

Sleeping Habits

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76296681) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76296681>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyu , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Wyatt Hayes , Scott Hunter (Game Changers) , Kip Grady , Harris Drover , Troy Barrett , Zane Boodram , Luca Haas
Additional Tags:	Sleepy Cuddles , Sleepy Kisses , denial is a river in egypt , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Literal Sleeping Together , Sickfic , Ilya is a cuddlebug , Body Worship , Fluff and Smut , Licking , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Completed: 2025-12-31 Words: 4,541 Chapters: 6/6

Sleeping Habits

by [Snakeswithsocks](#)

Summary

5 times Ilya is in denial that he snores, and one time he catches Shane doing the same.

Notes

I just wanted to cute random drabbles of thoughts where I could put my headcannons.

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

Chapter 1: 1. Home

Light comes slowly through the curtains at home in Ottawa, slightly getting into Shane's eyes. He squints, groaning slightly as he extends his legs from being curled up. He feels Ilya behind him, his arm wrapped loosely around his waist and feels his breath on the back of his neck.

He begins to close his eyes, trying to focus on going back to sleep, when he hears a slight snore behind him. They had gotten back to the house late and still managed to give each other quick relief before passing out. Shane rolled his eyes and scooted back, wanting to be closer to Ilya. Ilya mumbled something in Russian that sounded an awful lot like, "Anya, skoreye vsego, stanet sleduyushchim prezidentom" (Anya is set to be the next president), but that would make absolutely no sense. It took everything in Shane's power not to laugh out loud right there. Instead, he stayed snuggled and listened to his husband sleep.

He must have fallen back asleep at some point, because he woke up to a snort and more mumbling. Shane was on his stomach. He felt pressure on his back, realizing that it was Ilya's thigh. He moved his head to look at his partner and was greeted with a wonderful sight.

Ilya was also on his stomach, his hair up in all directions, mouth agape and drooling on his pillow. He was completely out for the count. And snoring. LOUDLY.

Shane wanted to be grossed out, but all he could think about was how cute he was. He quickly swiped a photo and slowly snuck out of bed, being careful not to wake his lover.

"Yeshche slishkom rano." (It's too early) Ilya mumbled.

Shane shushed him and kissed his temple, saying "Vozvrashchaysya ko snu." (Go back to sleep)

Ilya was gone within seconds and all Shane could do is chuckle, shake his head, and make his way downstairs with Anya at his heels ready for breakfast.

Chapter 2: 2. The Plane

Chapter Summary

Ilya falls asleep on the plane, still in denial.

6:00AM EST

The Ottawa Centaurs board the plane to head towards Miami. Shane and Ilya had definitely stayed up way too late...enjoying each other's company after a great win against Montreal. They had gone out with the team, tasted some food at a new restaurant, tasted each other...average after game behavior. Shane was exhausted, but looking at Ilya, he looked dead. Like, zombie dead.

"Jesus, are you two okay?" Zane asks, eyebrows raised.

"Yeah, we're good. Just stayed up a bit past bedtime," Shane said, getting the others to laugh. Ilya smirked, but it didn't get a full laugh. He looked ready to collapse. Shane put their belongings in the overhead storage and sat in the middle seat next to his husband, who got the window seat.

"You sure you don't want the window seat?" Ilya mumbled, already starting to fade away.

Shane looked at him longingly, grabbed his hand and kissed it, saying "I'm sure. You look exhausted."

Ilya nodded, adding "Vozmozhno, vchera vecherom my nemnogo slishkom khorosho poveselilis." (We may have had a bit of too much fun last night).

Shane offered his shoulder to Ilya, who happily took it, leaning on it heavily. Luckily, no one was in the seat to the aisle so they had extra room. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes, waiting for the plane to take off. He vaguely heard the safety protocol and felt them start to take off while he fell into darkness.

Shane woke up to kicking behind his seat. It wasn't crazy, but enough to jostle him awake. He feels a heavy weight to his left, and when he looked he saw Ilya completely slumped. He wasn't even laying on his shoulder anymore and had sunk down almost to his elbow, snoring and drooling. Shane snuck a look at the seat behind him and saw Wyatt looking apologetic. "He was snoring god awful and won't wake up. Can you move him? Please?"

