The Canadian-Russian Godfathers (or Wyatt & Lisa Become Parents)

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The Canadian-Russian Godfathers (or Wyatt & Lisa Become Parents)

by liljenrocks

Summary

Wyatt and Lisa Hayes adopt a baby girl and ask Shane and Ilya to be her godfathers.

Notes

This is just a short little nugget. I noticed that it's never mentioned in the book that Lisa and Wyatt have children. And as someone who has struggled with infertility, I kind of made a plot built on that. Please enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes

The Canadian-Russian Godfathers

(Or How Wyatt and Lisa Became Parents)

"Does it feel weird? Like it's too quiet?" Shane whispers. Ilya's feet are resting on his lap and his eyes are closed as he relaxes on the couch. ESPN is on the TV but neither is really watching it.

"Don't jinx it," Ilya responds. "I am trying to enjoy a quiet afternoon with my beautiful husband before mom brings the boys back. Then chaos."

Shane knows he's not wrong. Their sons are at an age (7 and 5, respectively) where they tend to be everywhere. There's the constant plea to skate with Papa and Daddy at the practice rink. (Nicky is the best skater.) Or swimming (Maks is the better swimmer and he loves the water). Or taking Anya for a walk, pushing Natalia in her stroller while the boys fight over who gets to hold the leash. (Anya is very patient with them. They drop her leash at least a hundred times but she always stops and waits for one of them to pick it up.) It's a rare break in the schedule where they aren't traveling and they are trying to soak up every moment as a family. But Shane isn't above admitting having a few hours to just be with his husband is nice. It never seems to last long. So Shane shouldn't be surprised when Ilya's phone rings.

Ilya groans but picks it up to see who's calling. "Is Wyatt."

"Why wouldn't he just text?" Shane asks, trying very hard not to be annoyed at the interruption.

Ilya sits up and slides his finger across to answer it, pushing the button to put the call on speakerphone. "Hello, Hazy. Shane's here too."

"Hey guys," Wyatt says on the other end. "I, um, I'm sorry to call but I wondered if I could swing by for a minute. I kind of need to talk to both of you."

Shane swallows hard. Generally, it's not a good thing when a teammate wants to stop by their house to talk to them. Players will sometimes come by to talk to Ilya as their captain but wanting to talk to both of them…Ilya looks to him though and Shane nods.

"Sure. We're at home," Ilya answers.

It's only about fifteen minutes before Wyatt's familiar Jeep pulls up to their gates. Ilya buzzes him in and then waits at the door for him. Shane stays in the living room. He can hear the small talk in the foyer and then as they walk into the living room.

Shane meets them halfway and puts his hand out for Wyatt. "Hey Hazy," he says. He can't help but notice that Wyatt seems a little nervous. His nervousness makes Shane's anxiety start to rise in his chest. That is until Ilya reaches him and takes his hand. It grounds him and he can literally feel himself come back down.

“Have a seat,” Ilya motions to a chair across from the couch where they move to sit.

Wyatt sits and there’s a beat of silence. “Everything okay?” Ilya asks. Shane loves that about Ilya. It doesn’t beat around the bush.

Wyatt takes a deep breath. “Lisa and I, we can’t have kids. I don’t know if I ever told you that,” Wyatt’s eyes are down as he talks. “We don’t not have them because we don’t want them. We tried, we’ve done a lot of fertility treatments, IVF. We just…can’t.”

Shane looks at Ilya, who has a confused look on his face. “No, I don’t think we knew that,” Shane says.

“Anyway,” Wyatt looks back up again. “We’ve been on a few lists to adopt for awhile now and we…we finally got a call and...”

“Hazy,” Ilya stands up and moves to hug the goalie who Shane notices has tears in his eyes.

Shane stands too and, when Ilya releases him, hugs him, clapping him on the back. “That’s great news, man.”

When he pulls back, Shane sees that the tears are falling in earnest now. “Sorry, it’s just, in this sport, I’ve watched a lot of guys a lot younger than me become dads. I had started to kind of give up on the idea that we would ever be parents and now it’s happening and I’m just so happy.”

It’s Ilya who claps their friend on the back now and Shane’s vision is suddenly blurry too. He knows that feeling, wondering if you’ll ever get to be parents when it’s something you want so badly. How there are so many forms to fill out. How people will ask questions about every aspect of your life. How there will be jealousy for people who don’t have to struggle for this.

“We get it, Hazy,” Ilya says. Shane doesn’t miss the way his husband wipes at his own eyes too.

