

Breakfast in Bed

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/46180981) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/46180981>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Child Character(s) , Maya Rozanova Hollander
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Homesickness , References to Depression , Post-Canon , Established Relationship , emotionally significant cooking , Shane and Ilya are great Dads , Shane is the best husband , Kid Fic
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Girl Dads
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-01 Words: 2,868 Chapters: 1/1

Breakfast in Bed

by [Layne_162](#)

Summary

Ilya is feeling homesick. Shane and Maya try to bring a bit of Russia to him.

Notes

Maya is Shane and Ilya's adopted daughter that I introduced here:
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/43285125>

She is just over 4 years old in this fic, putting Shane and Ilya in their late thirties. I assume these two are still playing hockey because they are obsessed, lol.

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

Shane's eyelids fluttered open at the sound of the electronic gong signaling the end of shavasana. He felt wonderfully loose and relaxed, and took his time bringing movement back to his body. When he'd started his yoga session, the sun had barely crested the horizon. Now their home gym was flooded with morning light. Enough light that he knew he needed to get moving if he wanted to shower before Maya woke up.

As he wound his way up the stairs towards the master bedroom, Shane stopped to poke his head into Maya's room. She lay on top of her dinosaur bed sheets, curled around the stuffed cat Troy had given her for her 4th birthday a few months ago. A flop of dark hair covered her eyes but Shane could tell she was still asleep from the gentle, rhythmic movements of her chest. A soft smile tugged at the corners of his mouth as he tiptoed away from her door and down the hallway.

Shane was not surprised to find Ilya asleep when he made it to their room, but was concerned that he seemed to have continued tossing and turning. Ilya hadn't slept well which was unusual for him these days. He had felt Ilya's restless movements at his side most of the night and was hoping he'd finally fallen into a more restful sleep this morning.

Shane walked quietly to Ilya's side of the bed, doing his best not to disturb Anya as he snuck past her doggy bed. Ilya's sleep-softened features gave him a deceptively sweet appearance and Shane couldn't help but bend down to tuck a few stray curls behind his ears and kiss his forehead. As he stood back up, Ilya grabbed his wrist without opening his eyes.

"Good morning, babe," Shane said with a surprised laugh.

Ilya mumbled something that sounded like a very sleepy "Good morning, sweetheart" as he lazily stroked the inside of Shane's wrist with his thumb. "Come back to bed. Want to cuddle."

Shane suppressed a smile.

"I just finished yoga. I smell awful right now."

Ilya tugged on his arm “Don’t care.”

Shane laughed and kissed Ilya's hand before releasing it. “You say that now, but you may not feel the same when I’m lying next to you. I’m going to shower, but I promise I’ll be back soon. We can cuddle as long as you want. Or until Maya comes barging in. Whatever comes first.”

Maya barging in would definitely come first. Ilya pretended to be a tough, sex-machine, which, okay, he kinda was, but he was *also* a world class cuddler who would be happy spending all morning in bed wrapped around Shane, with or without sex.

After his shower, Shane came back to find Ilya lying on his back and staring at the ceiling with a frown and a faraway look. It worried him.

“Everything okay?” he asked in an attempt at a casual tone.

“Da,” Ilya responded, but his mind sounded far away. It wasn’t convincing.

“Hmm, really? You didn’t seem to sleep well last night.”

Ilya waved him off. “Is nothing.”

Shane slid into bed so he was lying on his side facing Ilya. “Talk to me.”

Ilya avoided eye contact, even as Shane cupped his face and turned it towards him. “I am maybe missing Russia. A little. Sad that I have not been there for long time and that I cannot go back. Is stupid.”

“Oh,” said Shane, before immediately switching to Russian. After a decade’s practice, he was more or less fluent in the language. “That’s not stupid at all. It makes sense to miss your home sometimes.”

"I'm happy to be Canadian. I couldn't ask for a better life. I have the best husband, the best daughter, but -," Ilya exhaled. "I miss the little things sometimes."

