You are not fucking me at my parents house.” he groans into the pillow, and feels where Ilya is laughing next to him as he shuffles an arm out and wraps it out to the side so it’s around his waist. “I hate you.”

“You cannot hate me, you buy me mistletoe and invite me to Christmas.” Ilya smiles and puts his phone down so he can scratch his fingers into the hair on the back of Shane’s head, lightly massaging the muscles at the base of his neck.

Shane feels himself relax and turns his head on the pillow to look up at him. “Are you having a good time?” he asks quietly. “I’m sorry mom was so intense.”

“Shane, this is already the best Christmas I have ever had.” he says, not moving his eyes away from Shane’s. “I mean it. And that is including your mom talking about our future children and calling you a bottom.” he adds with a smile and Shane is half happy and warm that Ilya feels welcomed and safe, and half still mortified by the conversation they had earlier.

“I’m going to kill you.” he groans and flops his head back down onto the pillow, but this time nuzzles his face into Ilya’s waist where he’s still sitting up against the headboard and playing with his hair.

“And be a single father to our children?” Ilya mock gasps. “How could you do that to them?”

“Oh my god.”

“They will say, ‘daddy, we thought you loved papa so much, why did you kill him?’” Ilya pitches his voice up as he chuckles, but Shane knows him, and hears that there’s a gentle warm tone in his voice even as he laughs and pokes at Shane.

Something about already knowing that their hypothetical children would call them *daddy and papa* made Shane want to cry.

“Would you actually want that?” he asks quietly, looking up at Ilya.

“You to kill me?”

“Oh my - no Ilya. To, I don’t know, have kids. Have a baby. With me.” he adds at the end, confirming, because there’s no way in hell Shane is going to let him have children with anyone else.

Ilya hums thoughtfully and nods, a warmth shimmering in his eyes as he looks down at Shane. “Yes. With you, of course.”

“Of course.”

“But, yes. Didn’t always think that I wanted to, but with you, yes. I think that we would be good at it, and, I don’t know,” he drops his eyes to his lap and places a hand on Shane’s forearm to squeeze at the muscle there like he was soothing himself. “I think I would like it. It would be fun. They would like us, as parents, I think.”

He meets Shane’s eyes again and there’s something new and unspoken between them. Shane feels like his insides are going to burst with the amount of love he feels for Ilya; his sweet

boyfriend who didn't get to have the family he deserved, but brave enough to want to try it with Shane. To see himself and feel confident that he could do better, to be a good dad.

And he was right.

"They would." Shane agrees. "Like us. I think they'd love us actually." he adds and Ilya smiles softly. "I think you would be a really good dad." he adds quietly, running a thumb over Ilya's side and holding his gaze, needing him to know that he was for real and that he meant it.

Ilya's breath caught in his throat at the gentle confession, and he smiled and nodded at Shane. "You too. You will be very good dad. Any kid would be lucky to have you."

"To have us." Shane corrects. "I'm not doing it without you." he adds and Ilya smiles wider.

"To have us." he corrects softly, looking at Shane and bringing his hand around to cup his jaw and run a thumb over his cheekbone. "And someday we can tell them, that we wanted them so bad that their dad bought a kissing plant to seduce me under so that we could have many, many perfect babies."

"You make it sound like I'm baby trapping you with mistletoe."

"That is what you are doing."

"I am not! You're the one who just looked that up. I didn't even know."

Ilya takes the opportunity to shuffle down further into the bed so that he's next to Shane and watches as his eyes follow him. His hand stays on Shane's jaw until he's laying on his side next to him. He follows his eyes as he settles, running his thumb over his lower lip with an exaggerated pull.

“I think that you know what you are doing when you buy me kissing plant.”

Shane’s breath caught. “I didn’t, I just wanted to kiss you under it.”

“Are you sure?” Ilya’s hand came up, fingers tracing Shane’s jaw. “You hung fertility twig for me. For us.” His thumb brushed Shane’s lower lip again. “Were you already thinking about it? About me. . . getting you pregnant?”

It’s a joke. And Shane logically and sensibly knows that it’s a joke.

