

wrapped around your finger

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by [TexasTeaparty](#)

Summary

Ilya snorts from where he's perched at the island, cup of coffee under his nose. "Do you have to yell so loud?"

Shane glares at his husband. "*Your* daughter is *not* a morning person. So, yes, I do."

"She is only *my* daughter when you do not get along."

(or, alternatively, married hollanov with their bundle of sassy joy, Ilina.)

Notes

Hello! My name is Tex, or Texas, and I'm new here!

I predominantly write for hangster over in the Top Gun fandom (hangman x rooster) but i've been around the block with a few other book ships (first prince, malec, etc) and I got so extremely excited about Heated Rivalry the show that I just had to reread the books and write them.

This is my first work in this fandom, but I already have a few other one shots planned in this specific au, but I really hope you guys like it!

Also, EDIT: I realize Anya isn't in here, and though I wrote this one in a bit of a brain fog in like an hour, I have not forgotten the cutey puppy, so she will be in the next iteration of this series, so don't worry!

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



"Ilina! Time to go!"

Ilya snorts from where he's perched at the island, cup of coffee under his nose. "Do you have to yell so loud?"

Shane glares at his husband. "*Your* daughter is *not* a morning person. So, yes, I do."

"She is only *my* daughter when you do not get along." With that he stands and heads down the hallway towards Ilina's bedroom, saying something in Russian that makes Shane's brain struggle to translate—he's still *learning*, but Ilya likes to speak too quietly or too quick just to be a dick. Something something *malyshka*, so he's buttering her up good.

With a sigh, he goes back to his task; getting Ilina's lunch ready. She was going on a field trip today to the museum and had demanded fruit snacks, fruit by the foot, *and* oreos for lunch. When he'd asked if she wanted anything, y'know, to *eat*, she just put her little hands on her hips and replied "*no, daddy. I want this.*" And Ilya had stood behind her, looking so goddamned proud that Shane had folded like a pile of laundry.

Ilya had taught their daughter that Shane was such a pushover, especially when it came to their combined Rosanov hazel eyes.

He really didn't mind, most of the time, but he will sneak a sandwich into the mix just to appease his worried parent instincts.

"Daddy!" Ilina runs into his legs then, very excited considering it was still before 8 in the morning.

"Hey baby," he coos, reaching down to grab her around the waist and heaves her up. She quickly wraps her arms around his neck, pressing a loud kiss to his cheek. He grins. "Wow! Someone is happy this morning."

Ilina's toothy smile is even cuter because she's missing a tooth, cheeks flushed a soft pink and her curl hair is pulled up into two adorable pigtails. "I am always happy, daddy."

He nods, serious. "Of course you are." Catching Ilya's smug smile over her shoulder, Shane winks at him. "You're our happy baby girl, aren't you?"

Ilina nods, giggling when Shane tickles her sides. Her squeals echo around the kitchen and makes his heart stutter, so full of love and contentment. *God*, he loves his family. Loves *their* family. There was a time when he didn't think he'd get...this. Any of this. *All* of this. But now he does, and he's forever grateful for it every single day.

Ilya is leaning against the wall, one foot crossed over the other, looking both painfully happy and seconds away from bending Shane over the closest available counter space. His hazel

eyes are blazing with heat, and Shane can feel his neck pickle with heat at the outright staring, confused as to why but also happy to bask in the feeling.

"Papa!" Ilina squeals, reaching out for Ilya as Shane continues to tickle her. "Save me!"

Ilya pushes off the wall, stalking towards them with practiced ease and wraps both of his muscular arms around them. "Not here to rescue!" His voice is a growl, low and dangerous in Shane's ear, sending shivers down his spine all the way to his toes. "*Papulya* is here to tickle more!"

Ilina's laughter is infectious, and Shane can't help but giggle along side her as Ilya tickles her sides. Then his giggles turn into raucous, full belly laughs because Ilya's deft, skilled fingers change focus from Ilina and begin to poke and prod at his sides, recalling all the sensitive spots he'd found over the years and using that to his advantage.

"Hey! Stop that! Ahh!" He tries to use Ilina as a shield, but she wiggles and squirms her way down and begins to use her tiny little fingers and pinch at his knees and thighs, joining her papa in the fun. "Wait! I give up! Haha, please, *stop!*"

Ilya's pupils are a little blown out, gaze a bit darker. When he leans down to kiss his cheek after halting his assault, he hears the hoarse, raspy whispered Russian right in his ear.

"*You do not usually beg to stop.*"

Shane inhales sharply, arousal singing through his core and deep into his gut, he chokes on absolutely nothing and starts hacking wet sounding coughs. Ilya looks damn proud, chest puffed up like a preening bird and Shane doesn't know if he wants to kiss him, kick him, or drop to his knees.

(That's a lie, he knows what he *wants* to do, because he always wants that. But Ilina is still right here, so he opts to just glare at him.)

After they come down from their impromptu tickle fest and finally get everything ready to go, does Shane stop Ilya before he heads to the car. "You're gonna pay for that."

Ilya grins, shark like and devious, before curling a hand into his hair and pulling him into a fierce, heated kiss, right there in the foyer. Shane melts into it, as always, and kisses back just as deep. Even after all these years, Ilya still kisses his breath away, stealing the air from his lungs with every swipe of his tongue.

"Ewww!"

They pull apart but don't move too far away. Shane has to take a few deep, slow breathes and rests his forehead on Ilya's collarbone, almost boneless from the kiss and Ilya's fingers carding gently through his hair.

"Ilina, thought you got in the car already."

Ilina makes another *ick* noise, fists on her hips when Shane sneaks a glance at her sassy stance. "I was trying to! But daddy didn't open the car!"

Oh right. "Uh," he flushes under her glare, then a little brighter when Ilya's deep chuckle rumbles against his cheek. He fumbles for the key fob, failing to click on the unlock button twice before finally getting it to work. The car beeps outside and he smiles, sheepish and embarrassed. "There you go baby, I'm sorry."

She continues to glare at him.

Ilya clicks his tongue. "Go. Car. Now."

With a bombastic eye roll (that *Hayden* taught her, thank you very much) she finally turns and heads back outside. "Daddy and *papulya* are so gross!"

Ilya shouts something back in Russian that Shane is certain shouldn't be said within hearing range of a 6 year old, but he can't help but bury his face in Ilya's neck and laugh.

"I love you," he wheezes, fingers clinging to Ilya's jacket.

Ilya kisses the crown of his head, soft and sweet. "And I love you."



End Notes

Also, though I have a few ideas for a couple more additions to this au, if anyone has any ideas or prompts they'd like to see filled just comment or come hit me up on [tumblr!](#)

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