Shane tried not to laugh, but let out a small chuckle because the whole situation was hilarious to him. He peeked back over at his husband, completely zonked. He moved the hair out of his forehead slightly, causing Ilya to twitch and mumble a little.

"Moya lyubov," (my love) Shane said quietly, slightly shaking Ilya's shoulder. Ilya groaned, and peeked out from behind his blonde lashes looking betrayed.

"Kotoryy seychas chas?" (What time is it?) he asked roughly.

Shane looked at the small screen on the seat in front of him. "8:00AM". That forced another groan out of Ilya.

"Why did you wake me, Shane?" he whined.

"You were snoring, Ilya."

Ilya quickly raised his head, squinting his eyes against the light in the cabin and stared down Shane. It took everything in him not to burst out laughing at his adorable face.

"I do not snore. Russians do not do this."

"YES YOU DO!" announced Wyatt behind him.

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, you all are just...Shane what is the phrase? Stealing my leg?"

"Pulling my leg?" Shane asked, smirking.

"Da, that is it. Pulling my leg." Ilya stated triumphantly.

Shane heard Wyatt sigh dramatically behind him and mumble something like, "doesn't snore my ass."

Ilya sat back up in his seat, pulling Shane in against him with his arm around his shoulders. Shane leaned in for a quick kiss, and laid his head on Ilya's shoulder looking out the window, watching the sky below go by.

Chapter 3: 3. Road trip

Chapter Summary

Rose invites the couple to Detroit.

Detroit: 756 km

Ilya and Shane stared at their computer screen looking at google maps, staring at 7 hours and 41 minutes. It was summer, and Rose had invited them to her home for a few days in Detroit, Michigan. After discussing it, the couple decided that it would be fun to have a bit of a road trip.

"It will be fun!" Ilya whines into Shane's shoulder, making him giggle.

"Okay, okay, fine!" Shane laughs and relents, causing Ilya to smile that crooked smile that he fell for all of those years ago.

"But, you need to wear that nose strip thing." Shane says.

Ilya sighs and leans into Shane, whining out, "But we have been over this!"

Shane interrupts and says in a terrible Russian accent, "Never in life have I snored, Russians do not do this."

Ilya gasps in mock horror, and says "You mock me! I do not sound like this! You must be punished!" He proceeds to chase Shane around the house, Anya at their heels barking.

ETA: 7 hours

Shane is at the wheel of the Jeep (he had to convince Ilya that they needed utility above style for this road trip) softly playing P!nk on the radio. Ilya lasted about 30 minutes into the ride chatting lightly with Shane, grabbing his hand and rubbing his thumb across it. The entire time felt surreal and heavenly to Shane. He still could not believe that he was allowed this.

He was quickly pulled out of his dreamlike headspace when he heard Ilya snort and begin to snore slightly. It was nothing crazy, but he DID NOT put on the nasal strip like Shane asked.

I can not believe this man. Shane thought, sneaking a longing look at his partner leaned against the window with a blanket over him, a pillow at his head.

"What a passenger princess," Shane muttered, continuing the long drive to Detroit, his husband at his side.

Chapter 4: 4. Cold over Christmas

Chapter Summary

Ilya catches a cold, cuddles from Shane ensue.

Chapter Notes

*I am currently sick which inspired this chapter.

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

The first thing Ilya felt was a pain in his eyebrows. He groaned, rolling over to reach out to his husband, feeling only cold sheets. *He must have already gotten up.* With another deep groan, Ilya rolled his heavy limbs over, getting his legs on the side of the bed to sit up. He tried to ignore how the ground moved and how nausea built up in his stomach, but quickly remembered, *shit, it's Christmas.*

He sat still for awhile, fatigue entering his slouched form as he rubbed his temples praying that the throbbing pain there would subside. He suddenly heard a crashing downstairs, followed by "fuck, shit, ow, son of a bitch, stupid fucking pan, shit" and some more expletives that made him chuckle.

"Shane?" he tried calling down, startled by the sound of his own ragged voice, way too quiet for his liking. He cleared his throat roughly and said as loud as possible, "Shane, sweetheart, are you okay?"

He heard a distressed chuckle and a quick, "Um, yes?"

