

there's no place like home

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by [simplycer](#)

Summary

A perfect Sunday morning for husbands Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

i know i just posted like a day ago, but i cant get these two out of my head!! here's some domestic fluff because the thought of Ilya being called papa by his child is plaguing my thoughts. i apologize for any Russian mistakes, or mistakes in general this was a quick write!! <3

Shane wasn't typically a light sleeper, but his nose caught a whiff of black coffee percolating and suddenly his eyes were fluttering open. He stretched, let out a soft groan, and looked down to see a fluffy brown lump snoozing at his feet. Anya, the dog, was still sleeping and Shane couldn't help the small smile that graced his face as he listened to her soft snores and watched her body rise and fall.

He realized at that moment, his loving husband wasn't in bed with him. That would be where the coffee smell is coming from. He carefully extracted himself from the bed, careful not to wake the snoozing pup. He grabbed a pair of Ilya's sweats and an old Boston Raiders t-shirt that Ilya only ever used as pajamas. Running a hand through his sleep mussed hair, Shane padded barefoot down the stairs in search of his husband.

When he hit the foot of the stairs, he stopped so he could admire the scene in front of him. Ilya, bare chested, clad only in sweats of his own and his signature golden cross necklace, was standing in front of the stove trying to flip a pancake. Their infant son, Ivan, was balanced on Ilya's hip with his head on his father's shoulder. Their preschooler, Luna, was sitting at the island with her paper and crayons, scribbling away at the blank surface. Shane didn't want to move or say anything, he wanted to keep this domestic moment in a little bubble all to himself.

"Papa?" Luna said, looking up from her drawing to her father who was rocking slightly with the baby still firmly planted on his hip. "Yes, moye serdtse?" The Russian asked, glancing over his shoulder briefly to check on his daughter. "Can you help me spell Daddy's name?" She asked softly. Shane watched Ilya's smile form "Of course, devochka. Is easy. Do you remember your letters?" She nodded vehemently. "Miss Olivia is teaching us." Ilya nodded as he continued to flip pancakes with finesse.

"Do you know how to draw S?" Ilya asked, laying his head against Ivan's on his shoulder. "That's the one that looks like a snake?" She asked "Da, that is right." Ilya said, moving the pancake to a plate that was stacked high with previous pancakes. Shane watched as Luna's little face scrunched while she concentrated. He couldn't help but melt, it was the same scrunch his own face makes when trying to make a goal. Ilya continued to coach little Luna through the rest of Shane's name while pouring pancake mix in the pan and flipping it when the bottom was golden brown.

Shane decided then he wanted to enjoy this wholesome moment with his family, finally walking into the kitchen where his husband could see him. Ilya looked over his shoulder again, this time noticing Shane and grinning like Shane had hung the moon. "Good morning, sleepyhead." Ilya commented. "Will you come take this little one? My arm, it is starting to cramp." Ilya let out a huff of a laugh as he turned toward Shane with the baby. Shane nodded happily, "Of course I can. What's all this?" He asked, looking at all the food Ilya had prepared as he came over to take the baby.

Shane plucked Ivan from Ilya's grip, giving the infant a soft kiss on his little cheek before holding him against his chest. The baby made a noise of annoyance, but soon settled when he realized he wasn't being put down. "Is breakfast, we were going to bring it to you in bed but I guess we were taking too long." Ilya smiled, dipping his head down to meet Shane for a kiss.

“Hello, moya lyubov', sleep well?” He murmured before slotting his lips against Shane. Shane smiled into the kiss before pulling back to look at his husband. “Very well, thank you for getting up with them.”

Ilya waved him off “They have been angels all morning, Right, moye serdtse?” Ilya asked, directing his attention to Luna still doodling away. “Uh huh! Daddy, Papa is helping me spell.” She said proudly. Shane, absentmindedly rubbing the baby’s back, smiled at his daughter. “Oh yeah? What did you draw?” He asked, rounding the island to get a better look at the picture his daughter had been working on.

Dropping a kiss to her head, Shane looked closely and saw what her doodle turned out to be. “Look! It’s you, and Papa. That’s baby Ivan, and I even drew Anya!” She said excitedly. “That’s me.” She pointed to a stick figure holding the hand of the stick figure with Shane’s name under it. Ilya’s stick figure was right next to Shane’s figure and his heart felt so warm. “This is beautiful, Looney Tunes.” Shane said, using the nickname he had given her the day they brought her home from the hospital. “Shall we put it on the fridge when you’re done?” He asked.

Luna nodded, “Yes!” she said happily, hurrying to finish adding some trees and flowers to the page. Shane looked up and caught Ilya’s eye. The two of them shared a soft, loving look before Ilya turned back to the stove and shut off the heat. “Food is ready, let’s eat.” Ilya said. Shane went to put Ivan in his highchair, kissing the top of his soft head before going back to where Luna sat with her art supplies. Ilya and Shane worked in tandem, with Ilya pulling out plates and filling them with food and Shane cleaning up the mess their daughter had made.

Shane put away the paper and crayons, going to the fridge to hang up Luna’s masterpiece. Once it was secure with some of their novelty magnets, Shane took a moment to admire the fridge door. There were sticky notes littered with Russian sweet nothings, ultra sounds from both kids, an invite to Troy and Harris’ wedding, family Christmas cards, the Pike children’s school pictures, and now Luna’s family portrait. “Sweetheart?” He heard, turning his head to see Ilya giving him a loving smile. “Do you want coffee?” Shane nodded, clearing his throat that had gotten tight all of a sudden.

“Yeah, coffee sounds great.” he turned back to the fridge and let out a content sigh. This was home to him.

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