

Santa's Naughty List

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Santa's Naughty List

by [Inky89](#)

Summary

It's Ilya Rozanov's first Christmas with the Hollander family as Shane's boyfriend. Between festive fluff, stolen kisses, and a spicy mischief right in front of Elf on the Shelf (omg scandalous), Ilya realizes he's never felt this much at home before.

AKA

Lots of fluff, a little smut (including some light spanking for Shane), and then fluff again :P

Notes

Heyy ❤️

If you're curious what I was doing on Christmas Eve night — I was once again completely lost in Heated Rivalry and writing this oneshot ❤️ Please excuse (or enable) my obsession



Hope you've seen the tags! ❤️

Merry Christmas to everyone who celebrates, and happy holidays to the rest of you 🎄❤️
May this season bring you good food, cozy moments, and hockey exactly the way we like it
❤️

❤️ A huge thank you to my lovely beta reader, AlicefromtheNightmareland! ❤️❤️❤️

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

The snow-dusted highway stretched out before them long and pale, the wipers on Shane's car lazily swishing away random falling snowflakes. Shane gripped the steering wheel with one hand, the other tapping idly on the gear shift, while Ilya sat in the passenger seat, staring out at the passing evergreens.

The airport was already a good half-hour behind them, but the silence in the car had been comfortable—until Shane noticed Ilya mindlessly twisting his golden crucifix in between his fingers, a sign of anxiety that Shane had come to recognize over the years.

"Hey," Shane said softly, casting him a quick glance. "You okay? You've been quiet since we left the terminal."

Ilya sighed thoughtfully, his broad shoulders relaxing a little bit as he turned to face Shane. His light eyes watched Shane with some quiet tenderness.

"Is just... thinking. Your parents. I met them before, yes? But that was... quick. And they know about us now. Me as your boyfriend." He paused, rubbing the back of his neck. "Secret boyfriend," he added with a wry grin, though it didn't quite reach his eyes. "What if they change mind? Or I say something stupid?"

Shane chuckled, reaching over to squeeze Ilya's knee briefly before returning his hand to the wheel—safety first, even if the road was empty. "Ilya, come on. My parents are the best. They adore you. We've talked about this, you're family to them already." He threw one more warm glance around Ilya, adding, "And to me too."

Ilya nodded, but his gaze drifted back to the window. "Me too, but still. Long time since I last saw them. Nervous, maybe."

"You're Ilya Rozanov," Shane teased gently. "You face down goalies and crowds of screaming fans. My parents are nothing compared to that."

That earned him a genuine laugh. "Okay, okay. You win."

Shane's eyes flicked to the rearview mirror, where Ilya's massive suitcase loomed in the back seat, barely squeezed in after some creative maneuvering at the airport. "Speaking of winning... what the hell did you pack in that thing? It's enormous. I thought we were going to have to strap it to the roof."

Ilya smirked. "Gifts. For your parents, for you. And... one awful sweater. From Duty Free at the airport. You told your family has tradition—ugly Christmas sweaters. So I bought one. Very bad. Reindeer with... how you say? Blinking lamps? No, no lamps. But bad enough."

Shane's heart swelled, a soft warmth spreading through his chest. "Oh, you shouldn't have. That's... that's really sweet, Ilya." Without thinking, he reached over and grabbed Ilya's hand, lacing fingers together and giving Ilya a tender squeeze.

Ilya squeezed back, his thumb brushing over Shane's knuckles. "Sweet? No. Strategy. I think your sweater will be ugly, but mine? Uglier. I will win the contest. What is a prize? You tell me."

Shane burst out laughing, shaking his head. "Oh, is that how it is? Dream on, Rozanov. Mine has sequins and a Santa that's... anatomically questionable. You'll see. We'll vote after the Christmas dinner, and that voting is brutal."

"Brutal? Ha. I face brutal every game. Bring it in." Ilya leaned back, still holding Shane's hand, his grin wide now. "But if I win, you owe me... something nice. In bed, maybe."

Shane felt his cheeks heat, but he smiled. "Deal. But don't get too cocky—Hollanders play to win."

"Yeah, of course," Ilya teased back, "I haven't seen yet this 'play to win', only 'play to lose'."

Instead of an answer, Shane poked him under the ribs. Ilya poked back.

Shane squirmed, giggling, "Aaah, stop, I'm the driver."

"You? Driver?" Ilya asked with feigned innocence. "I thought these were two snails carrying this car today. Come on, press that pedal harder."

"Absolutely not!" Shane grinned, "Anyway, we're almost here."

The car crunched to a stop on the snow-covered driveway, the Hollander family home glowing with strings of twinkling lights draped over the porch rails.

Shane killed the engine and turned to Ilya with a grin. "Home sweet home. Ready?"

Ilya nodded, though his fingers tightened on the door handle. "Ready."