Ilya sighed, a smirk at his lips as he got up, swaying slightly. *God, I feel like shit. Wait, no, I'm fine. Shane needs me.*

He headed quickly (it was actually slowly but felt fast in his head) to the kitchen and was met with an adorable sight. Shane looked like a deer in headlights covered in flour and honey while pouring some form of batter into a now dented pan. "Merry Christmas?" he let out with a nervous chuckle. Ilya's heart melted looking at him. He sauntered the best he could in a straight line to his husband and wrapped his arms around him from behind, burying his face in his neck. "Merry Christmas, moya lyubov." His voice came out rougher than expected, but loving nonetheless.

Naturally, Shane caught on immediately, turning around while Ilya maintained a grip around his waist while he put a hand to Ilya's forehead, hissing unhappily. "You're pretty warm baby, are you feeling okay?"

It took everything in Ilya to remain standing. He loved it when Shane called him that petname, as it usually only came out in deep throws of passion, when he was incredibly depressed, or when he was ill.

Ilya cleared his throat, claiming, "Of course, just warm from blankets." Shane gave him an incredible side eye that had been perfected throughout the years. Desperately trying to change the topic, he wiped some honey off of Shane's cheek, licking his finger while wiggling his eyebrows at his husband. "Other than mess, what are you trying to make out here?"

Shane rolled his eyes, blushing slightly. "Medovik." Ilya's eyes widened. He leaned his head into Shane's shoulder, giving him a quick succession of kisses on his face as he said, "Shaaaane, that is my favorite! I have not had this since child!"

Shane chuckled lightly, holding his partner close and not even caring about the flour and honey now on Ilya. "I know," he said quietly. "But it's Christmas and I wanted you to have something special."

Ilya felt tears at the corners of his eyes and cupped Shane's face in his hands. "I have something special with you everyday." Shane looked like he was going to cry, so Ilya kissed him until Shane was laughing uncontrollably. The effort made Ilya a little dizzy and he coughed to the side, hard.

Shane immediately stopped, concern visible in his eyes. "Ilya," he said carefully. Ilya could just stand there, he was caught. "Did you catch that thing that Troy had last week?" Ilya wanted to sob. "Maybe?" he said, his chest tight. *God, when did I start to have two husbands?* he thought.

Shane must have sensed that Ilya was unstable, and put down the bowl he was holding and took his husband's hands. "How about I pause on this, and we go take a shower," he said all of this while slowly leading them both back towards the bedroom. All Ilya could do is follow along, swaying slightly, "get into those new pajamas that you bought, and watch some stupid Christmas movie together?" Ilya thought there was never a better idea from his beautiful genius husband.

Post-shower and now in fluffy Christmas teddy bear pajamas, Ilya felt completely worn out. Shane had finished putting the cake in the oven while Ilya had gotten dressed, and now Shane was on their giant couch, patting next to him for Ilya to sit. Ilya obliged, also seeing some cold and pain meds on the table with water in Shane's hands. "Take these and drink this."

Ilya followed directions, wincing as the pills went down his sore throat. Shane looked apologetic. "I can make you some tea later. Now come here."

Ilya was nothing if not a complete simp for his husband, so he laid his head on top of his husband's lap, while Shane began playing with his curls. Ilya already felt his eyes getting

heavy.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, his accent thick with congestion.

Shane chuckled above him, slowly starting to massage his scalp, causing Ilya to moan slightly.

"You have nothing to be sorry for my love."

That was the last thing that he heard before he let himself fall into comfortable darkness.

The front door to the house creaked open slightly, Yuna's head peaking in. She walked in with David, who went straight to the oven to take the cake out like he had requested in text, being sure to not make noise as they entered. As they came into the living room, they couldn't help but smile as they saw their two sons passed out watching a hallmark movie, Ilya snoring through his congested nose and Shane leaning back on the reclined couch with his legs extended. Anya had let herself lay at the end of Ilya's curled feet. Yuna carefully placed a blanket over them, giving them both a slight kiss on the forehead before she got to work finishing the cake that Shane had started for Ilya.

Chapter End Notes

Medovik is a layered honey cake

I am working on a cowboy/western AU for Hollanov and I would love some ideas of dynamics or characters that would have specific jobs on a ranch. Thinking a bullriding vibe. Any thoughts would be appreciated!

