

ilya rozanov's guide to being a cool dad

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/74463086) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/74463086>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Original Child Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Family Feels , hollanov as dads , ilya is the cool dad (of course he is) , Slice of Life , turning school pick up into a hockey player meet & greet , Established Relationship , Married Life , Kid Fic , Domestic Fluff , Domestic Bliss
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-19 Words: 2,489 Chapters: 1/1

ilya rozanov's guide to being a cool dad

by [claryfairy](#)

Summary

“I signed two shoes,” Ilya admitted, holding up two fingers. “But only two. I say no third shoe. That is limit.”

Shane burst out laughing. “You have an autograph policy for six-year-olds?”

“I must,” Ilya said, shrugging. “Otherwise I would have been there all night.”

or: for once Ilya is the one to pick up his and Shane's son from school. Of course he has to show everyone there that he is, in fact, a cool dad.

Notes

so i was listenting to cool dad by 5 seconds of summer and then this happened....the brainrot is real

anyway i hope y'all have fun reading this! :)

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

Ilya Rozanov was a cool dad.

Shane knew long, long before he and Ilya even had their first child that Ilya would very probably be the fun dad and Shane would be the responsible one.

Just like in their very own relationship, Shane would be smashing vegetables into freshly cooked food so Ilya wouldn't make a face when getting served broccoli and mushrooms.

Meanwhile Ilya would be one to suggest skipping practice and getting takeaway food.

So Shane never even expected it to be different when having kids and he didn't want it to be different. Ilya was great with children because he was able to be so carefree and free spirited that kids just loved him. And that made Shane love him even more.

But it was truly astounding to see how *well* Ilya adapted the role as the fun dad since they welcomed their baby boy Luka into this world.

It already started shortly after his birth when Ilya ominously told Shane one evening to take a look at the new shirt he was hiding under his jacket.

Written in big white letters, the words *i love hot dads* were printed on the black fabric across Ilya's chest. Shane still remembers throwing the biggest fit of laughter back then.

"We're parents now, huh?"

Ilya just grinned brightly at him. "We totally are."

"But about that shirt, you talk about yourself or me?"

"Both of us! I got one for you as well."

Seeing his husband so ridiculously excited about being a father was one of the greatest things Shane ever experienced, especially after what they've been through, never truly knowing what the future would hold for them.

So of course, Shane let him have fun, even while parenting.

Shane was the one who took charge of the family calendar, made all their appointments, made sure their son was dressed according to the weather and ate enough vegetables and

vitamins. He was also the one who took Luka to school and picked him up again. Not that Ilya wasn't capable of doing that, his husband simply resented talking to teachers and would turn a simple pick up into a 2 hour hockey q&a for children.

Ilya was the one who ignored bedtime, sneakily gave him some ice cream and helped Luka build the biggest snowman in their front yard so all the other kids in their neighborhood (and their dad's) would be incredibly jealous and pissed off.

(Not to mention that Ilya would force Shane to snap pictures of his accomplishments every. single. time and then send the pictures to *Hayden*. „Ilya, Hayden is a good dad.“ Shane would remind his husband, and everytime Ilya would simply react with a shrug „But we are better ones. He needs to know.“)

Just like when playing hockey together, they worked perfectly smoothly while parenting. Best of both worlds, with the common goal to make sure that Luka was the happiest kid in the world.

The sun was shining softly through their kitchen windows, the smell of coffee lingering around the bright room.

Ilya and Shane sat at the breakfast table, having their first coffee of the day, Ilya mindlessly biting on some toast, while Shane scrolled through his phone, checking his calendar app and mails like he did every morning before parenting duties started.

"Shit, you know I have this interview thing today, right? Farah just mailed me. It got moved forward and we won't finish until like...uh 1:30. Can you pick Luka up after school?"

"Sure.", Ilya mumbled sleepily, taking another long sip of his coffee out of a stained mug that had written *Papa* in big, colorful smudged letters all over it.

Shane helped Luka paint the mug for father's day last year. Ilya had never let anyone but him touch that mug and drank his coffee out of it daily.

"Perfect. 2 pm. I always wait by the car, he knows where to go. And then straight home, he's always so hungry after pick up."

"I will manage to pick up our son from school, Hollander." Ilya smirked and Shane gave him a look. „Last time you picked him up at Chloe's birthday party you didn't return home 2 hours after going there because you let the kids show you how to play Fortnite. Sorry for trying to be as accurate as possible.“

"You're the one who keeps saying we need to "supervise" what games Luka is playing. Was just trying to understand."