They bundled out, grabbing Ilya's massive suitcase from the back—Shane insisting on wheeling it up the path while Ilya carried the smaller bags. The front door swung open before they even reached the steps, revealing beaming Yuna Hollander with her dark hair pulled back in a ponytail. "There you are! Oh, boys, come in, come in—it's freezing out there!"

David followed right behind, tall and broad-shouldered like his son, wiping his hands on a dish towel. "Shane! Ilya! Welcome, welcome. Let me help with that beast of a bag."

Hugs were exchanged immediately—Yuna turning to Ilya with open arms. "Ilya, it's so good to see you again. You look wonderful. Come here!" She hugged him fiercely, and Ilya returned it with warmth, his cheeks flushing a bit under her maternal affection.

David clapped Ilya on the back after shaking his hand. "Good to have you. We've been looking forward to this."

Inside, the house was cozy and welcoming—a fire crackling in the living room fireplace, little Christmas decorations everywhere. Yuna ushered them toward the kitchen. "Hot cocoa first, marshmallows for everyone. You must be chilled to the bone after that drive."

As they settled around the island with steaming mugs, Ilya excused himself briefly to freshen up, returning moments later with his suitcase cracked open in the hallway. He pulled out the infamous ugly sweater and slipped it on over his shirt, striking a dramatic pose in the doorway. The garment portrayed a knitted reindeer with a glowing red nose that was actually a tiny LED lamp, the creature mid-swig from a beer bottle clutched in its hoof, its eyes crossed in drunken bliss, surrounded by scattered empty cans and a slogan that read "Rudolph's Wild Night."

Shane nearly choked on his cocoa, setting the mug down with a laugh. "Oh my God, Ilya. That's... that's next-level. Is that deer supposed to be an alcoholic? The nose lights up? Mom, Dad—look at this guy."

Ilya grinned, flicking the nose on and off. "What? You say ugly sweater. This is ugly and fun. Reindeer parties too hard."

Yuna burst into giggles, covering her mouth. "It's perfect! But honestly, boys, David's is still the ugliest. Come on, David—show them."

David, who had been quietly sipping his drink, grinned, stood up, and unbuttoned his blazer to reveal a sweater featuring a jolly snowman with carrot noses in... questionable places. "Hey, this is a classic. Won the neighborhood contest three years running."

Shane pointed at his own sweater, Santa Claus without pants, ho-ho-ho-ing with an enormous Christmas tree, shaped like a dick, sprouting from his lap, complete with two little red dangling balls that swung as he moved. "Please. Mine's the best this year. Look at this tree—it's basically saying 'Merry Christmas, here's my big shlong.'"

"Shane!" Yuna scolded through her laughter, swatting his arm playfully. "Language! But Ilya's might give you a run for your money. That poor reindeer looks like he needs an intervention."

Ilya sidled up to Shane, bumping their shoulders together. "Your Santa looks happy. Too happy. Tree very... big. Compensating?"

Shane elbowed him back, grinning. "Hey, watch it. At least my sweater doesn't promote reindeer alcoholism."

David chuckled, raising his mug. "Alright, alright. We'll judge later. For now, come help with the tree—we just started decorating. Didn't have time earlier yet."

They migrated to the living room, where a fresh evergreen stood half-adorned in the corner, boxes of ornaments scattered around. Yuna handed out strands of lights and baubles. "Shane, you and Ilya can do the top branches. David, garland duty."

Ilya gave a teasing side eye at Shane, and when caught his confused gaze, turned to Yuna. "So, got any stories about baby Shane?"

"What? Nooo!" Shane groaned, rolling his eyes, "Mom! Don't you dare!"

Yuna, hanging a string of popcorn, laughed, totally ignoring her son's protests. "Oh, Ilya, you should have seen Shane as a kid. One year, he must have been six, he couldn't wait for Santa. Sneaked downstairs at midnight, ate all the cookies we'd left out, drank the milk, even nibbled on the carrot for the reindeer. Then, bold as brass, he comes upstairs the next morning and swears up and down that Santa did it all. 'Mom, Dad, Santa was so hungry!' We found crumbs in his bed."

Shane groaned, facepalming as he looped lights around a branch. "Mom! Not this story again. I thought I was a mastermind."

Ilya snorted, his eyes sparkling with amusement as he handed Shane another ornament. "Mastermind? Sounds like a thief. Little Shane, naughty boy." He leaned to Shane, whispering, "Still naughty, by the way."

Shane cast him an undignified look, a slight blush creeping up his cheeks.

Yuna nodded sagely, her smile fond. "Exactly. And ever since then, we've had our Elf on the Shelf to keep an eye on things." She pointed to the mantel, where a small, rosy-cheeked elf doll perched with wide eyes, dressed in red, looking innocently mischievous. "He's our family tradition—sits there watching the naughty ones, making sure no one steals snacks or misbehaves. Reports back to Santa every night."

