

С Новым Годом, С Новым Счастьем

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С НОВЫМ ГОДОМ, С НОВЫМ СЧАСТЬЕМ

by [yesna \(mrsronweasley\)](#).

Summary

New Year's Eve in The Cottage.

Notes

Notes: Just a short little thing I wanted to write before the year ended. Takes place in the same universe as my previous fic, but can be read as a standalone. Happy New Year's, pals old and new! May 2026 be better and brighter.

Many thanks, as always, to T for the beta. С НОВЫМ ГОДОМ, дорогая моя ♥

(Title is explained in the fic.)

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

"How do you say Happy New Year in Russian?" Shane asked, cuddled up against Ilya, staring into the fire playing behind the glass. They each had a flute of champagne forgotten on the coffee table, two blankets piled on top of them, and Shane found himself struggling to stay awake even though it wasn't even eleven.

"S Novym Godom," Ilya said, stroking his side.

"Sno--"

"--vym Godom," Ilya repeated.

"S Novym Godom...so that's what you say when you wish someone a happy new year?" Shane pulled back. He wanted to look at Ilya as Ilya explained, because Ilya got this funny look on his face whenever Shane asked him anything about Russia or Russian. A soft kind of openness, a surprise, almost. As though nobody had ever bothered to ask him before.

"Well," Ilya said, with that sweet look in his eyes, "first, on New Year's Eve *day*, you say, 's nastupaeschim,' which means 'with the coming year' or something like this. Yes?"

Shane nodded, not having even a hope of ever pronouncing that correctly. "And then?"

"And then, at midnight, you say 's novym godom, s novym schastiem.'"

"Wait--"

"That means, like...congratulating someone with a new year and a new happiness," Ilya explained, his grin slightly sideways, hand flapping. "It's a whole thing."

"Is that..." Shane hesitated. Ilya had begun to share some things with him, but it still felt like trying to pry open a puzzle box with no idea which way to twist. He could feel Ilya keeping things back constantly, both big and small. But he wanted to *know*. "Is that what you would say to your family and stuff? When celebrating?"

Ilya nodded, jaw clenching a bit. "Yes. Every New Year's Eve, starting at about six o'clock, the phone would start to ring at home. Various relatives calling to wish us a happy new year." He also appeared to hesitate, then looked somewhere beyond Shane's shoulder. "My mom would make calls, too. To my grandparents, when they were still alive, her friends..."

"What was your favorite part of New Year's growing up?" Shane asked, picking up his champagne flute for a little bit of courage. New Year's Eve was never a big thing for his family. He barely ever got to stay up till midnight. But whenever Ilya so much as mentioned his childhood New Year's Eve celebrations, he sounded almost kid-like.

"Mmm...probably the presents. We'd always get presents for New Year's." Ilya smirked, running a single finger down Shane's arm, not meeting his gaze. "You know how it is when you're a kid... But..."

Shane waited, holding his breath. It took Ilya a while to continue.

"I loved when the table would be set, all these...fancy special foods, and my mom's special, what do you call...silverware?" Shane nodded. "Forks, knives...they were old family things, you know. Really beautiful. Antique, I guess." Ilya looked lost in his memories now, as though Shane wasn't even there, as though he wasn't in Shane's cottage at all. Shane didn't mind. He waited. "We would dim the lights so the tree would look special. My father..." He stopped, visibly swallowed. "That was the one night a year that he wasn't...difficult." Shane watched as Ilya reached for his own champagne flute, took a big swallow, lowered his hand. The flute looked delicate like this, precariously held between his thick, strong fingers. "He would take my mom's hand and they would dance around in the big room, wait, no...living room. We would all watch a New Year's movie...it was good." He ran a free hand over his face, as though coming back to the present. "Too much. Sorry."

"No," Shane said, leaning forward. "Please...tell me more. What movie?"

"Oh, an old Soviet movie about a guy who gets drunk on New Year's Eve and ends up on a plane to Leningrad instead of his friend..." Ilya laughed at what must have been a very confused look on Shane's face. "It's very funny, trust me. It's a classic."

Shane nodded, taking his word for it. "What else do you remember?"

Ilya pursed his lips in a thoughtful way. "The way lights on the tree would reflect in the big living room mirror...it made it...even nicer."

Shane felt a small smile tug on his lips. The idea of tiny Ilya being entranced by fairy lights... "It sounds magical," he managed.

Ilya gave him a shy smile, then nodded. "It was. It was really magical." He bit his lip and looked away. "Things changed after...you know." A silence. "No tree. We would still get presents, but it wasn't...good."

Shane wanted so much to reach through space and time and give twelve-year old Ilya a hug, take him away from it all. "I'm sorry," he said, feeling like it would never be enough.

Ilya shrugged. "This is good, though."

Shane felt a stupid smile appear on his face. "Yeah?"

Ilya swigged back the rest of his champagne and set the flute down, bringing Shane towards him. For a moment, Shane thought Ilya would kiss him, but instead, he pressed him close until Ilya's lips were by Shane's ear. "Thank you for asking," he whispered. Shane got the feeling that if Ilya had tried to speak normally, he would break. "It's hard to...hard to be away. But it would never be the same, anyway."

Shane thought he maybe understood that, however theoretically. "Yeah," he whispered back. Then added, "I want to know these things. So keep telling me."

He felt Ilya nod against him. "Keep asking me," he whispered.

