

ooh, i loved you, miss

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by [liebster](#)

Summary

“Hey, Siri! Text Scott Hunter: your face is so ugly Santa said he is no longer coming. No thank you for Christmas card.”

Or:

a december morning in the hollander-rozanov home (ft: their kids)

Notes

BEFORE anyone comes for me: yes, i AM 2/3 done with ch11 of tktctg; i'm not abandoning her, i swear! i've js been so obsessed with hollanov for close to 3 mo now, and i HAD to write a cute xmas fic w/ them. so, to all my bofb fans: I AM STILL WRITING BOFB!!! dw :)

anyway... the idea of hollanov w kids has been torturing me foreva, so ur girl js had to cave and give them two adopted little gremlins ;) welcome milana & mikhail everyone! i hope to make a series w/ them, but those who know me know im awful at keeping my promises, so we'll see.. in the meantime, enjoy xmas w/ our fav hockey boys and their new fam :) xoxo

title is from 'misses' by dominic fike

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

December 20, 2025 — 7:38 A.M.

Shane Hollander had a routine—*when did he not?*

Every Saturday, he woke sometime between 7 and 8 to his *spoiled* Aussie, Anya, and his even *more spoiled* 3-almost 4-year-old, Milana, on his chest.

At some point in time, Milana and Anya had formed a pact to only wake up Shane. Which, in theory, made no fucking sense because they *both* stayed up past their bedtimes. Why Shane and not Ilya was beyond him.

Speaking of those devils—

“Daddy! Daddy, Daddy!” Milana whispered, shaking his shoulders as Anya licked his cheek. “Daddy, wake up!”

Shane sighed but opened his eyes. He was met with a round face, downturned, dark brown eyes, and a mess of dark brown (basically black) curls—a wide grin, too.

Milana Ilyinichna Hollander-Rozanov. His twin daughter. His own mini-him (with a side of Ilya, of course).

“Lana, let Daddy sleep, please,” he begged, but he was already sitting up and wrapping an arm around her waist. “It’s Saturday, baby girl.”

“I am not tired! And you wake up early, Daddy,” she reminded him, sticking out her tongue as she plopped onto his lap. Anya nuzzled against his chest, and Shane’s hand moved to stroke her soft fur.

“Not tired? Really?” he deadpanned, cracking a smile when she turned red. “Because I’m pretty sure *somebody* was up past their bedtime last night.”

“Uh, no. Not me—was Miky!”

You woke up Mikhail, he thought, but he knew she’d keep denying it. Milana tended to blame her brother for things she had 100% done herself. Did it ever work? No.

“Uh-uh. So Mikhail was up playing family with *your* stuffed animals?” he asked, the tease slipping into his words.

“Yes.”

Shane raised a brow. He stared at the defiant face snuggled into his chest, her lips pouting and her eyes wide. He sighed—he had to get Ilya to stop teaching her tricks that made him fold.

He folded anyway. She knew.

“Tell Papa I said no more teaching you that stuff,” he faux-scolded, kicking the sheets off his body. Anya understood and jumped to the floor, waiting patiently for Shane to stand.

“What stuff?” Milana asked, knowing damn well what he was talking about. The smile she wore told Shane enough.

“Being cute, silly!” he laughed, peppering her laughing face with kisses. She burst into a fit of giggles, covering her face from his ticklish lips.

Shane grinned against her forehead, pressing one more kiss to her nose. “Has anyone ever told you how cute you are?”

“You have, Daddy,” she laughed, her face nuzzled into his chest.

“*Some of us like sleepin’*,” Ilya’s voice wavered through the room, half muffled by the duvet covering half of his face.

Shane whirled around, staring at the mop of curls and the fluttering eyes that “glared” at him. He grinned, and raising his voice, joked: “Lana, wanna wake up Papa?”

That got an annoyed grunt out of his sleepy husband. “Shane, shut up.”

Shane laughed but obliged.

“Yeah, yeah, go back to bed,” he muttered as he made his way over to Ilya’s side. He heard an incoherent mumble but ignored it, opting to bend down and kiss the top of Ilya’s head. “We’ll be back.”

“Bye-bye, Papa!” Milana whispered, and Shane bent down enough so she could boop her papa’s forehead.

“Пока, моя маленькая звездочка,” Ilya muttered before Shane left the room, Milana on his hip and Anya trotting by his feet.

He shut the door behind him, making sure it wasn’t too loud. As he turned around, Shane nearly jumped out of his skin when he glanced down and nearly trampled a small body in front of him.

Mikhail Ilyich Hollander-Rozanov. Ilya’s literal twin (with touches of Shane, too).

He had a face that matched his sister’s, only his eyes were hazel, and his hair was lighter and closer to Ilya’s. His skin was also similar to Shane’s own pale skin, while Milana had a color closer to Ilya’s warmer “tan.”

Mikhail and Milana. Miky and Lana—his pride and joys. *His* children (not biologically but still his).

Shane had never imagined having kids before retirement. Family had always been a plan for the future.

Sure, when he'd been younger, he *had* dreamt of starting a family before his mid-thirties. As time progressed, he'd wanted to start a family with a specific, cocky Russian, but that idea had been just an idea. Something for later—after their careers had skyrocketed and they could settle down.

And after he won more Cups than Ilya, so he could flaunt it in that cocky motherfucker's face (that plan had “sadly” changed to them winning the *same* Cup).

But everything after March 2021 had changed their plans, and on that fateful day at the end of April 2022, Mikhail and Milana were registered as Hollander-Rozanov.

Post-honeymoon had been spent finding a suitable family. Ilya and Shane hadn't been too picky, but they wanted three things: for their kids' biological parents to be Japanese, Russian, and, if lucky, possibly Canadian.

They'd scored all three.

For the past two, nearly three, years, Shane and Ilya were *parents*. Sometimes, he couldn't believe they made it work.

But Hayden had made it work, and so had the guys on the Centuars, so they also made it work.

It hadn't been easy, though.

Fights had occurred. Harsh arguments with cutting words that neither of them meant, but still slipped out. Nights spent steaming in anger in separate rooms. Times when one pushed the other too hard, and before they knew it, the babies were crying, and so were they.