David chimed in, adjusting the elf's hat. "Yeah, moves around sometimes, too. One morning you'll find him in the kitchen, guarding the cookie jar."

Ilya leaned in to inspect the elf, his lips twitching. "Ah, spy elf. In Russia, we have Ded Moroz instead of Santa, but no tiny watcher. This is... cute. But too late for Shane, right? Already on the Naughty List. Cookie thief."

Shane mock-glared, tossing a soft foam snowflake at Ilya. "Me? Please. You're the one with the alcoholic reindeer sweater. Santa's probably got a whole file on you—'Ilya Rozanov: Bad influence.' You're top of the Naughty List, buddy."

Ilya caught the snowflake and lobbed it back, grinning wickedly. "No, no. I'm good. You? Stealing from Santa? Coal for you. I get all the presents."

Yuna smirked, "I don't know, guys, you both look naughty to me, let's see what Santa tells about you this year."

The Christmas tree was nearly complete, its branches heavy with a colorful array of ornaments and strands of twinkling lights. The group stepped back to admire their handiwork, the elf on the mantel seeming to approve with its unchanging smile.

Yuna clapped her hands together. "Almost perfect! But wait, I have something special. Shane and I went shopping the other day and found these. Thought they'd make a nice addition, especially with you here, Ilya."

She rummaged in a nearby shopping bag, pulling out a small collection of ornaments wrapped in tissue paper. Unwrapping them one by one, she held them up to Ilya: a set of

miniature matryoshka dolls on strings; a delicate glass replica of a Fabergé egg; and a wooden troika sleigh pulled by three prancing horses, complete with bells that jingled softly when shaken.

"Russian-themed! We saw them in this little boutique downtown and couldn't resist. Shane picked out the matryoshka ones—he said they'd remind you of home."

Ilya's breath caught. He took the matryoshka ornament gently, turning it over in his large palms, his expression softening into something vulnerable and warm.

"This... this is... thank you. Very much." His voice came out tighter, as he blinked the sudden sting away from his eyes. "Matryoshka. Like my babushka (grandmother) had."

Shane sidled closer, slipping an arm around Ilya's waist in a subtle, supportive squeeze that his parents politely ignored. "Yeah, I thought you'd like them. And hey, I have something else to tell you..." He leaned in. "S Rozhdestvom i s Novym Godom. (Merry Christmas and Happy New Year)."

Ilya's eyes widened in surprise and then glistened suspiciously. Shane's accent was atrocious, but the effort hit Ilya straight to the heart. "You... you learned this? For me?"

Shane shrugged, cheeks pinkening, but his grin was proud. "Yeah, I learned Russian a bit lately... Did I butcher it?"

"No. Perfect," Ilya murmured, pulling Shane into a quick, fierce hug that had Yuna cooing softly and David clearing his throat with a chuckle. Ilya released him, composing himself with a deep breath. "Okay. Let's put them on the tree."

They did, finding prime spots near the top. The tree felt even more complete now, Ilya paused, actually admiring it.

As they finished, Yuna tilted her head curiously, looping her arm through David's. "Ilya, tell us— what are Christmas traditions like in Russia? We don't know much beyond what we've seen in movies."

Ilya leaned against the couch, crossing his arms with a thoughtful hum. "In Russia, Christmas is... quiet. Orthodox, January 7th. But we celebrate the New Year big. Like Christmas here. Tree, fireworks, gifts from Ded Moroz, I mean—Grandfather Frost." He smiled faintly, Shane half hugged him by the shoulders pulling him closer. "When I was small, my mom... she took me skating every year. City center, big rink with lights. Moscow was always cold, but we went. She held my hand, taught me spin. I fell a lot, but laughed. And always, hot tea after."

Yuna's face softened. "That sounds wonderful. Your mom would be so proud of you now."

Ilya nodded, smiling thoughtfully. "Yes. And food always. One thing, we make in Russia every New Year: Olivier salad. We make it together. Potatoes, carrots, peas... chop, mix. Tradition."

"Olivier salad?" Shane echoed, intrigued. "What's in it? Sounds delicious."

Ilya ticked off the ingredients on his fingers. "Boiled potatoes, carrots, eggs. Green peas from a can. Pickles. Also, sausage or chicken. Onion, maybe. All dice small. Mix with mayonnaise. Salt, pepper. Simple, but... home."

Yuna's eyes lit up, glancing toward the kitchen. "Oh, great! We have everything for that. David restocked yesterday." She turned to the group. "What do you say we make it? Could be our new tradition—Russian-Canadian fusion Christmas."

Shane jumped in immediately, his hand finding Ilya's again with a squeeze. "Yes! Absolutely. We do this, definitely. Ilya can show us how it's done."

