

sugar crash

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by [andipxndy](#)

Summary

prompt: sugar crash

“So there’s dinner on the stove, in case you two are hungry — yes, even your shitty birdseed, Shane — and extras for the kids but they’ve all eaten.” Hayden was grabbing stuff and shoving it away as he spoke, clearing up the lounge so that it was somewhat presentable.

“Most of their toys are in the den, but they can have two each in the lounge — two — at any one time. Don’t let them tell you otherwise. Bedtime is at seven, they will try to stay up later. There will be many tricks, don’t fall for a single one of them.

“Arthur’s potty just got emptied — he took a massive—”

“Dump,” Shane cut in as he bounced Amber in his arms. Jackie was still near enough, he thought, to hear him. Amber couldn’t talk but she could babble. Hayden already had three dollars in that jar in the past five minutes.

“—shit just before dinner,” Hayden continued, ignoring Shane’s correction. Fourth dollar in the jar.

Notes

hello hello!! this is... almost a week late. do i have an excuse? ehhehe possibly? if being employed and feeling like shit count, i guess.

anyway, hollanov for this prompt!! hopefully you guys enjoy and the characterisation doesn't suck!!

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

“So there’s dinner on the stove, in case you two are hungry — yes, even your shitty birdseed, Shane — and extras for the kids but they’ve all eaten.” Hayden was grabbing stuff and shoving it away as he spoke, clearing up the lounge so that it was *somewhat* presentable.

“Most of their toys are in the den, but they can have two each in the lounge — *two* — at any one time. Don’t let them tell you otherwise. Bedtime is at seven, they *will* try to stay up later. There will be many tricks, don’t fall for a single one of them.

“Arthur’s potty just got emptied — he took a massive—”

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“—shit just before dinner,” Hayden continued, ignoring Shane’s correction. Fourth dollar in the jar. “He won’t need another, but he’ll pee in it. Just watch him and make sure he peeds before bed, or you’ll be changing the sheets at, like, midnight. Ruby and Jade have their stool to use the actual toilet but make sure you keep an eye on them so they don’t fall in.”

“So children fall in toilets now?” Ilya muttered to Shane, earning an elbow from him and a curious look and a coo from Amber.

“That sounds like a yes,” Shane responded with a smirk.

“They’ve got their pajamas on already, you just need to get them to brush their teeth and get into bed.” Hayden picked up a throw that had fallen on the floor as Jackie called out that she was heading to the car, before wrapping it into a ball and chucking it on the couch. Shane winced, but cleared the expression on his face before Hayden could turn around and see.

“Any questions?”

Ilya raised his hand.

“No, we’re not bringing you leftovers.”

Ilya lowered his hand.

“What time will you get back?” Shane asked, following Hayden as they headed to the front door. Just a brief look through the front door told them that Jackie was already in the car, signalled by the beeping they could hear outside. She was getting impatient.

“By, like, eleven,” Hayden responded, grabbing his set of keys (though Jackie clearly already had hers if she was sitting in the car). “Don’t worry, you’ll have time to chill with the kids in bed before we get back. Just no funny business, okay?”

Ilya raised his hand.

“Yes, that includes making out on my couch.”

Ilya lowered his hand, blowing a raspberry at Hayden.

Hayden looked between them both, silently asking if there were any more questions, before reaching over and running a gentle hand over Amber's head. He leaned over and kissed her on the head gently. "You be good for these two troublemakers, alright? And make sure your siblings behave."

There was another honk from outside, and Hayden jumped when he heard Jackie yelling from outside. She'd gotten impatient enough to open the window.

"That's my cue!" Hayden turned towards the door, yelling back inside before he shut it, "SEE YOU LATER, KIDS! MAKE SURE YOU BEHAVE!"

And then the door was shut, and they were left in relative silence, Shane with baby Amber still cooing in his arms and Ilya beside him. They stood there for a few more moments, listening to the sounds of the other three playing in their playroom further into the house.

"So," Ilya started, shattering the silence and drawing both Shane and Amber's attentions to him, "there is food? Jackie's food? Something I can eat?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah, there should be something on the stove—"

"Not your bird food?"

Shane gave him a look, holding his tongue. *Not in front of the kids.* And Ilya's grin in response was infuriating.

He couldn't help but love his man.

"That's not how you do it."

Ilya raised an eyebrow, pausing in the way he was making the plastic horse in his hand gallop. "No?"

Ruby raised an eyebrow at him, in a way that was so *Jackie* that Ilya actually got chills. "No. That's not how horses move."

Ilya stared back at her, deadpan. "It's plastic."

"Make it more realistic."

"Why are you arguing with a child?" Shane had Amber in his lap, chewing on one of her toys as he bounced her on his knee lightly. His eyes were half on Arthur, who was running around playing with one of his toy cars and running it over every surface. If there weren't already scuff marks on all the walls, Shane probably would have tried to stop him (and failed at it too).

"She is calling me inaccurate!" Ilya argued.

"That's because you *are*!" Ruby bit back.

“So we’re gonna have ice cream, right?” Jade cut in, looking between Ilya and Shane expectantly. That was enough to shock the two adults into silence. “Well?”

