

The Changeling

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/61425178) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/61425178>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Child Character(s)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of The Rozanov Hollander Family Chronicles
Stats:	Published: 2024-12-18 Words: 2,654 Chapters: 1/1

The Changeling

by [perachdavid](#)

Summary

Shane can't understand what happened to his sweet and happy baby girl. Did fairies kidnap her and replace her with this short-tempered, constantly annoyed tween?

Notes

While not strictly necessary, my Shane/Ilya fics are all conceptually linked and are best enjoyed in chronological order, which is as follows:

The Interview

The Offer

Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One

A Day In Disney

Date Night

First Day Of School

A Perfect Christmas

The Mouse House

The Hit

Family Hockey Game

The Changeling

Sasha's Story

Shane perused all the family photos hanging on their wall, spanning the years from him and Ilya before the kids were born until now. He smiled in wistful nostalgia as he watched his sweet, happy, loving baby girl go from an infant to a toddler to a little kid to...the 12 year old stranger that had shown up in his house one day several months ago, bearing no resemblance to his precious daughter. Had fairies kidnapped her when he wasn't looking? Elves? Aliens?

Instead of excited babble, he got one word sentences. Instead of smiles, he got scowls. Instead of laughter, he got eye rolling and foot stomping. Instead of loving glances, he got slit-eyed murderous glares.

Instead of hugs and kisses, he got ignored. That was the part that hurt most of all.

Everyone, including his mom and Ilya, told him that this was normal behavior for adolescent girls. That things would smooth out eventually. God, he hoped so.

It was disconcerting to even look at her. Her adorable little body had blossomed into a long and lithe beauty, with strong muscles and sharp features and a gorgeous flowing curtain of thick glossy black hair. She was absolutely stunning. He made no assumptions about his kids' sexualities. Yet, he couldn't help but be terrified at the thought of boys knocking on their door one day. Leering. Ogling.

Little bastards.

Not that he had anything to worry about. The one upside to Eva's new self was a fierceness that shouldn't have surprised him. She would take down anybody that messed with her, with no need for help from him. In fact, he might need help if he got on her bad side.

The only person relatively safe from her wrath was Sasha. She had always been overprotective of him since they were babies. Good thing too as his son had not changed nearly as much as his daughter. He was still a sweet, quiet, observant and obedient boy - just way taller and stronger. He was almost Shane's height. They were certain he'd be close to Ilya's height by the time he was done growing.

Sasha was very good-natured and would always answer any questions they asked, but he was also inherently quieter than Eva and rarely had a lot to say. Sometimes Shane wondered if that was because Eva had been speaking for both of them since the day they were born.

God, Shane wished he could get out of his own head. Part of the problem was that he had too much time on his hands. Since retiring, he hadn't really figured out what he wanted to spend the rest of his life doing. He'd spent the last 3 years puttering around the house, catching up on 20 years of missed sleep, training for a marathon to keep in shape, and working more closely with the Irina Foundation. While he kept nominally busy, he really needed a focus. Like Ilya.

Ilya had become a sports brand ambassador. He might have been 43 years old but he was even hotter than he had been at 23, if such a thing were possible. He was doing photoshoots

and launch parties around the world. At least Shane and the kids got to travel with him sometimes.

Shane wasn't sure where his heart lay though. He thought about coaching, but honestly, it wasn't his strong suit. He wasn't personable enough to be a sportscaster. He had zero interest in the stress of becoming a sports agent. He thought about becoming a GM. That seemed likelier to fit his skill set. Hell, he even thought about just buying a franchise. He and Ilya had money from their long careers and sound financial planning, but owning a team was a serious investment that really required thought. He kept going in circles in his head.

Which is why he found himself dithering in the hallway, staring at pictures on the wall and brooding about his daughter.

He heard the front door open, and the clattering of shoes, backpacks, coats and hockey equipment being flung around in the foyer. The kids were home from afterschool hockey practice. Shane walked toward the front door. Ilya greeted him with a hello and a big smile. Shane went to kiss him and was surprised by the chill of his cheeks and hands. "Yikes. How cold is it out there?"

"Fucking cold," Sasha said, rubbing his hands together and blowing into them for warmth. Language wasn't policed in their house. After a lifetime spent in locker rooms with jocks, there was no point. "I'm starving. Is there food?"

Sasha was always starving. It was a complete mystery how he was so lean when he ate more than Shane and Ilya combined some days. But Shane's mother liked to remind him that he was once a teenage athlete who ate her out of house and home.