"Hmm, you're such a good father. Father of the year." Shane smirked, his heart busting when he saw how proudly Ilya smiled. He gave his husband a quick kiss, the corners of Ilya's

mouth lifting up even higher. “I knew being responsible would get you horny.”, Ilya mumbled into their kiss, pulling Shane closer by the waist. Shane was putting his arm around Ilya’s shoulders, his hands slowly going through his husband's locks.

He was about to lean in for more, when their kiss got interrupted by a loud yawn and tiny steps echoing through their kitchen.

Shane hastily let go of Ilya, even pushing him a bit away. No need to disturb their son this early in the morning.

“Good morning.” Luka Hollander-Rozanov shuffled slowly across the kitchen floor, rubbing his eyes with his tiny fists.

His blonde locks were all over the place, falling into his big brown eyes. His hair was getting long but it looked just like Ilya’s when he was still a kid.

“Morning *malysh*.” Ilya gave Luka a quick kiss on the head, before his son wandered off to his other father.

“Hey buddy. Sleep well?” Shane asked, his son going in for a hug. “Hmm...I had a dream. There was a shark. And we were friends.”, he mumbled into Shane’s leg, still tightly hugging his dad.

“Cool.” Shane and Ilya said in union, sharing a look, both being mildly confused by the shark but not digging deeper into that.

“What do you want for breakfast? Lucky charms or toast?” Ilya asked, but no response came from Luka, who was still clinging on to Shane’s leg.

“Oh don’t fall asleep on me sweetheart.”, Shane said, crouching down to take Luka in his arms, his boy immediately curling his head into his shoulder.

Their son was extremely like Ilya and absolutely *not* a morning person, even at the tender age of 6. On weekends, Shane would usually have most of the morning to himself, his husband and son both being stone cold knocked out until at least 10am.

“You know what? Your papa is picking you up from school today.”

Luka was suddenly *very* awake.

“Whaaat?” Luka looked from Shane to Ilya, smiling brightly. “That’s so cool! I can show you my classroom!”

“I’ve seen your classroom tons of times.” Ilya laughed, making Luka groan.

“But that was soooo long ago. Dad, does Papa know where the school is?”

“Don’t worry, Luka. I’ll text him the details.”

Ilya just fondly rolled his eyes at them, while Shane and Luka were already in their everyday breakfast/getting ready for school routine.

Shane heard them before he saw them. He himself had just been home for like 10 minutes after his Interview with a sports magazin, when the front door opened with a thud, followed by the unmistakable sound of their son vibrating with excitement — shoes pounding, backpack bouncing, breathless little gasps of air.

“DADDYYYYY!”

Shane barely had time to prepare himself before Luka crashed into him, wrapping his arms around Shane.

“Well hey there, bud,” Shane laughed, ruffling his hair. “You’re... uh... really hyped. Good day at school?”

“BEST. DAY. EVER.”

Behind him, Ilya stepped inside, closing the door with a grin that said he already knew the story and was enjoying every second of anticipation.

“Luka,” Ilya said, slipping off his trainers, “you breathe, *da*? Before you explode.”

Luka took in a huge breath, nodded rapidly, then whipped back to Shane.

“You’ll NEVER guess what happened!”

Shane crouched down, smiling. “Okay, hit me up.”

“Papa came to pick me up!”

“Well, yeah I know —” Shane began, amused. “We talked about it this morning.”

“No, Daddy, LISTEN.”

Luka leaned closer, his voice dropping to a dramatic whisper.

“Dad, the kids at school...THEY LOST. THEIR. MINDS.”

Ilya raised a hand modestly. “They did not lose minds. They were just...uhh...curious.”

“Papa!” Luka turned to him, completely exasperated. “They were SCREAMING.”

Shane looked between them, eyebrows lifting. “Screaming?”

“Yes!” Luka threw his arms up. “We came outside and everyone went “OH MY GOOOOSH IT’S ILYA ROZANOV!”” His little voice pitched up into the most chaotic imitation of excited schoolchildren. “And then Liam tripped on his shoelace because he wasn’t watching where he was going and May dropped her juice box because she stared too hard and even the FIFTH GRADERS were starring!”

Shane snorted. “Oh god.”

“And then,” Luka said dramatically, “they kept asking if Papa could sign their backpacks and their folders and their—” he paused for dramatic effect, “...shoes.”

“I signed two shoes,” Ilya admitted, holding up two fingers. “But only two. I say no third shoe. That is limit.”

Shane burst out laughing. “You have an autograph policy for six-year-olds?”

“I must,” Ilya said, shrugging. “Otherwise I would have been there all night.”

Luka nodded seriously. “They asked me if he was REALLY my dad. And I said yes. And then they said I was the luckiest kid EVER.”

Shane glanced over at Ilya, who was trying very hard to look confident and cool, but the faint flush on his cheeks gave him away. He loved this. Every second of it.