“It’s a bit late—” Shane started.

“We always have ice cream at this time,” Jade tried.

“No you do not,” Shane argued, trying to recall whether that had been in anything that Hayden and Jackie had mentioned before they left. He didn’t recall them saying anything about ice cream — now, or ever before. This was going to be a problem.

“You don’t live here,” Ruby pointed out. “You don’t know the *real* rules.”

“Yeah,” Jade agreed. “You only know the fake ones mom and dad made up for tonight.”

“We’re allowed ice cream after dinner.”

“Yeah.”

“Ice cream!” Arthur yelled as he ran around the room, still running his toy car over every single surface possible. Shane desperately wanted him to just *sit down*. Instead of telling the boy to do so, he looked to Ilya for help.

Ilya shrugged. “One scoop should be... fine, yes?”

“I don’t know...” Shane started, only to be hit with multiple sets of pleading eyes that make him weak at the knees. Worst of all, predictably, was Ilya’s, who he quickly realised also wanted ice cream.

Of course.

His knee kept bouncing nervously as he thought, trying to weigh up the benefits and the consequences of agreeing. “I guess one scoop can’t hurt—”

“One scoop hurts a lot.”

He and Ilya felt like they were standing in the middle of a hurricane, all three kids running around them screaming whilst Amber was crying in Ilya’s arms (apparently she preferred Shane). They’d given all three kids a scoop of ice cream about half an hour before, and the moment they’d finished (about fifteen minutes ago), the chaos had begun. Arthur had gone back to running around with his car, except with more noises. Ruby and Jade had started arguing loudly, before starting to chase each other around, yelling their heads off. Arthur had quickly joined in by trying to scream over the noise. And then Amber had been quickly overwhelmed by the noise and had burst into tears, even whilst being cuddled in Shane’s lap. Which in turn had prompted Ilya to grab her from him and try to calm her down whilst Shane tried to get the other three to stop running.

It was a sensory nightmare.

“I need to step outside,” Shane ground through his teeth, quickly walking out of the room. Ilya watched him go, tempted to follow after him, but there was no way he could leave all four children inside. *Especially* not Amber. Bouncing the baby in his arms, he looked around at the slight chaos, and took a deep breath.

“Okay, listen up!”

The command in his tone got the three screaming children to stop immediately, and even Amber quietened down at the lack of noise suddenly. Ilya pointed to all three of them in turn.

“You are going to tidy up this place and get ready for bed.”

“You don’t—”

“No, I do not live here. But your parents left me here, *in charge*, so that you would all be taken care of. And they left us all with rules.”

Ruby folded her arms defiantly. “Did those rules say no ice cream?”

Ilya pursed his lips and set his free hand on his hip, Amber in the other arm. “No. But those rules said you should be in bed by seven o’clock, which is in...” He looked at the clock on the wall in the lounge. 6:45. “...fifteen minutes. You have ten minutes to put all of your toys away and get upstairs to brush your teeth.”

When there was no movement, Ilya glanced at the clock again. “Nine minutes.”

That was enough to get the kids all scrambling, grabbing their toys and lugging them to their playroom as quickly as they could. Ilya watched them for a few moments, still bouncing the hiccupping Amber in his arms, before deciding that he could spare five minutes. Turning, he headed in the direction he’d seen Shane walk, finding him sitting on the stairs with his arms on his knees, his head resting on his forearms. Ilya could see his back rising and falling as he tried to breathe in deeply.

Panic attack.

“Shane?” Ilya called softly, approaching him on the stairs and gently running a hand over his back. Shane stilled for a few seconds, before turning his head on his arms to look at Ilya.

“Hi.”

“Hi.” Ilya continued to rub his back. “It is a lot quieter out here.”

“Yeah.”

“Better for your head?”

“Better for my ears.” When Ilya gave a little chuckle, Shane smiled. “And my head, yes.”

“Are you feeling better?” Ilya’s brows furrowed in concern as his hand moved from rubbing Shane’s back to the back of his neck, and his expression relaxed a little when Shane’s eyes

slipped closed. He could feel some of the tension leaving him, and he was hardly even touching him.

“A lot,” Shane murmured. There were a few moments of silence, and then, “That’s so *loud*.”

“They are spawn of Hayden, what did you expect?”

Shane choked out a laugh. “A new word from your dictionary?”

“Yes. Perfect way to use?”

“Absolutely.” Shane pushed himself up to sitting fully, taking a deep breath. “Is everything —”

“They are getting ready for bed now. They are putting their toys away.” Ilya glanced back towards the lounge, where he hadn’t heard any sounds emerging from since he stepped out to check on Shane. “I will check on them.”

Shane nodded, and then reached his arms out. “I’ll take Amber.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow. “So that I will deal with the rest?”

“Well, Arthur’s already taken a dump, so—”

“What if he wants to take another shit. Then I deal with that too?”

“Don’t—” Shane sighed, though it was clear that he was fighting a laugh. “Okay, fine. I’ll take Amber,” Shane forced himself to stand, getting off the stairs and down to the landing before taking Amber from Ilya — Amber who immediately settled into his arms and snuggled in close, “and I’ll get Arthur ready for bed. And you can take the twins.”

