

Heart so full, it beats for you.

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by [Roastedchilipistachio_3](#)

Summary

“Okay, one last thing. Have you decided on a name?”

Shane and Ilya glance at each other before turning their attention down to their daughter. It was like the rest of the world had collapsed around this baby girl—and both of them knew after this moment they would be ruined for the rest of their lives.

“Milana.” Shane says, “Milana Irina Hollander-Rozanov.”

or an incredibly indulgent fic on Hollanov as girl dads

Notes

I'm barely surviving off of interviews. I need season two stat

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

Shane spends ten minutes tapping his foot anxiously on the linoleum before Ilya finally places his hand on his knee, rubbing it with a placating smile.

“Are you okay?” Ilya murmurs in Shane’s ear. Shane meets his eyes with a weak smile, hoping he doesn’t look as clammy and pale as he feels.

“Yeah, I’m good. Just a little nervous.” Shane says. Nervous felt like a severely underwhelming description, though. Terrified, panicked, worried. Those felt more accurate. For the past several weeks, every other thought was filled with something going wrong.

What if the social workers changed their minds? Shane and Ilya’s lives weren’t always quiet—they had quiet moments, yes, but their lives were also filled with weekly travels, tabloid articles, sponsors and commercials. What if the workers decide the baby would be a better fit elsewhere?

What if Shane ends up being a bad dad?

His eyes drift towards Ilya in the seat next to him. Ilya, with his calm surety and protective shoulders—with his kindness and his fun attitude, Shane has never doubted that he’d make a wonderful parent. Even before they had started dating, Shane had had dreams of Ilya in a pink tutu, sipping air out of a purple plastic cup while a toddler with Shane’s eyes and Ilya’s blond curls had danced around the room.

But now, now that it was actively happening....Shane just couldn’t breathe. He wants to be a dad. He wants to make Ilya a dad.

“Papa.” Ilya says, leaning back against the wall.

“What?”

“I want to be called papa. I mean, obviously, it will take a moment for her to learn how to say it, but I have decided I will claim papa.” Ilya clarifies, his hand coming up to lovingly brush across Shane’s freckles. Shane sneezes lightly, laughing under his breath.

“Oh yeah? What does that make me?” Shane asks, amused as he fights with Ilya’s curious hand. “Daddy? Tōchan?”

Ilya grins predatorily, leaning in closer, close enough that Shane can feel his heated breath on his ear. “Mmm, Daddy Hollander, I like it. A lot.”

“Fuck off,” Shane says, trying to keep his chuckles at a reasonable volume. Ilya opens his mouth to say something but just as he goes to form the words the door across from them opens.

Standing in the doorway is their social worker, a sweet woman named Jalea who had been with them through the entire adoption process. It was because of her that they were the first to be picked to adopt a one-month-old girl who had been recently surrendered to a local fire station.

“Mr. Hollander, Mr. Rozanov,” Jalea says, smiling down at them both, “would you like to meet your daughter?”

Shane grips Ilya’s arm, who grabs his hand in return. They’re both already on the verge of tears, and neither of them has even seen her yet. Then, with a steadying breath, Ilya stands up, unyielding in his grip, leaving Shane only to follow his lead. With slow, careful steps, Jalea leads them into the room where another social worker is sitting on the couch, a baby carrier basket facing her.

The baby is cooing, her tiny fists swinging in the air, and Shane is completely sure he just stopped breathing entirely. Just the sight of her tiny nails and her curled little toes had besotted him, and he couldn’t take his eyes off of her, even as Ilya inches closer.

“Mr. Hollander, Mr. Rozanov, let me introduce you to your daughter,” the social worker says, gesturing them over and picking up the baby from the carrier. She’s beautiful, with hazel eyes and dark hair and pudgy little feet that kick up towards her gummy smile. “Who would like to hold her first?” she asks them, her eyes glancing back and forth.