Luka did go to a private school but most of the other parents were just rich, some CEO’s or politicians. No person of interest for a child was usually one of the parents so Shane wasn’t surprised that the kids went crazy over the appearance of a star NHL player.

What else did not come unexpected for Shane, was the fact that Ilya willingly put himself into the bunch of children.

Shane always stayed by his car, along with the other parents because that one time he came too close to Luka’s classroom, a bunch of 7 year old’s were pulling his jacket, asking him if we had any hockey gear on him. And Luka, god bless his little heart, was basically inviting all the kids to their car where Shane had some training gear in the trunk.

(And they were calling him Mr. Hollander which always made him feel incredibly *old*.)

Shane loved his kid, but Ilya was the one who was also happily entertaining *other* people's children. Which was a blessing for every single one of Luka's birthday parties so far. Or when Luka and his friends really wanted to go and see *Kpop Demon Hunters* in the cinema, Ilya happily took all five screaming kids with him to the movies.

He would do everything to make his little boy happy.

"And Papa talked to the teachers," Luka continued breathlessly. "Oh did he?" Shane looked at Ilya, knowing how much he despised talking to Luka's teachers. Shane had to physically drag him to his last parent-teacher night.

"Ms. Carter called him 'Mr. Rozanov' in her serious voice and Papa did the funny face like this."

He scrunched his nose and widened his eyes in the best imitation of Ilya being politely awkward.

Shane doubled over laughing. "That's accurate. Too accurate."

Ilya put a hand to his chest, feigning offense. "I do not make face."

"Oh you *totally* make that face," Shane said, Luka nodding approvingly.

Ilya shook his head, but he was smiling. One of those soft smiles that made the corners of his eyes crinkle. The kind he usually saved for his family.

"So," Shane said, pulling Luka into another hug, "sounds like you liked having Papa pick you up?"

"Daddy." Luka leaned back, expression fierce with sincerity. "It was the BEST PICKUP EVER. Can Papa do it every day?"

Ilya made a thoughtful hum. "Maybe we switch sometimes *moy solnechnyy rebyonok*. I like seeing your little world. And I like that your friends think I am...cool."

"You ARE cool," Luka said firmly. "Even cooler than the fifth graders."

"That is high praise," Ilya whispered, leaning back in surprise.

Shane watched them — his son glowing, his husband trying and failing to hide his pride — and something warm settled in his chest.

"Alright," Shane said, voice soft. "Then I think we've got a new pickup rotation. The cool dad gets to do the pick up."

“But I can’t do this everyday.” Ilya whispered, a slight hint of panic in his voice. “It was like a really loud meet & greet. I’m so tired.”

Shane chuckled. “Luka, how about your Papa and I keep switching who picks you up?”

Luka just gave him a thumbs up, already on the way to his room, Ilya sighing in relief.

“The kids won’t think you are so cool if you’re gonna be there everyday anyway. They lose interest very quickly.” Shane whispered mockingly.

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that. I am like unicorn for children.” Ilya stepped closer, sliding an arm around Shane’s waist, giving him a soft kiss on the lips. “He was so proud,” he murmured, his tone softer and more serious. “He kept telling everyone, ‘That’s my Papa.’”

Shane leaned into him, eyes soft. “Of course he’s proud. He should be.”

God, Shane loved this man so much. He always knew he wanted kids but was always a bit resistant if it would be too much of a challenge. After all, he liked his life planned and organized - and having a child is anything but that. But raising the sweetest, chaotic, fun little guy with his absolutely fantastic, loving husband? Easiest thing Shane ever did, besides saying *I do* when marrying Ilya.

And he was so proud of Ilya, for being such a good dad, perfectly balancing the fun but also always prioritizing his son’s wellbeing. Especially after Ilya’s bad experiences with his own father during his childhood, Shane couldn’t bring himself to stop acknowledging every single day how well Ilya is doing this parent thing.

Ilya kissed Shane’s cheek, quiet and grateful. “It was good day,” he admitted. “Very good day.”

“And you also got McDonalds with him after school, right?”

“You did say he gets hungry after school. I just wanted to feed our son.”

Shane just gave him a look.

“Okay, how do you know?”

“Ilya, your kiss tasted like a greasy cheeseburger.”

Ilya just kissed him again for that.

“I already fear the day when he’s old enough to secretly smoke cigarettes.” Shane said in between more of Ilya’s disgusting cheeseburger kisses. “and when you are the one to catch him you will probably just ask him for a drag instead of giving him hell.”

“I am the cool dad Shane. I’ve got a reputation I must protect.”

End Notes

i hope you enjoyed this !! i was just trying to give them the future they deserve, being dad's and stuff <3

also, kudos go out to my 8 year old sister: everything the kids in this story are interested in, i know thanks to her

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