

midnight kisses and new year's wishes

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midnight kisses and new year's wishes

by [KJBee81](#)

Summary

“I wasn’t waiting for you!” Shane says, irritated.

“No? You answered the door like you were standing on the other side of it when I knocked.”

“Well, you did text. You told me you were coming,” Shane huffs. He steps back from Rozanov to glare at him. “I didn’t want you waking up my neighbours. It’s late.”

Rozanov looks amused. “Hmm, if you say. But I do not think you have to worry about that tonight.”

“Why?” Shane asks.

Rozanov raises a brow. “Did you not know that tonight is New Year’s Eve?”

“Oh. I guess I forgot.”

OR Ilya visits Shane in his hotel room on New Year's Eve, set during their hookup years.

Notes

So I have like 50 million ideas for Hollanov fics and can't seem to quit them, even though the last episode aired last week. Going through Hollanov withdrawal is not for the weak!

THANK YOU mel for the quick read over and encouragement! It's much appreciated!! 


I am *exceedingly bad* at responding to comments on AO3 so please come and chat with me on Twitter or Bsky!

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The knock at the door is too loud. It startles Shane, even though he was expecting it.

He rushes to answer, pulse pounding in his neck and his palms a little sweaty. Crossing the room in quick strides, Shane wipes his palms on his sweatpants. He takes a glance at his reflection in the mirror and runs his fingers through his too-straight hair to mess it up a little, even though he hates that, and opens the door.

“Fuck, get in here before you wake everyone up,” Shane hisses. He’s tempted to yank Rozanov in the room by his shirt but restrains himself.

Shane would like to say that he’s impatient because he doesn’t want to get caught and maybe, most of the time that would be true.

Tonight, however, it’s because it felt like Rozanov took forever to finally get to his hotel room. By 11:15, Shane was almost starting to wonder if he was even going to come.

But then, he got a text.

Lily

what’s ur room #

Shane’s not proud of how quickly he answered the text or that he didn’t even try to tell Rozanov off. That he didn’t pretend to not want this. Despite constantly telling himself that he needs to stop whatever it is they’re doing, he never quite manages to.

Rozanov is smirking at him, that crooked grin already making Shane want to dig his fingers into dark blond curls and pull Rozanov’s mouth down to his. He’s carrying a bottle of something that looks like champagne and two glasses in one hand, his jacket in the other.

And he looks too good in tight jeans and the black tank that’s molded to his muscles in a way that Shane always finds hard to resist.

So he doesn’t.

Pushing Rozanov back against the door, Shane kisses him with a desperation that he wishes he didn’t feel. Lets his hands roam over the hard muscle and warm skin that he’s been practically dying to touch since their first face-off earlier tonight.

Rozanov is groaning into the kiss, his teeth scraping Shane’s lips and one big hand gripping Shane’s chin as their tongues tangle. Shane feels like he’s being devoured. It’s unfair, he thinks, that the best kisses he’s ever had have come from Ilya Rozanov, someone he isn’t even supposed to like.

That he doesn’t like, *really*, he reminds himself.

When they pause for a breath, Rozanov chuckles. “Eager for it, Hollander?”

“Fuck off,” Shane manages, still a bit breathless.

“No, is okay,” Rozanov says, thumb brushing just under Shane’s bottom lip. “I was sorry to keep you waiting for me.”

“I wasn’t waiting for you!” Shane says, irritated.

“No? You answered the door like you were standing on the other side of it when I knocked.”

“Well, you did text. You told me you were coming,” Shane huffs. He steps back from Rozanov to glare at him. “I didn’t want you waking up my neighbours. It’s late.”

Rozanov looks amused. “Hmm, if you say. But I do not think you have to worry about that tonight.”

“Why?” Shane asks.

Rozanov raises a brow. “Did you not know that tonight is New Year’s Eve?”

“Oh. I guess I forgot.”

“Hollander, you are so boring,” Rozanov says. He picks up his jacket from where it had fallen on the floor and tosses it carelessly on the bench by the door. Shane’s fingers itch to hang it up.

Moving further into the room, Rozanov sits at the foot of the bed. Shane follows, sitting beside him. “Is the reason I am late. I had to make appearance at team party. Captain’s duty.”