Wyatt sits back down and Shane and Ilya join him. Wyatt digs his phone out of his pocket and pulls up a picture. “This is her, this is my daughter,” he says. He turns the phone and there on the screen is a tiny pink baby with downy brown hair, wrapped in the same type of hospital blanket Shane and Ilya’s own daughter had been swaddled in. “Lisa is at the hospital with her.” He flips to the next photo and Shane sees Lisa cradling the baby, then Wyatt flips it again to a picture of him holding the little girl to his bare chest.

“What’s her name?” Shane asks.

“Um, Diana,” he shows them another picture of the baby. “We named her after Diana Prince.”

Ilya laughs. “I know that one, Wonder Woman, yes?”

“That’s right,” Wyatt beams. Shane wants to laugh because who knew Ilya Rozanov would know anything about comic books or super heroes if not for the man sitting in front of them.

“Her middle name is for her birth mother though. Anastasia.” The way Wyatt pronounces is, with a thick accent, Ana-stas-e-a.

“Anastasia, is Russian?” Ilya asks.

Wyatt nods. “Yeah, her birth mother, she’s young and it’ll be a closed adoption, that’s what she requested. But we know she’s Russian. She hasn’t been in Canada long and she…the father isn’t in the picture at all. We wanted to give Diana a part of her heritage to keep with her forever.”

Shane looks towards his husband. Ilya has a complicated relationship with his mother country. He can never go back there. He never wants to go back there. But Shane knows there’s a pride he feels with being Russian that will never go away.

“That’s actually one of the reasons I’m here,” Wyatt breaks Shane out of his thoughts. “I wondered, if you two might be her godfathers. Not in a churchy kind of way but in a ‘we’ll take care of you if anything happens to Lisa and me and also teach you everything there is to know about being Canadian and Russian’. We want her to be proud of who she is, every part of it.”

Shane feels his eyes fill again. “Wyatt,” he touches his hand to his heart. He turns to Ilya and takes his hand in his empty one.

“We will be best Russian-Canadian godfathers anyone could ever ask for,” Ilya says.

Shane nods. “This is such an honor.”

Wyatt smiles so widely it makes Shane smile too. “And if you teach her a thing or two about hockey, that wouldn’t hurt either.”

It’s at that moment a cry rings out through the baby monitor resting on the coffee table. Ilya starts to get up but Shane puts his hand on his thigh to stop him. “I got her.”

The cry gets louder as Shane gets closer to the nursery. He peaks in the door to see their daughter sitting up, her finger in her mouth. Her jet black curls are wild and she blinks away tears. Her cries stop as soon as she sees him. “Dada,” she says, trying to stand and reaching out her tiny arms for him.

Shane walks into the nursery (the very pink nursery) and lifts her from the crib to place a gentle kiss on the baby’s forehead. “I’m here, ma minette.” (Shane has nicknamed Natalia his ‘kitten’ because Ilya always tells him he looks like an angry kitten. She’s also wearing an adorable outfit with fluffy white cats on it.)

“Baba?” She looks around as he places her on the changing table. Natalia hasn’t quite worked out the P-sound in Papa.

“He’s downstairs,” Shane answers her. He knows she’s probably doesn't understand but he tells her anyway.

Shane changes her diaper and then carries her down the stairs.

She instantly reaches for Ilya when she sees him.

“Natalia, you have a new cousin! Uncle Wyatt has a new baby girl and you will be best friends!” Ilya cuddles their daughter closer. While Ilya is an amazing father to all of their children, there’s something about watching him be a girl dad that melts a special part of Shane’s heart. Ilya is the reason the nursery is so pink, with a large unicorn rocking horse and hand painted pastel rainbows. Shane is used to being the serious parent but he’s already preparing himself for Natalia’s teenage years, knowing Ilya will not be able to tell her no. Natalia snuggles closer to him. “When can we meet our goddaughter?”

“We get to take her home today. We’d like to have a day or two with her before we have anyone over. But we’d like your family to be the first,” Wyatt says.

“Okay, we can do that,” Ilya says.

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“We will be very quiet and very gentle with Diana, da?” Ilya is unbuckling Maks and Nicky from their car seats while Shane lifts Natalia’s carrier from its base. “She is only newborn and we don’t want to scare her.”

It’s been a few days since Diana’s birth and the Hollander-Rozanov’s come bearing food and gifts. Shane and Ilya may have gone a little overboard. (Ilya in particular, buying the baby a silicon set of matryoshka dolls that look like princesses.) But they are taking their roles as Canadian-Russian godfathers very seriously.

