

All I want for Christmas is (to Survive This Dinner)

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All I want for Christmas is (to Survive This Dinner)

by [LyraLilianna](#)

Summary

Will Shane survive the first Christmas he spends with his parents and Ilya? Or will this be the year he finally snaps and murders the love of his life under the twinkling holiday lights?"

Notes

Hi guys!

This is my first ever fanfiction so it will not be perfect, although I tried my best.

I'm not a native english speaker, my grammar may not be spot on but I hope you will love the story and the way it turned out.

Shane Hollander loved Christmas with his family. The warmth, the food, the cozy traditions—it was a time of year he genuinely looked forward to. This year, however, things were a little different. This year, he had Ilya Rozanov with him.

Which meant chaos.

We arrived to my parents' home a bit after noon.

"Shane, Ilya it's lovely to see you. We are so excited to finally spend the holidays together as a family." – mom greeted us with warm hugs and kisses. I can tell that Ilya is at least as excited as my parents. He is literally bathing in all the attention they give him. He loves how they accepted him so easily and whole heartedly for the person he is. And I can understand them, Ilya may seem like the biggest asshole in the whole NHL – well he did everything he could to get this title – but he also has the biggest heart among all the players, he is the best boyfriend anyone can wish for.

"We are a bit behind preparing for today's celebration, our way back from my parents took longer than we expected because of the sudden snow storm. We had no time to buy all the ingredients we need for dinner, and our Christmas tree is missing too, fortunately David is already working on buying the perfect one. Would you mind going to the store to get what's still missing?

"Of course, anything for you, Yuna." – Ilya was already holding the car keys in his hand ready to leave, with a cheeky smile on his face.

The grocery store was packed, full of last-minute shoppers frantically gathering supplies for their Christmas dinners. Shane's mom had given them a list and Shane foolishly thought it would be a quick errand. But Ilya had different ideas. It started in the fruit section where Ilya leaned in close while Shane examined a bunch of bananas. "You know what those remind me of? "

Shane nearly dropped all the bananas he was holding in his hands. "Ilya –"

Then, in the dairy aisle, Ilya whispered something about cream into Shane's ear, causing him to nearly knock over an entire display of butter. By the time they made it to the checkout Shane was red-faced and flustered while Ilya was grinning like the cat from Alice in wonderland.

"Let's go home." – Shane muttered.

The Christmas tree stood proudly in the corner of the living room. Boxes of ornaments were scattered around as Shane and Ilya decorated the tree under the watchful eye of Yuna, who with David was fussing over a batch of cookies in the kitchen.

Shane carefully unwrapped a delicate, gold ornament and reached up to hang it on a higher branch when he felt Ilya sidle up behind him.

"Mmm," – Ilya hummed, eyeing the ornaments. "So shiny and round, so... smooth."

Shane sighed. "Don't."

"What? I am only admiring the beautiful Christmas decorations," Ilya said innocently, plucking a large, silver ball from the box. He rolled it between his fingers, watching the way the lights reflected off its polished surface. "So firm, too. You have good taste, Hollander."

Shane squeezed his eyes shut. "Ilya."

Ilya turned the ornament over in his palm, inspecting it. "You think if I rub it just right, it will shine even brighter? Maybe if I use two hands?"

Shane spun to face him, eyes blazing. "I swear to God—"

"Boys, how's the tree coming along?" David called from the kitchen, oblivious.

Shane plastered on a tight smile. "Great, Dad!"

"Very great!" Ilya added, throwing Shane a wicked grin before dangling the ornament in front of him. "Help me find the perfect place for this one, zaychik."

Shane took a deep breath and snatched the ornament from Ilya's grasp, marching over to the tree to place it as far away as possible.

But Ilya wasn't done.

"I like this tradition," he mused, picking up another glittery bauble. "It is nice to hold something round and heavy in your hands, yes? Very festive."

Shane muttered a string of curses under his breath and jammed an ornament onto a branch a little too forcefully.

"Careful, zaychik," Ilya teased. "You don't want to be too rough with them. Very delicate, these balls."

Shane turned on him, exasperated. "Ilya, for the love of Christmas, shut up!"

Ilya just wagged his brows. "Why? You seem very... tense. Maybe I help you relax later, da?"

Shane groaned and chucked a piece of tinsel at him. Ilya caught it effortlessly, laughing as he draped it around his shoulders like a scarf.

"Ilya, please," Shane whispered, glancing nervously toward the kitchen. "My parents are right there—"

"Mmm, you like danger, Hollander? Naughty."

Shane gave up. He turned back to the tree and focused on his task, pretending he didn't hear Ilya chuckling behind him.

This was going to be the longest Christmas of his life.

"You know, zaychik, I can't stop thinking about you in that childhood bed of yours," Ilya murmured, his voice low and husky as he leaned close to Shane while helping set the dinner table.

Shane tensed, throwing him a sharp look. "Ilya. We are at my parents' house."

"Mmm, yes," Ilya continued as if Shane hadn't just issued a very clear warning. "Your childhood home. Your childhood bed. Very small, very squeaky, yes? So many memories."

Shane felt heat creep up his neck. "Stop it."

Ilya smirked, entirely unrepentant, and set down a fork. "I am just saying, you grew up here. Became a man here. Did you—"

"Nope! No. We are not doing this," Shane hissed, glancing frantically toward the kitchen where his mother, Yuna, was chatting with his dad, David, over the stove.

"You don't even know what I was going to ask," Ilya said, all faux innocence, then leaned closer, lowering his voice. "Maybe I was going to ask if you had hockey posters on your walls. Or... if you had posters of very hot, very handsome Russian hockey players."