Ilya blinked, overwhelmed once more, his throat tightening as he looked around at the eager faces. Shane's family, his family now, in a way, embracing pieces of his world without hesitation. It was more than he'd expected, more than he knew how to handle sometimes.

"Okay," he said softly. "Let's make it. Thank you."

An hour later, the Olivier salad was underway, Ilya and Shane busied with cooking while Yuna and David worked on the gingerbread cookies.

"Chop smaller," Ilya instructed, demonstrating with swift knife work on an onion. "Like this, not big chunks. Or it's not Olivier, it's potato stew."

Shane rolled his eyes but complied, dicing a carrot. "Bossy much? I thought this was a team effort. You're treating me like a rookie."

Ilya smirked, bumping Shane's hip with his own as he reached for the peas. "You are a rookie in the kitchen. I saw you burn toast once."

"That was one time! And it was your fault—distracting me with... you know." Shane glanced toward his parents, who were pretending not to hear.

Ilya laughed, as he mixed the mayo into the growing bowl of chopped veggies and sausage. "Distract? Me? Never. This salad is for Christmas Eve tonight, and tomorrow's dinner. Big batch. Your family eats a lot?"

"Yeah, we do. Especially with you around now—I've seen your appetite after games. You'd eat the whole rink if it was edible." Shane leaned in, glancing from behind Ilya's shoulder, "But seriously, this looks amazing."

"Good. I will make you try real food." Then, with a wink, Ilya added, "Not just your usual hay."

Shane gasped in mock offense. "Hey, this hay is my treasure. Don't knock it till you've tried it."

"Sounds like what you eat when you lose a bet." Ilya scooped a spoonful of the nearly finished salad and held it out to Shane. "Taste. Better than hay."

Shane took the bite, chewing thoughtfully before nodding. "Okay, fine. This is killer. But don't let it go to your head—you're already cocky enough on the ice."

Ilya grinned triumphantly. "See? I am winning again. Like always against you."

"Oh, please. Last game, who scored the winning goal? Me. You were too busy admiring my ass— uh, I mean, my assists." Shane waggled his eyebrows, earning a playful shove from Ilya.

"Assists? Ha. You mean accidents. And your ass? Overrated. Mine better." Ilya flexed dramatically, nearly spilling the peas, which had Shane doubling over in laughter.

Yuna cleared her throat loudly, her eyes amused. "Boys, focus! Salad first, flirting later."

As the salad was covered and tucked into the fridge to chill, a timer dinged from the oven, filling the air with the spicy-sweet scent of cookies. Yuna slipped on mitts and pulled out two trays of fresh gingerbread cookies, golden-brown and perfectly shaped. "Perfect timing! I made these hockey-themed, of course. Sticks, pucks, little players, even a Zamboni or two. Thought we'd decorate them while the salad sets."

The group gathered around the kitchen table, now cleared and set with bowls of icing in red, white, green, and blue, along with sprinkles, candy eyes, and edible glitter. David claimed a Zamboni cookie, piping on careful tire tracks, while Yuna turned a hockey stick into a candy cane.

Ilya selected a handful of the little hockey player shapes—gingerbread men with tiny skates and helmets molded in—and got to work with the icing, his tongue poking out in concentration. But instead of serious designs, he gave them exaggerated goofy faces: crossed eyes, lolling tongues, wobbly smiles that looked more dazed than determined.

"Look," he said, holding one up for inspection. "Little Shane. After I check him into the boards."

Shane snorted, peering at the cookie with feigned indignation. "Excuse me? That looks nothing like me. My face doesn't do that... whatever that is. Goofy grin? That's you after you miss a shot."

Ilya added comically uneven candy eyes, making the cookie look even sillier. "No, no. This is you. 'Oh, Ilya, you so strong—bam!' Faceplant." He mimed a dramatic fall, nearly knocking over a sprinkle jar.

Yuna giggled, decorating her own player with a neat jersey. "Boys, play nice. Though I have to say, Ilya, that does capture Shane's 'oops' face from when he was learning to skate. Remember, David? The pond incident?"

David chuckled. "How could I forget? Slipped right on his butt, arms flailing like a windmill, and rolled for like five times."

Shane groaned, then tightened his lips in a pout, snatched a cookie, and started icing a rival player—tall, broad-shouldered, with a mischievous smirk piped on. "Fine. Then this is little Ilya. Cocky Russian, thinking he's the king of the rink. Look, I even gave him a beer like your reindeer sweater."

Ilya leaned over, inspecting it with a raised eyebrow. "Beer? No. Should have been vodka. But face is wrong—mine is more handsome."

"Handsome? Please. This is accurate—smug grin, ego the size of Moscow." Shane dotted on some sprinkles for hair, making it wild and unkempt. "And look, I added a little crown. King of the penalties, maybe."

