

fortune favors the brave

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by [spiketheespiegel](#)

Summary

Unlike professional basketball or football, the NHL didn't have any games on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day. Shane wouldn't have minded if that wasn't the case— he loves playing hockey, and he loves seeing the Montreal fans in the festive spirit –but it's just as nice to have time off to spend with his family and friends.

And now, Ilya. His boyfriend. His... *lover*.

Notes

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Unlike professional basketball or football, the NHL didn't have any games on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day. Shane wouldn't have minded if that wasn't the case— he loves playing hockey, and he loves seeing the Montreal fans in the festive spirit —but it's just as nice to have time off to spend with his family and friends.

And now, Ilya. His boyfriend. His... *lover*.

Ugh. But that's what they are, really; as much as Shane still loathes the word, he and Ilya are more than just boyfriends. It's been nearly six months since his parents found out about them, and it's lifted a burden he hadn't realized had been weighing heavily on his shoulders. He knows that Ilya can tell what he's feeling, that Ilya feels a sense of relief too.

Not just tolerance, but acceptance.

Still riding the high of his team's win yesterday, Shane drives him and Ilya toward his cottage. Fresh snow falls from the sky, thickening the pure white blanket that already covers the ground. Golden light from the setting sun peeks through the barren maple trees that line either side of the winding road. Ilya hums tunelessly and brings his large hand to squeeze Shane's thigh. Shane has never been happier.

"What time are we meeting your parents tomorrow?" Ilya asks. His voice is gruff from the nap he took on the train ride. Shane is ashamed, though not at all surprised, that he feels his dick twitch in interest at the sound of it.

"Not until around four," Shane says, petting over Ilya's fingers before gripping the wheel again. "Dad does most of the cooking, but he likes everyone to be in the kitchen to spend time with each other anyway."

"Ah. We can stay up late then, no?"

Shane rolls his eyes. "*Zamolchi*."

Ilya pouts. “You’re learning Russian just to be mean to me.”

“*Da*,” Shane deadpans as he pulls into the driveway and parks.

Ilya laughs and sticks his tongue in Shane’s ear.

Shane squeals. Ilya takes advantage of his disgust to climb over the console and straddle him. He grinds down on Shane’s quickly-hardening dick and pulls him into a filthy kiss.

Shane moans as Ilya trails little love bites from his jaw to his collarbone. “We are not having car sex.”

“Technically, no. We are not.” Ilya smirks as he fondles Shane’s erection through his trousers.

“Ilya.”

“Shane.”

“I’m serious.”

Ilya stops his movements and searches Shane’s eyes. He nods, and gives him one more kiss, this time chaste and comforting. “Okay.”

“Not that I don’t want to,” Shane says quickly. “Just, um. The position I want to do would be easier on a bed.” He feels himself blush.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. “What naughty thoughts are you thinking, Hollander? Be careful, or Santa won’t bring you any presents tonight.”

Shane smiles and cups Ilya’s face. “Bah humbug.”

“Baa what?”

“...Nevermind.”

They don’t waste any time once they enter the cottage, stripping each other out of their clothes in between heated kisses. Ilya gets impatient, and practically rips Shane’s sweater off before lifting him in his arms and carrying him to the bedroom.

“Tell me your naughty thoughts,” Ilya purrs, crawling over Shane after tossing him on the bed.

Shane moans again when Ilya lazily strokes his cock. “I want to— *ah*, fuck. Want to suck you off while you eat me out. If, um, that’s okay.”

“Yes, sweetheart. Is *very* much okay.” Ilya lays on his back and pats his own face. “Take a seat.”

Shane is too horny and too in love to really be embarrassed at the command, so he does as he’s told. He shivers when Ilya reverently squeezes and kneads his ass. He’s murmuring something in Russian; Shane isn’t proficient enough to decipher it yet. Whatever it means, he doubts it’s something he’ll learn from his Russian tutor.

Shane gasps when Ilya pulls down on his thighs to make it so Shane is putting his whole weight on him. Ilya gets to work straight away, lapping and sucking at Shane’s twitching hole. Shane attempts to catch his breath, stroking himself a few times to take the edge off, and then curls forward to press a kiss to the tip of Ilya’s leaking cock. He smirks when he feels Ilya’s movements stutter, and from then on the competition is on.