But they'd pushed through. Not like any of that had stopped, but it'd gotten easier to manage. He and Ilya had survived storms before—they could handle choppy waves.

“Daddy?” Oh, right. He had a schedule to follow.

“Mornin', buddy.” Shane smiled at his son and crouched down, wrapping an arm around Mikhail's waist and lifting him onto his other hip.

“Miky! Tell Daddy you—” Milana started, but Mikhail beat her to it.

“Liar! Daddy, it was Lana!” Mikhail cried, blowing a raspberry when Milana whined. “She is soooo loud! She stay up late, Daddy.”

“Oh, did she?” Shane huffed, shaking his head when Mikhail laughed, and Milana pouted. “Milana, you have bedtime for a reason. You're cranky when you don't go to bed early.”

Bedtime had been an ongoing argument since Milana learned to form sentences. In her opinion, “*bedtime is too early!*”

In Shane's mind, bedtime between 7:45 and 8:00, 8:30 the latest, was pretty reasonable for his almost-four-year-old children.

Mikhail seemed to agree. Ilya, too, though he liked to side with Milana because he knew it annoyed Shane (he still made her go to bed at whatever time Shane told her to, though).

“Noo, not true!” Milana argued, but Shane gave her a look that shut her up. “Is not fair. Amber goes to bed late!”

Ambre Pike. Hayden’s eight-year-old daughter went to bed later than Shane’s four-year-old. Who would’ve guessed—certainly not Shane.

“Lana, Amber is eight; you’re almost four. Bit of a difference there, honey,” he teased, his lips brushing over her head.

Milana pouted and whined but didn’t mention the subject after that. She would later, after Shane tucked her in and turned the light off.

That was later, though.

For now, he had priorities to get done. Such as walking his poor dog.

“Alright, who wants to walk Anya with—”

Before Shane could even finish, both his little rascals were chanting “ME, ME, ME!”

He laughed but shushed them. Ilya was just as cranky as Milana—if not crankier—if he didn’t get enough hours of sleep.

And last night, his idiot of a husband had decided it’d be a good idea to play ‘let’s-see-how-many-rounds-I-can-fuck-Shane-for-before-he-accidentally-wakes-someone-up-with-his-moans.’

Not a fun game.

They’d lasted about three rounds before Shane heard Anya and freaked out, while Ilya laughed and attempted to seduce him for one more. So it was safe to say they’d gone to bed pretty late.

Ilya was a perfect night-owl. He was definitely *not* a morning person—that was Shane’s thing. It worked out perfectly.

“Shhh, shh!” Shane laughed. “Papa needs his sleep.”

“Papa sleeps too much,” Mikhail complained. Shane raised a brow but hummed. *He’s the exact same way.*

“No, *you* sleep too much, Miky,” Milana giggled, swatting her brother’s cheek with her clammy fingers.

Shane watched them with an amused smile before leading them back to their bedroom.

“Alright, alright. *Everyone* sleeps too much, and we stop fighting, how about that!”

Milana stuck her tongue out. Mikhail blew a raspberry and laughed.

“Daddy, you’re booooring!”

“Yeah, soooooo booooooring!”

Shane gave them a deadpanned stare. He was raising *three* Rozanovs.

Good God, someone save me, he thought, shaking his head as he opened the door to their room. “Okay, then I’ll leave you both here and take Anya on—”

“NOOO!”

“DADDY, NO!”

“Mikhail, Milana! Papa is— Oh, forget it.”

[...]

December 20, 2025 — 9:24 A.M.

Close to two hours later, Anya had been walked, Mikhail and Milana had been changed out of their pajamas, and Shane had managed to answer a couple of emails.

Ilya had slept through all of it. Not that Shane was surprised—his husband slept like a fucking hibernating bear. *It’s cute.*

Shane had brought the twins into the living room. He’d put on a Christmas movie—the Grinch, because for some reason, they loved the Grinch—to distract them from getting hungry.

It worked just like he expected.

“Daddy, Daddy, смотреть!” Milana cried.

Shane briefly glanced up, just about catching a scene of the Grinch getting pushed down a mountain by a... bull?

“Uh-huh,” he muttered, his gaze flickering back to the email he’d been reading. It was about a skincare brand deal, or something like that.

“Daddy.” Shane knew that tone. He lifted his head and laughed at Milana’s annoyed expression. “Ты не... uh...”

“Смотрящий?” he supplied, and Milana nodded, pointing an accusatory finger at him.

“Oui, now look! Is important!”

When he and Ilya had first adopted them, their main concern had been languages. Ilya, more than anything, had wanted to teach them Russian.

Shane didn't mind—as long as he could slip in a little French sometimes, he was fine with it.

He would've loved to teach them Japanese, but he'd never learnt it. Maybe one day, though. Ilya did claim he could *“learn it in, like, three days. Fuckin' smartass.”*

Maybe, Shane shrugged.

Learning Russian hadn't been easy, and teaching it... He left most of that for Ilya. But it'd come almost naturally to the twins—then again, Ilya would switch between Russian and English all their life, so Shane wasn't surprised they'd picked up on the language.

For the most part, they could understand it well.

Mikhail spoke better than Milana, though; Milana did make an effort, though, and was improving each day! With French, Milana had a better comprehension of the language. Mikhail knew the basics—Shane was still trying with him.

But he wasn't worried about their French. As long as they understood English and Russian, everything else could come second.

Shane shook his head and looked for real. He laughed at how stupid the scene looked, but he watched it because he knew it'd make Milana and Mikhail happy.

He kept watching. The emails could wait.

When the Grinch and his sled... team? began to spin across an ice-covered lake, Mikhail burst out laughing and threw himself onto his sister. Milana yelped and pushed him off, but her giggles escaped before she could stop them.

Shane watched them carefully, making sure they didn't get too close to the coffee table. The last thing he needed was for one of them to get hurt.

“You're being a wrestler now, Miky?” Shane asked, amusement in his voice as he watched his son climb onto the end of the couch and pretend to jump over Milana. “Careful, please...”