But the words, spoken so softly, so directly, sent a shockwave through Shane. His whole body tightened, a hot, aching pull gathering low in his belly. *Yes*. The thought had been a secret, shameful thrill. Now, laid bare by Ilya’s gentle dominance, it blossomed into a desperate need.

“Ilya. . .” Shane’s voice was a whisper, meant to sound like a warning but coming out pleading and desperate.

“We can’t fuck here,” Ilya said, matter-of-fact, his palm sliding down to rest on Shane’s stomach. “Your parents’ house. The walls are thin.” His hand pressed, a firm, possessive weight. “But we can do other things. I can still make you feel it.”

He shifted, rolling Shane gently onto his back. The bed creaked just a little but the sound just as well could have been from one of them flopping down on it for the night. Ilya loomed over him, his larger frame blocking the faint light from the window.

Shane can’t help it, he shudders, and because Ilya is so close he can feel it rattle against his own chest.

His eyes were dark, intent. “You want that, don’t you? You want me to put a baby in you. To see your body change because of me.”

Shane nodded, helpless, a shiver running through him. He was sinking, the crisp edges of his mind blurring into a warm, haze. It was a safe, velvet darkness where only Ilya's voice and touch existed.

"Tell me." Ilya commanded, his voice still so soft, but unyielding.

"I want it." Shane groaned and nodded. "I want you to. . . to make me pregnant. I want to carry your child."

Ilya's smile turned molten. "Good boy." He leaned down, his mouth hot against Shane's ear. "I'd take such good care of you. Every day. I'd watch your belly grow, and I'd know it was because of me. Because I filled you up so deep." He nipped Shane's earlobe. "You'd be so beautiful. My perfect Shane."

"I love you, I, *fuck Ilya*. I love you." he moans quietly and Ilya groans into his neck and kisses the skin there gently before biting down.

Shane's hips jerked up, a silent cry trapped in his throat. Ilya's hand slid under his shirt, under his shirt, finding skin. His fingers were warm, rough from years on the ice, mapping the flat plane of Shane's abdomen.

He reached up first and squeezed and groped at one of his pecs while his mouth attached to the spot of skin just below his ear. His fingers drifted over and pinched at his nipple, making Shane hiss and arch into his hand. He smiled against his skin before repeating the motion to the opposite side and Shane squeezed and massaged his shoulders where he lay over him, encouraging him and taking care of him too, while he tore Shane apart with his teeth and strong hands.

When Shane let out a little whimper at the feeling of Ilya's fingers brushing over his nipple, he drifted his hand down lower and lower, over his abs, and to the flat space below his belly button.

“Here,” Ilya whispered, pressing down. “Right here, it would start.”

The pressure on Shane's lower stomach made him harder than it had any right to. Pressing down into the soft tissue like a brand and sending a bolt of pleasure right through his cock. He shuddered, overwhelmed with the sensation and let out a small whine.

Ilya shifted and peeled Shane's clothes off, not hurried, but with deliberate, worshipful care. The cold air hit Shane's skin, followed instantly by the heat of Ilya's body covering him. Ilya's own clothes came off next, the fabric rustling, then the heavy, delicious weight of his naked chest against Shane's.

Finally they were skin to skin, Ilya's cock, already hard and thick, pressed against Shane's hip. Shane's own erection was a painful, urgent throb against his own stomach. Ilya shifted, aligning them. He slid his cock alongside Shane's, their lengths slotting together, a fierce, dual pressure right against that soft spot under his belly button. The consistent and repetitive thrusting motion of their cocks mimicked the pressure that Ilya had been pressing on him just a second before.

“Oh, god.” Shane whimpered, the friction exquisite, a maddening simulation of what he truly craved.

Ilya began to move, a slow, grinding roll of his hips. The drag of his skin against Shane's cock was electric, each pass sending sparks up Shane's spine. Ilya's breath grew ragged. He kissed Shane, deep and consuming, swallowing his moans.

“Fuck, Shane so good for me.” Ilya growled into his mouth after another moment. “You take me so well, so *wet* for me.” His hand came up, cupping Shane's face. “But you have to be quiet now. For me.”

The next moan that tried to escape Shane was cut off by Ilya's palm covering his mouth. The pressure was firm, silencing, a perfect assertion of control.