It's nearly a tie, but Shane tips over the edge first. Stupid Ilya and his stupid tongue and his stupid fingers. (Sexy Ilya and his talented tongue and dexterous fingers.) Still shaking from his orgasm, Shane simply holds Ilya's cock in his mouth as far as he can muster, and pats Ilya's thigh to encourage him to fuck his face. Shane whines, another shockwave crashing over him, when Ilya finishes inside.

"Fuck, your mouth," Ilya says, panting.

"Yes, you did."

Ilya rolls his eyes and swats at Shane's ass. "Get up here, Hollander."

Shane doesn't need to be told twice. He lets Ilya manhandle him so that they're cuddling—Ilya's meaty thigh is draped over Shane's, and Shane's face is tucked into the crook of Ilya's neck.

Shane hums, closing his eyes as he presses a gentle kiss to Ilya's warm skin. "*Ya tebya lyublyu, Ilyusha.*" It's the first phrase in Russian Shane learned to say, and the one he says the most often.

Ilya cards his fingers through his hair. He sounds choked up the next time he speaks. "Your pronunciation has gotten very good."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Ilya kisses the top of his head. "I love you. My Shane."

"Yours," Shane agrees happily. He can already feel himself drifting off to sleep. A part of him wants to fight it, wants to stay awake so he can talk with Ilya some more and maybe go for a second round—

“Sleep, *Lyubov' moya*,” Ilya says, still stroking his hair.

“Mkay. Goodnight, Ilya.”

“Goodnight, Shane.”

With morning comes a fresh layer of snow. As Shane slowly wakes, he watches the snowflakes float around through the floor-length windows. He hears chickadees chirping, and the drumming of a distant woodpecker. It's so calm, so peaceful.

“Your dick is poking my ass.”

Shane snorts. “Sorry.”

Ilya turns over to face Shane. He cups his face and kisses him. “I do not blame you. I have a really great ass.”

Shane hums into their next kiss. “You really do.”

“You should fuck it sometime.”

Shane blinks at him. “You mean... You would want that?”

Ilya shrugs again, though there is a faint blush on his cheeks. “Sure, why not. Not today. But... someday.”

Shane kisses the mole on his cheek. “Someday.”

Ilya smiles at him. He kisses Shane deeply, holding him tightly in his muscular arms. “Merry Christmas, Hollander.”

“Merry Christmas, Rozanov.”

“So this is your mother’s recipe?” Shane asks. He’s rolling the dough for pierogi while Ilya makes the potato filling.

“*Da*,” Ilya nods. He sometimes slips back into Russian when speaking about his mother. Shane thinks it’s unbearably sweet. “She kept recipe cards. I found a box of them when she died and we were going through the estate. My father and brother did not want such a worthless thing.”

Shane wipes his hands off and hugs Ilya from behind as he works. “I’m glad you found them,” he says quietly, kissing Ilya’s ear. “And I’m grateful you’re sharing it with me.”

Ilya nods jerkily. “Me too.”

“You know, this sorta reminds me of the gyoza my grandma would make. My mom and I grew up pretty assimilated, but it was food that always made me feel connected to that part of my heritage.”

“Is that something you would like to know more about?”

“About what?”

“Your heritage.”

“Oh.” Shane hadn’t given it much thought, but now that he is, something seems to click.
“Yeah, actually. I’ve never even been to Japan.”

“Well, maybe next offseason you should plan a trip.”

“Yeah.” Shane watches over Ilya’s shoulder as he finishes making the filling. He kisses him on the cheek. “Thanks.”

“What for?”

“Just... thanks.”

As they approach Shane’s parents’ house, Ilya fidgets with the cross on his necklace. Shane reaches over and stills his hand, kissing the palm. “Don’t be nervous.”

Ilya rolls his eyes, though he’s holding the tinfoiled tray of pierogies with his other hand much too tightly. “Who says I’m nervous?”

Shane gives him a look.

Ilya sighs. “Okay, okay. Perhaps I have Pavlovian response to family gatherings. I do not have such a good track record.”

“That’s fair,” Shane concedes. He kisses Ilya’s hand again. “But try not to worry. My parents love you. Just think of this as another dinner. We’ve had loads of those with them.”

Ilya sighs. “Yeah. Okay.”

“I love you,” Shane reminds him. “If for whatever reason you need to go, we’ll go. My parents will understand.”