They'd moved from the coffee table. Shane let out a breath of relief.

“Yes!” Ilya *and* Hayden had recently introduced them to WWE, much to Shane's dismay.

It didn't help that Hayd's only son, Arthur, was super into WWE, and Mikhail *idolized* Arthur Pike.

“Ah, wow. You're a very good wrestler, моя любовь.”

“Yes, thank you, Daddy!” Mikhail laughed, rolling around on the floor until his head landed on Milana’s leg.

“Watch the movie, Miky!” Milana hissed, but she was already rolling around with him.

Shane laughed, quickly grabbing his phone and filming the scene. His two babies rolling around on the carpet.

He smiled at the video and turned his phone off, forcing himself to pay attention to the very *boring* email.

He’d managed to have his full attention on his computer for a few minutes before the familiar sound of feet drew his gaze.

Shane barely had time to look up before Ilya was towering over him, pressing a quick kiss to his cheek. Shane smiled and shut his computer—the fucking email could wait.

“G’morning,” Shane muttered, humming with contentment when Ilya’s hand began to run through his hair.

“Mornin’, моя любовь.” Ilya grinned, watching their kids roll around. The movie continued to play in the background, but they were too busy playing with each other to realize.

“The fuck are they doin’?” Ilya asked, yawning softly.

Shane hit his hand. “Stop swearing in front of them!” he cried, scowling when Ilya grinned. “They’re... playing rolling around on the floor? I—I don’t know; Miky thinks he’s a wrestler, and I guess he— Mikhail, careful!”

Shane was on the floor before anyone could speak. His hand landed right behind Mikhail’s head, his knuckles brushing the coffee table. Shane glanced down at his giggling son and sighed.

“Not so close to the coffee table, you two,” he reminded them, helping Mikhail sit up while Milana watched, a grin on her face.

“Sorry, Daddy,” Mikhail giggled, plopping himself onto Shane’s folded-in knees. Shane sighed but kissed his cheek.

“It’s okay, buddy,” he muttered, stroking Mikhail’s cheek.

He glanced up and caught Milana’s gaze. Opening his arm, Shane smiled as she buried into his side and giggled.

“Ah, I see. I am... Shane, what’s it called? Chopped pancreas?” Ilya asked, amusement in his tone as he stood behind the couch, arms crossed over his bare chest.

Shane made a face. “Chopped *liver*,” he corrected. Neither sounded... appealing, but chopped *pancreas* sounded disturbing.

“PAPA!” Milana cried, rushing towards him. “You are up!”

Shane had half the mind of telling her to be careful in case she fell—because Milana, despite being super fast, had no coordination—but Ilya had already picked her up, smothering her face with kisses.

Mikhail remained on his lap but pointed at Ilya. “К папе! Я хочу к папе!” he cried, bouncing excitedly.

Shane glanced down and nodded, already standing up. He crossed over to his husband, who had an arm open for Shane. He nestled into Ilya’s side and sighed.

“Вы обе занимали папу, пока я спала?” Ilya asked, half-teasing as he kissed the junction between Shane’s neck and his jaw.

Mikhail nodded. “Yes! Мы смотрим «Гринча» and we walk Anya! Is sooo cold, Papa,” Mikhail told him, his hands moving as he rambled on.

Shane kissed his cheek. “You were wearing like twenty layers, buddy.”

“Is still cold, Daddy.” When Mikhail used *that* tone, it meant he wasn’t going up for debate. It was final.

Shane shrugged and just nodded. “Pretty eventful morning.”

“I can see,” Ilya laughed, his fingers running through Mikhail’s curls. “Okay, who wants breakfast? Завтрак?”

Mikhail and Milana both cheered. Shane laughed and led them to the kitchen, placing Mikhail on the floor so he could chase after Anya. “Be careful, Miky!”

When he turned around, Ilya and Milana were staring at him with matching grins. Shane raised a brow. “What?”

“Ah, Milana, your daddy is a worrywart,” Ilya teased. Shane huffed and rolled his eyes.

“Was that?” Milana asked as Ilya sat her on the counter. Mikhail liked *eating* breakfast, but Milana loved *watching* them make it.

So did Shane. *She must’ve gotten that from me*, he thought, smiling as he pinched Milana’s face. She grinned harder.

“Worrywart. Shane, what is a worrywart?” Ilya asked, moving around their kitchen to grab the pots and pans he needed.

“Y’know, using words you don’t know the meaning of is, like, sorta defeating the purpose of using them,” Shane muttered, and he could sense Ilya’s eyeroll—they both knew Ilya knew what it meant.

“Yes, yes, Да-да, мистер грамматический полицейский...” Ilya snickered. Shane’s lips pressed into a flat line, and he gave his husband a look.

“Ha, ha. Very funny.” Shane turned to glance at his daughter, who watched them with interest. “A worrywart is someone who worries a lot.”

“Worrywart,” Milana repeated, the word sounding funky on her tongue. “Huh. Was worrywart in Russian?”

“Er, closest thing is Тревожный человек,” Ilya told her, only he spoke it slowly so she could follow along. When she made a face, he repeated and clapped his hands to each syllable.

“Тревожный человек?” Milana asked. The pronunciation was slightly off, but Ilya clapped and kissed her nose.

“Да. Very good, Lana.”

Milana giggled at the praise and gently swung her feet, a content smile on her face. Shane couldn’t help but coo at his baby—he’d gotten so lucky.

A second later, a pair of arms wrapped around his leg. Shane glanced down at Mikhail’s grinning face.

He was going to die. He was the *luckiest* man ever—two adorable babies he could call his own. Wow.

“About time you joined us,” Shane joked as he bent down and lifted Mikhail onto his hip. He bounced his son slightly, just like he had when they’d been babies.

Back when Mikhail’s little finger could barely hold onto Shane’s. Back when Milana’s eyes would widen, and she’d squeak every time he went to check on her.

“Yeah, Miky, about time you joined us!” Milana teased, butchering about half the words, but still sounding impossibly sassy *and* cute.