Ilya snatched the cookie, biting its head off. "Penalties? You mean power plays where I score on you. Easy." He piped a tiny hockey stick on his 'Shane' cookie, but made it bent and broken. "Your stick after I block shot. Weak."

Shane retaliated by adding a goofy grimace on another Ilya cookie. "Here you go, just like in real life. Face it, you're gingerbread, I'm the icing on top."

Ilya looked at him, feigning shock, "How could you? You. Of all people." He pouted and drew a chicken instead of a stick on another Shane cookie. "Here. Silly Shane uses a hen instead of a stick." Ilya smirked, showing his tongue to Shane. "And who is the smartest now, huh?"

Shane growled, "Ughh, this means war, you know," and threw a hockey stick cookie at Ilya.

Ilya caught it easily and then pounced on Shane, tickling his sides, "War? Is it so funny to you? Funny?"

Shane yelped, doubling over from laughter and trying to get out of the firm embrace Ilya was holding him in. "I will— I will— Revenge!" He gasped between fits of laughter.

"Boys, boys," Yuna intervened, chuckling. "Last warning."

"It's all his fault," Shane gasped, laughing.

"No, no, it's on him," Ilya rasped, continuing his tickling torture.

"How I always told Shane and his friends—I don't care who started it, I will finish," Yuna playfully wagged a finger at them.

"Yuna, boys are just boys," David chimed in. "Remember when we were the same?" he grinned, suddenly making a tickling attack on his wife, which earned him a few slaps of the towel on the arm and Yuna's happy laughter.

The rest of the evening slipped by the same way—easy and warm, full of food, a chaotic game of Yahtzee, and the kind of banter that never really stopped, just made Shane and Ilya exchange playful, tender gazes, almost sad they weren't alone and couldn't kiss each other into the floor.

The night crept in quietly, Shane's parents saying warm 'good nights' and leaving guys on their own. Shane's childhood room was a time capsule of sorts—posters of hockey legends on the walls, a shelf lined with dusty trophies, and a twin bed that suddenly felt comically small for two grown NHL players.

They had changed into pajamas, Shane in soft flannel pants and a faded team tee, Ilya in loose sweats that hung low on his hips. Both were now lounging on the bed.

Ilya propped himself up on one elbow, his eyes mischievously roaming the room before settling on Shane. "So... this is your old room. Brought many people here? To... you know. Fuck."

Shane's eyes widened, a flush creeping up his cheeks as he swatted Ilya's arm. "Nooo! Why would you even ask that? This is my parents' house, Ilya. I was a kid here. Teenager, sure, but... no. Nobody."

Ilya grinned, rolling closer until his lips nearly touched Shane's. "Good. So I will be the first. Historic moment, Rozanov claims territory."

Shane laughed, somewhat embarrassed as usual when Ilya was so blunt, his hand pushing lightly at Ilya's chest. "Oh my God, stop. My parents are like, right down the hall. We can't —"

"Can't what?" Ilya teased, his fingers tracing lazy circles on Shane's thigh. "Be quiet? Or be fun? Come on, Hollander. You're not a virgin. We've done this before."

"Yeah, when we were alone! Not here. It's... weird. What if they hear something?" Shane whispered heatedly, though his body betrayed him, cock twitching lightly, as Ilya cupped it and rubbed gently.

Ilya chuckled, giving him more gentle rubs. "Hear what? You moaning my name? Or bed creaking? Is big house. They're far. Relax."

Before Shane could retort, Ilya sat up suddenly. "Actually... I want more cookies. Those gingerbread. Your mom makes very good."

Shane groaned, flopping back against the pillows. "Now? It's midnight. And if you go sneaking around, the Elf on the Shelf is gonna add you straight to the Naughty List. No cookies for bad boys."

Ilya's eyes lit up. "Naughty List? Challenge accepted." He slipped out of bed, padding barefoot silently to the door. "Be right back. Don't miss me too much."

Shane watched him go, shaking his head with a fond smile. Minutes ticked by, and just as Shane was about to get up and check, the door creaked open again. Ilya returned, a plate of gingerbread cookies balanced in one hand... and the Elf on the Shelf clutched in the other.

"What the—? Ilya, why'd you bring *that*?" Shane hissed, sitting up as Ilya kicked the door shut and set the plate on the nightstand.

Chewing on a cookie, Ilya placed the elf on the dresser across from the bed, positioning it to face them with its wide, unblinking eyes. "For fun. He watches naughty ones, yes? So... I dare you. Be naughty. Right here, under elf eyes."

Shane's jaw dropped. "What? Nooo! That's creepy. Put it back!"

But Ilya was already unstoppable, his grin widening as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his sweats fully determined to perform a little striptease. He muttered some filthy melody under his breath, slowly and teasingly swaying his hips, as he pushed pants and boxers down, revealing inch after inch of his ass to Shane. He arched his back, shaking his ass a few times, then stepped out of the clothes, pooling on the floor.

