

Mila's First Visit

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Mila's First Visit

by [freckledloon](#)

Summary

"I'm excited for the kids to finally get to meet Mila." Shane makes small talk. "Yes. Me too." Ilya smiles. "Ruby has been calling all week." "Really?" Shane grins. "Mm." Ilya nods. "They are very excited. Is adorable."

Or the Pike family finally get to meet Shane and Ilya's first child.

Notes

Devastated we never got domestic Hollanov so I have taken it upon myself to fix that. Unfortunately obsessed with the idea of girl dads Hollanov and Ilya being a stay-at-home dad while Shane continues hockey (and also Uncle Ilya with the Pike children) Will probably keep writing more of them like this because it's all I can think about and I had to physically stop myself from making this any longer. Enjoy! <3

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

"You don't have to sit back there with her you know?" Shane chuckles, glancing at his husband in the rearview mirror. Ilya's eyebrows pull tightly together and he only takes his eyes off of Mila long enough to shoot Shane some dangerous daggers.

"What are you talking about?" Ilya gapes. "What if she needs something? I cannot reach from up there."

His huffy breath brings warmth to Shane's heart. He knew from having Anya that Ilya would spend his life fussing over their child the moment they decided to try. He also knows very well that Mila would stay asleep the entire drive - because she's actually the best baby - and Ilya could have easily reached her from the front if needed.

"What if *I* need you?" Shane whines only half serious with a pout. "You are an adult." Ilya shakes his head. "Mila is baby."

"Right, and what's your excuse for doing the same with Anya?" Shane teases. "Anya gets car sick in the front. You know this." Ilya pets the fluffy dog in his lap. Shane rolls his eyes but he loves his little family so much he can't help but smile.

"I'm excited for the kids to finally get to meet Mila." Shane makes small talk. "Yes. Me too." Ilya smiles. "Ruby has been calling all week." "Really?" Shane grins. "Mm." Ilya nods. "They are very excited. Is adorable."

Although they only had a couple seasons together, and both loved their teammates and being able to show everyone how in sync they could be together on the ice, Ilya had decided to retire a little early.

It was important to him that their baby has at least one of them around at all times and since Shane wasn't quite ready to give up hockey, and it was never really Ilya's favorite, it made the most sense for him to stay home while he continued to cheer on the Centaurs from the crowd.

Shane put up a fight about it, claiming how much he loved being on the ice with Ilya and saying his mom could watch Mila during games. He almost convinced Ilya to play one more season with him but in the end Ilya knew it wasn't realistic and Mila would be far too young to be traveling so much with them.

He didn't really mind. Hockey was always an escape for him. From the horrible home he was stuck in and the terrible family who just wanted him to bring in the money. Yes of course he loved his team and it was fun to be on the ice but he truly couldn't think of any place better than at home with Mila and Anya.

So he promised to wear Shane's jersey and be the loudest in the crowd when the next season picked back up and although Shane tried to lie through his teeth, Ilya knew he'd love every second of it.

Jackie already added him to the small NHL wives groupchat a few weeks ago and he'd become quite fond of all the ladies in there. They've been nothing but kind and welcoming to

him. He's excited for what the chat will look like during the season.

For now it's mainly shared recipes, playdate schedules, mom nights out, a lot of them congratulating Shane and Ilya on their new addition and randomly scattered smash or passes. Ilya loves it when those come in.

Shane gets a little jealous sometimes after he originally had to explain what it meant to Ilya, he loves it even more then.

They pull into the Pike's driveway just as they do every week since Shane stopped playing on the same team as Hayden. They say it's to keep their friendship alive, Ilya doesn't really mind because he loves seeing Jackie and the kids so often.

Anya knows immediately where they are and she hops out of the car before Ilya can even get out himself. She runs over to the front door, tail wagging as he and Shane clasp their hands together.

"They're gonna love her." Shane beams in excitement, his free hand holding Mila's car seat. "Of course. She is perfect. How could they not?" Ilya shrugs matter of fact and places a sweet kiss to Shane's lips.

It only takes half a second for the front door to swing open and an excited Jackie steps out onto the porch.