Mikhail laughed and extended his hand so he could swat it at her. He blew a raspberry at her, to which she responded by cackling.

Shane stared at his two gremlins and then at his much bigger gremlin, who was attempting to use cooking spray without getting any of the “dangerous chemicals” on his finger—he was failing miserably.

“Shane, agh! I’m going to die!” Ilya cried, groaning when more spray hit the tip of his thumb. “Is going to kill me, and then I will die, and you will be so sad without me because you are too boring on your own.”

“I’m starting to hope those things have dangerous chemicals in them,” Shane joked, grinning when Ilya gasped.

“No. Is not true. You will die without your hot, muscular, *tuff* husband.”

Shane made a face. “Ew. Don’t say tuff; who taught you that?”

“Your mother.” And there was that grin Shane had fallen in love with seventeen-years-ago. The grin that had nearly killed him *multiple* times.

“Grandma? Is Grandma here?” Mikhail asked, suddenly interested in their conversation. Shane shook his head.

“No, she’s—”

“She’s too busy being *tuff*,” Ilya laughed, doubling over at the annoyed look Shane wore. “Miky, Lana, repeat that word. *Tuff*.”

“No, don’t listen to—”

“Tuff!” Mikhail grinned, looking proud of himself.

“My turn! Tuff, tuff, tuff!” Milana cried, wiggling around on the counter.

Shane instinctively stuck his hand out, his fingers landing on her hip—his grip wasn’t strong enough to stop her, but it was there in case she slipped. “Is a funny word, Daddy!”

“I’m sure, Lana,” Shane sighed, knowing it was useless. *Fucking LaPointe or Young or whoever taught him that.* “Very funny, Ilya. Now they’re gonna repeat that *all day*.”

“Yell at Holmberg, not your poor, sexy, innocent husband.” Ilya pouted, but he was already leaning down into Shane’s space.

And Shane just couldn’t resist when the opportunity was right there.

Their lips met in a sweet kiss. Shane felt one of Ilya’s hands fall on his jaw, gently stroking the freckles on his flushed cheek.

Whenever someone asked where home was, Shane would tell them Ottawa. In reality, though, home was here, with Ilya’s fingerprints marked into his skin.

It was perfect, it was—

“EWWW!!! GROSS!” Mikhail yelled, covering his eyes as he shook his head back and forth. “Papa, Daddy, *stooooooooop*!”

“Aghhh, Anya, help!” Milana cried, her face full of horror as she stared at them. “Anya, they are— Ewww!”

Shane pulled away from his husband and glanced at his kids. “Really, you two? It’s just a kiss; it’s how I show Papa I love him.”

“Is so gross, Daddy! My eyes, my eyes!” Milana whined, and God, she sounded so much like Ilya. It melted something in Shane’s heart.

“You two are *sooooo* dramatic,” Ilya countered, watching them with a smirk. “I will kiss Daddy even more next—”

“NOOOOO!” Mikhail shouted, burrowing his face in Shane’s neck. “Daddy, tell Papa to stop! I’m gonna tell on you to Grandma, Papa!”

“Miky, you don’t have to yell—my ear is *right next* to your mouth,” Shane laughed, rubbing Mikhail’s back. “I’ll tell Papa to stop.”

“Good! Or Santa will bring no presents to you, Papa,” Mikhail added, pointing a finger at Ilya. “Zero!”

“Ты в naughty списке, папа,” Milana giggled, her smile blooming behind the fingers she’d stuck into her mouth.

“Milana, sweetie—” Shane sighed, gently guiding them back onto her thigh. “Here, let me...” he trailed off, ripping off a piece of paper from their paper towel holder and wiping her fingers with it.

“Список непослушных, Lana,” Ilya corrected, smiling softly when she repeated it.

“О, и вы думаете, что меня теперь внесли в список непослушных детей? Ilya accused, slowly stalking towards Milana.

When she nodded, Ilya continued with a shit-eating grin.

“Hm... what would Mr. Santa say about that? You are being very bad, Milana—being mean to your poor papa.”

Milana giggled and blushed. “Is true, Papa! Santa told Miky.”

She pointed a finger at Mikhail, who shook his head. But the smile he attempted to cover with the hem of Shane’s hoodie told otherwise.

“Nooo, Она лгунья!” Mikhail cried, still determined to defend his case. “Лжец, лжец, лжец! Lana a liar! Liar, liar, pants on fire!”

“No! I not a liar!” Milana cried, crossing her arms over her chest. “Мики — лжец, папа.”

“Ah, you’re both liars,” Ilya laughed. “Lying right before Christmas? Нехорошо. Очень плохо, очень плохо. I don’t think... Mr. Santa would like that!”

Shane watched as Ilya “pounced” at Milana, scooping her up in his arms and twirling her around as she squealed. “Aghhhh, we must tell Mr. Santa we have *two* little liars, Shane!”

“Two? No!” Mikhail cried, but Shane was already handing him to Ilya with a smile. “Daddy, nooo!”

Ilya cackled as he spun them around, their little cries of joy echoing in their kitchen.

Shane watched with fucking awe as the man he loved—one of the roughest men in the entire NHL—spun his two little sunshine’s around with such care and grace.

His *universe* holding his *worlds*.

The thought alone made Shane want to cry. He couldn’t believe that at some point in time, he’d wanted to wait post-retirement for *this*.

Sure, things could’ve gone a lot... better. Shane wouldn’t say he was grateful for the way the world came to know that the Hollander-Rozanov rivalry wasn’t... a *rivalry*, but he sure wasn’t... as depressed as he thought he’d be.

The little things always came out of the bigger picture—it’d just taken a minute to find those things.

“Okay, time to go visit Daddy!” Shane heard Ilya cry before his little family of three was in front of him, wide-eyed and grinning.

Shane’s heart melted into a fucking puddle.

“Hm,” he hummed, taking Milana and Mikhail from Ilya and setting them on both of his hips.

He kissed the top of their heads before turning to Ilya. “You think Santa’s gonna put them on the naughty or nice list?”

“Ah, good question.” Ilya turned around, glanced at the twins, and grinned. “I don’t know. I think...”

