

A Very Hollander Christmas.

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A Very Hollander Christmas.

by [bearprofessor](#)

Summary

Ilya was never the biggest fan of Christmas presents, since it was always a competition of how much money you could spend on proving you loved each other more. When Ilya and Shane (and Anya) start to spend Christmas Day with Shane's very sentimental gift-giving parents, Ilya changes his mind about gifts in general. Typical fluff ensues.

Notes

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

Amongst everything that had been happening, Ilya was grateful that hockey players were granted a guaranteed break for Christmas, enough time to enjoy time with the people he cared about. As always, he and Shane had been offered a place at his parent's table - and the pair could stay at Shane's cottage just down the road.

Ilya had realised very quickly that the Hollander's, as wealthy as they were, were more sentimental in their gifts than his family had ever been. It made sense, when a few years ago he had asked Shane to explain what was important to them, he'd said;

"Well, we have enough to buy what we want - so we try and get things that mean something, stuff that we wouldn't think to buy for ourselves." Shane was cuddled up on the sofa with Ilya, watching a random Hallmark romance movie that functioned predominantly as snowflake-covered background noise, "Like, a few years ago, my Mom got me a scrapbook with all of my mentions in the newspaper that she'd been saving since I was young, like 9 years old young."

There was a pause in their conversation, the music swelled in the background as the groundskeeper's son realised he was about to lose the heiress to an arranged marriage - or something like that - Ilya swore to Shane the story was boring and he wasn't paying attention. About the presents, it made him think, of course you'd get things that matter to you, of course it was another way to show you've been thinking of them. Of course they made an effort to know who you are. Ilya was grateful that this was his family too now.

He hadn't been the best with the whole gift-giving thing, but this year he wanted to prove to them and himself that he was capable of grand gestures.

So, he hatched a plan. A multi-stage, heist-worthy plan.

The longest, and riskiest part of it all was where he started. Anya was still at an age where training took a little longer - she kept getting distracted by all the shiny new lights in the house. It was hard to keep her focus for more than 10 minutes at a time, but she was so adorable Ilya couldn't stay mad at her when she ran off and wanted to play.

He hoped it would work, that Shane would find it endearing, and also maybe forgive Anya for her frequent interruptions to their alone-time. She just loved her papa, who could possibly complain about that? Shane did, but never for long - she was a charmer after all, like her dad.

The next part was easy enough to find - assembly was the difficult part, especially since Ilya seemed to be allergic to following instructions. "It's just a frame." He muttered to himself in Russian as he fiddled with small nails and nearly scared Anya half to death when he hit his thumb with a hammer.

Ilya had decided that wrapping paper was a test sent from the depths of hell itself to force him into a life of crime and sin. It never cooperated with him, even after he put the thing he was wrapping - a big rectangular thing with easy corners that should have been super easy to do in theory - on the paper. He's a fucking all-star hockey player, he should be able to wrap a rectangle in paper.

He gave up after the second attempt - the tape kept sticking to itself and he got so annoyed that it was now a 'later' problem. Anya was whimpering at the door, which meant she'd been left alone - without food - for about 25 minutes.

Shane came to visit after his last meeting for the season, just a small one to go over details for the New Year's game programme. They were going to stay up at the cottage for the day before Christmas Eve all the way through to after boxing day, before they both had to return to their teams in Montreal and Ottawa.

"I'm surprised you've decorated." He commented as he stepped through the door, looking at the living room over Ilya's shoulder as he hugged him in greeting.

"Of course, it's not just me here anymore." Ilya smiled, pulling Shane closer with the arms looped around his waist, catching him off-balance for a second.

Shane hummed contentedly, he had grown to love Anya, not as much as Ilya - if that was even possible - but the dog had become a comforting staple to his life. "Where is she, anyways?"

Ilya called her from her rest point, a Russian word that Shane couldn't get his tongue around yet. Anya came bounding over, clearly restless waiting for her release word, but it meant her training was going well - and hopefully less interruptions for them in the future. Shane stepped back from Ilya to kneel down and let Anya climb up and lick his face - petting her with a bright smile as he talked to her.

"You've gotten bigger, Anya! Look at you!" He praised her, ruffling the top of her head, holding the sides of her face to plant a kiss on her forehead, "You've been good for papa, hmm?"

She barked in response, tongue wagging.

"Yes you have," Shane kept muttering sweetly as Ilya let his mind wander while staring at the two of them. Anya was starting to calm down now, the familiar scent of Shane taking recognition over the excitement of having someone else in the house who she could beg for treats. Although, Shane was very good at not letting her get her way - much to Anya's dismay.

