

**its cold outside, but it's warm in here**

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
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# **its cold outside, but it's warm in here**

by [princebutt](#)

## Summary

Shane and Ilya have to shovel the drive, the worst winter chore. Of course they make the most of it.

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Flufftober day twenty five: cold hands

## Notes

Six more days yall! We're getting there! Thank you to Anna and Dntat for reading all of these and supporting me <3 <3

Winters in Ottawa always mean snow. So when Shane wakes up to a fresh blanket of it covering the ground, he isn't surprised. He is however disappointed, because they'd only just gotten the drive shoveled yesterday, and they have practice today, so that means more shoveling must take place. The Jeep could probably handle the snow without shoveling, but it was a safer thing, clearing the drive. Shane rubs the sleep from his eyes and nudges Ilya, whose face is pressed into the pillows.

"Ilya, wake up. We got more snow."

Rolling over onto his side so he's facing away from Shane, Ilya groans. Shane chuckles and leans in to press soft kisses across his husband's shoulder, down the slope of it and to the juncture of his neck, where Shane nuzzles his face and breathes in the sweet warmth of Ilya's skin. Then, he does what all good husbands would do – he *bites*.

Ilya lets out a cry and sits up, and Shane laughs as he falls back against the pillows, gleeful that his devious plan worked.

"You little shit!" Ilya says, laughing now, too. It wasn't a hard bite – just enough to get Ilya's attention, and it accomplished its purpose.

"Mmmm, you love me," Shane teases as his fingers tangle in Ilya's. Ilya shifts so he's straddling Shane, and bends down to catch Shane's lips with his own. They kiss for a long moment, lazy and languorous, before Shane pushes at Ilya's chest. "C'mon, we gotta shovel the drive."

"I'd rather stay here," Ilya purrs into Shane's neck, where he's pressing hot, open mouthed kisses.

"We have practice at four," Shane reminds him, and Ilya groans.

"Four is so far away, Shane."

Shane sits up on his elbows and gives Ilya a pointed look. "If we get the drive shoveled now, there's plenty of time for this when we get back in," he promises as he presses another soft kiss to Ilya's lips.

"Fine," Ilya pouts, lower lip jutting out, eyes sad. "You are so responsible, moya lyubov." Ilya moves, and gets out of bed, then helps Shane up. They go through their morning routine, pulling the sheets up and putting the decorative pillows back onto the bed, brushing their teeth and taking their pills, feeding Anya breakfast and letting her out in the backyard while Shane makes them toast and a smoothie. After they've eaten they move to the entry way and bundle up in winter boots and down puffy jackets. They wrap scarves around their necks and shove their hands into gloves, then make their way to the garage to grab the snow shovels and get started on their work.

Shoveling the drive doesn't take long between the two of them. Ilya is fast and Shane follows getting the bits he misses, and once they've completed their task they put down some salt and

lean against their shovels, admiring their handiwork.

Shane doesn't even realize when Ilya moves away from his side, not until the snowball comes hurtling at him from the left and hits him directly in the cheek and ear. His mouth rounds into an 'o' and his eyes are wide with shock as he looks over at Ilya, who is cackling and doubled over with his laughter.

"You *asshole*!" Shane cries as he runs into the front yard and grabs a handful of snow. He packs it quickly, but his mittens are hindering his efforts, so he shakes them off and packs the snow with his hands, then sends it flying at Ilya. It hits him in the shoulder, and Ilya laughs as he makes another snowball and sends it flying back at Shane, who ducks and manages to evade this one.

This continues for a good five minutes, until they're both exhausted and spent, laughing into each other's shoulders and shoving snow into each other's faces like children. Shane's hair and eyelashes are crusted with it, and he brushes snow from his face and stomps back towards the garage, Ilya following him closely. They shed their outer layers in the garage so they don't drag snow inside, then head into the warmth of the house. Shane rubs his hands together and shivers at how cold they are, and Ilya comes up in front of him, then takes Shane's hands in his large ones. He rubs, then brings their joined hands to his mouth and blows on Shane's frigid digits.

Moments like this are a snapshot into a life Shane never thought he would get to have. Hockey was his everything, before. And while he knew one day he'd settle down, he'd always assumed it would be with a wife who could give him five kids, like all of the other guys on his team.

A wife never would satiate him the way Ilya does. No one could ever love him more than Ilya does, of that he's certain.

"Am going to make cocoa," Ilya announces as Anya bounds up to them and sniffs at their feet. She trots after Ilya into the kitchen and Shane follows, shoving his still chilly fingers under his armpits for warmth.

"I want green tea," Shane pipes up, and Ilya rolls his eyes good naturedly.

"You cannot like green tea more than hot chocolate," Ilya grouches.

Shane pouts, lower lip jutting out, brow furrowing as he nuzzles into Ilya's side at the stove where he's got the tea kettle going anyway. He pulls out a pot for his cocoa and fills it with milk, then starts that as well. While the two vessels heat their contents, Ilya wraps Shane up in his arms and presses gentle kisses to the crown of his husband's head.

"I do. With a little honey and some lemon? It's so good." Ilya huffs out a small laugh and shakes his head. "You haven't even tried it," Shane points out, and Ilya simply shrugs.

"I will try it for you, moya lyubov."

"Thank you," Shane responds primly.

Once their respective beverages are hot, the two take their mugs and curl up on the couch. Shane starts the electric fireplace, and they watch through a window as more snow starts to fall. Shane definitely thinks he could get used to this being the rest of his life – with Ilya by his side, unafraid of the outside world.

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