Shane's eyes fluttered closed. He was drowning in sensation, the rough hand on his mouth, the slick, relentless slide of their cocks together, the filthy, beautiful promises pouring from

Ilya's lips. He felt like a fucked up horny teenager, grinding and panting in his bedroom, trying to be quiet so his parents wouldn't hear him from down the hall.

His mind felt like a warm blanket had been tossed over it, like the warmth and gentle touches that he felt from Ilya were coaxing something out of him that had been long buried and tucked away into the most hardened part of him.

He did want Ilya to get him pregnant if he could. He did want people to see, and to know, that he belonged to him. He suddenly didn't give a fuck about hockey, about anything other than Ilya and their family and being his. It wasn't scary or overwhelming, it was just a strong pulse of truth that ran through him and made him leak even harder between them.

"I will take care of you. You will not worry about anything." Ilya murmured, his hips pumping faster, the rhythm becoming urgent. Shane's cock was leaking steadily between them, making the slide slick and glorious. "Hold you when you're tired. Kiss you when you feel sick. I'll be so good for you." His voice cracked with passion. "My baby. Inside you."

If Shane was coherent he'd tell Ilya that he already did all those things, and that's what made him want to have a baby with him in the first place. How he was always so good and so smart, taking care of him with a gentle passion that made Shane really feel seen for the first time. Like now, head in the clouds and feeling lofty and loose, Ilya always made sure that his weight was pressed down on Shane like he knew he liked it, and always made sure that he was close enough for Shane to reach out and touch the warmth of his skin.

He hated being too hot, the sweaty and suffocating feeling making him feel overwhelmed and sick, but Ilya was never too warm; like he was a sun for Shane to orbit around that was made just for him, to warm him and take care of him.

He was so good, and fuck; Shane loved him *so much*.

His eyes fluttered open and he moaned, looking at the way Ilya's arms flexed above him and the sounds of his own quiet deep groans and panting breath sending him hurtling towards the edge.

Shane's climax approached like a tsunami, building from the depths of that submissive space. The fantasy wasn't just a fantasy anymore, it was a physical truth, wired directly into his pleasure.

He was going to come from the thought of being pregnant, from Ilya's possessive, caring words.

Ilya felt it, sensing the tightening in Shane's body. He removed his hand from Shane's mouth, replacing it with his own lips, kissing him fiercely. "Cum for me," he ordered, his voice a ragged whisper. "Cum thinking about it. Think about me filling you up. I promise I will, as soon as we're home. I'll fuck a baby into you, I promise. Cum now, let me see you."

The command broke Shane.

A sharp, silent cry ripped through him as his orgasm detonated. Heat flooded him, pulsing out in thick stripes over his stomach, mixing with the sweat and the pre-come already there. Ilya followed instantly, his own groan muffled against Shane's neck, his release adding to the mess, warm and abundant, painting Shane's skin and the flat planes of his stomach.

They lay there, panting, sticky and spent. The room was quiet except for their breathing. Slowly, Ilya shifted, his dominant edge softening into something tender and watchful. He looked down at the glistening mess on Shane's belly, on his abs. He looked like he was in a trance, bringing a hand up to drag through the mess on Shane's stomach and bringing it to his own lips. His eyes fluttered shut at the first contact of his thick fingers to his tongue, and Shane watched as he moaned and sucked on them.

He pulled them out and Shane was hypnotized, still floaty and spacey, when a line of saliva drew between his lips and his fingers. He removed them, only to trace them back through the wet mess on Shane's stomach, watching like it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

Then, he brought his fingers to Shane's lips.

"Clean up for me," he said softly, not a command now, but an invitation.

Shane, still floating in that hazy, peaceful subspace, obeyed without thought. He opened his mouth, and Ilya gently slid his fingers in. Shane sucked, licking the salty, intimate taste of their combined release from Ilya's skin. His tongue worked slowly, thoroughly, a quiet, servicing act.

Ilya watched, his eyes soft. He stroked Shane's hair while he sucked. "You're okay?" he asked, his voice now pure, gentle aftercare. Shane nodded and sighed at the pressure of his fingers in his mouth, keeping him grounded and safe while he came back up to the surface.

