

mistletoe and new year kisses

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mistletoe and new year kisses

by [Raverin2](#)

Summary

Ilya's mad that he hasn't gotten to kiss his own husband under the mistletoe. Unbeknownst to him, that's by design because Shane has a surprise.

Notes

This was written for Hollanov Discord's 10 Days of Winter! Day Seven's prompt: Mistletoe is the inspiration! <3<3<3

HAPPY NEW YEARS BELOVEDS!!

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

Ilya stares at the stupid flower thing as he watches Shane kiss Rose on the cheek.

Stupid Mistletoe.

He'd already kissed Svetlana, Troy, Harris, Luca, and Hayden.

Shane had kissed them all as well, but instead of kissing Hayden, he'd kissed Rose.

All cheek kisses, of course, but Shane has yet to let himself end up under the mistletoe with Ilya.

They've done this for years, never ending up under the mistletoe together at the stupid NHL New Years party.

Usually, they ended up together in a hotel room.

But now, they're together, everyone knows they're together, and they're still not under the damn mistletoe together.

Instead, Ilya's been watching his husband kiss everyone fucking else on the damn cheek.

He's pouting.

He knows he is.

"You know, he's not avoiding you because he doesn't want to kiss you, right?" Luca's voice is slightly slurring, but he also sounds genuinely worried.

"Sure the fuck does not seem like it," grumbles Ilya with an eye roll as he shoots back a shot of something sour.

"He has a plan, and he can't execute it if he kisses you before the time comes," replies Luca before he walks away, hand slapping over his mouth like he'd said too much.

Ilya spends the next half hour waiting for the ball to drop with a pout on his lips as he tries to figure out what Luca meant by that. He watches Shane bounce from person to person, dropping by to give him some food that he'd plated up as well as a water with a soft smile on his lips. There are quirked brows and worried murmurs that follow each appearance, but Ilya just waves him off because he wants his husband to enjoy their night with their friends.

When the countdown starts, Ilya gets up to search out his husband.

He may not be getting his mistletoe kiss, but he'll be damned if he doesn't get his midnight kiss.

Unfortunately for him, everyone must've had the same damn idea because he's getting bumped this way or that as everyone moves.

"Fuck me, is everyone drunk?" groans Ilya as he reaches a wall, taking a deep breath as he watches everyone continue to move and move and— Oh, there's Shane. "Sweetheart!"

"Ilya!" yelps Shane as he's shoved into Ilya's arms. "I thought everyone was where they were supposed to be already."

"I did too, but they are drunk also, I think," snorts Ilya as he wraps his arms firmly around Shane's waist, tugging him in until they're pressed together. "I want my midnight kiss, since I never got my mistletoe kiss."

"Is that why you were pouting?" asks Shane with a soft laugh as his arms rest over Ilya's shoulders, hands sliding through golden curls and resting gently against a pale cheek. "Why didn't you ask for a kiss? You didn't even say anything."

"I figured you would come to me at some point, but you kissed everybody else," huffs Ilya as he tips his head further into the warm palm on his cheek.

"Oh, Ilya," murmurs Shane as he leans forward, nuzzling their noses together gently.

The countdown gets louder, "10, 9, 8!"

"I want my kiss, Shane," murmurs Ilya as he tips his head, their lips brushing sweetly.

"5, 4, 3!"

Shane leans up and kisses him, their lips slotting together perfectly, and Ilya groans as his hands slide up his back. It gets slick quickly, Shane nipping at Ilya's bottom lip before their tongues slide together hotly. But then Shane pulls away with a breathless chuckle.

"Why are you laughing instead of kissing? I want more kisses," huffs Ilya as he looks at Shane with a pout.

"Look up, Love," replies Shane with an amused smile.

Ilya rolls his eyes before tipping his head back, eyes trailing as he goes until he gasps at the sight that greets him.

Mistletoe.

Shane just kissed him under the mistletoe.

"This was plan, your plan, wasn't it?" asks Ilya immediately as he tips his head back down because Luca's words replay in his head again.

"He has a plan, and he can't execute it if he kisses you before the time comes."

"It was," replies Shane with a sigh as he leans his head forward to nuzzle their noses together sweetly. "Luca told me he slipped, but not too much. I'm not surprised you connected the dots anyway though. The crowd though was not part of my plan. I really don't know what

happened there. I was coming to the table to get you, and I was gonna drag you over here to see the fireworks better."

"I have feeling it had something to do with Sveta and Rose. They kissed after we did," says Ilya as he narrows his eyes at a spot over Shane's shoulder.

"I think you might be right," snorts Shane as he shakes his head. "They were both telling me that you would rather have me with you than have this surprise. But this surprise isn't the only one that I have."

"Better be good for staying away all night and making me watch you kiss other people's cheeks," grumbles Ilya though he's got an amused grin curving his lips.

"I think you'll forgive me before I finish explaining to be honest," Shane winks at him, lips curving into a seductive grin. He knows exactly how to make his husband happy. "Well, not only are you coming home with me tonight, but we have the next three days to ourselves as well. Anya's going to be hanging out with Troy and Harris and Chiron too, so we'll have three full days to have as much fun as we want with the toys we got for each other for Christmas."

"Ah, you are right," says Ilya with a nod before he picks Shane up by his thighs. "You are forgiven, now time to go home. Going to fuck you until you cry tonight, then we have proper fun after getting over hangovers."

"Take me home them, Love," replies Shane brightly as he wraps his legs around Ilya's waist, arms curled comfortably around his neck. "I ordered the uber already. They're right outside."

"My brilliant husband," Ilya says it with pride before leaning forward to kiss him. Then he pulls back and starts moving as cheers follow them out of the building. "If we do not get another noise complaint from neighbors after this weekend, I will be disappointed."

"If we get another one, we're going to actually have to put in soundproofing," chuckles Shane as they walk out the door.

Ilya carries him all the way to the uber and only sets him down to help him into the car. He's immediately back in his husband's lap once the door's closed, and Ilya cannot wait to have his husband all to himself for three days in a row with no other obligations.

End Notes

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