He looked up from Anya to meet Ilya's eye, seeing a now recognisable sparkle in his eye. It was the same when Ilya was watching from the side lines as Shane talked to the kids at their hockey camps in the summer. Adoration and baby-fever all in one.

"Did you want to do much Christmas-sy stuff before we go tomorrow?"

"If there's a way to make fucking you *Christmas-sy*," Ilya lightly teased Shane for the slang, "Then I'm all for it."

Shane rolled his eyes, standing from Anya to wrap his arms around his fiancé, "Apart from that."

Ilya pursed his lips, making a show of thinking really hard before landing on, "I could turn my dick into a snowman with whipped cream?"

At that, Shane pushed Ilya back into the larger space in the living room. Ilya was pushing back, turning them both around while pressing kisses to his face, muttering different ideas he was thinking of to make their sex more festive. Shane was half wrestling with him, half letting himself be manhandled. Once Shane's back hit the wall by the stairs, Ilya put up his hands in his own defence, "What, is that a yes?"

Shane had the widest smile on his face that he tried to steel into something serious, but failed, landing on a very reluctant, "Shut up, Ilya."

Ilya's heart had been racing in the car for the whole journey down to the cottage. The thought that Shane wouldn't like what he'd gotten him had been running his brain ragged for the entire night that he had his fiancé in his arms, the ring around his necklace becoming a fidget that slowly helped him get to sleep as he spun it in his fingers. Even now in the passenger seat, since Shane wouldn't let Ilya drive after noticing his anxiety spiking, he had the ring in between his fingers; *Shane wasn't a materialistic asshole*, Ilya reminded himself, *Shane wouldn't be mad if his gift wasn't exactly what he wanted*. This family is not like his birth one. They are better.

"It's okay that you're nervous, Ilya." Shane gently prompted about halfway through the journey, "But, you know, it's not gonna be much different to other times we've been over."

When Ilya stayed silent, eyes fixed on the middle distance, Shane put a hand onto Ilya's thigh. It was grounding, for Ilya, but it didn't fix that he was nervous about the whole ordeal. Even Anya, who had woken up from her cage in the backseats of the car, was peering through the bars at her dad - head tilted in curiosity.

Eventually, after focusing on the circles Shane was tracing on his leg, he cleared his throat to speak. "I know. Is same, but is also not."

Shane nodded, taking a deep breath in, "Yeah, yeah you're right. It's just my parents and us - and Anya."

At the mention of her name, she pressed her forehead into the metal bars, clearly trying to get out in the laziest way possible.

Ilya looked at her through the rear-view mirror, raising an eyebrow. That was enough for her to settle back down, lying in a pile of blankets.

After another moment of silence, Shane squeezed Ilya's thigh supportively, "It's like all the other times we've been over for Christmas. Hey, if you need to take time away from everything - ever - you can just head outside for a little while, no one's gonna hold that against you."

Ilya just nodded, leaning his head back against the headrest, trying to get his mind off of everything by listening to the radio - which was playing 'Classic Christmas Tunes' off of Shane's phone. It was Christmas, and they were going to have a nice dinner with Shane's parents, and Ilya was going to be happy. If all goes according to plan.

Shane was, thankfully, right about things going well with his parents. He wasn't really worrying about things *not* going well that much. Clearly less than Ilya - but there wasn't as much of a routine for his fiancé than him - but that was to be expected. To be completely honest, he was more worried about Anya knocking something over, but she was on her best behaviour - and rewarded frequently with not-so-sneakily given scraps of meat from the dinner table from his mom and dad. Ilya didn't seem to mind as long as she wasn't begging at their chairs.

They did gifts after dinner, since by the time they got to their house, dinner was mostly ready anyways. Shane hoped that Ilya would appreciate what he'd gotten him, he'd had it hidden away in his closet for over a month, wanting to make sure that it would be there on time - but he really overestimated how long it took to get something engraved. The box had gathered a small bit of dust by the time he took it out to wrap it - it didn't look like much, but that wasn't the point.

Anya was fast asleep by the fireplace, allowed out to run herself ragged by David after dinner while Ilya helped his mom clear up the plates and glasses, he insisted, and Yuna would never deny an opportunity to talk to Ilya.

Shane joined his dad outside, watching Anya run in circles out in the grass.

"You having a good time?" His dad prompted, breaking the quiet.

"Yeah, it's nice to have everyone together. It's been a while."