"Deep breath. Come back up to me."

Shane blinked, the world slowly solidifying around him as he released Ilya's fingers from his mouth. He nodded, a small, trusting motion. "I'm good," he whispered. "I'm. . . really good."

Ilya kissed his forehead and smiled. "My beautiful boy."

"Yea. Yours." he nodded and tilted his head up so that they could press their mouths together in a warm and gentle kiss. Just the press of Ilya's lips alone was enough to warm his heart from the inside out and he'd never been more grateful for the little twig that was hanging from the doorframe downstairs.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

enjoy!!!

“Dinner is ready!” Yuna calls from the kitchen and Shane and Ilya stand, motioning for Mina to do the same. She puts down her little train set that wrapped around the tree and toddles to the dining room where her highchair was already set up between Ilya and David at the head of the table.

“C’mon, *moy malysh*. You too, Mina.” he winks at Shane as they stand and he can only shake his head as they head in for dinner. It’d been a long day of playing out in the snow with Mina, and trying to wrap presents in silence as she napped in the afternoon, and they were both worn out and starving, the smells from Yuna’s kitchen nearly making them drool.

They walked slowly, making sure that Mina was following on her own now that she was more confident with walking and refused to be picked up if she was going more than a few feet. They had only cried once about it so far.

Ilya took in the warm dining room around them, the candlelight, the food, the decorations. It was his favorite holiday with the Hollanders, now nearly ten Christmases in with them, but as he walks in the space he gasps, realizing he’d forgotten something big.

“Shane, wait.” he reaches out and grabs his hand where he’s moving to sit down and he looks back at Ilya with confusion and worry.

“What? What is it?” he asks and Ilya just looks up, where he’d hung his Christmas present earlier that day. Shane followed his line of sight and looked up to where a little mistletoe was hung with a green ribbon in the doorway to the dining room, just like it had been the first time he’d spent Christmas here.

Shane looked back to Ilya, eyes impossibly soft and filled with love. “Really? You remembered?”

“It is my favorite Christmas tradition. Of course I did.” he winks and uses his grip on Shane’s wrist to pull him in for a kiss. He holds his cheek gently with one hand leans in, brushing their noses together and connecting their lips with a soft sigh.

It's like the world around them stops. The clock above the fire stops ticking and the snow falling outside freezes midair. It feels like no time has passed at all since that first time they had locked lips in the doorway of the Hollander dining room when Shane couldn't help but smile against his mouth and place a warm palm to his cheek.

“Dada!” a little voice calls from between them and suddenly there’s a very small hand on the back of each of their legs, and a very persistent two year old looking up at them.

“Oh, je sais. Je suis désolé, mon petit.” Shane coos and separates only enough to pick up their daughter so she’s held between them. “See. All better now.” he bounces her once and she looks to Ilya.

“See, Mina.” he points up. “That is mistletoe and your dada buys it for Christmas every year because he cannot stop kissing me.” he coos at her, tickling her cheek and making her giggle.

Shane leans in and kisses one of her chubby little cheeks with an exaggerated kissing noise. Ilya does the same and they can’t not laugh at her increasing giggles and the way she’s kicking her feet at all the attention. They lean in at the same time and each kiss her cheeks and pretend to bite and eat them and before they know it she’s laughing uncontrollably and shrieking with joy.

“Dada!” she says, looking to Shane. “Papa!” she points to Ilya.

“Yes, angel. Dada and papa.” Ilya nods and tucks a curl behind her ear.

“Merry Christmas, Mina.” Shane says quietly, not taking his eyes off her as she looks around at all the lights and decor like he’s committing every little detail to memory. He presses a kiss to her curls, not moving his mouth far, like he’s trying to absorb as much of the moment he can. He doesn’t have to turn his head far, then, to look over to see Ilya, warm and gentle as always to purse his lips and ask for a kiss.

They meet in the middle and he feels Mina rest her head on his shoulder as they do, and he’s never been more thankful for a silly little plant in his life.

End Notes

jingle jingle jingle!

kisses under the mistletoe for hotties who leave comments!

hope you enjoyed reading and have fun and stay safe out there <3

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