Shane pulled back enough to catch Ilya's lips with his own. It still amazed him, like an anvil to the head, that they could do this. Could sit here, in his house, entirely private, surrounded by the quiet blanket of winter, and just be.

It was Ilya who tipped him backwards, bearing him down into the couch, blankets sliding off of them and landing on the floor with a soft whoosh. Ilya's hands always felt warm, no matter the temperature. Where he was exposing Shane's skin felt chilled, but as soon as he could feel a draft, Ilya's warm hands would cover him. He touched Shane everywhere--his chest, his stomach, the side of his neck. Shane loved Ilya's hands, loved the strength in them and the softness, whenever they met Shane's body. Even when Ilya was rough with him, he was soft. It was the strangest thing.

Ilya also covered him in kisses, where his hands couldn't be. Shane had been turned on even before they kissed, just being this close to Ilya and his scent, the warmth of his body, but now, he was panting for it.

Ilya made him wait. It was rare that they went slow, but this was glacial. Soft kiss after soft kiss, turning hotter and hotter as Ilya began to writhe with his own excitement. Slowly, incredibly slowly, he freed Shane from his pants, then took hold of his underwear with his teeth and grinned up at him before just as slowly trying to slide it down. It got stuck on his dick, of course, and Ilya snuffled out a laugh while Shane slapped the back of his head--lightly--but then, there Ilya went with more kisses: Shane's hipbones, treasure trail, the tops of his thighs.

"Ilya, come on--"

"No, no, do not rush this," Ilya mumbled, nosing against Shane's pubic hair. "I shall not be rushed."

"Shall," Shane mocked lightly. "Come on, you asshole...suck me off already."

"There will be no sucking until I say so," Ilya told him more firmly, then bit Shane's thigh before sucking on the skin there.

Shane cried out and clutched at Ilya's curls. "Ilya, *fuck*--"

Ilya kept on sucking, so hard, Shane saw stars. Shane's dick slapped against his belly, he was *dying* for it, but as soon as he reached for it himself, Ilya slapped away his hand. "No."

"Ugh, you're a monster," Shane panted, squeezing his hair.

"Sex monster," Ilya intoned, then grinned as their eyes met. "I like that."

Shane laughed before gasping as Ilya found another spot to bite and suck. "Why--"

"Is not my fault," Ilya told him once he pulled off. "Your thighs are too fucking sexy."

Shane flushed, laughing. "Shut the fuck up, that's--"

"True," Ilya said, then licked him from thigh to hip, inhaling deeply right next to Shane's dick, which strained towards him and was roundly ignored. Fucking hell. "Fuck..."

Things grew even quieter, for some reason, and all Shane could hear was his own heartbeat, like a drum inside his chest. "Ilya..."

Ilya mumbled something that sounded like "love" in Russian, which Shane could now pick out without help. He felt as though the room was holding its breath for them, maybe even the whole world. Then Ilya reared up and they were kissing, deep, hot kisses that took Shane's breath away. Ilya had a handful of Shane's hair in one hand, his ass in the other, and Shane thought he would come just from this, from the way Ilya was moving against him, the fabric of his pants slick against Shane's skin.

He pulled back long enough to say, "Forget the blowjob, just fuck me, please--"

Ilya didn't seem to need to be told twice. He looked unfocused as he shoved his own pants and underwear down, then rummaged through the coffee table drawer for the bottle of lube they kept there. He met Shane's gaze only when he had two slicked up fingers inside him, and Shane gasped and writhed, feeling filled to the brim already. He never needed much prep, but he was learning that Ilya loved to fingerfuck him. He squeezed around him, met his eye, and grinned. Ilya leaned down and caught his mouth in another biting kiss.

Finally, Ilya lined himself up and slid inside. It always felt like something settling inside Shane's chest, a coming together that stopped all breath and thought. They groaned in unison, Ilya starting to fuck him slow at first, then picking up speed. They breathed against each other into the silence, small hitches and gasps, until the sounds shifted to moans, small snatches of words that made no sense but that Shane always felt in his very toes.

Wind began to howl outside--a small part of Shane's breath that was still aware of the outside world remembered that they had been promised a New Year's Eve snowstorm--and still, they moved together, pleasure mounting and mounting until Shane was no longer Shane at all but a conduit of need and want.

Then Ilya kissed him and came with Shane's tongue against his own.

When Shane came, trembling, he felt his nails digging into Ilya's back over his shirt.

Their hearts beat in sync for a few wild moments, and then began to settle once more.

Ilya slumped over him and Shane held him for as long as Ilya seemed to need it.

*

"Five-- four-- three-- two-- one-- Happy New Year!"

Ilya was wearing a party hat for this, and Shane had a noisemaker, and together, they made as much noise as they wanted to. As Auld Lang Syne began playing on the TV, Shane leaned in and planted a smacking kiss on Ilya's lips. Ilya laughed against his mouth.

Once he pulled back, Shane made an attempt: "S...novym godom?"

Ilya's eyes lit up. "S novym godom, moy dorogoy."

"Wait! What does that mean, is that another way of saying happiness or something?" Shane asked.

Ilya's gaze softened and he reached for Shane's cheek, thumb stroking the skin there softly. "It means my darling," Ilya told him.

Shane thought he might melt right into the couch. "Say it again," he whispered.

Ilya did.

End Notes

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