"It has. You know you're always welcome for dinner, you don't even have to say you're coming, just turn up at the door and we'll sort something out." It's clear these are just as much his words as his mom's, even though she was more insistent on Shane coming over. "Ilya too, of course."

"I know, Dad."

"He's good for you." He said out into the fog, leant against the wooden railing of the porch, "I never realised how good of a kid he was, just 'cause of how he is out on the ice."

Shane laughed at that, stuffing his hands in his pockets. "Yeah, he can be a real asshole out there, but it's all part of the game."

David nodded along, still not the best at all the relationship talk, "Makes sense. I'm happy for you both. It's a tough world out there, and it's good you have each other to lean on."

"Thanks, Dad."

His dad pulled him in for a side hug, arm around Shane's shoulders, pressing a kiss to his temple. "I love you."

"Love you too."

Shane's parents went first, his mom handed Ilya a rectangular box, and when he gently opened it, revealed an identical scrapbook to the one his mom got for him years ago - filled with clippings from newspapers and photos from everywhere she could find. Ilya very silently, very stoically flipped through the pages, his jaw tensing. Then, he smiled, a small thing at first, until Shane realised he was holding back tears. It seems like his mom did too, coaxing Ilya up for a hug.

"Thank you," He was nodding between every word, sniffing just once as he pulled away from Yuna, and she very tenderly wiped a tear from his cheek. "This is, very kind."

"Of course, there's plenty of celebrating worth doing." She pinched his cheek, pulling a small chuckle from Ilya. "And, you needed one to match Shane, so we were more than happy to make it."

He smiled more earnestly at that, looking down at where Shane was sat cross-legged on the carpet, a small pile of wrapped boxes behind him. Shane's dad went next, handing Shane a larger box, inside was a framed - but missing the glass front - map of the world, split into both the Canadian regions and American states, plus all of the other countries in the world.

"You keep saying you want to travel, and we thought it'd be nice to have to keep track of everywhere you've been." His dad smiled from where him and his mom were cuddled together on the sofa, "We weren't sure exactly if you wanted to count hockey games as real visits, so we left it completely blank."

Shane smiled back at his parents, looking to Ilya, who was just about pulling himself together. "Yeah, this will definitely motivate me to get out of Canada more. Thank you dad, thank you mom."

He breathed in, handing off presents to each of his parents, they matched - so he made sure they opened them at the same time. He'd gotten each of them a ring to go underneath their wedding bands, stacking with the design to celebrate how long they'd been together with the date of their wedding on the inside of the band.

"You don't really celebrate your anniversaries with me, so, I thought Christmas would be the better time to give them to you." Shane did what he always did when waiting for a response to his gifts, shifting from foot to foot in the centre of the room - not quite settling until his dad held out a hand to him.

They both stood, squishing their son in a bear hug, him in the middle and them on either side. Yuna pressed a big kiss to his cheek, his dad ruffled his hair like a child. And from the outside, as they both fawned over him and told him how grateful they were, Shane did look 10 years younger.

Ilya stood, giving them his gift next. It wasn't as extravagant as Shane's, nor did it have the quite the romantic value - but he hoped they'd appreciate it anyways. "I uh, do not know your schedules, so you will have to tell me, but-"

He stopped himself from completely giving it away, waiting for them to open the medium sized box. It was a holiday itinerary for a cruise ship company, going all across South America, to all the islands. He also put a few gimmick-y holiday items, like novelty sunglasses and flower necklaces in to seal the deal.

David immediately put on the sunglasses, decorated with coconuts and a bright yellow sun with it's own pair of sunglasses on. He was smiling wide as he stood, hugging Ilya as Yuna flipped through the booklet. "We'll let you know which one we can do - thank you, son."

The endearment brought a warmth to Ilya's heart, a term used with genuine love, healing over old wounds with a bright future.

Yuna put the box down from her lap, standing to hug Ilya again, "We will *definitely* be taking you up on this, Ilya. It looks amazing. *I know* there's no chance you boys could make it with how busy you both are... but if you would be able to fly out to one of the cities on our trail..."

She looked between Ilya and Shane, eyebrows raised in a co-conspiratorial manner, until Shane shook his head with a laugh.

"We'll think about it, mom. Focus on the two of you first, though." He raised his eyebrows back at his mom, knowing she had a habit of trying to fit her whole family into all of her plans. Yuna smiled at him, understanding the subtext, kissing David on the cheek as he grinned at her with the glasses on.

She nodded, still smiling, hugging Ilya again, "Thank you, Ilya."

Ilya shrugged as if a weight hadn't been lifted off of his shoulders at their positive reaction, "Is the least I can do for your kindness."