Ilya kisses him. “I love you.”

Shane smiles. “Ready?”

“Ready.”

Shane has always loved Christmas, but with Ilya there it feels *complete*.

Shane’s dad laughs at all of Ilya’s dumb jokes, and Shane’s mom appreciates Ilya’s astute knowledge of the hockey world. It’s a fun and comforting atmosphere– maybe except for when they mistakenly pair up the insanely competitive Yuna and Ilya as they play cards over dessert –and Shane feels full of good food and sublime love as the night winds down.

“He’s a good one,” David tells him when they’re alone in the living room. “A year ago I would have never imagined I said that, but it’s true.”

“Eight years ago, I would’ve thought the same thing.”

David laughs. He clinks his glass of mulled wine against Shane's. "I'm glad he's part of our family."

Shane nods silently, holding back tears. "Me too," he says eventually. They drink silently, watching the night sky and its shining stars sparkle through the windows. He nods at his dad's glass. "Want one more?"

"Sure, thanks."

Shane grabs both their glasses and heads back to the kitchen, where Yuna and Ilya are tidying up. He pauses near the doorway when he hears his name.

"I am aware that it will make things difficult for Shane and I— and for you and David. But I... I just think this is both what we want."

There is a pause before Yuna responds. "Have you discussed marriage with him?"

"Yes, as something we do when we retire. But..."

"But that could be a long time from now." Shane can practically hear the gears in his mother's intelligent mind working. "Well, it won't be easy exactly, but after what Scott did—it's not as hard as it appears. I mean, you two are the most valuable players of the league, so it'd be a horrible look for the NHL if they just decided to shun you for your personal lives—"

"Wait," Ilya interrupts. "Putting aside all the publicity and logistics... You... You would be okay if I asked Shane to marry me?"

There is a muffled sound, and a sob. "Oh, Ilya. You make Shane so happy. And you're our family now. *Of course* I'd be thrilled if you two got married."

Shane, dumbfounded, walks back to the living room.

“Hey!” David says in a teasing voice. “What happened to that refill?”

“Oh, uh. Right. I got distracted. Be right back.”

David gives him a look, but says nothing.

After Christmas dinner, Ilya and Shane lounge naked on the plush carpet near the crackling fireplace back in the cottage.

Shane kisses Ilya’s shoulder, then the crook of his elbow.

Ilya sighs, content. “What naughty thoughts are you thinking now, Hollander?”

“Nothing naughty this time,” Shane admits, kissing his forehead.

“Nice thoughts, then?” Ilya asks skeptically.

Shane smiles and nods. “Yeah.”

“Care to share?”

Shane shrugs. “Just that the cottage would make a nice venue.”

“For what?”

“For a small, intimate wedding.”

“Oh you little eavesdropping shit—”

Shane giggles when Ilya tackles him. “It’s a yes, by the way. Whenever you want.”

Ilya bites his nose. “What if I wanted to get married right this instant.”

“Might be hard to pull off. Unless you can convince a loon to officiate.”

“Fuck your Canadian wolf birds.” Ilya kisses him aggressively. “We will get married in the summer.”

“Is that so?”

“*Da.*”

Shane kisses the mole on Ilya’s cheek. “*Ktoh ni riskuyet, tot ni pyot shampanskava.*”

Ilya laughs. “Good thing we are brave.”

Shane flips them so that he can drape his bare body against Ilya’s. “Yeah. Good thing.”

End Notes

hello thanks for reading! some notes:

- i have read "game changer" and "heated rivalry" but not any other books yet in the series! i felt moved to write something though after the beautiful tv season finale

-please do let me know if the russian translations aren't accurate. in order here is what i was trying to say:

"zamolchi" = shut up

"Ya tebya lyublyu, Illyusha" = i love you, ilya (a version of ilya's name that is more of a petname)

"Lyubov' moya" = my love

"Kto ni riskuyet, tot ni pyot shampanskava" = a saying that means fortune favors the brave

- i relate to shane on some level as someone who is part asian but whose family assimilated so much that i barely have a connection to that part of my heritage. i am korean (like hudson! lol) so it's a bit different (for lots of significantly reasons lol), but you could easily substitute gyoza with mandu in this scenario, which has become a new holiday tradition as an adult <3

anyway i love this series <3

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