

Snowed in for Christmas

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Snowed in for Christmas

by [Layne_162](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya's Christmas plans change when a blizzard hits Ottawa.

Set the Christmas after TLG

Notes

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

On Christmas morning, Shane woke to the howl of wind and the distant meows of their newly adopted kittens. Ilya's arm held Shane's back warm against his chest and Shane couldn't help but snuggle in closer, despite the risk of waking Ilya. Though Shane's eyes were still half shut with sleep, the strange, too-white light filling their bedroom told Shane it was snowing outside. Probably a lot.

Their bedroom window, which Shane kept uncurtained so he could rise with the sun, had been completely whited out. Snow piled against the bottom panes while gusts of tiny flakes blew furiously against the upper panes. The predicted blizzard must have taken a turn and hit Ottawa afterall. Ilya stirred behind him, burying his face in the crook of Shane's neck.

"Ilya, you awake?"

"Mmm," he mumbled, in a way that told Shane that while he was technically awake, he was barely conscious.

Shane twisted beneath his arm and whispered "Merry Christmas, Ilya."

Ilya's eyes fluttered open as he pressed a sleepy kiss to Shane's nose. "Merry Christmas, sweetheart."

Shane suppressed a smile. Ilya was so cute when he was sleepy.

"It's all snowy and windy outside."

"Mmm," Ilya murmured again. He wrapped Shane into a tight hug, pulling Shane's head to his chest. "Good thing we are inside then. Go back to sleep."

With his ear pressed against Ilya's bear tattoo, he could hear Ilya's heart beating, begging him to stay in bed. Unfortunately, the increasingly loud meows of Yuki and Felix demanded his attention.

Shane propped himself up on an elbow and gazed down at Ilya - and when Ilya rolled onto his back to return the gaze, a loose curl fell into his eyes. Shane smiled, reaching for the curl and pushing it back with his fingertips.

"I have to go check on Yuki and Felix, but I'll come back. I promise."

Shane kissed Ilya's forehead and rolled out of bed. Ilya just grumbled and turned onto his stomach, pulling their down comforter along with him to cover his face.

As Shane slipped his feet into the slippers beside his bed, he noticed Anya, who'd been asleep in her bed despite the raging storm, walking towards him. He pulled one of Ilya's hoodies over his bare chest, then bent low to scratch behind Anya's ears.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Anya." She responded with a little yip and excitedly wagged her tail as she followed Shane out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

Shane laughed. “I like that you're a morning person - uh, morning *creature* - like me. Now help me find your brother and sister.”

Anya looked up at him with the sweetest smile, not a thought in her head. Shane snorted. Must be nice.

Shane continued to follow the high pitched kitten squeals, searching for their source. Eventually he found Yuki and Felix hiding beneath a leather chair in their shared trophy room.

“What are you two doing in here?” They’d bought the kittens heated pads, a gigantic cat tree, and no fewer than five cat beds, yet they still preferred to sleep under random furniture.

Anya joined Shane, poking her snout beneath the chair to get a better look at her siblings. Comforted by the presence of Shane and Anya, the kittens temporarily stopped meowing - until a powerful gust of wind blew trees against the window. Their long, leafless branches scratched at the glass, and the kittens resumed their squeaky screams.

“Oh, mes chatons, it’s okay. It’s just a storm.” Shane extended his hand to reach for Yuki, the small white cat. She came easily and when Shane held her against his chest with one hand, she immediately buried her face in his neck. Felix, a gray cat with white paws, peeked his head and paws from under the chair in an effort to follow his sister. Shane picked him up and slipped him into the pocket of his oversized hoodie, a favorite hiding place of his.

With the kittens secured, Shane left the trophy room and made his way towards the stairs. But when they passed the kitchen, Anya, who’d continued to follow him, began to whine for a treat.

“You didn’t do anything to help me find them. I don’t know why you think you earned a treat.”

Anya just looked back at him with big expectant eyes, and Shane was too soft to say no.

“Okay, fine, just one,” Shane said as he struggled to pull a milk bone from the cupboard while carrying two kittens.

“Sit,” Shane instructed. When Anya immediately complied, he tossed her the bone.

Since he was in the kitchen anyway, Shane decided he might as well check the phone he left charging beside the coffee machine. He had a bunch of new text messages, including two in the group chat with Ilya and his parents.

Mom: Merry Christmas boys.

Mom: Please give us a call when you wake up.