“I...” Shane says, his voice breaking at the end. He nudges Ilya forward a little with his hand, who was standing frozen, just watching her as she moved and gurgled as if she were just learning that she had limbs.

“O bozhe” Ilya says, a teary smile on his face as he reaches for her and picks her up as if she were made of glass. She struggles for a moment, but eventually settles against Ilya’s chest as though it’s where she has been the entire time.

Shane steps up behind him, peeking over Ilya’s shoulder to look down at her. At the sight of Shane’s face, hers brightens up, and she reaches up a hand as if calling to him. He lowers his hand, watches as she wraps five little fingers around his.

“She’s perfect. A literal angel.” Shane says, sniffing.

Jalea steps up, a file with their hyphenated name on it, and hands it over to Shane. “Okay, one last thing. Have you decided on a name?”

Shane and Ilya glance at each other before turning their attention down to their daughter. It was like the rest of the world had collapsed around this baby girl—and both of them knew after this moment they would be ruined for the rest of their lives.

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*

Yuna and David Hollander are an absolute godsend. And Ilya is very, very convinced that his in-laws are actually secret angels who have taken pity on their mortal selves out of the goodness of their souls. Though perhaps that was the sleep deprivation talking.

“Yuna, David,” Ilya says, urging them through the door. He’s only in a pair of boxers and grey sweats, which are covered in spit-up and a mysterious yellow stain that he really hopes

isn't baby poop. Ilya lost a sock at some point, but he can't remember where—he thinks Anya may have taken it when he wasn't looking, but then the possibility that he didn't even put it on in the first place takes over.

Unfortunately, the latter option would be the more realistic scenario at the moment.

"Ilya," Yuna says sympathetically, and brings him into a tight hug. It's warm and reassuring, and Ilya might fall asleep right then and there, were it not for the inconsolable shrieking coming from inside.

David looks wary, as if he were preparing to enter a warzone, but he loyally follows after his wife, offering Ilya a warm pat on the shoulder.

When Yuna comes around the corner, she's met with the sight of her son, who is carrying a tiny bundle in the process of turning blue in the face. He looks worse off than Ilya, wearing only boxers and a ratty old hoodie, and he has a baby bottle held up between his upper arm and his torso.

Ilya notices now that Anya didn't have his sock, but rather Shane did. The only issue is that they seem to have split a pair between themselves.

"Mom, Dad." Shane breathes out, holding Mila out an arm's length away as she screams and writhes in his grasp. There's spit up trailing all the way down his chest, and she has strands of dark hair clutched in her fist. "Please help," he quips, a strained smile on his face.

Yuna rushes over in less than two strides, and carefully extracts Mila from Shane's hold. "Well, she may not be biologically yours, but somehow she still inherited those Hollander vocals."

Ilya looks like he's about to make a dirty joke, but he's too exhausted to form a sentence even in Russian, let alone English. Shane glares at him anyways.

"What do you mean?" Shane asks, grabbing a wet towelette to try and scrub away the dried spit up. It works as well as it could've given that the towelette was wet with even more formula—some of which was still spilled on the kitchen island.

"You," David starts, "were an incredibly colicky baby. Wouldn't stop crying until you were blue in the face. Lasted for a couple of months, but afterward, you were a perfect baby boy."

David attempts to make funny faces at Mila, trying to get her to calm down—to laugh, to do anything but cry until she has nothing left but it's futile. Shane and Ilya should know; they've been dealing with it nonstop for the past three days. Anya was at least able to run off to some unknown portion of their big enough house.

Yuna nodded, bouncing Mila in her arms. "For a while, there was only one thing that would get you to settle down." She gives both of her boys a look, "down to your boxers, both of you."

A minute later and they were all gathered in the master bathroom, Ilya's dozing head dropping and jumping back up every time he was shocked awake by Mila's whimpers and cries. Shane is pressing a firm hand into his own neck, trying to get the crick out, but he stops when there's a random pop that scares Ilya awake for the third time.