"Come on, Shane. You like the show? Or you're scared to be on the Naughty List?"

Shane's protest died in his throat, his gaze glued to Ilya, heat pooling low in his stomach. "Ilya... what if my parents hear? The house isn't that big."

Ilya stepped closer, still swaying in his teasing dance. "Parents are on the other side of this enormous house. They sleep. Won't hear if you scream." He paused, tilting his head with a smirk. "Or... are you afraid of the elf? Little doll scares big hockey player?"

Shane swallowed hard. "I'm not afraid. It's just... weird."

Ilya closed the distance, pulling Shane up by the hand and into a deep kiss, tongue sliding in Shane's mouth, claiming him, caressing and diligently licking from inside. Breaking away, Ilya murmured against Shane's lips, "Don't worry. If you're naughty, I spank you myself. Elf won't need to report to Santa, why punish twice? Let me handle."

"What? Spanking? No way," Shane feigned a protest, wriggling off from under Ilya.

Ilya tried to flip him onto his back, and Shane pushed back playfully, twisting in his grip with a grin. "Oh no, you don't—I'm not going down that easy, Rozanov."

Ilya's eyes sparkled. "Wanna bet, Hollander?"

He quickly hooked an arm around Shane's waist and tackled him gently onto the bed, their bodies tangling in a mock wrestling match. Their giggles muffled against shoulders and necks as they grappled, Shane's legs kicking out while Ilya pinned his arms.

"Got you, brat," Ilya growled, his weight pressing Shane into the mattress.

"Nah-ah," Shane bucked his hips, using the momentum to roll them sideways—only for Ilya to counter, flipping Shane over his lap in one move. Shane landed with a surprised huff, draped across Ilya's lap, his chest against the bed, and his ass slightly elevated.

"Ilya—what the—?" Shane started, half-laughing, half-protesting, but his words cut off as Ilya firmly placed his hand on the middle of his ass, pinning him in place.

"Time for punishment," Ilya murmured.

"Ilya—wait—"

"Too late, Shane," Ilya replied in his husky voice full of an accent. "Tsk tsk. You were naughty. Elf's watching. Santa is already disappointed."

Shane squirmed, face buried in the pillow. "This is ridiculous—"

Ilya didn't let him finish. Shane's flannel pajama pants rode low on his hips already; Ilya hooked two fingers into the waistband and tugged them down slowly, exposing Shane's ass inch by tantalizing inch.

Shane squirmed, cock already hard and pressing against Ilya's leg. "Fuck—Ilya—" He could feel Ilya's hardness pressing against his stomach.

"Fuck, you're hard," Shane breathed, shifting slightly to grind against it, drawing a groan from Ilya.

"You too," Ilya shot back, his palm smoothing over Shane's skin, feeling the twitch of Shane's cock trapped against his thigh. "See? Naughty boy, you need a lesson."

"No, I don't," Shane tried to retort weakly, arousal clouding his head.

"Shh." Ilya rubbed his naked skin some more, then brought his hand down in a firm smack.

Shane gasped and jolted, stinging sensation throbbing in his buttcheek. "Hey!"

"Bad Shane," Ilya scolded mockingly, his tone stern but with a hidden amusement as he delivered another spank on the other side, watching the skin pinken. "Stealing cookies as a kid. Teasing me all day. Wearing that stupid Santa sweater—all sexy and hot—making me want you. Naughty, naughty."

Each phrase was punctuated by a gentle slap, making Shane squirm, arousal spiking with every teasing reprimand, making his pulse race. "Ilya—fuck—that's... not fair," Shane managed, hips rocking against Ilya's leg for friction.

"Not fair?" Ilya echoed, his hand pausing to rub soothing circles over the warmed skin, fingers dipping teasingly lower, brushing the sensitive crease. "You like it. Feel you, so hard for me. Want more? Say 'please', naughty."

"Please? Fuck off," Shane sassed and immediately muffled his yelp as another smack landed on his underbutt.

"What a language, tsk tsk tsk," Ilya shook his head. "Look at you, so naughty. Elf knows."

Shane twisted his head to glance at the dresser where the Elf on the Shelf sat, unblinking. "You're insane," he hissed, for some reason blushing even deeper from embarrassment.

Ilya delivered one more spank on the underbutt, then rubbed the spot immediately after, palm soothing the heat. "Naughty boy," he murmured. "Sneaking around. Kissing in childhood bed. Trying to be quiet when you want to scream my name."

One more spank, and Shane realized he was leaking precome on Ilya's leg, his ass throbbing from the spanking. He bit his lip, trying not to moan too loud.

Ilya leaned down, whispering into Shane's ear. "You like this, hm? Little elf watching, parents sleeping, and you getting spanked on a bare bottom like a bad boy." Another swat—sharper this time—then a filthy squeeze of the stinging flesh, Ilya stealing a glance at the puckering hole. "Should be ashamed. But you are not. You're harder every time I say naughty."

