

happy bat-llo-ween

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/73329926) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/73329926>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Child Character(s) , Any Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Halloween , Trick or Treating , Fluff and Humor , Married Couple , Parenthood , Established Relationship , Kid Fic
Language:	English
Collections:	Anon Fics
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-29 Words: 1,860 Chapters: 1/1

happy bat-llo-ween

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya and Shane take their kids trick-or-treating for the first time, dressed up as Batman characters!

Notes

first time writing for this fandom kinda nervous

I fell in love with hollanov recently and wanted to write this for the spooky season. This is inspired by the halloween with ilya short story sooo enjoy!

the russian translations are at the end

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

“No way,” Shane said flatly, as he stared down at the bright red and green costume spread across their bed. “I thought I was going to be Batman.”

Ilya, leaning casually against the dresser with his arms folded, tried — and failed — to suppress a grin. “Sorry. Was only in my size, not yours.”

This was their third Halloween as a family, but the first time they’d actually decided to take the kids out trick-or-treating. Long before the twins were even born, Ilya had become fixated on the idea that, someday, they’d all dress up as Batman characters together. So when he offered to handle the costumes this year, Shane didn’t think twice, naturally assuming that his lovely husband would let him be Batman. That, as it turned out, was his first mistake.

“You planned this, didn’t you? You just wanted to see me in this skin-tight Robin suit.”

“Right, because I personally told the store to run out of size smalls in Batman costumes,” he replied, voice utterly deadpan.

“I’m not even a size small!”

“But the costume depends on height, and you’re like 5’8, yes? Could fit you in my pocket.”

“I actually grew a few inches and— you know what, I’m not arguing with you about this again,” Shane muttered, though the corner of his mouth twitched upward despite himself.

Ilya reached out and slipped his fingers through Shane’s, squeezing his hand with gentle insistence. His eyes softened, the teasing replaced by a quiet earnestness. “Sweetheart, come on. Is for the kids, and we want to make it special.”

“Fine,” he sighed, picking up the Robin costume and holding it by two fingers like it might bite him. “But I’m choosing the costume theme next year.”

“Also, you were right,” Ilya said after a beat, his voice full of mock sincerity.

Shane blinked. “Right about what?”

“I did want to see you in a skin-tight Robin suit. Makes your ass look great.” Ilya whispered into his ear.

A flush crept up Shane’s cheeks. He rolled his eyes, but couldn’t suppress a grin. “You’re a jerk,” he said, giving Ilya a playful shove.

“Mmm,” he hummed, looping an arm around his waist and pressing a quick kiss to his cheek, “tell me all about it while we put on our costumes.”

They got changed — or tried to. It took longer than it should have, mostly because Ilya couldn’t keep his hands to himself.

“Come on, *moya lyubov*, it’ll be real quick,” Ilya said, voice low and coaxing as he backed Shane gently against the closet door.

“Ilya, no,” Shane said, trying to sound firm, though his tone wavered just slightly when Ilya leaned closer. “We have to check on the kids.”

“They are fine, too busy being excited about their Halloween costumes to care about us,” he countered, pressing a quick kiss to his jaw. “Ten minutes.”

Shane huffed, though he was already fighting a smile. “You just said five before.”

“Then I am giving you bonus time,” Ilya said innocently, which earned him a disbelieving laugh.

“You’re impossible.”

“Da, but you love me anyway.”

Shane tried to glare at him, but it was a lost cause. That accent — the soft roll of Russian through Ilya’s English, the affection in every word — always melted him. And Ilya knew it. He *absolutely* knew it.

“Ilya,” Shane breathed, half warning, half plea.

“Just appreciating my Robin,” Ilya murmured, pressing a trail of slow, deliberate kisses down the curve of Shane’s neck. Shane’s head tipped back against the door, eyes fluttering closed, a quiet sound slipping past his lips when Ilya’s teeth grazed his throat.

Then a loud yell echoed from the hallway, growing louder by the second. They broke apart instantly, scrambling to smooth out their costumes and catch their breath because they both knew exactly whose voice that was.

“Daddy! Papa! Look!” Annika’s voice came shrieking down the hall before a flash of purple and black cape barreled into the room. Their daughter stopped dramatically in front of them, posing with her tiny fists on her hips. “I’m Batgirl!”

“Oh, you look amazing, honey,” Shane said, crouching to her level, trying to sound serious despite the ridiculousness of his own outfit.

“You make the cutest Batgirl,” Ilya agreed, smiling so wide his cheeks hurt.

Her brother, Alexander, wasn’t far behind. He came running into the room with a maniacal laugh that made Ilya snort. His green wig stuck up in all directions, and his purple jacket was slightly too big. His mouth was smeared with red lipstick in a way that was definitely not how Shane had applied it earlier.

“And you look terrifying, *malysh*. Perfect.”

The rapid patter of little feet and claws against the hardwood floor came next. Anya came skidding into the room, tail wagging furiously, a tiny black cape with the yellow Batman logo

fluttering behind her. She barked once before circling Ilya in frantic loops.

“Oh, my sweet girl,” Ilya laughed, crouching down to scratch behind her ears as she let out a soft whine. “I know, I know. You want to come with us, but we’ll be right back, and I promise we’ll bring you plenty of treats. All the dog treats.”

Anya gave one last hopeful bark before trotting off toward the twins’ room, the little cape flapping like she was on an urgent mission.