"I think that is normal," Shane said, moving his hand to rest on Ilya's waist. "And it's not fair that you aren't able to safely visit your home. Of course it bothers you."

"Ya," Ilya sighed again. He still looked more than a little upset.

"Are you worried that something bigger is going on?" Shane braved a guess.

"A little," Ilya admitted. Shane kissed him and pulled back to find Ilya giving him a tired attempt at a smile. Ilya's mental health was generally pretty good these days, but occasionally his depression would reappear for a month or two. Sometimes when Ilya was having a bad day without an obvious cause, Ilya worried his depression was reemerging.

"It's only been bothering me for a day. Hopefully it passes soon." He sounded like he was trying to convince himself as much as Shane.

"I hope so too, but promise to tell me if it doesn't?"

Ilya leaned over to kiss Shane's cheek. "I promise."

"And you'll take it easy today? Get some rest?"

"Maybe," Ilya said as he pulled Shane into a tight hug.

Shane nestled into his husband's chest, quickly kissing the hollow of his throat before tucking his head beneath Ilya's chin. Ilya ran his fingers through the ends of Shane's long, wet hair, gently combing out the knots Shane had missed in his hurry to get back to bed.

"Feels nice," Shane murmured against his skin before falling into a sort of twilight sleep - aware of his surroundings but unable to keep his eyes open.

Unfortunately, it didn't last long.

"KNOCK! KNOCK!" Maya screamed from the hallway, before pushing open the door and walking inside.

"Maya!" Shane shot up in surprise. "We talked about this, sweetie. You need to wait for us to say it's okay before coming in." They'd been working with Maya on this for a while. It was *not* going well.

"Sorry, Daddy," she said in a hurried tone that indicated she wasn't sorry in the least. "Can I come in now?"

Shane snorted. "Yes, Maya."

She ran over to Ilya's side and grabbed his hand, excitedly attempting to pull him out of bed.

"Papa, you said," she stumbled over a few of the words out of pure excitement. "You said you would make pancakes today. And we could watch Bluey together!!!"

Shane watched Ilya plaster a fake smile on his face as he turned to Maya, but could sense the worry stiffening his posture. A few months after they'd adopted Maya, Ilya'd confessed that his worst fear was having another bad bout of depression that would keep him from being the father he wanted to be. Shane, of course, had reassured him that this is something they'd handle together, as always. That there would be days when one of them would have to cover the other's shortcomings, and that was okay.

"I'm still sleepy, moy zaychik. Maybe in a little bit."

"Papa, you promised!" Shane saw the tears forming in her eyes and worried she was preparing to throw a fit. The last thing Ilya needed right now was Maya making him feel like a bad dad.

"Sweetie, Papa is not feeling very good this morning," Shane said as he got out of bed.

Maya looked surprised. "Does your tummy hurt?"

Ilya gave a tired laugh. "No, I just need rest."

"How about you and I make breakfast together?" Shane said, crouching down beside her and putting a hand on her shoulder. Then Shane locked eyes with Ilya. "Maybe we can make some for Papa and bring it up to him? And then we can watch Bluey together while we eat."

Ilya gave Shane a grateful smile and nodded as Maya's eyes went comically wide. "That's against the rules, Daddy. No food in bed!"

That made Ilya laugh a bit, "She is your daughter."

Shane gave Ilya a playful glare.

"This is a one time thing, Maya. Because Papa isn't feeling good."

Plus, I will be changing the sheets immediately after, Shane added mentally.

"Okay." Maya leaned both her hands against the bed and leaned in to give Ilya a kiss with a loud "mwah". "Feel better Papa."

"Ya," Shane said, bending down to give Ilya another kiss. "Feel better, Papa."

Ilya gave Shane a tender look and mouthed *I love you*. Shane mouthed *I love you, too* then grabbed one of Maya's tiny hands and headed out the door.