Chapter 5: 5. Massage

Chapter Summary

Shane reaches his limit and confronts Ilya, after some sexy time massage. ;)

Chapter Notes

This chapter has some smut so be aware!

I will mark the extra explicit parts with ***** before and after, so look for that if you want to avoid it!

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

The Ottawa Centaurs had landed in Dallas late, but the game wasn't until tomorrow so they had some time to spare.

"Ah," Ilya sighed happily, flopping on the king size hotel mattress face first. Shane couldn't help but chuckle. He carefully sat on the bed next to him, rubbing his lower back, Ilya moaning slightly into the mattress. "Don't get too comfy babe, we are going out with the team, remember?" Ilya groaned and mumbled something along the lines of "why do we hang out with boring people, let's stay inside" straight into the mattress, so it was incredibly muffled.

Shane couldn't help the smile that crept up. He suddenly got a fantastic idea. He kept rubbing his back but started extending the massage up towards his shoulder blades. Ilya groaned happily, turning his head to the side so that he could breathe. He peeked at Shane with a smirk as he said, "already can't keep your hands off me Hollander?"

Shane knew that Ilya was using his last name to rile him up. And it was working. He continued to massage his back, spreading his hands across the expanse of muscles. "Take this off," Shane whispered, tugging at Ilya's shirt. Ilya quickly removed the clothing, even taking off his pants and remaining only in his underwear. Shane couldn't help but feel a strain against his own pants, shaking his head in disbelief that Ilya could still do this to him after all of these years. "Just relax babe." Shane began rubbing the back of Ilya's neck and Ilya completely sank into the bed. This spot was definitely his tension spot. "Oh sweetheart," Ilya moaned, eyes shut and moaning at the mercy of his lover. Suddenly, Shane stopped, leaving Ilya to whine slightly.

"Hold on just a sec, baby." Shane kissed the back of his neck. Ilya heard clothes rustling around, and heard the door open to the hotel room, along with some wolf-whistles from outside by Troy and Wyatt. "Fuck off!" he heard Shane shout, laughing. "Have a fun night you two!" Zane yelled, laughing. Ilya heard the door close and the deadbolt click. *So much for going out with the team*, he thought.

After a moment, he felt the bed shift next to him and then a weight on top of his lower back. Shane was straddling him, completely naked. Ilya turned his head as much as possible, looking back to meet Shane's eyes. Shane had an adorable smirk on his face, his member up at attention. "Like what you see, Rozanov?" "Oh, yes I do." Ilya tried to turn over, but Shane had him stuck between his thighs, placing his hand between his shoulder blades. "I never said that I was done with this yet." Ilya felt his eyes get big, his eyebrows raising. "So, I have spicy Canadian this evening?" He felt a smack on his ass, and laughed. "Shut up!" Shane said, halfheartedly, smiling. He felt several kisses on his neck, his back, and soon a kiss on the cheek. Ilya opened his eyes, pursing his lips saying, "Gimme kiss." Shane rolled his eyes, but complied. Ilya put his head back down, feeling Shane shift, turning himself around. He felt him tug on the waistband of his underwear, pulling them down to his knees, feeling his own member spring free. What he felt in awkwardness was quickly replaced by hands gripping his ass, hard.

"Hollander, oh my god," he moaned deliciously.

"I love your ass so much," Shane said, almost moaning the words. He kept massaging his ass to his thighs, Ilya feeling himself get more erect with every stroke of Shane's hands across his skin. He didn't even try to be quiet when he felt Shane shift off of his back and felt something hot and wet touch his ass cheek. *Is he licking my ass right now?* Shane had begun to lick, suck and bite all across Ilya's ass, thighs, and lower back, all while hearing Shane compliment his body. "All mine," "You are built like a fucking God," "How in the hell did I get so lucky?"

Ilya, normally strong through his lust, felt himself completely losing composure. Just as he was about to turn over and ravage his husband, Shane stopped. Ilya pressed up on his forearms and looked backward. Shane was standing at the end of the bed, his eyes half-lidded with desire, stroking himself at the sight of Ilya on the bed, marked up by him. That broke him.