"Yes, I have chicken parm and spaghetti ready to go on the table."

"Awesome." Before Shane could blink, Sasha was standing at the table shoving garlic bread in his mouth while spooning food onto his plate. Shane turned to see Eva sitting on the bottom step, pulling off her sneakers and staring at her phone.

He cleared his throat. "Hey, how was practice?"

No response. "Eva?" She slowly lifted her head. Slit-eyed murderous glare. Check.

"Are you talking to me?" she asked in an annoyed voice.

"Yes," he answered, his voice tipping up into a question at the end.

She snorted and looked back down at her phone screen. "Fine." One word answers. Check. Ok then.

He moved into the kitchen where Ilya was sitting down at the table, making himself a plate, and Sasha was already half finished with his meal. Shane sat next to Ilya and leaned over to whisper, "She's in a mood, I see." Ilya just shrugged his shoulders. Shane couldn't understand how it didn't seem to bother Ilya nearly as much as it bothered him. They'd have to discuss it later.

Eva finally sauntered in and sat down heavily next to Sasha, as if bored and unhappy about being there. The two of them spoke quietly to each other while she took some food.

Their dinner conversations used to be lovely. Eva would chatter away about things that had happened at school and practice, with her friends, her classes, her latest extracurricular interests. Now he was lucky to get more than a “fine” out of her.

He and Ilya chatted about mundane things, and Sasha gave them a very brief overview of his day, including one quick story about another player on his hockey team.

In the silence that followed, Shane bolstered his nerves. He felt like the house was wired with explosives he couldn't see. He cleared his throat. “So does anybody have plans tonight? Do you want to spend some family time together?”

Sasha shrugged, as if to say he didn't care one way or another. Eva stared him down like he had committed a crime. “Like what?” she asked suspiciously.

Shane briefly wondered if she was like this with everybody else too, or if she just saved it all up especially for him. “I don't know. I'm open to suggestions. I just thought it would be nice for the four of us to do something together for a little bit.”

“How about a board game?” Ilya suggested.

“Maybe,” Eva said with a disinterested shrug. Shane perked up. A maybe wasn't a no.

“You can pick one. Whatever you want to play. Or maybe a puzzle?” Shane offered, trying to think of anything that would entice her. But like a predator, a tween girl can smell desperation and revel in squashing all signs of hope. Eva's eyes flashed. Then she stood up from the table and stormed off toward the stairs.

Scowls and stomping feet. Check, check.

Shane turned to Ilya in bewilderment. “What did I do?”

Ilya patted his hand. “You didn't do anything, moya lyubov.” He kissed Shane's cheek sweetly, then picked up the plates from the table and brought them to the sink.

Sasha stood up to leave as well. Shane rounded the table and stopped him with a hand on his arm. “Can you help me? What is going on with her?” Sasha shrugged again, his universal answer to most questions. Shane had been told this was also normal for adolescent boys.

Sasha shuffled from foot to foot, hands in his pockets. “I don't know. Just stuff, I guess.”

Shane suddenly understood the urge to roll one's eyes. “What kind of stuff?”

“I just said I don't know. Like, girl stuff or whatever.”

“Girl stuff,” Shane repeated. He ran it through his head like it was a nuclear code he could crack. “Do you mean, stuff with friends? Or physical stuff like periods?”

Sasha's face scrunched up. "Ugh, Dad, I seriously don't know. Like, maybe friend stuff but I'm not even sure. Can I, like, go to my room or whatever? I have homework and stuff."

Shane stepped aside and let Sasha pass. He reached the staircase but turned around on the first step. "If you and Pop are doing something, let me know and like, maybe I'll join you." Then he bolted up the stairs. At least Sasha didn't hate him, he told himself.

Shane could feel Ilya coming up behind him. He put his arms around Shane's chest and dropped his chin on top of Shane's head. Shane sighed. "What the hell? Talking to Eva is like talking to a wall, and talking to Sasha is like making sense of word salad. What happened to our happy-go-lucky little munchkins?" he asked with a whine.

Ilya squeezed him tighter. "This is parenting, especially at their age. It's a roller coaster. Ups and downs. We are in a down right now. There will come an up. And then another down, and so on. This is life, yes?"

Shane reluctantly had to admit Ilya had a point. "I guess so. It's just hard. They're growing up so fast and the moment I get used to things being one way, they change again." He swallowed. "And Eva. She seriously hates me."

Ilya turned him around and put his hands on Shane's shoulders. "She does not hate you. She loves you. You are a safe person to be angry at. It is a good thing."