“Nice!” Milana supplied, making a kissy face. “Right, Daddy?”

“No, no, no, don’t ask Daddy,” Ilya tsked, waving a spatula at her. “He will say yes. He is not good thinker.”

Shane rolled his eyes and stuck his tongue out at his husband. “Boo. You’re just mad you’re getting coal for Christmas.”

“Coal?” Ilya asked, amused.

Shane shrugged and grinned, glancing down to see Milana and Mikhail snickering. He couldn’t stop the smile that had settled on his face, and by the looks of it, neither could Ilya.

“Papa getting coal! Papa getting coal!” Mikhail taunted, wriggling in Shane’s arms as he clapped.

Shane got the memo and set him down. He kept Milana in his arms, though; she seemed keen on being carried. “Careful with what you say, bud. Santa might not like that.”

“No, Santa my friend,” Mikhail told him before toddling after Anya, adamant on letting her know that Ilya was getting coal.

“If you say so,” Shane muttered, stepping back to lean against the island counter. He watched Ilya work his magic while Milana ran her fingers up and down his ear.

“Speaking of lists...” Shane began just as Ilya cracked a second egg into his bowl. “I need to finish wrapping presents today.”

“Ah, the two billion presents you bought?” Ilya asked, and Shane could *hear* the teasing smirk. “I hope half of those are for *me*, моя фабрика.”

“My factory, really?” Shane asked, exasperation and awe evident in his tone. “And it was, like, not even fifteen gifts—” Ilya gave him a look. “Okay, fine, maybe a little over twenty... Which *isn't* much!”

In reality, Shane knew he'd overdone it with the presents. But they were mainly for the team—they'd done so much for him, the least Shane could do was spoil their families with one or two gifts.

Besides, he and Ilya were hosting Christmas Day this year. It felt right to get every member at least one gift.

“So, yeah. I gotta do that today,” Shane mumbled, pursing his lips as he planned out his schedule. “Oh, I also have to go and buy some stuff today before they're out— Ah, Ilya, did you tell Rose and Svetlana that—”

“That they're invited? Yes, Shane, you told me that like twenty hundred thousand times,” Ilya deadpanned.

Shane blushed. *Whoops*. “Oh, sorry. I didn't—”

“Ah, I'm just teasin',” Ilya laughed, setting his spatula down as he stepped forward to quickly peck Shane's lips.

Milana made a noise that sounded similar to a groan, but Shane ignored her.

“I knew that!” he huffed, but he couldn't wipe the stupid smile off his face. “Did they say yes?”

“Что вы думаете?” Ilya asked.

When Shane didn't answer, his husband sighed and turned around. “Да, дорогая. They are coming with a billion gifts for the kids and none for me. Is a shame; we should kick them out.”

“Thank you.” Shane smiled and continued to play with Milana's hair. “Oh! I have to thank Scott and Kip for their Christmas card.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Shane caught the face Ilya made. “Add in a message from me to Scott. Tell him I said his stupid face ruined Christmas.”

“Ilya! Be nice,” Shane warned, though he knew it was pointless.

“No, is horrible, Shane!” Ilya cried, feigning dramatics *again*. “Santa said he is no longer coming because Scott Hunter has such an ugly face. Poor, poor children across the world. How will they get their presents?”

“Santa not coming?” Milana asked hurriedly, fear evident in her eyes. Shane shot Ilya a look.

“No, baby, he’s coming. Your papa is just *joking*,” Shane hissed, glaring at Ilya’s smirk. “And I’m *not* telling Scott that.”

“Okay. I will tell him myself.” Ilya waved a hand and turned slightly. “Hey, Siri! Text Scott Hunter: your face is so ugly Santa said he is no longer coming. No thank you for Christmas card.”

Shane sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “Great. Now I have to send an apology text, too.”

“Apology for what? His ugly face? I am sorry for Kip, too.”

Shane shut his eyes and counted to ten. When he opened them, Ilya was *still* grinning. “You’re insufferable, you know that?”

“Do not forget sexy!”

And if it weren’t for the fact that he had Milana on his hip, Shane would’ve flipped his husband off. And then maybe kissed him roughly.

But alas, he settled on a glare and a smile that threatened to spread.

Sure, Ilya could be a pain in the ass. But he was *Shane’s* pain in the ass. Shane wouldn’t have wanted it any other way.

His eyes softened as he watched Ilya pour a cup of milk into the pan. Only his mind had drifted to other things.

He had a lot to get done: wrap gifts, text Scott, try to stop by the store—or maybe he could get Ilya to do that? He also had to figure out the plans for New Year’s Eve.

God, I need a break.

As if Ilya could read his mind—he probably could—Shane felt a hand tip his chin up. “You are... er, thinking too loud...?”

When Shane nodded, Ilya continued. “Yes, thinking too loud. I can hear it, мой эйнштейн.”

Shane laughed despite the blush spreading over his face. “Sorry. Just trying to make a schedule for today.”

He ran well on schedules. Without them, Shane felt lost.

It was why the first week of any break or off-season, he fixed himself a well-organized schedule that... never went as planned.

Ilya knew that, though. He also knew how to help Shane make his schedules less... obsessive.

“I know,” Ilya hummed quietly before glancing down at Milana, who was watching them quietly. “Okay, how about this: you text... ugh, Scott— What! I didn’t say anything! Fine. Text *Scott*—happy now?—and I will make breakfast with Miky and Lana.”

Shane hummed and nodded. Only Ilya wasn’t done. “After, I will go to the store. You wrap the stupid gifts with Miky and Lana. Okay?”

Shane didn’t reply. Instead, he tilted his head and kissed Ilya.

“Miky, help!” Milana cried from below, prompting them to separate. “Miky!!!!”

“Coming, Lana!” Mikhail cried, toddling into the room with a fierce look—as fierce as a three-year-old could even look. “What?”

Milana pointed at them. Mikhail made a face and shook his head. “Gross!”

“Love is not gross,” Ilya laughed, reaching to take Milana in his arms.

