

A Day In Disney

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by [perachdavida](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya think the Stanley Cup playoffs are hard? Try taking two toddlers to DisneyWorld.

Notes

While not strictly necessary, my Shane/Ilya fics are all conceptually linked and are best enjoyed in chronological order, which is as follows:

The Interview

The Offer

Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One

A Day In Disney

Date Night

First Day Of School

A Perfect Christmas

The Mouse House

The Hit

Family Hockey Game

The Changeling

Sasha's Story

“Papa, I want to go on this one!” Eva squealed in excitement as they approached the little roller coaster.

“Yes, this looks like a fun ride,” Ilya agreed, holding Eva’s tiny hand as she pulled him toward the entrance while jumping up and down. “Let’s get in line.”

Sasha began whimpering next to Shane. “Nooooooo.”

“What’s wrong sweetie?” Shane asked him gently.

“I’m scared. I don’t like it.” He started to shake and pull away, and Shane could see a full body-on-the-ground meltdown coming if he didn’t put a stop to things right now. Sasha was a sensitive boy, easily frightened, and he wasn’t as good as Eva at using his words.

“OK,” he said, scooping Sasha up into his arms and pulling his head against his chest. “You don’t have to go on anything that you don’t want to. I have an idea. How about Papa and Eva go on this ride, and we’ll stay here and take a picture of them when they zoom past us. Then when they’re done, we’ll all get some Mickey Ice Cream bars.”

Sasha nodded his head vigorously, liking this idea. His golden curls, so like Ilya’s, bounced around his face. Every time Shane looked at Sasha, who was Ilya’s mini me in appearance if not personality, his heart melted.

Unfortunately, Eva’s face scrunched up in displeasure. “No, Daddy! I want Sasha to come too!” She stomped her little sandaled foot for emphasis.

Ilya crouched down to face her. “Yes, baby, we understand, but Sasha doesn’t want to go. He’s scared, and we listen to people when they tell us no.”

“But he doesn’t need to be scared. I’ll take care of him. I want us to be together!” Ilya looked up at Shane, and their eyes met in wonderment and pride at this little person, so loving and fierce, always willing to stand up and take charge. Sometimes they jokingly called her “Little Yuna” because she was so similar to her grandmother in both looks and temperament.

Sasha hid his face against Shane’s neck, burrowing like a turtle in its shell, unwilling to either disappoint his sister or give in and go on the terrifying ride.

Ilya gathered up Eva and stood. “That is so nice of you to take care of your brother. But I need you to take care of me.” He scrunched up his face and spoke in a whining voice. “I am scared of this ride too! You can’t protect both Sasha and me, because I am too big and I will take up alllllll of your bravery. Will you go with me and keep me safe?”

Eva giggled and patted his face. “You’re silly, Papa. Of course I will. I’m not scared at all. I’m excited!”

“Yes, you are the bravest person in the whole family. We should make you a knight. Give you a sword. Oh, and you need a name. Lady Eva? Sir Eva? Sir Hollander? Ooh, I like Sir

Hollander.” Ilya put her down and bowed to her with his hand over his heart. “I am so grateful for your protection Sir Hollander, bravest knight in all of DisneyWorld.”

Everyone, even Sasha, laughed at him. Shane looked at Ilya with gratitude. Shane tended to try to reason with the kids when there was a conflict. But they were three years old, and his batting average was spotty. Ilya knew how to defuse a situation with humor, and he had a much better success rate.

Ilya took Eva’s hand and said, “OK, I think we have decided that Eva will bring me on this ride, and Sasha will watch with Daddy, and then we will all meet for ice cream. Yes?” At everyone’s nods, Ilya said “Good. Now please lead the way, Sir Hollander.”

Eva shouted “Yay” and determinedly tugged Ilya forward, while he turned his head over his shoulder and winked at Shane with a sly grin on his face. A surge of warmth spread through Shane’s chest. After 16 years, he didn’t think his feelings for Ilya could grow any deeper. And yet Shane was surprised every day to find that they did.

He kissed Sasha’s soft, sweet-smelling curls. “Come on buddy, let’s find a good place to watch the ride.”

Later that night in their connecting hotel rooms (with nausea-inducing Little Mermaid decorations everywhere, courtesy of Eva’s pleading), they finished tucking the kids in. There were two double beds in their room, but they wanted to sleep together in the same one. Ever since emerging from the same womb at birth, they always wanted to sleep together if given the choice.

Shane and Ilya turned off the lights and half-closed the connecting door between their rooms, before both collapsing with a moan on their king bed. Ilya scrubbed his hands over his face and rubbed his eyes. “The Stanley Cup playoffs are less exhausting than a day at DisneyWorld with two toddlers.”

Shane snorted. “You’re not kidding. This should be an endurance event at the All-Star competitions.”

Ilya rolled toward Shane, then positioned himself over his chest. “Shane,” he purred in a low, sexy voice. “We have a problem.”

Shane was too busy staring at Ilya’s beautiful lips to pay attention to anything else. “What’s that?” he muttered distractedly.

Ilya leaned down and brushed his lips lightly over Shane’s. “I am too tired to fuck you tonight. Even if I thought you could be quiet enough not to wake the kids. Which you can’t.”

Shane punched Ilya in the shoulder. “Like hell. You’re the one who would have trouble keeping quiet.”

“Uh huh. Sure. Whatever you say.” Ilya smirked down at him, but tiredly.

“I have a better idea,” Shane said, running his hands up and down Ilya’s sides. “How about I do all the work instead. You just lie there and relax. And if I need to keep you quiet, I’ll slap my hand over your mouth.”

Ilya scoffed. “Right. Or a better idea is that I gag you to keep you quiet.”

Shane smiled. “Is this a competition to see who can be quieter? What’s the prize?”

Ilya hummed in thought. “The loser takes the kids to breakfast and lets the winner sleep in.”

Shane’s brows lifted. “Those are some high fucking stakes. You’re on, Rozanov.”

Ilya’s lips curled in anticipation as he flipped over and pulled Shane on top of him. “Bring it, Hollander.”

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