

be in my eyes, and be in my heart

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

The Pikes come for a visit and they end the evening with a bonfire and s'mores. Of course Ilya makes a mess and of course Shane is worried about it.

flufftober day 5: "I hate you." "I love you, too."

Notes

Silly lil fluffy drabble, as usual! are you sick of em yet?? Thank you Anna and Dntat for betaing!!

It's the perfect night for a bonfire.

Fall is beginning to sneak in, with the tips of the trees starting to blossom into their golds and reds and brown. With the way the wind blows a chill in, the nights are cool and in the mornings the grass is covered in dew. The sun starts to set early, and as dusk falls, Ilya doesn't even ask – he just gets up and starts making a fire, which quickly attracts Arthur's attention. The little boy stands a good distance away from the fire pit and watches, his hands tucked into his pockets, his big eyes glued to the start of the flames.

It's the last night of the Pikes visit; they came to Ottawa for a long weekend before the season starts, and Ilya has had entirely too much fun having four children in the house. Jackie has been thrilled not to have to wrangle her kids all day every day, and Hayden and Ilya are definitely starting to at least warm towards each other.

It has been a good weekend. And what better way to round it out than with a bonfire, and more importantly – *s'mores*?

"Shane!" Ilya calls as he pokes at the logs, which are crackling away happily. The fire is roaring now, and Arthur's eyes are wide as he watches. Shane's head pokes out from the back door and his eyebrows arch at the fire, and at both Ilya and Arthur looking at him expectantly.

"Bring some ciders and the things to make s'mores?" He asks. Shane nods, and disappears back into the house. Before he knows it, the rest of the Pike clan are flooding out, with Ruby in the lead and Jade close behind. Amber is on Jackie's hip, and she immediately plunks down into a chair and balances Amber on her knees, before smiling up at Ilya.

"This is really nice. Hayden, I think we need a fire pit."

Hayden is juggling a bag of marshmallows, a box of graham crackers, and a few bars of chocolate, and Shane follows after him, his own hands filled with four bottles of Drover cider and metal sticks to roast the marshmallows. Ilya watches Ruby and Jade and Arthur, and while they all stand around the fire pit, none of them dare to get close enough for it to be a problem. Shane doles out the ciders, then seats himself next to Ilya, and reaches for his husband's hand as he takes a sip of his drink.

"Would you like to roast some marshmallows?" Ilya asks the hoard of children, and they all cheer happily as Hayden rolls his eyes.

"Just what they need, sugar before bed," Hayden *mostly* teases, and Jackie pokes his ribs with her index finger as Amber claps her chubby little hands, mimicking her siblings' enthusiasm.

"Let them have their fun," She hushes Hayden with a look, and he stands up. He loads up the metal sticks with marshmallows and hands one to Arthur, then one to Ruby, then finally the last goes to Jade. He shows them how to carefully turn the marshmallows over the fire, and the children delight in watching the flames pop around the sugary-sweet treat.

Ilya also loads himself up a stick with two marshmallows, and drops Shane's hand to hold his own stick out over the fire by the plastic handle. Jade's marshmallow is already on fire, and Arthur's is so far from the flames it's probably still cold, and Hayden is trying to put out metaphorical fires as the children struggle.

Ilya watches with unrestrained glee, and Shane chuckles, rolling his eyes fondly as he leans in to press a kiss to the corner of Ilya's mouth. "Don't make fun of Hayden, he's trying his best," Shane teases, and Hayden scoffs as he blows out the flaming ball of marshmallow that belongs to Ruby, then quickly sandwiches it between two crackers and a piece of chocolate.

"Yeah, just wait till you have three of your own –"

"Four!" Jackie interjects.

"*Four* of your own, three of which are sticking metal sticks into *fire*."

"Will never have four, we will have a reasonable number," Ilya says as he pulls his marshmallow out of the flames. It's a perfect golden brown all around, and he waves it triumphantly.

"Good job, Rozanov," Shane taunts, and Ilya takes a long sip of his cider before making his sweet treat and taking a large, gooey bite. Marshmallow oozes out from between the graham crackers, and his fingers are coated in the warm, sugary confection, as are his lips. He savors the mix of marshmallow and chocolate on his tongue, and huffs out a contented sound as he finishes off the treat.

Ruby and Arthur are still struggling to eat their s'mores. They're sticky messes already, Arthur with marshmallow smeared across his cheeks, Ruby with it covering her little hands. Jade is getting wiped down by Jackie, who had the foresight to bring wet wipes out with them.

Ilya licks his lips, but they're still sticky from the marshmallow. His fingers are also gooey, and Ilya's grin turns wicked as he turns towards Shane. With his sugar-coated fingers, Ilya grabs Shane's chin and presses a multitude of sugary sweet kisses to Shane's lips and cheeks and nose. Shane cries out and flails, hitting Ilya's chest and pushing at him as Ilya laughs, head tossed back, curls glinting in the firelight.

"God, I hate you!" Shane grouses as he wipes at his chin. Jackie, who is laughing at this display, hands Shane a wet wipe, then hands another to Ilya.

"I love you, too," Ilya responds as he wipes at his fingers.

"That's not very nice, Uncle Shane," Jade says matter-of-factly from her child size camping chair, which Hayden set out for them.

"Yeah, hating someone is *bad*," Ruby agrees from her own chair, set up next to her sister's.

"Yeah, Shane," Ilya says with a little pout. "Is not very nice at all."

Shane leans in and presses a kiss to Ilya's lips, as if to prove something. "Don't worry, kids, I love Uncle Ilya. He's just the *worst* sometimes."

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