He sat up quickly, pulling Shane by the waist into him and kissed him deeply, both men sighing at the relief. Their tongues danced with each other as Ilya grabbed both of their cocks, Shane's eyes almost rolling back as he did. Ilya moved to lay Shane on the bed, and he obliged, spreading his legs so the Ilya could lay on top of him. They kissed like that for awhile, with Ilya frothing against him, and Shane whimpering into his mouth.

"Babe, I'm close," Shane whined, his eyes filled with lust.

"Hold out for me, darling," Ilya instructed. Shane nodded, closing his eyes and letting himself feel the moment.

Right when Ilya was about to climax, he stopped kissing Shane and said, "Now you can let go." He felt Shane arch off of the bed, hot stripes coating both of their stomachs moaning Ilya's name. That put Ilya over the edge, himself grunting into Shane's neck, sucking there until a decent sized mark was left.

Once they were both spent, Ilya rolled over onto his back next to his lover, both breathing heavily. "Are you okay?" Ilya asked, looking over at Shane's blissed out face. Shane opened his big doe eyes at Ilya and said, "Absolutely." He leaned over to kiss him softly, and they enjoyed each others' slow caresses.

After about 15 minutes, Shane made a disconcerted sound, saying "we need to shower, your cum is drying on me." Ilya laughed a belly laugh, taunting "yours is there too you know."

"You're an ass."

"What is the phrase? You are what you eat."

Ilya heard Shane give him a raspberry as he got up to head for the shower, Ilya close behind, laughing.

"No, I want to watch stupid American parkour show!" Ilya started, reaching for the remote.

"American Ninja Warrior?" Shane asked, smirking.

"Da, that one. It has stupid Americans falling in water after failure."

Shane rolled his eyes, changing the hotel channel to American Ninja Warrior. "You're not going to be up for much longer anyway," Shane mumbled.

He turned to snuggle into Ilya's chest relaxing. Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane's shoulder, sighing with content. Shane felt a kiss on his head, and felt his eyes get heavy. Ilya began to play with the hair at the nape of his neck, making Shane's eyes close.

"What was it you said about me not being up much longer?" he heard Ilya ask quietly.

"Fuck off, I'm just resting my eyes." He felt a rumble in Ilya's chest as he chuckled.

"Whatever you say sweetheart." After that, Shane let himself fall into comforting darkness.

Shane woke up with a start, sitting up. He began rubbing his eyes to look at the clock. 3:14. *Why the fuck am I awake right now?* he thought, continuing to rub his hand over his face. Then he heard Ilya snore loudly beside him. He looked down, seeing him drooling all over his pillow, resembling more of a lawnmower than a husband. *We are not doing this shit*

tonight. He quickly shook Ilya's shoulder, causing him to snort awake. "What, what is it?" he slurred, eyes barely open.

"You're snoring again." Shane stated, irritated.

He saw Ilya roll his eyes, exasperated, saying, "We've been over this..." and Shane interrupted him saying, "Rozanov you fucking woke me up snoring. You sound like a fucking dying lawnmower. It is bullshit if you think I am hearing things."

Ilya looked at him curiously, suddenly noticing the dark circles under his lover's eyes. He sighed, and asked lowly, "how long?"

Shane looked at him, confused. "What do you mean, how long?"

"How long have a snored?"

Ilya looked genuinely hurt and it broke Shane's heart. He felt his eyes softening and opened his arms for Ilya to come and cuddle. Ilya scooted over, laying his head on Shane's chest while Shane twirled his curls between his fingers. "Honestly? Since the start." He felt Ilya sit up, looking down at him seriously. "Seriously? You are not fucking with me?" "Honey, no. You have snored since our first time at the cottage. Just not normally this bad. Usually slightly." Ilya groaned falling back onto Shane, saying "I am worst husband. I keep you awake with my loud snoring. I am like bear. I am so sorry." Shane started to give Ilya kisses all over, comforting him. "It's not like you can help it! It's normal!" He took Ilya's head in his hands, saying, "look at me baby." Ilya did as he was told, his eyes watery. "It is not a big deal. I still think that you are the best, sexist man to exist, even when you snore like a bear and drool all over me and our pillows." Ilya laughed wetly, and leaned in to kiss Shane lightly. "I love you," he said lying back down into Shane's neck, sniffing slightly.

