

Papachka's Menagerie

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77243431) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77243431>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov , Background Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Family Fluff , Domestic Bliss , Slice of Life , Hollanov babies , Future Fic , stupid Canadian wolf bird
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 1,068 Chapters: 1/1

Papachka's Menagerie

by [Coeur_de_Coeurs](#)

Summary

“Shane, I never thought I could have life like this. I never thought I could be so happy.”

After all their struggles, Ilya gets the perfect life he's always wanted



Fluffy, domestic, slice of life fic set in the not too distant future.

In response to an adorable tweet linked in the fic

Notes

So this is in response to this tweet:

<https://x.com/n0tnelle/status/2008586887221645397>

That plot bunny bit me and would not let go.

Apologies, this is short, but it's been a while since I've written anything, so I'm just getting my feet wet again.

All mistakes and em dashes are my own, I don't even know how to use AI, and I don't want to either.

Please enjoy and remember to take your insulin afterwards 😊

And thank you to W_M_N for Alpha-ing for me. Love you, Wifey

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

If someone had told a younger Ilya - the Ilya who was being crushed under the pressure of his family's expectations, under the weight of his career in a profession that frowned on being anything other than heterosexual, under the enormity of his unconfessed love for Shane - that he would one day be living such a blissfully perfect life, he would never have believed them.

And yet, here he sat, lounging in an adirondack chair on their dock, overlooking the beautiful lake, the setting sun glistening on the calm surface of the water. The only weight he felt now was the comfortable heft of his 3 year old daughter relaxing against his chest, her small arms draped around his torso as she dried off after their swim.

"Are you falling asleep on me, my little loon?" he asked, kissing the crown of her dark curly locks.

"Uh uhuh," she shook her head 'no' before pushing herself away from his chest to look up at his face. "Pachka," she addressed him seriously, settling her small and dangerously pointy elbows on his chest, resting her adorable freckled face in her hands, "Why you call me 'wittle woon'? I not a woon, I a 'Rina.'"

"You are both. You are Papachka's 'little loon' and his 'Irina'. I call you my 'little loon' because loons have always reminded me of your Daddy and how much I love him. And when you came along, and looked so much like your beautiful daddy, *and* because I love you so very, *very* much, I decided you were my 'little loon'."

"And da woons bringed me to you, wight Pachka?" she asked, bringing up the toddler safe version of her arrival into their lives that Ilya had once jokingly told her.

He snickered, a smile growing on his handsome face. "Oh, that is right, my little loon. Do you remember where we live?"

"Can-da," she replied matter of factly.

"Yes, and in Canada, we don't have silly storks bring us our babies, we have loons. So you are doubly Papachka's 'little loon'."

She grinned at him, her pretty dark eyes, so much like his husbands, gazing up at him as she broke into a big yawn. "kay," she sighed as she fell back down against his chest, snuggling back into his warmth.

"Are we all done with swimming already?" came Shane's voice as he walked down the length of the dock.

"Yes, we had very much fun, but decided it was time for cuddle break," Ilya explained as he craned his head upwards, asking wordlessly for a kiss, which Shane happily placed on his lips.

“Hi Daddy,” Irina said as she too turned her face towards him, receiving a kiss on her forehead.

“Hello Sunshine! Are you giving Papachka all of my hugs?” he asked her teasingly as he took his seat next to them.

She giggled and nodded as she curled back up on Ilya.

“And how is my baby bear?” he nodded towards 2 month old strapped to his husband’s chest in the sling, the only part visible was the honey blond curls atop his head.

“Baby bear is so good! He ate really well and got his diaper changed and was just so, so tired he conked right out,” Shane replied with a beaming grin as he rubbed gently along the baby’s back.

“I hungwy, too, Daddy,” Irina said with another big yawn.

“You are? Well what do you want to eat? Do you want hotdogs, or fishy fingers, or chicken?”

“Fishies,” she declared with a nod.

“Okay, we’ll have fishies. And what else should we have? Broccoli? Carrots? Asparagus?”

“Bleghhh, no, yucky. Only mac-y-cheese,” she snarled up her tiny little nose.

“My god, she might look like me, but she is just like you,” Shane chuckled.

“She is right, those are very yucky.”

“Ilya,” he sighed long sufferingly, “How can you be a professional athlete and only eat garbage?”

“Is not garbage, is delicious. And I am best Hockey player in entire league without eating rabbit food.”

“Second best player,” came the snappy reply.

“Bah,” Ilya scoffed with a flirtatious wink. “But Daddy is right, little loon. Little girls must eat veggies.”

“How about we have mac and cheese with peas and carrots mixed in?” Shane asked their three year old, in the tone of voice that conveyed there was actually little choice in the matter.

“And fishies wif ketchup?”

“Yes, and fishies with ketchup.”

“kay,” she easily agreed as her eyes started to slip shut. “Bwu-bwu, Daddy. Bwu-bwu, Pachka.”

“Ya tebya lyublyu, Irina,” Shane replied with a soft smile.

“Ya tebya lyublyu, little loon,” Ilya said, hugging her closer to him.

They sat in silence as their two babies dozed, reaching across the distance between them to lock their fingers together.

“Shane.”

“Ilya?”

“I know I make fun of terrible Hayden for having too many babies.”

“He is not terrible.”

“No, is true. Terrible. But the babies. Terrible Hayden may have been right about the babies.”

Exasperated, Shane shook his head with an indulgent smile. “What about babies?”

“I think maybe we have ten more.”

“Oh, only ten more, huh?”

“Yes, we make perfect babies, how could we deprive world of such perfection? Is our duty to make all the babies, Shane.”

“Misha is brand new, can we shelve the talk of ten more until he can at least hold his own head up?”

“Eh, is okay. I guess,” he whined playfully, bringing their entwined hands to his lips, pressing a tender kiss to the back of his husband's hand. “Shane, I never thought I could have life like this. I never thought I could be so happy.”

“Ilya, I love you so, so much!”

“I love you, and I love our babies, and I love our life. Is perfect. You are perfect. Thank you for loving me and giving me perfect happy life.”

Shane sniffled, eyes filled with happy tears. “We made this perfect life, together, you and me. Thank you for loving me and for how much you love Irina and Misha. And if there weren't two very small children between us I would show you just how much I love you.”

“I think early bedtime tonight, yes? Long day of swimming, so tiring,” he winked lasciviously at his husband. “And then we show each other how much we love, yes? Is good idea!”

“Is best idea,” Shane happily agreed.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, kudos and comments are like little hugs from you to me ♥

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