"Shut up," Shane barely managed, but he pushed back into Ilya's hand, trying to get more of him.

Ilya chuckled, clearly pleased with himself. "No. You like it when I scold you. Make you behave." He delivered three quick swats, each one punctuated by a teasing word. "Naughty. Bad. Shane."

Shane's whole body was on fire with arousal now, cock slick in precome, throbbing painfully against Ilya's thigh. He could feel Ilya's arousal too, the way his cock twitched every time Shane squirmed. Ilya's breathing had gone ragged, heavy from desire.

"You're enjoying this too much," Shane rasped. "Pervert."

Ilya laughed and spanked him again—sharper this time, arousal making Shane's toes curl. "Me? You're the one humping my leg like a desperate puppy. Naughty, naughty." He punctuated each word with a lighter smack, alternating sides.

Shane's hips rocked forward again. "Ilya—fuck—"

"See?" Ilya rubbed his ass. "Even harder now." Another firm smack, then a slow, teasing caress that had Shane trembling. "Elf is going to tell Santa a-a-a-all about this. But don't worry—I punished you enough tonight."

One last firm swat, then Ilya's palm stayed, rubbing slow circles over the warm, pink skin. "Okay, now you're a good boy," he murmured, softer now. "So good for me. Even when naughty."

Shane let out a broken laugh-moan, burying his face deeper into the pillow.

Ilya's grip shifted; he gently flipped Shane, pulling him up until Shane was straddling his lap on the edge of the bed. Off went Shane's shirt. Their mouths hungrily met again in a sloppy kiss, tongues sliding in deep. Ilya's fingers tugged Shane's hair to tilt his head to the side, Ilya breaking the kiss to leave a trail of kisses on Shane's exposed neck. Shane moaned, hands roaming over Ilya's chest.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane gasped when they broke for air, his forehead pressed to Ilya's.

Ilya nipped at Shane's lower lip. "Yeah. Fuck."

Ilya wrapped a hand around Shane's cock, stroking slowly, smearing precome along the length. "You are so ready. From spanking? Dirty boy."

Shane bucked into the touch, biting back a whine. "Your fault. Always your fault." Shane wrapped his hand around Ilya's erection, matching Ilya's rhythm, feeling it pulse in his grip.

They stroked each other like that for a moment, kisses turning even sloppier. Ilya reached blindly for the nightstand, where he'd stashed a small bottle of lube earlier—always prepared, even in Shane's childhood room. He slicked his fingers.

"Shh," Ilya murmured against Shane's neck, sucking a mark just below his collarbone as he nudged Shane's thighs wider. "Quiet now. Parents sleeping." One slick finger circled Shane's entrance, teasing the rim before pressing in slowly. Shane tensed for a second, then relaxed with a shuddering breath, pushing back onto it.

"God—yes," Shane whispered, burying his face in Ilya's shoulder to muffle the sounds. Ilya worked him open methodically, adding a second finger after a few thrusts, scissoring gently, curling to brush that spot that made Shane's toes curl and his cock leak steadily against Ilya's abs.

"You're tight," Ilya groaned softly, free hand stroking Shane's back in soothing circles. "Feel good? Want more?"

Shane nodded frantically, rocking down onto the fingers. "More. Please. Fuck me, Ilya."

Ilya withdrew his fingers, slicking himself up quickly before guiding Shane higher. "Slow," he whispered, positioning the head of his cock at Shane's entrance. Shane sank down inch by inch, biting his lip hard to stifle the moan as Ilya filled him, until he was seated fully.

They stilled for a heartbeat, adjusting, foreheads pressed together. Then Shane started to move, lifting and dropping in a steady rhythm, hands braced on Ilya's shoulders. Ilya thrust up to meet him, careful not to let the bed creak too much, his hands gripping Shane's hips hard enough to leave faint marks.

"Fuck—yes, like that," Shane panted in a whisper, eyes locked on Ilya's. The elf stared from the dresser, but it only added to the thrill now.

Ilya's pace quickened, one hand sliding between them to stroke Shane in time with their movements. "Come for me," he urged. "Quiet, but come."

It didn't take long—Shane got his orgasm first, spilling over Ilya's hand with a choked gasp, body clenching tight. Ilya followed moments later, burying deep with a low groan muffled against Shane's neck, washing his inner walls hot and deep.

They collapsed together, tangled and sated, Ilya pulling Shane close under the covers. "Best Christmas," Ilya murmured, kissing his temple.

Shane chuckled weakly. "Yeah. Naughty list for life."

The elf watched on, but neither minded.

