

Come get back in bed

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Come get back in bed

by [chaosatsea](#)

Summary

Ilya throws a tantrum over his husband doing chores

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Shane truly was just *vibing* while he was doing laundry. Normally Ilya and he enjoyed doing chores together, but his husband had been pretty against leaving their bed anytime before midday, and Shane loved having a steady routine whenever he was able to, so he had started getting the house clean on his own. He really didn't mind doing it, he found it kind of realxing actually, so he could say he was having a good sunday.

Or so he thought until his phone started buzzing with a million notifications per second, interrupting the music he had playing on his headphones. He still wasn't big on pop culture, but Ilya had *curated a playlist* for him, and he considered that to be pretty much like a love letter so he listened to it quite often.

Fishing his phone from his pocket, he frowned seeing Ilya had tagged him on something on Twitter, which had brought a thousand notifications along with it.

@IlyaHollanderRozanov 3m

come back to bed is sunday and even worse is EARLY @ShaneHollanderRozanov

@IlyaHollanderRozanov 1m

am not getting up before 10 just because you chose to do laundry. i am not letting you blackmail me into this @ShaneHollanderRozanov

Shane giggled and went to Ilya's profile to see if he had tweeted anything else.

@IlyaHollanderRozanov 10m

can you guys believe my husband would rather get up to do laundry than spend a lazy sunday morning in bed with me and our child

Shane clicked to read the comments to that.

@ottawagaytaurs 10m

@ShaneHollanderRozanov if ur tired of him u know where to find me

↪ **@IlyaHollanderRozanov 9m**

GET A JOB. STAY AWAY FROM HIM.

@hollanovyyy 9m

welcome to the struggles of singleparenthood, it sucks, you're gonna love it!

↪ **@IlyaHollanderRozanov 8m**

i have not been emotionally single since i met this man. he is not getting rid of me anytime soon.

@theewyatthayes 8m

Dude get up and help your alternate

Shane liked that one.

@theewyatthayes 8m

Dude get up and help your alternate

↪ **@BoodramZane 7m**

no no, he isn't comming over to my house.

↪ **@theewyatthayes 6m**

Dude c'mon stop getting between them. Just give up already

↪ **@IlyaHollanderRozanov 6m**

my husband is not getting the A this season

↪ **@ShaneHollanderRozanov 3s**

True. I'm comming for the C.

Shane was already on top of the stairs when he got a new notification, which he decided to check right away.

→IlyaHollanderRozanov 1s

well now you are not getting the D.

"ILYA!!!!!!!" he yelled and ran the few steps he had left to their bedroom "Take that down!!!!!" he could hear his husband laughing.

"Oh, so you decided to come back!" Ilya said as Shane entered the room. He was sitting against the bedframe and had his phone up, presumably recording "Say hi instagram!"

"I'm going to deport your ass back to Russia" Shane mumbled as he walked towards the bed "Did you just wake up this annoying or something else happened?" he scratched Anya's ears.

"I could ask you the same thing. Laundry? Eight a.m? On a SUNDAY?"

Shane threw a pillow at him, successfully hitting Ilya on the face and getting him to drop the phone.

"I have been attacked!!!!" he theatricalized.

Shane rolled his eyes.

"Let it be known that I was planning on getting you breakfast in bed after loading the washing machine," he stated "but now I won't"

Ilya grabbed his phone back and honest to God *pouted* looking at the screen.

"See what I have to deal with?"

Shane buffed loudly, hoping the camera would catch it, and then climbed into bed.

"Pretty sure I'm the victim here" he pointed out while he laid beside his husband "Hi"

Ilya smiled.

"Morning, lyubov' vsej moyey zhizni" his husband replied and kissed him on the nose "Say hi Instagram!"

Shane glanced at the phonescreen where they both appeared along hundreds of comments that were being sent by the minute.

"Hi Instagram" he said softly. He still wasn't fond of social media, nor was he really comfortable sharing anything that wasn't work-related in it, but Ilya was pretty active on various platforms and genuinely had a good time being a menace in it "Oh, look, Harris is threatening you" he read mockingly.

Ilya huffed.

"When is he not?" he yawned "I want to get some more sleep. Is still early. Goodbye all!" and just like that he disconnected the live videochat.

Shane tried not to think too much about how that silly little glimpse of their life together was going to be scrutinized on every sports channel later that day. Nope. He wasn't going to go there. They had just won their second Stanley Cup with the Centaurs, for fuck's sake, they could afford being out, and cheesy and in love on the internet.

Instead, he looked at his husband and chose to focus on how beautifully his eyes seemed to glow with how happy his silly stunt had made him. Shane couldn't have stopped the fond

smile that was taking over his face even if he had wanted to.

"Have you-" he started asking.

"Yes, I have washed my teeth" Ilya interrupted, getting closer to his face "Morning kiss?"

Shane dives right into it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

This wasn't going to get a second part but i literally dreamt it??? So, i kinda had to do it. Also, i'm editing the first chapter because thabkt to that dream i had the epiphany that i added someone else's original character to it and i never discussed it with their creator 😊 (yes, i just realized, things can take me a long long time sometimes. Im a science person, not a social interaction person) and even though the water has run its course under the bridge, i feel like the best thing to do would be to erase said character (and talk to their creator about it if i happen to want to add said character in a further story). I know this is basic social skills but idk what happened, it totally slipped out of my mind.

Anyways, i hope you like this one! Let me know what you think <3

One of life's biggest lies was Shane thinking of himself as an early bird. He was not, and Ilya could say so with the confidence that being Shane's husband and knowing all his little quirks gave him.