"Where is she?! Let me see her!" She immediately reaches for the car seat in Shane's hand and walks inside with her. "Nice to see you too." Shane laughs as they follow her inside. "Yeah. Yeah. I have to have my time before the kids come down." Jackie waves them off, carefully unbuckling the quiet baby from her seat.

"Oh my goodness, she's gorgeous!" She gasps, holding her in her arms. Shane's cheeks tint not being able to take compliments well and Ilya's smile is so wide it might split his face in two.

"And she is good baby. Barely even cries." Ilya says proudly. "Lucky! I wish any of mine were like that." Jackie says lightheartedly rocking the tiny baby. "Hello, I'm your Auntie Jackie," she coos when Mila starts to blink her eyes open.

"Mom says I was also like that so she must get it from me." Shane nods with a proud smile of his own. "She also gets her pretty freckles from him." Ilya smiles fondly and Shane can't help but melt into him.

"They're going down!" Hayden warns from the top of the stairs. It's followed by the sound of feet padding their way down the steps and excited giggles.

"Can we hold her?!" "I want to see her!" The kids start pushing and shoving to get a better look at the baby in their mom's arms. "Hey! What about us?" Ilya pouts. "Yeah! What are we, chopped liver?" Shane frowns at the kids now sitting on the floor with Anya.

"We don't see you for three weeks and you forget your favorite uncles?" Ilya makes a show of looking offended and cementing his hands on his hips.

They'd decided to take a few weeks to settle into their new life with a newborn and haven't really seen anyone outside of Shane's parents lately.

They race each other for hugs and giggle wildly when Ilya scoops each of them into his arms and cuddles them close before gently dropping them back down, Shane doing the same.

"Jade gets to hold baby first since she was first to remember her cool uncles." Ilya announces to the impatient kids. "No fair! I was the one who called you most!" Ruby's lips turn down and she crosses her arms. "Maybe next time." Ilya shrugs and she rolls her eyes.

They're a few years older than when he first met them but they're still the same little wedding attendees in his eyes. It warms his heart that they all could love his and Shane's daughter so much already.

"Sorry about that. I tried to keep them upstairs as long as I could." Hayden walks in and embraces Shane in a tight hug, nodding at Ilya. "How does it feel to be a dad?" He asks Shane as he peeks over Jackie's shoulder.

"Amazing. We were just telling Jackie how good she is!" Shane smiles because he still can't believe he's a dad. That he and Ilya have finally added a child to their family - even if Ilya constantly argues that Anya counts.

Sometimes he stays up late watching her little stomach rise and fall, Ilya's quiet snores filling the room, Anya's fluffy hair tickling his skin *because of course she sneaks into the bed when they're sleeping*, and he wonders how he got so lucky.

"She must be if she's this calm with this bunch hooting and hollering." Hayden points to his own kids. "She's adorable." He adds.

"I want to hold her now!" Jade sits on the couch and reaches for the little one. "You're a pro!" Shane encourages her as she gently takes the baby into her arms. "She must be with the football team they have." Ilya looks pointedly at Hayden who rolls his eyes.

"I think she likes you." Ilya adds with a small smile while Jade looks her over. All the kids get a turn and then they eventually start to fight about who gets to feed her.

They have dinner themselves and Jackie fills Ilya in on some groupchat drama while Shane and Hayden catch up, the kids eventually tiring Anya out cold.

Somewhere in between all of it Ilya slips away to use the bathroom. On his way back to the dining room he finds Shane in a familiar room.

"What are you doing in here?" Ilya leans against the doorframe. Shane looks at him with tinted cheeks and a grin. Ilya instantly knows what he's thinking about. "This is where it happened." Shane breathes. "This stupid mirror." He laughs.

"Yes. And that stupid window." Ilya nods behind Shane. "It feels like a lifetime ago." Shane shakes his head, looking out into the driveway. Ilya takes the opportunity to crowd his space.

Truthfully, they've been so busy with the baby and Shane's parents constantly checking in, they haven't had much alone time. Ilya snakes his arms loosely around Shane's waist and breathes him in.

"Hello," Shane beams quietly, hands running up Ilya's muscles and eyes fluttering shut for a moment. Ilya leans in and captures Shane's lips in a longingly tender kiss, humming contently.

