

In still moments

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In still moments

by [phlebotinxm](#)

Summary

It's barely ten in the evening, and for the first time in over thirty years, Ilya Rozanov is considering going to bed before the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve.

For the first time in what feels like forever, the house is quiet.

Notes

hi world!

don't mind me, I'm just dropping a bit of domestic fluff before the end of 2025! for some reason, I could not get shane and ilya as dads out of my mind—and this became that.

I know nothing about adoption in Canada or for same-sex couples, so please indulge me.

as always, all mistakes are mine, and I hope the continuity of this story makes sense, I have only read the books once (so far). do not hesitate to let me know if you've liked it if you feel like it! :)

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

It's barely ten in the evening, and for the first time in over thirty years, Ilya Rozanov is considering going to bed before the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve.

For the first time in what feels like forever, the house is *quiet*. The halls are devoid of cries, of chatter and noises of any kind that would set Ilya on another moment of wishing they had appreciated the stillness a little longer. It's almost deafening, he thinks. Like a strange thing sticking out of their routine, an unexpected break in the midst of busy lives. Ilya is not used to it, but he'll gladly take it.

The distance between the nursery and the bedroom feels like it's miles long. Ilya counts his breaths, counts his steps, even, until he can finally allow his shoulders to relax and his body to feel like it's no longer in a fight or flight mode. In all the years he's been a hockey player, he's never quite minded his body the way he does now until his lungs burn with it.

When he walks into the bedroom, he finds Shane sprawled on the unmade bed, snoring softly. In the moonlight, his wedding ring shines where everything else is still, and Ilya feels a jump in his chest at the sight. He's not where he thought he would be ten years ago, but then again, Ilya has a way of surprising everyone—including himself.

Sure, having sex with Shane Hollander was wild enough to consider it a fluke at the time. Falling in love with him, even more so. But never in his life had Ilya Rozanov pictured himself living in Canada, married to his arch-nemesis, and rocking their six months old daughter to sleep with nothing but hope in his heart that she would not wake up the moment he walked out of the room.

Life has a funny way of turning around on its axis.

Over the years, Ilya's new year celebrations have looked varied, and all more extravagant than the previous one. He's done a threesome in Spain, once, and he watched the ball drop on Time's Square wondering why everyone was so pressed about a stupid ball. He went to clubs, got pissed out drunk, partied enough for ten lives, really. But somehow, none of those New Year's celebrations compare to today.

Today, when he gets to look at the state of his night, Ilya wonders how he's ever wanted anything else. Shane looks worse for wear, exhausted by sleepless nights and bottle feedings and all those things they've always imagined doing together without actually thinking they would *get* there so soon. But underneath all the doubt, and the stress, and the tiredness that's seeping into their bones at this point, they're so *happy*.

When he drops down onto the bed, Ilya shakes Shane awake.

"Is she down?" the latter mumbles against the bedding, eyes firmly closed still.

A wave of affection takes over Ilya. He reaches out to roll Shane over and onto his back, allowing him to snuggle against his husband's collarbone the way he likes it best.

"For fifteen minutes, probably."

Shane giggles. It's the exhaustion, Ilya knows, but the sight is still pretty.

"She has your stubbornness," Shane says, and Ilya wants to frown, to tell him that he's not stubborn, but even he knows it's a lie.

"Well, she has your lungs."

He reaches for Shane's chin, tilting it up to be able to press a kiss to his lips. The past few months have certainly been a challenge—Irina was dropped at a fire station on the day she was born, and put through the system immediately. Shane and Ilya had begun their adoption process long before that, looking to adopt in the nearest future, but it seemingly never led anywhere. Their constant deception was too great to handle at some point, and it all felt like too much.

They'd both reached a time in their lives where they wanted a child, but as Shane said, perhaps it was not meant to be yet.

Until they got the call.

Irina was mixed—half Canadian, half Japanese, and this time, it *also* felt like a sign. She had a few health issues that would necessitate attention, but she was a fighter, the woman said over the phone. It was a no brainer from the start, and even more when they got to take a first look at the tiny little human wriggling in her too big of a hospital coat. This child was theirs.

It took several trips to the hospital and all the more sleepless nights before they could bring her home with them. Irina is strong, and healthy now, but it still took a toll on her little body at the time. She is mostly anxious to stay alone, the doctor explained. And when it was no issue for Shane and Ilya to keep her in their own room, the hospital-assigned therapist following their case had insisted that she needs to learn to be by herself.

It breaks both Shane and Ilya's heart, though. As much as they act tough, it became pretty evident really fast that neither of them were strong willed when it came to resisting their child's cries.

"You're gonna spoil her rotten," Shane says eventually, breaking the silence between them.

"Am not."

"Yes you are."

"Russians do not do that."

Shane snorts. "Of course not. Just like you're not sneaking Anya treats when I'm not looking."

Ilya has the decency to try and look effronted at that. Shane shuts him up with another kiss, in which they both sink in with their eyes closed. It's been a while since it's only been the two of them—and a few years ago, Ilya would have hated it. If there's one thing their relationship doesn't lack of, it's passion. But nowadays, he relishes in the stolen moments and quiet

evenings, even if it means watching his husband doze off on the chair next to the crib because their daughter won't settle down.

Evenings spent with the team drinking and partying turned into soft lullabies and taking turns bouncing a fussy baby. Weekends once spent lazing around and fucking on every surface have turned into incredibly early breakfasts and warming up bottles. Shane's daily 5k runs are now family walks, and they've looked into finding a suitable stroller to run with. It's incredibly boring, and Ilya *loves* it.

"Anya is very smart. She has found the treats by herself," Ilya argues weakly.

The smile on his face says otherwise. Shane wants to roll his eyes, but it's easier to lean down and press another kiss to his husband's lips instead.

"Happy New Year, Ilya," Shane says when they part. His skin smells like sleep and cotton.

Ilya glances at the clock. "It is 10:30."

"And we both know we'll be up for midnight, anyway."

"Please do not, how do you say? *Manifest* this. Maybe we can have *one* night."

"In your dreams, Rozanov." Shane pats the bed, inviting Ilya to lie down properly, "Come here. Lie down with me, just for a little while."

Outside, the city is buzzing with excitement. The new year is peeking through the cracks, drinks filled and minds hazy, but for now, the stillness of their house is a lovely respite from the outside world. And above all else, Ilya thinks, this might be the loveliest New Year's eve he's had yet.

End Notes

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