They shared a smile between all three of them, packing away the brochures into the box to look over later.

Shane, by the time they had all settled down, had been holding the box for Ilya in his lap for 5 minutes - and had been patiently waiting for his turn to hand it to his fiancé. He silently handed it over, sitting close by his side as he unwrapped it with the same gentle hands he'd used for his parent's gift. His heart was racing as Ilya inspected the outer box, clearly trying to guess what it was before he opened it.

When he did though, he swallowed hard, his free hand jumping to Shane's thigh to ground himself. The watch was beautiful - the same black and gold as his ring - with a constellation in the background and a single bright star beneath the '12'. He held it in his hand with such a fragility - as if it was made of glass. "It's beautiful."

"That's the, uh, the North Star." Quietly, Shane said, "Turn it over."

On the base of the watch, engraved in a delicate font were a set of co-ordinates with a simple 4-pointed star at the top. Shane spoke up again, "It's the co-ordinates to the cottage." He paused, taking a breath in so he would stop himself from getting so emotional, "...so you can always find your way home."

Ilya was biting his bottom lip so hard he thought it might start bleeding. He flipped his hand over that was resting on Shane's thigh so they could lace their fingers together, bringing their hands to his lips to press a kiss to the top of Shane's hand. "I love you so much, *muy lyubovnik*."

He knew Shane was still a little weird about showing too much affection in front of his parents - but best believe he was going to show Shane just how much he appreciated his gift once they were alone. The thoughts crossed his mind, and a glint in his eye made Shane blush and turn away - clearly clocking exactly what Ilya was thinking about.

"Here," Shane detached their hands, taking the watch from Ilya, desperately trying to pull his mind away from where it had wandered, "I'll put it on for you."

"What a gentleman." His dad chirped from the sofa, sharing a loving look with his mom, "We raised a good one."

Yuna looked on, a softness to her voice when she responded, "Yes we did."

Shane looked down at that, unable to take the praise from his parents nor from Ilya. Christmas-time was always a time of intense flattery that Shane could never take, reducing him to a blushing puddle by the end of the night.

He coughed, refocusing, gently guiding Ilya's wrist to a certain angle, placing the watch over-top, turning over his wrist to link the chains together. All of it was so precise, so comforting, Ilya couldn't take his eyes off of how Shane's hands moved, how he was biting the inside of his lip to concentrate, how his eyes narrowed like they always did when he was focusing. He was smiling wide like a fool by the end of it, his eyes filled with so much obvious love that he felt he was going to burst with it all. Shane lifted his eyes to meet Ilya's, darting away as he adjusted his posture before meeting them again, softly speaking, "I'm glad you like it."

"I love it. Thank you, sweetheart."

He leant across to pull his fiancé in for a hug, a slightly awkward angle but the affection was clear as day. Ilya pressed a swift kiss to his cheek as he pulled away, leaning back to grab the frame - now wrapped with a precision even Yuna looked impressed.

The box was so large it sat across both of their laps, immediately Shane ripped it open from the back, following the lines of where Ilya had wrapped it, turning it over to reveal two jerseys hung side by side. One from Montreal, the other Boston, with a puck in the centre. The plaque at the bottom read 'Montreal v. Boston, 2010.'

"Are these actually our first jerseys?" Shane looked over, already teary-eyed, hands shaking as he held the frame in his lap.

Ilya just nodded, lost for words. After a long pause, his voice cracked ever so slightly as he spoke, "They were bitch to get, but was worth it."

"Puck is mine, from first goal." After another pause, "There is space if you have yours."

Shane just nodded, carefully putting the frame to the side to hug Ilya again, more prolonged as they both took a moment with each other to calm down. Ilya whispered as they were about to pull back. "There is second part, but... is for later."

Ilya smirked as he watched Shane turn beet-red.

He was never going to get tired of watching how much Shane was affected by him.

To the room, he commented again. "When you eventually get out of Montreal, I get another one with Ottawa, and wherever you end up."

Shane smiled wide at that, taking Ilya's hand again. "Thank you, Ilya. I love you."

"I love you too."

End Notes

My boys, my boys.

I *might* and very key word *might* write a secondary part to this about Ilya's other gift, but smut is a weird blank spot in my writing skill so no promises.

These two have bewitched me, and there is another fic in the works about where Ilya's shirt that Shane was wearing as he left went in ep 4, but no idea when that'll be done haha.

As always, kudos and comments fuel the fic machine + a merry christmas and happy new year to you all! <33

- bp :D

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