

there's nowhere else i'd rather be

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by [boycomics](#)

Summary

“We do not ask for much,” Ilya’s voice chimed in from behind Shane as strong arms wrapped around his waist, Ilya propping his head on Shane’s shoulder. “And is not a school night...”

“You ask for plenty,” Shane joked with a roll of his eyes, but he knew he was already no match for the two of them. “But she definitely doesn't ask for too much. So you can stay up for one extra hour.”

or

Shane & Ilya's daughter convince them (well, Shane) to let her have a movie marathon.

Notes

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

“I already said no.” Shane said, wiping his hands on a dish towel as the little girl below him continued to tug on the hem of his shirt.

She was a perfect mirror image of Ilya, all golden brown curls pointing every which way, blue eyes piercing in a way that seemed to offset the soft look her hair gave her. Shane liked to complain that his genes didn't try at all, that they didn't put up a fight against Ilya's at all. He always tried his best to beat Ilya at everything, but if there was one competition between the two of them that he'd had to lose, he was glad it had been this one.

In his eyes, Amelia would always be flawless in every way. And besides, outwardly, she may be all Ilya, but on the inside she was all Shane.

Which was why it was ever so slightly out of character for her to continue to beg for something after being told “*no*” a maximum of two times.

Tonight's request, that she could not seem to let go of—which meant Ilya had definitely put the idea firmly into her head—was to stay up past her bedtime to have a ‘Barbie movie marathon.’ Shane wasn't entirely sure she knew what a marathon *was*, let alone a *movie* marathon.

Liking to have a routine and to stick to it, typically getting upset when it was disrupted, Shane couldn't imagine why this was something she could possibly want. On occasion she would be more punctual about bedtime than even Shane himself, making sure to remind him and Ilya that they needed to get started on their nightly rituals if they were more than two minutes late.

Ilya insisted it was a curse she'd already been taught to read the time.

“We do not ask for much,” Ilya's voice chimed in from behind Shane as strong arms wrapped around his waist, Ilya propping his head on Shane's shoulder. “And is not a school night...”

“You ask for plenty,” Shane joked with a roll of his eyes, but he knew he was already no match for the two of them. “But *she* definitely doesn't ask for too much. So you can stay up

for *one* extra hour.” His hand tousled the curls on the top of the little girl’s head, emphasizing his words with the gesture of a pointer finger on his free hand.

Amelia began to excitedly jump up and down, a smile blossoming onto her face. “Let’s go! I get to pick the first movie!” With that, she ran out of the kitchen and into the living room to ruffle through the DVDs she’d been given by the Pike twins.

“Will you join us?” Ilya’s arms tightened around Shane’s middle, lips trailing soft kisses from his neck and up to his jaw.

“Have to call my mom,” Shane mumbled, reaching a hand behind him to tangle in Ilya’s hair. “But when I’m done.” He promised.

“Okay.” Ilya’s reply was quiet, a soft smile playing on his lips as he released Shane.

Shane watched Ilya go and listened to his voice grow in volume as he joined their daughter for the ‘movie marathon.’ They’d only make it through two movies—two and a half, if they were lucky—before 9 o’clock hit, but Shane figured that would be a sufficiently long enough movie marathon for a 6 year old.

Desperately wanting to join them, he followed his own path to the bedroom where he would call his mom. And, as much as he loved his mom, he hoped the call wouldn’t last for *too* long, though he already knew that it would.

~+~9e~+~

“I already talked to Ilya this morning,” Yuna started again after about an hour of time spent discussing necessary details for the upcoming summer camps.

“I’m sure you did,” Shane murmured, quietly enough that he didn’t think his mother had heard him, and smiled to himself. His heart would never fail to feel warm in his chest whenever he thought about how his family loved Ilya as much as he did, and that they loved

Ilya as much as they loved Shane. It was more than he could have ever imagined all those years ago when Ilya had first met his parents.

“But how is my sweet Amelia?” His mom’s voice came through to him again, breaking him out of a state of sweet nostalgia.

“She's good, really good. Had a good week at school, I'm sure she'll be thrilled to tell you all about it on Sunday. Right now she's watching a movie with Ilya, the Barbie version of *Swan Lake*, I think? I don't know, just one of the DVDs Ruby and Jade gave to her. It's probably over by now though. I'd guess they're onto their second movie.”

“Their second movie? It's getting a bit late for her, isn't it? Oh—!” Her voice got farther away as she seemed to pull her phone away from her face to check the time. “It's already past 8 o'clock. Ilya should've put her to bed by now, right? Why is she still up?”

“They convinced me to let them have a ‘movie marathon.’ But she still has to go to bed at 9.”

“It's impossible to win when those two get together, isn't it?” Yuna laughed on the other side of the phone.

“I think they're the only team I'll never be able to win against. They *are* waiting for me to join them, though. So...” Shane trailed off and let his mom fill in the rest with his silence.

“Got it. Well, I'll let you go then. We'll see you on Sunday. Love you, sweetie.”

“Love you too. See you then.”

Shane hung up the phone and set it down on his nightstand, not wanting anything else to distract him from his time with his small family for the rest of the evening.

The living room had become significantly darker since he'd last made his way throughout the house, the curtains drawn and the room only lit by the television.

The TV was, however, stuck on the menu screen for the movie, and thus stuck in an endless loop of the short movie preview that was shown before you hit play.

Odd. Shane was sure they would have been onto their second movie, and even if they hadn't, too much time had gone by for this screen to still be playing on the TV.

They must be hiding, he thought. They had probably heard that his conversation with Yuna had been wrapping up and decided that they'd wait for him to come join them, and then jump out and try to scare him—Ilya's idea, of course.

But as he crept closer, he realized that he'd gotten it all wrong.

There, sprawled out on the sofa and fast asleep, was Ilya. Tucked securely under his arm was little Amelia, pressed tightly into his side, small snores escaping both of their mouths. Shane made a mental note to bring up how an 8P.M. bedtime might be ideal for Ilya too, later.

Something about seeing the two of them together like this made Shane's heart feel like it could burst. He always knew Ilya would make a good dad. He knew it before they'd even made things official. But it still somehow hit him like a ton of bricks to see it in action, and know that the child Ilya was caring so sweetly for was their own. It almost felt like a dream. And if it was, he really hoped he would never wake up.

Shane parked his own body on the couch, right beside his daughter and settled down. Belatedly, he leaned back up to reach over Ilya's body and shut the TV off. Sleeping on the couch was probably not the *best* idea, and just another break in Amelia's routine. But again, it *was* the weekend, and they were together.

There was no place Shane would rather be.

End Notes

hello i'm beck and this is my first hollanov fic! i apologize for how short this one is, it was just a small & cute idea that i really wanted to bring to life :,) more (longer) fics to come from me if anyone even cares.....

jumping back in to add: i changed the name of shane & ilya's daughter after seeing a post about why naming their daughter after ilya's mother was not the best idea! so sorry for not doing more research on why i shouldn't have done that beforehand, and will make sure i do not make the same mistake again! thank you so much for reading :3

i'm on [twitter](#) if anyone would like to be mutuals :3 i love heated rivalry (show & books) but i also like a lot of other things too! (if you go to follow and my account happens to be private, please feel free to request!)

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