Shane scoffed. "It certainly doesn't feel like a good thing."

Ilya chuckled. "You don't even want to know what I was like at 12. Especially after my mother died. Eva is a ball of sunshine and rainbows compared to me."

Shane sagged against Ilya's chest. Ilya gathered him into a hug. "Yeah, but your Dad was an abusive asshole. We're nice. Maybe we're too nice. Maybe we should be stricter? Like 'none of that attitude, young lady' kind of discipline?"

Ilya raised his eyebrows. "Sure. Why don't you try that and see how it goes? I will miss you when you are gone, but I will carry your remains with me always."

"Blech. You're right. She's scary. I wouldn't put it past her to murder me. God, I had no idea girls would be this hard."

"That is because you have never spent time with girls. I have spent lots of time with lots of girls. I know what they want and what they don't want."

Shane glared at Ilya. "Gee, thanks so much for that reminder, that makes everything even better."

Ilya smiled and shrugged. "I just mean that it's hard to be good at something you have no experience with."

"And what does your vast ocean of experience with girls tell you that Eva wants?"

Ilya leaned his forehead down against Shane's. "My vast ocean of experience tells me that you need to listen to her when she tells you what she wants."

Shane pulled back and lifted his hands in a helpless gesture. "But she's not saying anything!!" he yelled in frustration.

"She's not saying things with words. She's saying them with her behavior. Pay attention. It's not about what you want from her. It's about what she needs from you."

Shane let out a breath and settled back into Ilya's chest. "Sometimes you're smart."

"I am always smart. And hot. And talented."

"Sure. Whatever," Shane said with a grin.

Ilya turned him and steered him out of the kitchen. "Now let's go look at all your trophies. I think it will make you feel better."

They didn't spend family time together that night. Eva stayed in her room behind a closed door. They could occasionally hear her raised voice coming from inside. Either she was talking to someone on the phone or playing an online game with people. Shane was too dispirited to knock and try to ask any questions. Instead he and Ilya sat entwined on the couch watching episodes of a show they had been steadily making their way through. Sasha wandered in and out of the room, mostly to get food from the fridge or pantry.

Eventually, they decided it was time for bed. They stopped at Sasha's room to wish him goodnight, and at least they both got hugs. They stopped at Eva's door which was still firmly closed. Shane bravely knocked. "Eva? We just wanted to say goodnight." No response. "We love you." Silence. "See you in the morning." After a moment, he turned and moped his way to their bedroom.

Shane could feel Ilya watching him as they got ready for bed. He could sense that Ilya was trying to decide what to say to him. They slipped under the sheets, and Shane flopped down, staring forlornly at the ceiling. Ilya slid over to him and gathered him up in his arms. "It will be OK. I promise. I love you. Everybody loves you. It's all good."

Shane's voice was small. "But what if it's not?"

Ilya squeezed him tighter. "Then we will figure it out together."

Shane turned his head, his eyes roaming over Ilya's face. "I bet you were an adorable 12 year old, even if you were bad."

Ilya shrugged. "You know I looked just like Sasha."

Shane smiled slightly. "Like I said. Adorable."

They settled together, intertwined. Shane took comfort from Ilya's warmth, his hands running up and down Shane's back and in his hair. He started to doze.

Shane didn't know how long or even if he was asleep when there came a soft knock on the door. Shane lifted his head in confusion. A moment later there was another knock and then the door cracked open. Eva stood in the doorway in her pajamas. She tiptoed forward, shutting the door behind her. Shane's heartbeat picked up. She looked like she might have been crying, but he couldn't tell for sure. He was about to ask her what was wrong when she whispered, "Can I get in bed with you?"

Shane's heart stopped and then lurched. "Of course you can, baby." He held up the covers. She climbed over Shane and lay down in between him and Ilya. Ilya stirred, saw Eva there, and gave her a kiss on the forehead. He looked over at Shane and smiled tiredly. They both rolled toward her and put an arm around her so that she was sandwiched tight between them.

She sniffled. "I don't want to talk. I just didn't want to be alone."

Shane kissed her silky hair. "You never ever need to be alone. Go to sleep sweetie. We've got you." She nestled back against him and put her hand over his. Shane wanted to cry. He couldn't remember the last time he had felt such contentment. He remembered Ilya's words from earlier. Ups and downs. Today was a down. Tonight was an up. Tomorrow morning might be a down again. But that was OK. For right now, he had his little girl back in his arms. He fell asleep smiling.

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