“All right, Shane said, straightening up and clapping his hands once, “before we head out, I’m setting ground rules. No running off. No eating candy until we’re home so we can check to see if it’s safe. And if anyone gets tired—”

“I’m never getting tired!” Alexander announced.

“Uh-huh.” He smiled. “We’ll see.”

“We’re ready to go now, yes?” Ilya asked, slipping on his Batman cowl and adjusting his cape with dramatic flair.

“Yay!” The twins chorused in perfect unison.

“Wait! One more thing,” Shane called out, halting the group as he fumbled in his pocket for his phone.

Annika groaned, tossing her head back so her sparkly mask almost slipped. “Ughhh, what now, Daddy? I want to go before the candy runs out.”

He grinned, already opening the camera app. “We need to take a picture to send to my mom.”

Ilya chimed in. “Yes, she’ll kill us if we don’t send at least ten. Okay, everyone, smile for Grandma Yuna!”

They huddled together in a burst of chaotic energy, costumes slightly askew. Annika sticking her tongue out, Ilya making bunny ears over Shane’s head, and Alexander giving his best Joker face. Shane snapped the photo just as everyone broke into fits of giggles.

“Alright, let’s go, Bat Family!” Ilya declared, sweeping his cape behind him as they dashed toward the door.

“Hey!” Alexander shouted to get his attention. “What about me?”

“Oh, yes, Bat Family and Joker,” Ilya said as he let out a chuckle.

They made their way down the street, boots crunching through the brittle leaves scattered across the sidewalk. The late October air nipped at their cheeks, carrying the faint scent of woodsmoke and the distant echo of laughter from other trick-or-treaters.

Annika darted ahead, her Batgirl cape billowing behind her like a purple shadow. “You’ll never catch me, Joker!” she shouted, her voice bright and fearless.

Alexander, his green wig askew and face smeared with white paint, threw his head back and let out a gleeful, maniacal cackle. “You’ll never stop me, Batgirl! Gotham is mine!” He zigzagged through the pools of golden streetlight, waving his plastic cane in the air.

Behind them, Ilya squeezed Shane’s hand, their fingers laced together as they walked side by side. They shared a look, their faces soft with affection as they watched the kids race ahead.

“They actually might take over 'Gotham' at this rate,” Shane said, his voice warm with amusement.

Ilya grinned, nudging him gently. “As long as they leave us the candy, I’m okay with it.”

They made their way up the path to the first house, the porch light glowing like a beacon through the dusk. Paper ghosts swayed from the windows, and a carved pumpkin with a lopsided grin flickered beside the steps. Annika bounced in place, eyes wide and bucket clutched tight, while Alexander jabbed his cane toward the door.

“Be polite, *malen’kiy khuligan*,” Ilya said with a laugh, gently straightening his son’s crooked wig. “Remember to say thank you.”

Annika nodded solemnly, her cape settling around her shoulders. “We will, Papa,” she promised, before glancing at Shane. “Daddy, can we go now?”

Shane smiled and gave an approving nod. “Go ahead.”

The twins bounded up the steps and knocked eagerly, the sound echoing through the quiet street. A moment later, the door swung open to reveal an older couple beaming at the sight of them.

“Trick or treat!” the kids chorused, holding out their buckets.

The couple laughed, showering them with candy and compliments. Ilya slipped an arm around Shane’s waist as they watched from the sidewalk, the golden light spilling over the kids’ bright costumes.

They made their way down the block, house by house, the night settling into an easy rhythm of laughter and “thank yous.” Each porch brought new decorations—grinning jack-o’-lanterns, cobwebs strung across railings, bowls overflowing with candy. By the time they reached the end of the street, both Annika’s and Alexander’s buckets were nearly overflowing. Chocolate bars, lollipops, and the occasional packet of chips rustled as they walked. Alexander yawned mid-step, his Joker wig slipping sideways again, while Annika trudged beside him, her Batgirl cape dragging slightly over the pavement.

“Someone’s running out of superpowers,” Shane said with a small smile, watching his daughter rub her eyes.

“I’m not even tired,” Annika mumbled, though her voice was already slurred with sleepiness.

Ilya chuckled, crouching down to fix Alexander’s wig one last time. “Even villains need their rest,” he said softly.

Alexander gave a sleepy grin. “But I almost defeated Batman.”

“You did try,” Shane agreed, reaching out to ruffle his son’s hair. “And now it’s time for heroes and villains to head home before they crash.”

Ilya straightened and met Shane’s gaze, that quiet, wordless exchange passing easily between them — the shared understanding that the night had been perfect, and it was time to call it.

“Home?” Shane asked.

“Home,” Ilya confirmed with a nod.

Ilya carried Alexander easily in his arms, the boy’s head nestled sleepily into the curve of his shoulder, candy bucket dangling from one limp hand. Alexander’s breaths came slow and even, and Ilya instinctively adjusted his grip, pressing a soft kiss to the boy’s hair as they walked.

Beside them, Shane moved at a gentle pace with Annika curled close against his chest. Her Batgirl cape draped over both of them like a soft purple blanket. Annika’s eyelids drooped, but she burrowed deeper into Shane’s arms, a quiet, contented sigh escaping her as she clung to the last moments of Halloween night.

Shane and Ilya intertwined their free hands together, their shared warmth a quiet comfort against the autumn chill. The echoes of the evening’s laughter faded, replaced by the soft rustle of leaves beneath their feet and the steady glow of porch lights leading them home.

End Notes

malen'kiy khuligan- little troublemaker

moya lyubov- my love

malysh- baby

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