“Both of them?” Ilya’s eyebrows rose.

“Well, yes. There’s two of them. That’s what twins are.”

Ilya pursed his lips, as though he was trying not to laugh. “So I have to make sure they *both* don’t fall into the toilet?”

Shane snorted out a laugh. “Ilya—”

“Okay, *okay*.” Ilya raised his hands in surrender, before slowly backing towards the lounge to check on the kids. “I will call them for bedtime. Get ready.”

Shane wasn’t sure how exactly he was supposed to respond to that, but mere moments after Ilya disappeared, there was a stampede of footsteps, and Shane just about moved aside before three children came sprinting out of the lounge and up the stairs, all of them giggling as they apparently raced up the stairs. Hopefully to start getting ready for bed. Ilya followed after them, grinning at Shane as he passed.

“I think Arthur will do another shit before bed.”

Shane tried very hard not to groan, instead rolling his eyes at Ilya. “Don’t say that.”

“I am just guessing. Hayden would take another shit before bed.”

Shane rubbed Amber’s back as she fussed a little in his arms, before settling down into gentle breathing. He idly wondered whether she’d fallen asleep. “If he does, you’re emptying it out.”

“No! *Why?*” Ilya’s tone was dramatic as he practically dragged himself up the stairs, bringing a smirk out of Shane. “It should be your job.”

“You jinxed it.” Shane followed him up, still rubbing Amber’s back and realising that she’d probably fallen asleep now. Or, at least, was on her way. “You jinx, you fix.”

“That is not a rule, surely.”

“It is now.”

“*Shaaaaaaaaane.*”

The two of them groaned as they fell back onto the couch, closing their eyes. They’d finally managed to get the kids into bed, but it felt like it took an age before they finally got there.

The twins, as girls capable of arguing back and giving anyone they felt deserved it a piece of their mind, had *not* made it easy for Ilya one bit. Whilst one of them used the toilet, Ilya felt like he was fighting a losing battle getting the other to brush their teeth, and he had to go through that twice. He considered himself lucky that the kids were already in their pyjamas, because he couldn’t even imagine how much more difficult it would have been to convince them to wear their bed clothes. And the getting them ready for bed wasn’t even the hardest part — it was getting them into bed and convincing them to *stay there*. He had ended up tossing them into bed multiple times, sending them into fits of giggles, and he was terrified that they wouldn’t get tired of their little game and would keep him doing it until their parents got home. And then they had demanded cuddles until they fell asleep, the two of them snuggling into him on Ruby’s bed until they were sleeping soundly. Carrying Jade over to her own bed and tucking her in was the easiest part.

Shane had his own issues, starting with the fact that Arthur *refused* to use his potty until after he’d brushed his teeth. Which he couldn’t do when Ruby and Jade were using the bathroom, because it would get too cramped in there, and Shane did *not* want to find out what happened when all three of them were in the bathroom together. So instead he spent the entire time convincing Arthur to use the potty first *only this time*, until the girls and Ilya left the bathroom. Helping Arthur to brush his teeth was enough of a challenge before Shane realised he would actually have to brush the little boy’s teeth for him over again, to make sure his teeth were actually clean. And then, as soon as he was done, Arthur sprinted out of the room and used his potty — Ilya did *not* jinx it, fortunately, but Shane still had to empty it once Arthur was in bed. Actually putting Arthur to sleep was easy enough — with Amber in his arms, who was already asleep, Shane got through about half of one of Arthur’s little books before he realised the little boy was asleep, and he smiled as he tucked him in.

Amber was the easiest. She was already asleep.

All of this ended up with the two of them collapsing onto the couch at around nine, two hours after the kids were supposed to go to bed. And all because of that damned ice cream.

“Next time they ask for ice cream, I’m saying no,” Shane grumbled.

Ilya nodded. “Agreed.”

Shane looked over at him, scrutinising his partner for a few moments, before the word, “Liar,” passed his lips. Ilya snorted.

“You think that I will give them ice cream?”

“You’re the one who fell for it in the first place.”

Ilya couldn’t argue with that logic.

Shane rested his head against Ilya’s shoulder. “At least they’re in bed now.”

Ilya slid his arm around him, pressing a kiss to the top of Shane’s head. “That means we can make out now, yes?”

Shane let out a chuckle. “Hayden said no making out on his couch.”

“What he does not know will not hurt him.”

Opening the front door, Hayden did not know what he expected he and Jackie to come home to. An absolute mess? A nightmare? All the kids still up and screaming the house down? When they realised the house was silent and the only light was coming from the lounge, he and Jackie breathed sighs of relief.

“Okay, so the house is fine,” Hayden muttered.

“You think they killed Shane and Ilya?”

That was an alternative that Hayden hadn’t considered, and he mentally panicked as the two of them headed through to the lounge to see why the light in there was still on.

Only to find Shane and Ilya on the couch, Ilya on his back with Shane sprawled on top of him, the two of them fast asleep.

“...No, no, I think they’re alive,” Hayden responded with a little grin. “Exhausted, maybe, but alive.”

End Notes

hope you guys enjoyed!!

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