"I can't believe we kind of owe Hayden fucking Pike our life." Ilya sighs. "It's a good life." Shane reasons. "The best life." Ilya agrees.

He'll never deny that. He never told Shane, and maybe he never would, that some nights he'd stay up worrying if Shane would ever be ready to come out. Even after they planned for summer it just never felt solid enough for him.

So he's forever thankful to Hayden Pike and this stupid room and his stupid fucking fanmail.

"Do you think they'll ever give us Mila back?" Ilya asks after a moment of just holding each other. "I'd say we have at least another hour before they start crashing." Shane answers truthfully. "She is too perfect. Is your fault." Ilya sighs dramatically.

"Shut up." Shane says bashfully only faking an attempt to push him away. "Maybe next one will be more like me. They will beg for us to leave." Ilya's only joking but Shane doesn't seem to like that one very much.

"Hey." He frowns almost offended. "I'd love the next one to be like you. Then we'll have *two* perfect kids." Ilya knew better than to fight Shane on this especially when he has his super cute, super determined, angry face on.

"Three perfect kids." He says instead. Shane rolls his eyes, "Anya doesn't count." "She will hear you. You will hurt her feelings." Ilya pouts wholeheartedly. "She's downstairs and she can't even understand me." Shane huffs.

"I'm telling your parents." Ilya threatens, reaching for his phone. Shane is quick to snatch it from his hands because he's played this game before. Yuna Hollander is nearly as bad as Ilya when it comes to Anya.

Up until recently he at least had his dad on his side but ever since the baby came and they've been looking after Anya more for them he's seemingly slipped to the dark side.

They playfully wrestle for the phone which of course leads to Shane being pinned against a nearby wall, both men breathlessly giggling and chests heaving. Their eyes meet and neither one can believe just how affected they still are by the other.

"Ya tebya lyublyu." Shane reaches a hand to cup Ilya's cheek but not before fixing an out of place curl. He can't wait for their next child to have Ilya's curly light hair. Ilya's heart flutters

just as it always does whenever Shane uses Russian.

"Ya vseгда budu lyubit' tebya." Ilya brushes his fingers ever so lightly over Shane's freckles. "I hate when you one up me." He groans. Ilya laughs.

Their lips meet in a hungrier kiss than before but still nothing like their usual starved kisses.

"You know what, maybe we *should* text them. See if they'd like to take Mila and Anya on their walk tomorrow." Shane breaks away from their kiss but staying close. He was admittedly going a bit stir crazy with their lack of intimacy.

Feeling almost as bad as it did when they were still hiding in hotel rooms.

"Okay, I will text." Ilya grabs his phone from Shane's hand, slides up past their little family on his wallpaper and types away on his screen before shoving it back into his pocket.

They wait a few more minutes to take in each other's presence, skin always touch and lips stealing kisses wherever they want before Hayden is calling up to Shane about some fantasy team they are currently trying to win with.

"Fucking fantasy team." Ilya grumbles against Shane's neck as he pulls them out of the room and back downstairs.

Once the kids finally start dropping like flies, they take the opportunity to make their exit but not before thanking Jackie and Hayden for having them and promising to bring Mila back next week.

On the drive home Shane is the one sitting in the back with Anya and Mila. His phone pings in his hand because of course he has his ringer on and Ilya watches in the rearview mirror with anticipation.

"You told my parents about Anya!?" Shane groans. A few more pings come in and Ilya starts to laugh. "Great. Now they're not going to stop." Shane watches the three dots come and go replaced with new texts about how he could dare say Anya, their first ever grandchild, didn't count.

His dad asking if she was in the room when Shane said it. Yuna threatening to move Ilya and the girls in with them. *All the dramatics*. Sometimes Shane wonders if Ilya should have been their kid or maybe he was just rubbing off on them too much.

He smiles to himself, listening to Ilya's texts from the family groupchat now being read aloud in the car. He pets the fluffy dog in his lap, a part of him recognizing she did in fact kind of start their little family, and looks over their perfect sleeping baby.

He couldn't be more at peace and he owes it all to Hayden Pike and that stupid room of his.

End Notes

Follow me on twitter to cry about them some more. (@/freckledloonn)

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