Morning came with stray rays of sunshine filtering through the windows and right on the pillows. Shane woke first, warm and sore in all the right places, Ilya's arm slung heavy across his waist. The Elf on the Shelf was no longer on the dresser, since Ilya returned it to the living room at night, not to look super suspicious in front of Shane's parents.

Shane snorted quietly, nudging Ilya awake. "Look. Our spy disappeared."

Ilya cracked one eye open, then grinned. "He ran to Santa to tell on you."

"On me? No, on you!"

"Pff, I was good all year."

They took a shower, then dressed quickly, stealing lazy kisses before slipping downstairs, where the smell of coffee and cinnamon rolls already filled the kitchen. Yuna was at the counter, pouring orange juice, when she glanced toward the living room and froze.

"The elf..." she said, tilting her head. "He was on the mantel last night. How did he get to the bookshelf?"

Shane and Ilya exchanged a look, then both burst into muffled snickers, shoulders shaking. Yuna turned, eyes narrowing playfully.

"And look at this," she continued, lifting the plate of leftover gingerbread cookies from the counter. Half of the cookies went missing. "Someone raided the cookies at night. Elf is gonna report you both to Santa, you know."

Ilya leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, smirking. "Maybe only me. Shane won't be punished the second time."

Yuna blinked, confused. "What?"

"Ilya!" Shane hissed as his face went instantly scarlet, ears burning. "Nevermind this moron, Mom."

Ilya's smirk widened into a full grin.

Yuna's eyes darted between them, realization dawning. She covered her mouth with one hand, chuckling. "Oh my god. You two are impossible."

David wandered in from the garage, oblivious, carrying a fresh armload of firewood. "What'd I miss?"

"Nothing," Shane muttered, still red.

"Everything," Ilya corrected cheerfully.

Breakfast was quick—cinnamon rolls, coffee, more Olivier salad—and then they moved to the living room for presents.

Under the tree, the Russian-themed ornaments caught the light as Yuna handed out gifts.

Yuna gave Ilya a soft, hand-knitted scarf in his hockey team colors and a small silver keychain shaped like a hockey stick engraved with "Family" on one side. Ilya's voice went raw as he thanked her.

David gave both boys matching engraved leather wallets, simple but sturdy, with their initials.

Shane gave Ilya a sleek black box containing a hockey puck with a date engraved. When Ilya raised confused eyes at him, Shane sheepishly explained, "It is from the All-Stars game, when we finally played together, you kissed me on the rink, and later we...talked."

Understanding came to Ilya immediately, recalling their first game together and that one conversation that followed, when they started calling each other by first names. Ilya touched it like it was made of glass, eyes suspiciously shiny. He hugged Shane, pulling him closer with almost all the force that he had.

"And you kept it so long in secret?"

"Well, then it wouldn't be a surprise Christmas present."

Despite parents present, they kissed quickly, innocently, faces burning from embarrassment—they weren't used to doing this in front of any soul alive.

Ilya's gifts were thoughtful and a little ridiculous in the best way. For Yuna, a beautiful set of gigantic nesting matryoshka dolls painted as a hockey family: the largest was a goalie dad, then a forward mom, and the tiniest ones were baby skaters. For David, a bottle of aged Russian vodka.

For Shane, Ilya pulled out a flat, wrapped package. Inside was a framed photograph—their selfie taken on stage when they were asked to present awards for Major League. Two goofy guys in tuxedos smiling right into the camera in front of a crowd that had no idea they weren't simple rivals.

Shane's eyes widened, "Is it *that one* selfie? And you still keep it around?"

Ilya shrugged, somewhat shy, "Sure, why not? Thought it is going to look good in your cottage."

Shane's breath caught. He pulled Ilya into a fierce hug right there, not caring that his parents were watching with warm smiles.

After breakfast, they bundled up and headed outside into the fresh snow. The backyard was perfect, all covered in knee-deep snow. Snowballs flew almost immediately, David and Yuna teaming up against the boys at first, then dissolving into chaos as Shane and Ilya turned on each other.

Shane launched a perfect shot that caught Ilya square in the chest. Ilya retaliated with a handful straight to Shane's face. Laughing, Shane tackled him backward into a deep drift, both of them going down in a tangle of limbs.

They landed with Shane on top, breathless, cheeks flushed. Ilya looked up at him, his usual grin softening, and stole a quick kiss.

Giggling, Shane shifted, so they lay side by side in the snow, arms and legs sweeping out to make matching snow angels. Their hands found each other in the middle, fingers lacing tight.

Ilya stared up at the pale winter sky, flakes drifting down onto his face, melting against warm skin.

"Nakonec ya doma. (Finally, I am home)," he murmured, so quietly Shane almost missed it.

Shane squeezed his hand, Russian lessons he took paying off. "Yeah. You are."

The snow kept falling, and somewhere inside, the elf sat smugly on the bookshelf, keeping all their secrets.

End Notes

Thanks for reading ❤️

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