Did he prefer to wake up early and make good use of his time? Sure. But he wasn't a natural. If anything, he was incredibly disciplined, but not an early bird.

If Ilya thought from time to time that his husband should just embrace his nature and sleep until later, that was between him and his brain. He loved Shane and all the oddities that made him Shane Hollander™.

He did thought that maybe they should consider getting his husband tested for autism, though.

Anyways, Ilya could admit that -even if his husband relaxed and slept for longer-, Shane'd still wake up before him. Which was exactly why Ilya was enjoying *so* much being the only awake person in the house that morning.

For some reason, he'd woken up at sunrise and Shane hadn't. Ilya hit their at-home gym, took Anya out for a loooooong walk, and made a quick grocery run, everything before the clock ticked half past nine. And all of this before Shane rose from their bed.

Ilya, ever the thoughtful husband, checked on him when he got back home, but he was fine, just sound asleep hugging Ilya's pillow.

So, he decided to get started with breakfast, because he *knew* that it would be an issue if he let Shane sleep past ten o'clock. It probably would be an issue that he'd let him sleep past nine

as it was, but that's what the breakfast in bed and all the pampering he had in mind would be for -to tame his moody, *not at all a morning person* husband-.

Ilya was about to finish slicing a kiwi when his phone first ping'd, but he ignored it in order to finish preparing Shane's... honestly brunch, at that point.

It ping'd again a few minutes later, when Ilya was stuffing spinach leaves into the blender with a green apple and some honey. He didn't pay it any mind then either because he didn't want to forget to add frozen mango to Shane's green smoothie.

The third time it ping'd, it came along with a long buzz. Or maybe several buzzes, Ilya realized when he took his phone out his pocket and saw all the notifications popping on his screen. He decided he could take a look at what was going on on Twitter while the coffee brew, since it was the one thing that got pretty much done on its own once you added water.

@ShaneHollanderRozanov 7m

Tell me why I just woke up to an empty bed? Anything to say on your favor @IlyaHollanderRozanov?

Ilya's heart skipped a beat. His husband was being goofy and publicly speaking about them? On main?

Oh, he kept reading.

@ShaneHollanderRozanov 5m

***bad Russian accent* what is word... oh, yes! Come back to bed is sunday and even worse is EARLY @IlyaHollanderRozanov**

 **@HaydenPikeTrademark 4m**

i hate to break it to you buddy but it is, in fact, not early

Ilya hated that he had drop a like to Hayden's tweet.

@ShaneHollanderRozanov 2m

For the love of GOD @IlyaHollanderRozanov i hear you playing the drums in the kitchen. What the hell are you doing?

Ilya frowned. He wasn't being that noisy... was he?

@ShaneHollanderRozanov 2m

For the love of GOD @IlyaHollanderRozanov i hear you playing the drums in the kitchen. What the hell are you doing?

 **@IlyaHollanderRozanov 1s**

i apologise my beloved, i had not noticed you had risen from the dead

Ilya quickly texted Shane NOT to get up from bed, and spent the next few minutes waiting for the coffee reading the replies to Shane's tweets.

@ShaneHollanderRozanov 9m

Tell me why I just woke up to an empty bed? Anything to say on your favor @IlyaHollanderRozanov?

 **@montreallethal 5m**

always knew he'd dump your sorry ass

 **@BoodramZane 2m**

still butthurt Shane dumped yours?

Ilya immediately liked Bood's reply.

@ShaneHollanderRozanov 9m

Tell me why I just woke up to an empty bed? Anything to say on your favor @IlyaHollanderRozanov?

 **@hollanovyyy 9m**

HOLY SHITTTTTTTT

 **@hollanovyyy 9m**

I love sunday mornings rozanovs 🤔

@ShaneHollanderRozanov 5m

***mock Russian accent* what is word... oh, yes! Come back to bed is sunday and even worse is EARLY @IlyaHollanderRozanov**

↩ @annoyingbear 5m

isn't this a racist thing to do?

↩ @ottawagaytaurs 4m

**dude they guy's literally half-japanese?
HUSBAND?**

and he's just mocking his

↩ @annoyingbear 4m

that doesn't make it ok for him to

make fun of a foreigner.

↩ @JJBoiziau 2m

va chier, perds-toi! 🙌

Had Ilya picked on any french on his years living in Canada? No. But he liked JJ's tweet still. Olive branch and all that.

Ilya made sure the tray he had been preparing was perfect to go, and once he was happy with it, he went upstairs. He found his husband half sitting on the bed, hair a mess and freckles practically blinking thanks to his wide smile.

"Oooh, is it our anniversary and I forgot?" He joked.

"**No**. Do I need a reason to surprise my husband in bed?" Ilya lifted an eyebrow as he approached the bedside table.

"You do that all the time" Shane dismissed with a flirty wave of his hand, Ilya almost choked on his own saliva. Sleeping late, using social media and making innuendos? Had his husband hit his head yesterday during their game and he hadn't noticed? "But this is cute. I like it" Shane smiled looking up at him, his cheeks turning a lovely shade of pink. Ah, that was more like him.

Ilya reached down to drop a kiss on his husband's forehead and smiled at him "Anything for you, **my beloved**. You know that"

Shane sighed dreamly and smiled even brighter "I know. **I love you**"

If later that day Ilya saved a screenshot of the collage that Shane had posted on his instagram story to show off their breakfast in bed, well, that was between him and his phone.

End Notes

lyubov' vsej moyey zhizni = love of my life
(according to google translate. i do not speak russian)

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