Shane watched with a smile, kissing her cheek and then Ilya’s. “C’mon, we all make breakfast while Daddy texts boring, ugly man who ruins Christmas.”

Shane rolled but kissed Mikhail’s head as he trailed after Ilya and Milana.

He watched Ilya bend down to pick up Mikhail and set him on the counter. His heart swelled as he wandered into the living room, phone in hand and Anya by his feet.

As he sat down on the couch, he could hear Mikhail cry: “But Uncle Scott is nice! He is on nice list, Papa.”

A few seconds of silence settled in their home before Ilya gasped. “*Uncle Scott?* Oh no, no, no. Поздравляю, Мики, ты теперь в списке непослушных детей. Я немедленно сообщу об этом Санта-Клаусу.”

And as Shane wrote out a thank you/apology message to Scott, he couldn’t help but smile at the laughter coming from the kitchen.

[...]

December 20, 2025 — 2:07 P.M.

Shane wandered into the living room with two rolls of Peanuts-themed wrapping paper. He set the rolls by the Christmas tree, gently positioning them to make sure they didn't roll off.

Anya walked towards him and plopped herself by his feet, a snort escaping her snout. Shane smiled and reached down to stroke her fur. "They just love wearing you out, don't they?"

She snorted again. "Yeah, they wear me out, too." Shane shook his head. "But... I don't know what I'd do without them."

As if on cue, Mikhail and Milana rushed into the room, most likely racing to see who was the fastest (it was always Milana).

"Careful!" Shane cried as Milana jumped on his leg, and he stumbled slightly.

"Milana!" He couldn't stop the bark of laughter he'd let out, though. "You two are trying to kill me, I swear."

"Hi, Daddy," Milana giggled, and Shane melted.

"Hi, sweetie." He stroked her hair before bending down to lift her off his leg and onto the floor.

"C'mere, I was gonna sit, anyway," he instructed, patting his lap as he sat on the floor.

He turned to Mikhail, who had plopped down to sit by Anya. "You wanna sit on Daddy's lap, too, Miki?"

"Yes, please!" Mikhail crawled towards Shane's foot, and Shane easily lifted him so Mikhail sat on one thigh, and Milana on the other. "Yay! Hi, Daddy."

Shane kissed both their noses. "Hi. You guys want to help me wrap presents?" he asked, pointing at the rolls by his foot

"For who?" Mikhail asked, reaching out so his fingers could graze the roll. Shane inched it closer without a word.

"Y'know how Papa and I are having our team come over for Christmas?" he asked, and they both nodded.

"Well, I have to wrap presents for them, along with Grandma and Grandpa, Uncle Hayd and Aunt Jackie and their kids, and Aunt Rose and тетя Svetlana."

Milana glanced up, confusion written over her face. "Santa no give them presents?"

Shane paused. He sucked in a breath and stared at his daughter's face.

“Er... he will. But *we* are gonna help him because he’s super busy!” he explained, hoping it’d suffice her.

It did. She hummed and nodded. “Okie. I will help, Daddy!”

“я тоже! Can I help, too, Daddy?” Mikhail asked, practically bouncing on Shane’s lap. “Please?”

Shane laughed and kissed Mikhail’s cheek. “Yeah, sweetheart, you both can help. You’re gonna have to get off my lap, though.”

Mikhail nodded and scrambled off, practically crawling to the roll. Milana moved more slowly, slightly hesitant to leave his side. He smiled reassuringly at her; it seemed to help, and she crawled off after her brother.

“Okay, Santa’s Little Helpers,” he joked, smiling when they both beamed up at him, “All you have to do is put tape on the paper, okay? I’ll show you; pay close attention.”

Shane reached over to the bags of gifts he’d brought down. He pulled out the first gift—Hayden’s: a Kindle Fire and a gray robe.

He’d been bugging Shane every single day for the damn robe.

Out of everyone, Hayden and his mom were the easiest to go Christmas shopping for, as they always sent him lists around the end of November. It worked out perfectly for him.

“Okay, this is for Uncle Hayden,” he explained, showing them the two gifts. “I’m gonna wrap this one,” he held up the robe, “first, okay?”

Shane reached for the wrapping paper and slowly unraveled it. He set the robe on top of it and folded the edge of the paper to meet the middle of the robe.

“See this? Always fold this side first so it can go to the middle.”

“Why?” Milana asked, watching him curiously.

“You’ll see.” He smiled at her and let the paper go. Then, he folded the other side towards the middle.

“It’s so you can see how much you want to cut off. I’m gonna cut this much off!” His finger hovered over one of the dotted lines on the back of the paper.

“Can we cut?” Mikhail asked, searching for the scissors that Shane had left on the coffee table.

Shane shook his head and grabbed the scissors, lining them up as best as he could. “Not this time, sport. You can get hurt,” he explained as he shakily cut a “straight” line across.

“No! Я не буду,” Mikhail insisted, the whine evident in his words. “Daddy, please! Papa let me cut with him.”

Shane sighed. He glanced up at his son and then his daughter. “Miky, you *can* get hurt. These are big kid scissors.”

“I wanna try!” Milana suddenly cried, reaching forward to try to hold onto them. “Daddy, I wanna try!”

Mikhail took it as his opportunity to try to yank them from Shane’s hold. Shane reared back slightly, holding the scissors over his head. “Mikhail, no. Doing that won’t help your case.”

Mikhail pouted and began to whine. “Daddy, you are mean! Is not nice!” He turned towards Milana, who already had her arms open.

Shane watched Mikhail crawl into Milana’s arms. “Daddy,” she began, rubbing her brother’s curls, “Santa says to be nice. You are not nice. No presents for *you*.”

Shane let out a sigh and raise a brow at them. “Okay. How am I not being nice?” he asked. He’d learned over the years that asking simple questions helped solve the problem.

When neither of them answered, Shane tried again: “Mikhail, Milana, how am I being mean? I can’t help you if you don’t tell me.”

Another round of silence fell over them.

Shane stared at the two, huddled together and avoiding his gaze, before sighing. They’d talk when they wanted to.