Shane immediately unplugged his phone and called his mother.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Mom. It’s Shane. I got your message. What’s up?”

“Oh, I just wanted to discuss our Christmas plans.”

Shane peered out the kitchen window. Sheets of snow continued to fall from the sky, blown horizontal by the heavy winds.

“Ya, um, I don’t think we are going to be able to leave the house anytime soon.”

His mother laughed.

“Exactly what I was calling about. I know how much you and Ilya love spending Christmas with us, but please don’t attempt to drive over until this storm passes.”

Shane was a bit affronted. He would never go on the roads in such unsafe conditions, even if it *was* Christmas, which is exactly what he told his mom.

“I’m not worried about you,” she laughed again. “I’m more worried about my other, more risk-taking son.”

Shane’s heart warmed a bit as it always did when she described Ilya as her son. He knew how much it meant to Ilya to be someone’s son again.

“He is still asleep, but I’ll pass that along. Maybe we can have a video chat later when he wakes up?”

“That sounds perfect. We’d love that.”

Anya, who’d finished her bone, began pawing at Shane’s pajama pants while Felix scratched at the inside of the hoodie with his claws.

“Well, I currently have several animals who need my attention, so I need to go, but we’ll talk later. Merry Christmas. Love you, Mom.”

“Love you too, Shane. Talk soon.”

Once they’d hung up, Shane pulled Felix out of the hoodie pocket and placed him beside Yuki against his chest. With the kittens in his arms and Anya close behind, the four of them made their way upstairs.

Shane tiptoed into their bedroom, trying to avoid waking Ilya. Anya quietly settled onto her bed, but the cats were less considerate, meowing their displeasure when Shane tried to put them in their own bed.

"Fine, you can come into bed with us," Shane sighed. "But this is a one time deal."

As soon as Shane placed the kittens on the bed, they began crawling all over Ilya. Yuki climbed into Ilya's curls and began pawing at his head. Shane couldn't help but laugh.

"The fuck..." said a very confused Ilya.

"Sorry, the storm is scaring them so I let them come up here to cuddle with us."

Ilya looked at Shane with a raised eyebrow as he removed Yuki from his hair and placed her gently on the bed. "Are we letting pets onto bed now?"

"Just today," Shane said. "They were so scared."

Ilya's face softened. "Maybe Anya can join us too?"

Shane smiled. "Okay, that seems fair."

Shane crawled beneath the covers as Ilya called Anya to bed. She immediately wedged herself between them, and rested her head on Ilya's chest. Yuki and Felix took their time exploring the bed, climbing over Shane and Ilya's bodies before curling into perfect, interlocking swirls on Shane's stomach.

As Shane and Ilya stroked the soft fur of their pets, Shane said, "So I talked to Mom and we decided it was best to cancel our Christmas plans."

Ilya twisted his neck to look out their bedroom window. "Does not look safe to drive. We can have fun here, yes?"

"Of course."

"We can make cookies, open presents, play video games," Ilya paused and waggled his eyebrows "Have sex marathon."

Shane laughed. "Maybe later, right now we have a few too many guests in our bedroom."

Ilya smiled and scratched behind Anya's ears. "Okay, later then."

"Later."

Despite the blustering winds pounding against the walls of their home, their bed was warm and full of love.

"Is this first time you've spent Christmas away from your parents?" Ilya asked after a few minutes of silence.

Shane took a moment to consider that. "Ya, I think so."

"Sorry you don't get to spend Christmas with your family."

Shane looked at Ilya with surprise. "I am with family."

Ilya's expression turned bashful and he looked away as he always did when he was trying to hide his softer emotions. Shane reached to rest a hand on the side of Ilya's face, twisting a curl of his hair around his finger.

"It would be nice to see my parents today. But you are also my family - and Anya and Yuki and Felix."

Ilya took Shane's hand in his own and brought it to his mouth for a kiss.

"Shastlivogo Rozhdestva, moy lyubimyy."

Shane shuffled his body a bit so that he could rest his head against Ilya's sleep-warm shoulder.

"Joyeux Noël, Ilya."

End Notes

Happy holidays to everyone celebrating! I hope you have a wonderful end of the year with your friends and family, whether they are the family you were born into or the family you chose ❤️

I introduced Yuki and Felix in another fic ("The One Where Shane Becomes a Human Cat Tree") which you can find here, if you'd like more backstory:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/41513985>

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