As soon as they were out the door, Maya peppered him with questions, some easier to answer than others.

"If Papa's tummy isn't sick, why doesn't he feel good?"

Shane briefly panicked. How do you explain depression, homesickness and the geopolitical complications that kept Ilya from being able to visit his home country to a child? He supposed you didn't but he needed to say something. He and Ilya had discussed how to talk to Maya about her birth family and how to explain why she only had one set of grandparents, but they'd never talked about what they wanted to tell Maya when Ilya had bad days.

"You know how Papa grew up far away?"

"Yes. He is from far away - just like me!" Maya said proudly.

"That's right. Just like you." Shane squeezed her hand. "Except he is from Russia and he lived there for a very long time. When he was your age, he still lived there. Some days he misses it very much and it makes his heart hurt."

"Oh. How do we make it go away?"

Oof. Jesus, good question, Maya.

"I don't know that we can make it go away completely, but Papa could use some rest, hugs and extra nice things today."

Maya looked thoughtful. "I could draw a picture for him! He loves my pictures."

Shane smiled. Ilya did love her pictures. He kept a box full of them in their closet and occasionally Shane would catch him looking through them with a lovesick smile. "I bet he'd like that alot."

When they got to the kitchen, he pulled out some of Maya's art supplies and set her up on the counter. A nice side effect of her suggestion was that it would keep her busy while he cooked.

Earlier when Ilya had first mentioned feeling homesick, he'd thought it might be nice to cook something Russian for Ilya, but most of the recipes they'd made together were kinda complicated and required trips to the import store. Then Maya's mention of pancakes gave him an idea - blini.

While Maya sat down at the counter, Shane started the coffee machine and pulled up a blini recipe. Russian blini were just larger, thinner versions of Canadian pancakes. He was going to nail this.

Shane got to work on the batter while Maya sang songs to herself and drew. He recognised the tune of the songs, but she didn't quite know the words. That, however, did not deter her from singing them with the full-throated confidence of a toddler.

It was fucking adorable.

The blini were easy enough, especially with Maya occupied, and before long Shane was folding and stacking them onto plates on a serving tray. The intro to the recipe said Russians usually ate blini with savory toppings, but considering Ilya's sweet tooth, he wasn't sure what Ilya would prefer. He decided to give him options, pulling plain Greek yogurt, syrup, and some fresh blueberries from the fridge and adding them to the tray.

"How is your drawing going, Maya?" Shane asked as he poured him and Ilya some mugs of coffee.

"Good" she said excitedly. "Look!"

Maya held up the picture with a giant smile on her face. It was covered in a horde of stick figures and other shapes Shane couldn't recognise.

"I drew all of his favorite things so he feels better. Here is Papa and you and me and Anya. We are driving in his yellow car to hockey."

"Oh, I see," Shane nodded with exaggerated interest. "And what's that over there?"

She put a hand on her hip and gave him a tiny glare like it was obvious. "That's where you play hockey, Daddy. See? Uncle Troy and Uncle Harris are out front with Chiron and Chuck."

Shane suppressed a laugh at the way she'd drawn Troy with a huge frown and his little black cat perched on his shoulder. He'd need to send a picture of it to Harris later.

"Sobo and Poppop came to watch the game with me. Auntie Rose and Tetya Lana are there too!"

"Wow, you did include all of Papa's favorite people. Good job Maya." He leaned across the counter to give her a kiss. "Are you done?"

"Almost. Can you help me write something on it?"

"Sure. What do you want to say?"

"I want it to say 'We love you, Papa.' So he remembers even when his heart hurts."

That was so sweet, so wildly optimistic it made Shane's own heart clench.

"Of course, sweetie. Maybe we can put it in Russian so he feels like he's home. How do we say 'We love you, Papa' in Papa's language?"

Maya took a moment to think. She knew Russian almost as well as she knew English, but it took some time for her to switch between languages in her head.