“Okay. I guess I’ll do this on my own,” he told nobody—the words lingered in the air, falling heavy over them. Shane continued cutting the paper until there was enough to cover the robe. He reached for the tape and plucked a strand.

“It’s going to be really *boring* not having anyone to help me tape this.”

He spared a glance at them. Milana was watching with curious eyes, while Mikhail held back a pout.

Shane brought the two end pieces to the middle and taped them before turning so he faced them properly.

“C’mere, both of you,” he whispered, his arms stretched out—an invitation, not a command.

Mikhail was the first to cave. He all but jumped into Shane’s lap, his arms finding their place around his neck. Milana followed shortly, crawling over his thigh and snuggling into his hoodie.

Shane let out a sigh he didn’t know he’d been holding. He rubbed their backs comfortingly, muttering a French lullaby his dad used to sing whenever things were too much.

After a couple of minutes, Milana lifted her head and stared at him through wide, guilty eyes. “I am sorry, Daddy,” she whispered. “You not mean; I am the mean one.”

“I am also mean. I am really sorry, Daddy,” Mikhail muttered, although most of his words had been muffled by the hem of Shane’s hoodie. “Santa give you presents—I tell him to, okie?”

Shane’s heart swelled and shattered, and he just about died.

“Guys, guys— you don’t have to be sorry, okay?” he whispered, kissing Mikhail’s head and then Milana’s. “You both aren’t mean, I promise.”

He pushed himself against the couch’s leg and gently pried their faces from his hoodie.

“Look at me,” he instructed, his voice gentle. “These scissors are for big kids, and you can get really hurt by them. If you bring me *your* scissors, Miky, I’ll help you cut. Same with you, Lana. Deal?”

He watched the question wash over them. Mikhail was the first to nod before standing up to kiss Shane’s cheek.

“Yay, yay!” he cheered, helping Milana up, who also kissed Shane’s cheek. “Merci, Daddy!”

Shane laughed. “Okay, okay, go get your scissors. And be *careful* with them, okay?” He made sure to enunciate ‘careful’—Ilya had taught them that being risky was more fun than careful.

“Yes! We will be *careful*, Daddy,” Milana giggled, trailing after Mikhail and towards their mini-art station in their room.

Shane watched them go with a sigh. He glanced over at Anya, who wore a fucking amused look—his own damn dog, Jesus.

“All of you are little mini-Ilya’s,” he sighed, though he couldn’t keep the fondness out of his voice.

“It’s going to kill me someday, just watch.”

Anya huffed but moved her head. Shane got the memo and rolled his eyes, but his free hand was already moving to her ears. “You’re so spoiled, y’know that?”

Still, Shane scratched her ears for a few seconds, letting tranquility wash over him. Eventually, he withdrew his hand and moved to finish wrapping the gift.

Shane turned the present so the left side faced him. He folded the paper into the packaging and then shaped the sides so they resembled two triangles. Then, he folded those triangles into the floor, folded a rectangular shape at the top of the triangles, and then brought the weird, triangle-rectangle shape up to the side.

He taped the side with two pieces and turned the present over.

“HERE!” Shane nearly jumped to see Milana and Mikhail ramming into his side. “Scissors! ножницы!” Mikhail cried.

“Oof! That’s not careful at all,” he muttered, but he took the tiny pair of plastic scissors from Mikhail’s hand.

“Can we cut?” Milana asked, moving to sit by his knee. Mikhail remained on his lap, glancing at the present with curiosity.

“Not yet. We have to tape this side first, okay?” When they both nodded, Shane let out a sigh of relief. “Alright, let me show you how it’s done.”

He repeated his steps on the other side, making sure to move slowly so they could see what he was doing. Once he finished, he grabbed two pieces of tape and held them out for Mikhail and Milana.

“Lana, do you want to go first?” Shane asked, and when Milana nodded, he smiled.

“Okay, put the tape right here,” he instructed, his hands on hers as he guided her. “Yes, right — Perfect! Good job!”

Milana blushed with pride and hid her smile behind her fingers. Shane noticed and pinched her cheek, laughing when she giggled.

“Okay, Miky, your turn.” Once again, his hands found Mikhail’s as he showed him where to put the tape.

“Just a little bit more that way, buddy. Yeah... almost— Yes! Amazing! Good job, Miky!”

Mikhail didn’t respond to the praise as Milana did, but he snuggled into Shane’s chest and grinned. “Can we cut now?”

Shane laughed. “Yes, oh my God. Here, let me show you how...”

And as he grabbed the next gift—Jackie’s: an Owala tumbler with a handle (it was in blue) and a Woobles crochet kit (Royal Corgi-themed)—Shane couldn’t stop the feeling in his chest.

The feeling that he’d *made* it.

Sitting on the floor of his home, his dog resting by his foot, his hands guiding his kids as they cut wrapping paper for their aunt, and his husband checking one thing off his to-do list because he wanted to; Shane felt so loved and so appreciative, and all he wanted to do was hug poor, 17-year-old Shane who could’ve never seen a future like this.

Getting outed hadn’t been fun. But the hard part was over, and now, he could spend his days wrapping Christmas presents with the people he loved for the people who loved him for who he was.

December 20, 2025 — 4:55 P.M.

“Shane, if you wrap that present one more tim—”

Shane glanced up and glared at his husband.

“Holding tape *doesn't* require speaking, by the way,” he grumbled, taking the piece from Ilya’s finger.

“Ah, so you do not want to hear my super sexy voice?” Ilya asked, a smirk already toying at his lips. Shane knew that tone, and he knew it meant *nothing* good.

“‘Cause if I remember correctly, you liked it when my voice was tellin’ you to get on your knee—”

“ILYA!” Shane yelled, covering his face with his hands. He could hear his husband laughing in the background. “The kids are like—”

“Daddy? Papa?”

Shane glanced up and caught Milana’s gaze. She stood beside the leg of the couch, peering over at them with a furrowed brow. “Why are you yelling, Daddy?”

“Daddy is embarrassed,” Ilya explained, grinning when Shane hit his leg. “I told him a very funny joke.”