Shane shrugs. “I guess.” He vaguely remembers Hayden trying to convince him to go out with the team, but he’d had other things, like a certain Russian, on his mind. Shane’s never really been one for parties, in any case.

“But it’s no problem for me,” Rozanov grins. “Loud music, beautiful women, decent vodka. Is good time. But not for you, Shane Hollander, hmm?”

“Well, no. Even if I didn’t forget that it’s New Year’s, it wouldn’t be my thing,” Shane admits. He anxiously smooths out a wrinkle on the bedspread and wonders if Rozanov would rather be somewhere else. “After all, I’m boring, like you said. You can...can go back to the party. If you’d rather, I mean.”

“No,” Rozanov murmurs. He leans into Shane’s space, presses his face into the crook of Shane’s neck. Shane lifts his chin, eyes fluttering shut, as Rozanov kisses behind his ear and he feels the rasp of stubble on the sensitive skin. “We make our own party, yes? I brought champagne.”

Rozanov stops kissing him, holding the bottle and glasses up, and Shane bites his bottom lip to stop from protesting. “Sure, okay,” is all he’s able to manage.

Rozanov hands him the champagne glasses to hold before he expertly opens the bottle and fills their glasses. He gets up to set the champagne bottle beside the television and when he

sits back down, Rozanov sits even closer to him, his thigh pressed against Shane's.

He hands Rozanov a glass, their fingers brushing and Shane tries not to notice the way Rozanov watches him. For some reason, he feels nervous, anxious almost. Usually, when they meet in hotel rooms, there's not a whole lot of talking. Usually, they'd already be naked and Shane wouldn't have to worry about the thoughts jumbled inside of his brain or the mess of feelings he keeps having to stifle in his chest.

"Should we watch the dropping ball?" Rozanov asks, after taking a healthy swig of his champagne.

"I think you mean the ball drop," Shane shakes his head and finds the remote where he left it on the bed. He puts on the program and takes a sip of his champagne, the bubbles fizzy on his tongue.

"Not much time left in the old year," Rozanov observes, the time ticking down on the counter on the television screen.

"No, there's not," Shane awkwardly says. He has no idea how to actually *talk* to Rozanov. He's not sure that they've ever really done this before. The most they usually say to one another involves words like *there* or *harder* or *that's good*. It makes Shane feel even more out of his element than he usually does.

He scrambles for something to say, because it seems like they're watching this fucking ball drop before they do anything else, like actual fucking. "Do you have any New Year's resolutions?"

"Resolutions?" Rozanov turns to look at Shane, an amused expression on his face. "Do I look like someone who does this?"

"It's a normal thing to have resolutions," Shane protests. "I am sure that you have goals, something that you want to accomplish in the coming year? I know I do."

"Well, yes, this makes sense. They are probably very boring ones."

"Fuck off, no they aren't."

"Oh, so tell me then. What are these exciting resolutions the great Shane Hollander has?"

"Well, obviously, I want to win the Stanley Cup."

"No shit. Boring."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Of course. I want to get more flexible. I'm thinking of starting yoga. Spend more time training, especially on my backhand."

"Yes, good. You have weak backhand. But still boring."

"Fuck you, it's not that weak."

“It’s not strong. But Hollander, these resolutions are very boring.”

“Come on, they’re not that bad. Besides, you haven’t told me any of yours. How do I know that your resolutions are any better?”

“Ah, because they are mine,” Rozanov smirks. “And I told you one. I want to win the Cup.”

Shane takes another sip of his champagne, getting used to the bubbles on his tongue. “I don’t think that one should count. For either of us, really. I mean, it’s kind of a given, isn’t it?”

“I guess. I have not really thought about resolutions,” Rozanov admits. “Russians do not do this. It is different.”

“Different how?”

“It is more of a wish than a resolution. For good health, or happiness maybe,” Rozanov explains. “We write our wishes down on paper and then burn them. We put them in champagne and drink it before it strikes midnight.”

“Oh.” Shane thinks about it for a moment.

For as long as Shane has known him, Rozanov has never been with family over the holidays. He doesn’t even think that Rozanov’s family has ever come to visit him. Not that he knows of anyways. He remembers their first meeting; stuck out in the frozen air in the middle of Nowhere, Saskatchewan for the Juniors, at the very start of their careers. His family, unlike Shane’s, had not come to see him play.