Shane groaned, shoving Ilya away with an elbow to his ribs. "Oh my God."

Ilya cackled, clearly enjoying himself. Shane, on the other hand, was dangerously close to imploding. This had been going on all day. Every moment they were alone—even for a second—Ilya was whispering filth into his ear, teasing him in ways that made it impossible to think straight. It was infuriating and so unfair because Ilya knew damn well about Shane's one unshakable rule: no sex in his childhood home.

Except Ilya was making it really difficult to hold onto that rule.

Dinner was an ordeal.

Ilya was charming, of course. He was effortlessly likable, and Shane's parents adored him, but that didn't stop him from being a complete menace. Between innuendos disguised as harmless comments and not-so-subtle winks in Shane's direction, he was systematically breaking down Shane's willpower with every passing minute.

"Oh wow, Yuna, these mashed potatoes are so creamy," Ilya said, voice practically dripping with suggestion.

Shane choked on his water. Yuna beamed. "Thank you, Ilya! I put in extra butter."

Ilya turned to Shane, his expression pure sin. "Butter makes everything so much smoother, don't you think, zaychik?"

Shane clenched his fork and knife so tightly he thought they might snap. "Ilya. Eat your food."

Ilya grinned, utterly pleased with himself, and continued eating like he hadn't just ruined Shane's entire existence.

Then came the talk about hockey.

David, ever the proud hockey dad, brought it up first. "You know, Ilya, Shane's always had the best stick-handling skills. Even as a kid, he was years ahead of the other players."

Ilya's eyes gleamed with mischief. "Oh, I know. Shane's hands are very talented. So fast, so precise. He's got amazing control."

Shane froze, his entire body stiffening.

"Exactly!" David said proudly. "And his grip—unbelievable. Firm, steady. He can maneuver through anything."

Ilya exhaled dramatically. "Mmm, yes. His grip is just... incredible. And he knows exactly how to handle the stick."

Shane nearly dropped his fork. "Ilya."

David, completely oblivious, nodded enthusiastically. "It's all in the wrist. Great wrist action, right?"

Ilya grinned wickedly. "Oh, amazing wrist action. The best I've ever seen."

Shane wished the earth would swallow him whole. "Ilya, shut up."

Yuna chuckled. "Oh, Shane's always been particular about his equipment, too. So careful with how he handles it."

"Oh, I bet he is," Ilya murmured, eyes locked onto Shane's with unholy delight.

Shane dropped his head into his hands. "I hate this dinner."

Ilya just smirked and speared another bite of mashed potatoes. "Best dinner ever."

It was inevitable.

By the time they retreated upstairs to Shane's old bedroom, Shane was practically vibrating with tension. Ilya, of course, looked delighted by this fact.

The door had barely shut before Shane turned on him. "You are the worst."

Ilya grinned. "Am I? Or am I best? Because you look very, very frustrated, Hollander."

"I hate you," – Shane muttered, shoving him against the door.

"Mmm, no you don't."

Ilya kissed him like he had been waiting all day—which, of course, he had. And Shane kissed back like he had been losing his mind—which, of course, he also had.

It was desperate and heated, hands grabbing the other person, mouths eager to kiss, bodies pressing to each other, it was the quietest they had ever had to be together. It was reckless and stupid and entirely Ilya's fault. And yet, here he was sprawled beneath Ilya in his childhood bedroom very actively breaking his own rule. And maybe it was the eggnog, or the stupidly cozy Christmas lights making everything feel a little too romantic, but Shane had given in to

the passion.

And God it was good, really good.

Then, their position changed Shane was straddling Ilya on the bed, hands gripping his shoulders, trying his best to muffle his own sounds as Ilya held him tight. "See? " – Ilya whispered breathlessly against his neck. "Told you we could be quiet" – told Ilya while his left hand moved to his bottom to grab it.

And then it happened.

The door opened.

"Hey, Shane, I was wondering if you—OH MY GOD!"

Yuna's voice was so loud.

Shane barely had time to process before he heard his father's sharp inhale behind her.

David made a strangled noise. "I—Jesus Christ—"

"OUT!" Shane yelled, frantically trying to hide under blankets.

"Oh my God, I can't unsee this," Yuna wailed, slapping a hand over her eyes while backing toward the door. "We are leaving, we are leaving—"

David grabbed her arm, yanking her out into the hall before Shane could die of mortification.

The door slammed shut.

Silence.

And then Ilya howled with laughter. "Oh, zaychik! Your poor parents! This is best Christmas ever!"

Shane groaned and covered his face with a pillow. "I am never coming home for Christmas again."

Ilya grinned and pulled Shane close to him. "Oh, come on. Best holiday ever, yes?"

Shane groaned again and Ilya pressed a kiss to his temple.

Shane really thought it couldn't get worse. He was wrong, so wrong. Because now he had to go downstairs and face his parents. Ilya who was far too amused, practically bounced down the stairs, while Shane followed behind at the speed of a man walking to his own execution. The moment they entered the kitchen David and Yuna were already in the dining room.

David looked up and asked flatly "Sleep well? "

Ilya just like the menace he most of the time is, just smirked "Oh, very".

Shane wanted to punch him. Instead, he sat at the table and dropped his head into his hands "Ilya".

"What? Your dad started it. " – responded Ilya with fondness and mischief in his eyes.

" I absolutely did not" – David muttered into his mug.

Yuna for the first time in this particular morning spoken "Breakfast? "

Ilya apparently immune to shame, beamed "Yes, please. I worked up an appetite."

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