“Emba...” Milana trailed off, toddling over to them.

Shane watched as Ilya bent down and lifted her onto his lap. His heart swelled once more.

“Em-bear-est,” Ilya repeated, his hands hooking around hers as he clapped on each syllable. “Смущенный.”

“Embarrassed? Смущенный?” She butchered both pronunciations, but she got the basics of both words down. “What does it... mean?”

Shane finished wrapping the gift for Luca—a Nintendo Switch 2; Shane knew he was going to freak over it—and turned to face them.

“You remember what shy means, right?” he asked her.

Milana nodded, snuggling into Ilya’s arms. Shane continued: “Okay, it’s kinda like being shy but... more shy.”

He paused, trying to think of a good example. “Remember when you fell in front of Ruby and Jade last week?” Milana gasped and hid her face in Ilya’s shirt.

“Ah, look, Daddy is so mean,” Ilya teased, stroking her hair. “Maybe Mr. Santa will not bring him presents.”

“You’re so dramatic, Ilya.” Shane rolled his eyes but laughed. “That feeling you felt when that happened, Lana, is embarrassment,” he explained, noting how she rapidly nodded. “Okay, okay, new conversa—”

“INCOMINGGGG!”

Shane barely had time to look up before Mikhail practically ran straight into the damn coffee table. *Dear God, it's like nobody sees the fucking table!*

“Miky, slow down!” Shane reached out, quickly grabbing his son and hoisting him onto his lap. “You’re going to give me a heart attack.”

Mikhail glanced up and frowned. “I said incoming, though!”

Shane shook his head and laughed. “I know, baby.”

He sighed and kissed the top of Mikhail’s head before grabbing Luca’s gift and gently placing it beside the other gifts.

“Miky, Мой сгусток энергии, будь осторожен,” Ilya hummed, amusement in his tone as he placed Milana on the floor. “Go tell your brother to calm down, Lana.”

“Miky, успокоиться!” Milana parroted, and Shane let his son crawl over to his sister. “I did it, Papa!”

“Ah, perfect, мое солнышко.”

Shane heard Ilya move, and then he felt a pair of arms wrap around his waist. He scooted backwards until his back was against Ilya’s chest. “Now, Miky, tell Daddy to calm down. He is too tense.”

Mikhail glanced up and shrugged. “Daddy, Папа говорит, успокойся. Calm down. Caaaalllmmm dooooooownnnnn. Calm, calm, calm, down, down, down.”

Shane raised a brow and shot Ilya an amused look. “Alright, bud, Daddy’s calming down.”

“Calm is tuff!” Milana cried, and Shane pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Ah, very good. Yes, calm is tuff,” Ilya repeated, a shit-eating grin on his face. “I am tuff, you and Miky are tuff; Daddy is not tuff. Daddy and Uncle Hayden not tuff.”

“Knock it off and get me Boyle’s gift,” Shane grumbled, punching his husband’s thigh—it barely did anything.

Ilya rolled his eyes but reached over to grab the headphones they'd bought for Boyle. "Here, Mr. Boring-Not-Tuff."

"Yeah, say bye to your gift."

"Nooo, Hollander, you are so mean." Shane knew Ilya used 'Hollander' to piss him off; it worked each time.

"You're *so* annoying." Still, Shane remained cuddled against Ilya's chest, carefully measuring how much paper he needed to cover the headphones.

"But Daddy, we wrap Papa's gift today," Mikhail exclaimed, peering up from the coloring book he and Milana had been filling out.

Shane could sense Ilya's smirk—it didn't help that the other man's chest vibrated against Shane's back as he tried to conceal his snickering. "Uh, no, Miky. That's a secret."

"What? Papa, do you wanna hear?"

Shane shook his head, but Mikhail didn't seem to... connect the dots. "No, Miky—"

"Yes, what did I get, мой медведь гризли?" Ilya asked, wheezing as Shane slapped his arm.

"You got—"

"No, Miky—"

"A— Mmmm!" Milana's hand cut off Mikhail's words, the sound muffled against her fingers. His brows furrowed as he attempted to get her hand off.

"Thank you, Lana," Shane laughed, his head resting against Ilya's shoulder. "Miky, it's a surprise! He'll find out in four days."

Milana dropped her hand and smiled sweetly at her brother. Mikhail stuck his tongue out and flopped back on the floor. "Booooring! Soooo boring! Not tuff! Not tuff at all!"

Shane laughed harder against Ilya's shoulder, feeling his husband's wheezing vibrate against his back. Milana joined them, and then finally Mikhail—the two bent over one another, giggling into their palms.

For a few seconds, the four of them laughed.

It was nice—more than nice even. It was everything Shane had dreamed of when Milana and Mikhail were first handed to him, their tiny bodies wrapped in thick onesies and coats to protect them from the cold.

This was the family he'd pictured when Ilya had said yes. It was what he thought he'd lost when he'd read those texts the night of the "crash."

Being outed was horrible. But finally being public was the best thing ever.

Eventually, their laughter died down into a peaceful quiet—the kind that settled between people who loved each other deeply.

That was until Mikhail broke it. “Daddy, can I say what Papa got you—”

“No!”

End Notes

currently finishing up my 11th hr rewatch as i write this (at the russian monologue...) lol.
anyway, i hope u guys enjoy the 8k+ oneshot i thought would be less than 3k words...
this is what happens when u fixate deeply over a ship and xmas comes around

before i wrap up, i wanna acknowledge some things:

like i said, i'm still gonna write bofb. however, ill also dive into heated rivarly bc that's my current biggest obsession :) so, hoping to see some new faces around here!!

second, i wanna give a shout out to my girl sierra!! she's been such amazing help w/ this fic —always willing to read my snippets, answer questions, or give name suggestions :) lots of love to her and defo go check out her works xoxo

that's all! i hope this was a good xmas-themed fic, and i'm sry if i went on too many side... rambles... lol

also, i am not a native russian speaker, and everything russian comes from google translate, so it's most likely not fully accurate! if any native russian speakers see errors, pls lmk what i can fix !! ty ^^

lots of love!!! xoxo

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