Shane wonders if Rozanov misses them. If he feels lonely, especially during the holidays.

Struck with an idea, Shane shoves his glass in Rozanov’s direction. “Hold this,” he says, standing up and going to the small desk at the corner of the room. He finds the pad of hotel stationery and a pen, before coming back to sit on the bed beside Rozanov.

“You can do that, if you want,” he starts, hoping that Rozanov doesn’t think he’s being foolish. He holds out the pen and paper to Rozanov. “Write down your wishes for the New Year and you can burn them, okay?”

Rozanov looks at him, not saying anything. He probably thinks Shane’s being stupid or too sentimental or whatever. The silence and the way Rozanov is staring at him makes him feel like he’s being studied for some kind of experiment. Shane’s skin feels too tight and he’s sure that he’s probably blushing. He doesn’t know why he lets Rozanov affect him like this.

Just when he’s about to retract the offer, Rozanov speaks. “Okay,” he says, nodding. “But you do it too.”

“I already told you my resolutions,” Shane starts to protest, but there’s something behind Rozanov’s eyes that makes him change his mind. “But sure, okay.”

They each rip off small pieces of paper, and Rozanov doesn’t take long to write down his wish. When he’s done, he passes Shane the pen. But Shane doesn’t know what to write. He

doesn't have much time to decide, because the countdown in the corner of the television screen is getting closer to midnight, so he puts down the first thing that pops into his head.

Be less lonely.

Shane has friends, yes. Of course he does. There's the guys on the team, Hayden and Jackie, and his parents. But there's parts of himself that he keeps locked up, hidden. Sometimes he wonders if anyone really *knows* him, the real Shane Hollander, the one behind the brand deals and the commercials or the sound bytes from postgame interviews. It kind of scares him to think that the only person who might know the real him...is Ilya Rozanov. He doubts that Rozanov wants that honour.

Shane folds the small piece of paper quickly, not wanting Rozanov to see what he's written. He holds it tightly, pinched between two of his fingers. "So now we burn them, I guess?"

Rozanov nods and takes out a lighter from the pocket of his pants. "Yes, and then we drink it in champagne."

"You're still smoking?" Shane gestures to the lighter. "There's a resolution right there. You should quit. Smoking is bad for you."

"Is it?" Rozanov asks, deadpan. He hands Shane his champagne glass to hold and flicks the lighter. Rozanov's slip of paper catches quickly, the ash floating down to land in his drink. He holds his hand out for Shane's. "Give."

"But-" Shane tries. Rozanov cuts him off.

"Give. I do not want you burning down hotel."

"You're an asshole," Shane says, but hands Rozanov his wish anyway.

Rozanov just grins, flicks his lighter again and Shane watches as his paper turns to ash and flutters down into the champagne.

"Now, we drink," Rozanov instructs. He takes his glass from Shane. "We must drink it all before midnight so our wishes come true."

Shane is not looking forward to this part. His face must show his reluctance because Rozanov laughs and sticks one of his fingers in Shane's glass, stirring up the ash. Shane gets distracted, watching Rozanov suck the champagne off his finger, flashes of other things Rozanov has done with his mouth derailing his train of thought.

But when Rozanov clinks their glasses together, saying a Russian phrase Shane doesn't understand and downing his drink, Shane snaps out of it. He quickly follows suit, barely tasting the champagne or even the ash as he swallows.

Shane manages to get his drink down just in time. The countdown to midnight has started, the big glowing ball beginning to fall. Rozanov takes Shane's glass, sets it down with his beside the half-empty champagne bottle and they watch in silence as the year ends.

When the ball reaches its destination, with fireworks exploding in the night sky and the sound of Auld Lang Syne coming from the television, Shane turns away from the spectacle to find Rozanov already looking at him, his hazel eyes dark and heated. The look makes Shane feel as though there's an electric current racing under his skin. Shane leans towards Rozanov, almost without thought, pulled in by a force that he doesn't think that he'll ever comprehend.

One of Rozanov's large hands lifts up, cradling Shane's jaw and holding his head still as Rozanov gazes down at him. "There is another tradition I like," he murmurs, a thumb tracing along Shane's cheekbone, over the flushed skin and sprinkling of freckles. His gaze drops to Shane's mouth.