"I love you so much," Shane said, holding Ilya tightly. Within minutes, he felt Ilya completely relax and felt slow, deep breaths on his neck. He smiled, not wishing he was anywhere else but here.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for the kudos!

Chapter 6: +1: Safe

Chapter Summary

At a visit at Hayden's, Shane finally lets himself relax.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for reading this! It has been forever since I've written anything so I appreciate it! I am working on some more stuff, but I would love to hear your thoughts on this fic and if you'd like any more 5+1 fics!

"Can we watch Moana please Uncle Shane?" Arthur asked, looking up at him with the cutest expression. "Yeah! Please Uncle Shane?" Ruby and Jade added, with Amber trailing behind wobbling, saying, "Pwease Unckie Shane?"

Shane heard Jackie and Ilya chuckling in the kitchen, Hayden smirking next to him. Shane couldn't help but smile looking at these damn kids. "Well, your Uncle Ilya and I *do* need a reminder of our 'wedding night'." Ruby, Jade, and Arthur laughed, while Amber looked at him curiously but smiling. Shane looked back at Ilya in the kitchen, and he was looking at Shane like he was the only star in the sky. He felt heat rise to his cheeks. Hayden slowly clapped his hands together for applause, rising with a smirk. "Wow, *YOU'VE* actually managed to out gross Roz."

"That is not proper grammar," Ilya added quickly.

"You're not proper grammar!" Hayden retorted, smiling.

Jackie started cackling, leaning against the island and soon everyone was laughing but the kids. "Can we watch Moana though?" Arthur asked innocently, making everyone laugh harder.

See the light as it shines on the sea, it calls me.

One day I'll know, how far it goes.

Shane was laying on Ilya's chest, both of them spread on the couch with the kids on the other side. Jackie and Hayden had gone out to grab some groceries while Ilya and Shane watched the kids. Ilya was running his fingers through Shane's hair, with Shane's face pressed up

against his chest laying face down. Everytime he thought that Shane was relaxing, he'd either sit up to check on the kids at the end of the couch or twitch really hard and wake himself up. Ilya watched silently as Shane fought sleep much like the kids at the end of the couch were and had to stifle a laugh at the comparison. He leaned down to kiss the top of Shane's head, and he hummed in contentment. "Why don't you rest for a bit moya lyubov?" Ilya asked quietly, trying not to disturb the kids nodding off at the end of the couch. "That's what we are doing, aren't we?" Shane mumbled back. Ilya started running his hand up and down his back comfortingly while running his other hand through his hair, Shane letting out some tension with a sigh. I

After a few minutes, Ilya grabbed the remote and turned down the TV a few notches, looking at the end of the couch and seeing the 4 kids fast asleep under a blanket. When he looked down at his husband, he saw that Shane was asleep too. He gave him a gentle kiss on the head and changed the channel to American Ninja Warrior.

When Hayden and Jackie returned, it was suspiciously quiet. As they walked in with bags of various healthy and unhealthy decisions, they heard "you are watching American Ninja Warrior" and a distinct sound of someone snoring. Hayden peeked around the corner, suspecting Rozanov (because he'd slept in the same room as him before and lord knows he did not want to repeat that again) and was surprised to see Ilya wide awake. He turned to look at Hayden and put his finger to his lips and pointed down to his chest. Shane was completely spread on him, mouth open and drooling on Ilya's shirt and snoring. LOUD.

The kids were on the other side of the couch giggling as they watched the show on the TV. Jade looked back at Hayden and Jackie and whispered, "Uncle Shane snores like **you** Daddy!" and that even got Ilya to chuckle, making Shane mumble something that was not English, French, *or* Russian and pass back out into dreamland. Jackie brought over a blanket and covered him up, Ilya silently thanking her while Hayden put away groceries quietly. Jackie then whispered, "babes, you want to play outside?" while also putting her finger to her lips for them to be quiet. "YES!" they whispered, quietly getting off of the couch and running to the backdoor to run outside and play.

As they ran outside, Ilya kept running his fingers through his husband's hair and kissed the crown of his head, knowing that he was never going to let him live this down.

End Notes

Let me know if you have any other ideas you'd like to see! :)

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