

when life gives you lemons

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when life gives you lemons

by Anonymous

Summary

It started out as something small, just an idea after reading a bedtime story about some bears making a lemonade stand. Sofia was absolutely enthralled with the idea.

It was all their four year old could talk about. She probably yapped about it in her sleep to be honest it was just something she wanted to do and the idea to make a stand and put it at the rink during the week long camp to raise money for the foundation was too cute to say no to.

Or the one where Shane and Ilya have a little entrepreneur

Notes

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

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"Is my lemonade stand for babushka camp." Sofia proudly announced trying her hardest to make a sign for it, her little tongue stuck out to the side of her mouth as she was deep in concentration— oh she was Shane in this moment.

It was honestly so sweet that she wanted to create something for the foundation, her little mind seeing it as something that she was doing for her grandma Irina who they talked about in quiet little moments where she could really understand just how special her papa's mother was.

Shane had been home most of the day bouncing between hugging the toilet bowl and keep nothing down and helping with camp paperwork. Sofia was such a good girl that sometimes he wondered if his daughter was taking care of him. At one point offered to 'hold his hair for him' and that was when he realized they needed to get out of the house.

"That's so sweet, I know papa will love it." Shane read the sign which had Sofia's little blocky letters in red crayon. She was in the process of learning her alphabet and had practically wiped the floor with her peers from pre-school.

It made him also wonder if he had given birth to a tiny genius— it helped with the guilt he had from giving her formula when she was just a baby which was an entirely different can of guilt that he didn't care to open today.

"Here let's sit this here and i'll prop the leg up for the table and- done!" Shane announced, standing back admiring his handiwork. They had gotten to the rink before everyone because of all the paperwork he would have to file away and because they had to set up Sofia's stand.

"Papa!" Sofia squealed the second Ilya had finished up a conversation with Price about some of the points they were going to go over today with the kids.

The alpha didn't even stop, scooping their pup up into his arms holding her like a baby as he skated past him. "Raaaah! I've got you!" He growled playfully, nuzzling his face against their daughter's cheek as she squealed.

The curly headed pup squirmed in her papa's arms trying to get down so she could show him her 'lemonade stand' which was just a little table with her hand written sign, a pitcher of lemonade and some cups. She was so proud of it, her smile was more than worth trying the lemonade that she had insisted she make herself.

"Oh yeah she only let me cut the lemons for her but she did the rest." Shane laughed sheepishly, he had only been able to provide the ingredients the rest was up to their pup who had been diligently working away earlier that day squeezing the lemon halves with her little hands into the pitcher that her grandma had let them borrow because apparently that was the only one that was good enough. A perfectionist in the making— all Shane.

Ilya gently sat Sofia upright on the floor, her legs moving a mile a minute like she was the human personification of the energizer bunny. "Papa, this is the stand! I make lots of lemonade. Try it!" She grabbed a small cup and thrust it towards her papa the contents practically spilling out with the force. They were definitely going to have to work on her delivery but who wouldn't want to buy a cup of lemonade from a cute little freckled face like hers?

"Here let us see how good this is. I bet it taste like the best lemonade ever, I should know because I helped make it." Ilya teased, not escaping the eye roll his husband shot him. Everything Sofia did was perfect because she was naturally half him or at least that was his logic.

Taking a sip of the lemonade in his cup, Ilya was hit with the most tart liquid he had ever had in his entire life and wow did that taste *sour*. He had to hold back the tears that were forming in his eyes now, hiding them in the crook of his elbow. "Ah wow yeah that is so good. What is the recipe we are using again for this?" The alpha shot his husband a look of 'What the hell is in this?'

Shane shrugged with a small knowing grin as if he had already known exactly what it tasted like. "It tastes like you just downed an entire pack of warheads, doesn't it?" He lowered his voice, gesturing to the cup trying not to lose it at the sight of Ilya's puckered face.

"Warheads? What are- what did- what did she put in this?" Ilya snagged a water bottle off the the bench, downing it all to wash down the lemonade— or what was supposed to be lemonade.

Thankfully Sofia had been busy playing with Chiron, giggling as the dog licked her cheek and chased her around. Troy had shown up to the camp with Harris wanting to make sure they showed their support for their friends who had worked so hard year after year making the camp the best it could be for all the kids that attended.

"Hey Barrett come taste some of Sofia's lemonade!" Ilya motioned Troy over while Harris played with Sofia and Chiron, so used to his days of managing social media Harris began taking pictures for their website.

Shane narrowed his eyes at Ilya, elbowing him gently when he noticed Sofia watching. Ilya leaned in quickly and whispered, "You better act like that is best lemonade you ever have had in your entire life or I will tell Harris how you plan to propose with tiny little rock. Right here in front of everyone." He added to this threat causing Troy to practically choke on the drink.

"Oh wow! Yeah that is *something*. It's *so* good, Sof." Troy crouched down to Sofia's level to shower her in praise for the fear of his secret proposal being blown in front of everyone, one that Ilya had beaten out of him over the summer practically when he found the engagement

ring Troy had bought in his stall where anyone could walk by and see it— he was terrible at this.

Ilya felt like pushing the envelope while he had Troy by the puppet strings and took it upon himself to grab another cup full of lemonade. "Here Barrett, have another on the house." This of course made Sofia pout a little as she held her little hand out for a donation.

"Papa no giving away my lemonade! We have to pay." Sofia reminded with a wag of her finger at her papa who was just giving away her drinks as she pushed her loose curls that had freed themselves from her messy braid out of her face.

"This has to be some form of cruelty." Troy grumbled to himself, shotgunning another cup of the so-called lemonade before placing some cash in the donation box. It helped that Sofia was adorable even if she was a tiny Ilya.

"Thank you Troy! Is so good, huh?" Sofia beamed, nodding enthusiastically not leaving room for any other answer. So of course, Troy had to agree— she was going places.

Shane helped run the stand with Sofia for a while, swapping when it was his turn to do a couple warmups with the camp goers.

Troy in the meantime had made it his mission (paid by Ilya or more so threatened) to run to the store and grab a jug of lemonade in the biggest size he could find. "What? I can't just let her run out." He explained as if it were logical what he was doing when he got caught by Shane dumping the store bought lemonade into the pitcher.

"You know what- yeah, fine we can't let her run out." Shane knew it was terrible, he felt guilty but Sofia had been running the stand like it was the navy and he didn't have the heart either to let her down— oh they were doomed.

They were *all* already wrapped around Sofia's finger and apparently that's exactly where they wanted to be judging by how everyone had played along.

"I can't believe you had Troy run to the store for lemonade. What if he tells Sofia it isn't really her lemonade?" Shane huffed in his ear, keeping his voice low so no one would hear well specifically not a curly headed little pup who was skating circles around the older kids.

Ilya had been caught redhanded but it was for a good cause.

"Mm yes, okay I give him money but trust me he will stay silent about this." Ilya gestured to the long forgotten table. Sofia had moved onto other ventures, pretending she was in a shootout with Wyatt pretending he wasn't able to catch half the pucks she shot into the net.

Oh yeah this was her world and they were just living in it.

End Notes

i'm back with some more girldad hollanov content partially because it was just self indulgent and i need more of their adventures in parenthood and partially bc a cool mutual gave me the extra push to get this written, thank you so much again! 🥺❤️ hope you enjoy!

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