Shane lets his hands move over Rozanov's arms, taking in the strong muscles under his palms and squeezing just a little. "Yeah?" he asks, his own gaze caught by Rozanov's tongue wetting his lips. "What tradition?"

"The midnight kiss," Rozanov leans in, his mouth hovering over Shane's, a breath away. "It's the best one, no?"

Shane doesn't answer, can't really. The space for speech or any kind of rational thought in his brain is all taken up by Rozanov; by the heat of his body, by the way he is looking at Shane and by the way he touches him. From the very first time, everything about Rozanov has consumed Shane and set him on fire.

And Shane knows.

He knows that his true New Year's resolution should be to stop this.

To quit meeting Rozanov in dark hotel rooms, to quit texting him every time they find themselves in one another's orbit. To stop himself from fucking his archrival.

But that's next year's resolution.

This year, Shane chooses a midnight kiss.

He closes the small space between them, digs his hands into Rozanov's hair and kisses him. It's messy and frantic, and it's not long before Rozanov deepens the kiss even further, pushing his tongue between Shane's lips, a large hand skating down Shane's spine.

They make out for long minutes and Shane can't stop his hands from roaming. He wants to touch everywhere at once but can't decide where to start. When Rozanov's hands grip Shane's waist, his hand traces the faint stubble on Rozanov's strong jaw. When Rozanov pulls off his shirt, Shane brushes his palms over his nipples and follows his happy trail past the waistband of his briefs, presses his hand over the bulge and feels the hardness there.

In pauses between kisses, they peel off their clothing, wordlessly moving to the head of the bed. Rozanov is fully naked first. He moves backwards, sitting against the headboard, and watches as Shane finishes taking off his boxers.

For a moment, they just stare at each other. Neither of them says anything and the only sounds in the room are the muted volume of the television and their harsh breathing. Shane feels his heart racing, his pulse loud in his ears.

But then, Rozanov slaps his lap in invitation, so Shane scrambles up the bed, straddling his thighs and leaning down to kiss him again. Their erections brush, making Shane gasp into Rozanov's mouth. He grinds down harder, unable to control the moan that escapes, the friction making him feel like he's about to burst into flames. His hands hold on to the headboard, trying not to fall apart when Rozanov groans and grips his waist even tighter.

"Fuck, Hollander," Rozanov pants, his eyes never leaving Shane's face. "So eager for it."

Shane can't argue with that, so he says nothing. Instead, he pulls one of Rozanov's hands off his waist and, in a move that he would normally find gross, turns it palm up and spits into it.

Rozanov doesn't need any instructions. He takes both of their cocks in his large hand and starts to stroke. It's embarrassing just how quickly Shane feels close to the edge, how he can't stop from thrusting wildly into Rozanov's hand. How he can't stop pressing fevered kisses against Rozanov's mouth, breathless and needy.

"Yes, Hollander," Rozanov encourages, his voice rough and hand stroking even faster, his hips bucking like he's just as close as Shane is.

"Fuck, f-fuck, I-" Shane moans, stilling as his orgasm hits, his release coating Rozanov's cock. The slide gets easier and Rozanov's hand tightens, strokes getting sloppy and erratic until he falls over the edge too.

Shane is trying to catch his breath, to stop the tremble in his hands and to ignore the urge to pull Rozanov even closer somehow. It doesn't make sense.

Instead, he moves off of Rozanov and flops onto his back. His breathing evens out and his hands stop shaking. He pretends to watch the television, the New Year's celebration continuing with some musical act that he doesn't recognize and couldn't care less about.

But Shane still notices when Rozanov gets off the bed and heads to the washroom. He listens to the water running and hears when it's shut off. He doesn't turn his head to watch Rozanov cross the room or when he picks up his clothes. Shane doesn't watch him getting dressed.

But he does turn to watch Rozanov when he picks up the discarded jacket and when he heads towards the door.

There are so many words stuck in Shane's throat right now, so many things that he doesn't think that he will ever say out loud.

But when Rozanov pauses at the door and looks back at him, he manages to say at least one of them.

"Thank you for the midnight kiss," Shane says. "Happy New Year, Rozanov."

Rozanov's lopsided smile seems softer around the edges when he replies. "Happy New Year, Hollander."

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