"My lyubim tebya, Papa."

"That's right! Good job" Shane said, extending his hand for a high-five. "What color should we write it in?"

"Red," Maya said without hesitation. No surprises there, it *was* her current favorite color.

It wasn't until Shane had the crayon in his hand that it occurred to him he didn't know how to write the phrase in Russian. He'd never quite mastered written Russian or the Cyrillic alphabet, but with the help of Google translate, he managed to scrawl a passable imitation of the phrase on the bottom of Maya's drawing.

"Here, all done."

"Thank you! Do you think Papa will like it?" she asked earnestly.

Shane grinned. "He's gonna love it. Why don't you take it up to him now? I'm going to carry the breakfast up behind you."

Maya grabbed her drawing and ran up towards the stairs screaming "Papa! Papa! I made you something."

"Maya!" Shane said sternly. "Remember, Papa isn't feeling good. No screaming."

"Sorry," she said in a loud stage whisper before continuing to run up the stairs.

By the time Shane made it to the bedroom with the breakfast tray, Ilya was sitting up in bed with Maya in his lap and Anya curled at his feet. Ilya's arms wrapped around Maya, holding the picture in front of them while she pointed and explained everything she'd drawn to him in Russian. When he looked up at Shane, his expression was open and tender - and just a bit heartsore.

"Did you help her with this?" Ilya asked, a few of the words catching in his throat.

"She came up with the drawing all by herself. I just helped with the writing. Did I get the letters right?"

"Da. Is perfect." The praise made Shane unreasonably happy.

"I made us blini," Shane said gently, as he handed Ilya his mug of coffee and set the tray down on his night stand.

After he'd slipped into bed beside him, Ilya leaned over and pressed a kiss to Shane's cheek. "Thank you, sweetheart. For everything."

Ilya sounded so sincere it made Shane blush. "Just thought you might like a taste of Russia. I don't know if it's actually good or not."

Shane pulled together a plate for Maya with two blini, a bit of syrup and a handful of blueberries. "Make sure to eat over the plate, Maya. No crumbs or syrup on the bed."

"Ok," she said, carefully taking the plate from his hands.

"And what do we say to Daddy?" Ilya prompted her.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. And what toppings do you want, Ilya? I didn't know if you'd want savory or sweet. I know savory is traditional so I got some plain yogurt, but I also know how much you like maple syrup so - "

Ilya cut him off. "Syrup and blueberries please."

"I should've known," Shane said with a laugh.

After his first bite, Ilya said, "These are very good, Shane. Just like Mama used to make."

Shane felt his face flush. "Good, I'm glad, babe."

After they'd eaten and Maya finished explaining her picture to them for the third time, Shane put Bluey on the bedroom TV, just as he'd promised. Maya stayed in Ilya's lap resting her back against his chest, her eyes glued to the cartoon dog on screen. Shane put his arm around Ilya's shoulder, bringing him closer to his husband and daughter.

While Maya was distracted, Shane whispered in Ilya's ear, "How are you doing? Do you need me to take her downstairs?"

"No, this is perfect. Thank you, Shane. You are best husband a man could ask for. Pretty good Dad too."

Shane squeezed his shoulder and said "I love you" in Russian.

Instead of responding with words, Ilya slipped an arm around his waist and kissed him. A chaste, but lingering kiss. One that left Shane feeling adored and appreciated.

"Daddy! Papa! Stop kissing and watch. Bluey's dad is about to do something funny!"

"Okay, okay," Shane said, but instead of watching he rested his head on Ilya's shoulder and gently closed his eyes as he soaked in Ilya's warmth.

End Notes

I did my best to accurately represent the Russian language and the food I mentioned, but I am not an expert. If I made a mistake, please let me know.

In this fic, I mention Troy having a little black cat. I introduce her back story in this fic:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/41513985>

As always, comments are very much appreciated and I do my best to respond to everyone 

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!