

and we named her after you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77078786) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77078786>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Kind of angsty , kind of sweet , the girl dadification of Ilya Rozanov , seriously he is so girl dad coded I had to make it happen. , Parents Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Girl Dad Ilya Rozanov , Girl Dad Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Her .
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 1,315 Chapters: 1/1

and we named her after you

by [femnomenondiaz \(vixfeetunder\)](#)

Summary

on the morning of his thirty-third birthday, Ilya finds himself sitting on the dock at the cottage in a worn wooden deck chair with the tiniest weight on his chest.

or

Ilya Rozanov likes to talk to the sunrise, to his mom. A week after Irina Rozanov-Hollander comes into the world, he tells his mom all about her.

Notes

I got very intoxicated last night and woke up to a message in my 9-1-1 discord about this. I knew I had to write it immediately.

Please note I have not written fanfiction in well over a year but somehow these little gay hockey boys are taking over my brain.

Thank you Ali for the inspiration.

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

One of the best things about June was that the bone chilling cold was gone, he had decided. He'd been in Ottawa for a long time and summer mornings had quickly become a favorite of his. It wasn't unusual for him to be up before the sun, to find himself in this same worn wooden chair on the dock, but this time was different.

This time, yeah, this time was special. His normal cup of coffee that would rest on the arm of the chair was replaced with a bottle of formula, or rather the stuff to make a bottle, because he wasn't sure if the tiny thing splayed across his chest was going to wake up for it on her own or if he would have to wake her up for it. At a week old he could already tell that his daughter was not going to be a morning person.

His daughter.

That was still a wild concept to wrap his head around. It had taken them just over three years to get her, if he did the math in his head right. A year of trying on their own, with a miscarriage. Then two rounds of help from the fertility clinic, another miscarriage. Finally, the doctor told them that maybe it wasn't happening due to the stress of their job. So they'd made a decision. Shane would take a season off from playing, and while it would suck to not be with his husband, they wanted a family. And if making a family meant that there needed to be a break from hockey, so be it.

Then, the test was positive.

And they were terrified.

Terrified of going through a third miscarriage, of everything being ripped from them again. He could remember Shane looking at him in that bathroom nine months ago and telling him that if this one didn't stick, they could look into adoption because he couldn't survive a fourth time. But it had stuck and week by week they watched their daughter grow safely until last week, at thirty-eight weeks, the doctor decided that it was time to bring her into the world.

Irina Jeanie Rozanov-Hollander

The name had been Shane's idea. Well, he'd been half awake from pain medication after his c-section while they tried to fill out her birth certificate when he'd mumbled a sleepy "*Let's name her after your mother*" before falling asleep completely and for the first time in 20 years, Ilya wrote his mother's name. Jeanie, he later learned, came from Shane's paternal grandmother. Ilya had only met her once, shortly before they had gotten married and she had passed away a few months later, but if Shane wanted to name their daughter after her, he absolutely could.

Ilya's body tensed as the girl on his chest moved just enough for him to question if it was one of those newborn jolts she did or if she was about to start using her very well developed lungs. Finally, he exhaled as he determined she was still sound asleep. His hand came up to lay on her back over the thin blanket he'd grabbed for her as they walked outside.

Light was just starting to break over the water when he finally broke his eyes away from the baby.

"Mama," he whispered. "Mama, I'm a father now."

It was in Russian, it was always in Russian. Twenty years ago, he could've imagined this being a phone call or his mother holding her granddaughter for the first time. But time was a fickle thing, and now all he had was the sky, the sunrise in which he saw his mother everyday.

"She is tiny, Mama," he continued. "Five pounds, eleven ounces. And she is loud, like you used to tell me I was. *Ilya*, you'd say. *You had an opinion from the day you were born.*"

"I guess that means my opinions started thirty three years ago, yes? I remember, Mama. You would wake me up on my birthdays. *Mishka*, you'd say. *Today is the happiest day of my life, it is the day you came into it.* And I understand that feeling now Mama. Seeing her, it was like there was no one else in the room. Just her and I."

As he spoke, his eyes drifted back down to his daughter, watching the way her lips twitched as she slept. She still practically fit in his hand, how did he and his husband manage to make something so tiny?

“She is tiny, yes. She is loud like her papa, yes.” he murmured. “But if you told me fifteen years ago that I would meet a boy and he would be the love of my life, that he and I would come together and create this tiny tiny little thing, I would call you a liar, because I am Ilya Rozanov, very great hockey player. I am not someone’s papa.”

“But I suppose I can be two things, yes? I can be very great hockey player and I can be her papa. She is tiny, she needs protecting. I will protect her. Her daddy, he says I am going to spoil her. She is baby, she can’t be spoiled. She is best thing that’s happened to me, Mama. It took us so long to get her.”

“I think you finally stepped in and sent her to us, Mama. Three years and we sent two babies to you. We wanted her so bad, you had to send her to us in return.” He hadn’t realized he was crying until then. “We don’t like to talk about them, those two babies. Who they would have been if we’d gotten to meet them. Instead, I tell Shane that until we can meet them, their grandmother takes care of them. And that while we loved them so much while we had them, that you will keep loving them until we can again. I wish you could tell me what they look like, because in my heart I know that they look like him. His dark eyes, his nose crinkle. Because she, she looks like me.”

“Her hair is thick, and it curls. It’s dark right now, but Shane seems to think it’s going to lighten up, especially in the summer time since we spend so much time outside. She doesn’t smile yet, but sometimes she makes these faces, and her mouth will crinkle just like mine. She is girl version of me, I think.”

In his arms, the baby started to stir, letting out a tiny whine to let her papa know that she was ready for that bottle he’d brought with them and he didn’t need to wake her up for it. It had only been a week, but he was already a pro at preparing bottles for his daughter. She was eating before it could be a full blown cry.

“One last thing, Mama.” He spoke, the soft sucking noises of his daughter. “Her name. We named her after you. *Irina*. Irina Jeanie Rozanov-Hollander. A mouthful, yes? But is perfect name for her. She is Irina, and she will know all about you, Mama. I should get her inside before her Daddy wakes up and panics that we are gone. He is overprotective, but that is okay.”

As he stood to head back to the cottage, he could have sworn he felt his mothers hand on his cheek, it brought a warmth to his chest, but a sadness all the same. His mother would never

hold his daughter, would never come to school plays and sporting events for her. Those sunrises would have to be enough, even if they didn't feel like it.

Sunrises would continue to be his thing, his moment with his mother. He would feel like she was there, and he would bring Irina there, tell her about her grandmother who shared her name.

End Notes

you can come scream about heated rivalry (or anything) with me on Tumblr. My username there is fuckleydiaz.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!