“Yes, papa,” Maks answers quickly. He may be biologically related to Ilya, but Maks reminds Shane so much of himself. He’s eager to please, follows the rules, and seems to study everything.

“And you, Nikolai?” Ilya asks. Nicky is the most like Ilya. A little carefree, pushes every button, but also with a heart that loves so deeply.

Shane watches as Nicky makes a show of “thinking about it” before settling with, “okay.”

“Papa,” Maks starts. “Did Diana come from the same place Nat did?”

Shane watches Ilya’s eyes go big. The boys know about Drew and Natalie. They’ve met them. They understand that Natalia is adopted, just like they are. They’ve tried to be as open as you can with children.

“Not quite,” Ilya says. “Diana is adopted but Drew and Natalie are not her parents. Hazy and Lisa don’t know who her parents are but they know that her birth mother was Russian. So we are going to teach her about being Russian.”

“But what if I don’t remember Russia either?” Nicky asks.

Ilya looks at Shane. Nicky was so small when Ilya brought him home. Ilya speaks to all of their children in Russian, is teaching them how to speak Russian. But Shane realizes there is

more to being Russian than just speaking Russian. “Then we will teach you too, yeah?” Ilya says. “Maybe this weekend you and I can make honey cake and bring some back for Diana?”

“Okay,” Nicky says.

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They knock on the door instead of ringing the doorbell. Wyatt opens it and he has that new parent look to him: a mix of pure happiness and utter exhaustion.

“Hey Hollander-Rozanovs,” he says. “Come in. Lisa’s in the den with the baby.”

“Hi Hazy!” Maks says and puts his hand out for a fist bump which Wyatt reciprocates. Shane and Ilya share a look and a smile. They know Maks is destined to be a goalie and they could not have picked a better role model for him than Wyatt Hayes.

“We have presents for our goddaughter and food for her parents,” Ilya says.

“Ilya made chicken Parmesan,” Shane tells him as he hands him a large paper bag. “And there’s salad.”

“And David made a cheesecake,” Ilya says.

“Thank you,” Wyatt says. “Let me put this in the fridge.”

They follow him into the kitchen and have the boys wash their hands. Shane puts Natalia’s carrier down and unbuckles her. She cuddles into him and he kisses her forehead. She’s at that stage where she loves to be held.

“Okay, I will hold her and you two will sit next to me, da?” Ilya says to the boys.

“Yes, papa,” they both say.

Lisa transfers the newborn to Ilya’s arms and he cradles her gently. “Privet, Diana,” he says softly. “Ya dyadya Il’ya.” I’m Uncle Ilya.

The boys are leaning over to look at the baby. “Remember when Natalia was that small?” Shane says.

“So tiny,” Nicky reaches out a finger and runs it down the baby’s forehead. “Can I boop her nose?”

Wyatt laughs at that.

“ochen' ostorozhno,” Ilya says. *Very gently.*

“Boop,” Nicky says as he gently touches his finger to the baby's nose. “Nat likes nose boops too.”

Maks is just looking until he puts his finger out for the baby to grasp. “She and Nat can be best friends.”

“And we’ll protect her too,” Nicky says.

Shane is the last to hold the tiny baby girl. She sleeps as he sways gently back and forth, something he’s always done with his own kids. Like Wyatt had said earlier, in hockey, players married early and started having babies right away, created families at young ages. He and Ilya, Troy and Harris, Scott and Kip, Wyatt and Lisa, they were the exception. And it had taken Shane a long while to be okay with that. To be okay with not being like every other hockey player. Somewhere along the way, he realized that all those years before kids, he and Ilya had been building a family. It just looked a little different. He thinks about the surprise baby shower the team threw them when Maks and Nicky arrived from Russia. About how the SAPs had made little onesies for Natalia with Rozanov-Hollander on the back. He thinks about Ilya introducing himself as Uncle Ilya. How many uncles did his kiddos have? He looks up to see Uncle Wyatt telling Maks some story about a goalie save and knows that, though they don’t share blood, Wyatt is as much his family as someone who does. He knew every player on the team, Harris, Coach Wiebe, they would all do anything for each other and for each other’s children. Sometimes family is the people that you bleed and sweat with, the people who stand by you when the rest of the world has abandoned you.

He looks down again at the baby in his arms and whispers, “Dobro pozhalovat' v sem'yu, Diana. Tebya uzhe vse ochen' lyubyat.” *Welcome to the family, Diana. You are already so loved.*

End Notes

Don’t forget to comment!

SAPs stands for Spouses and Partners. It’s a little more inclusive than WAGs.

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