David shuts off the running water, plugging the tub so it remains filled about halfway. "Okay, who's going first?" he asks, standing up.

Shane steps forward, "I'll go. Ilya looks like he's about to pass out on his feet."

Ilya blinks at him, "ya v poryadke." he mutters.

"See?"

Shane lowers himself into the warm water, sighing at the feeling. It's the most comfortable he's been in a week and a half, the heat relaxing his tense muscles and his tired bones. He hopes it works just as well on Mila or else he'll just cry. Full waterworks, non-stop for the next day most likely.

"Milana," Shane calls out, holding out his arms expectantly. Yuna places his baby girl into his hands, and Shane lowers her gently into the water until she's resting against his chest, the water lapping at her back. Mila fights for a moment, splashing water everywhere in anger, and her face curls up in a telling movement that makes Shane tense.

Then, David turns on a small speaker full of white noise, and it's like waving a magic wand. Mila settles, her tear-stained cheek finally lowering to rest on Shane's pec. Her cries die down until it's completely silent in the bathroom, and Shane thinks he might sob anyway, because he is so tired and he hates seeing his daughter cry—whether in pain or sadness or just plain boredom.

"Okay, that should do it. Call us if you need anything—we're going to get started on dinner." Yuna whisper-shouts, pushing David out of the bathroom to leave the young parents to it.

Ilya settles down next to Shane, right outside of the tub, and lets his fingers drag across the warm water until it reaches Mila's back. He smiles at them both, a soft loopy smile that highlights the purple bags under his eyes. He looks so tired, but it's a blissful kind of exhaustion—the exhaustion that comes with loving someone—caring for someone. Ilya rests his cheek on the rim of the tub, his eyes looking up at Shane.

"Are the cries ringing in your ears too?" Ilya whispers out, a laugh in the back of his throat. Shane snorts, trying not to jostle Mila but it's hard not to in his laughter.

"Shut up. But, yeah. I never thought someone so small could make such loud noises. It's kind of impressive." He says.

"She is Hollander-Rozanov, of course she is impressive." Ilya states a matter of factly. Shane rolls his eyes, but he agrees nonetheless.

“I love you.” Shane murmurs. Ilya smiles at that, and lifts his hand so it trails down Shane’s cheek, wiping away a stray tear. Shane’s cheek is warm, and Ilya counts off five of his freckles—he knows the number already, thirty-three freckles he’s counted over and over again like prayer.

“I know. I love you too. So much.”

*

Both Shane and Ilya were well aware of how parenthood can require adjustment. For the better—but sometimes for the worse. Milana was a perfect child, sleeping through most of the night now, eating her food without any fuss—even her spit up felt polite at times. She was their Milaushka, their lapochka.

Most of the time.

Ilya is midthrust and balls deep in Shane when the baby monitor goes off. Her shrieks, for someone so tiny, were wall-shaking, echoing through the house. Shane grabs Ilya’s hip with a painful halt, before being met with the confused gaze of his husband, who was still panting in his ear.

“What? Why are you stopping?” Ilya groans out, trying to regain friction and chase down the fleeting warm heat of Shane’s hole. Shane, on the other hand, isn’t having it and manages to retreat far enough for Ilya to slip out in a sloppy heap. It’s both disgusting and probably the hottest thing Shane has seen in a while.

“Shh, don’t you hear that?” Shane says, getting up from bed. Ilya pauses, and the room is silent for a moment before a sharp cry echoes one more time through the room—another round of sobs that has Ilya jumping from bed, his hard-on softening by the passing minute. “I’ll go get her, why don’t you warm up a bottle for her, moya lyubov.” Shane murmurs, pressing a chaste kiss to Ilya’s lips.

“Alright, but we are not done here, Hollander.” Ilya growls out, pressing a firm hand to his ass. Shane slaps his hand away with a roll of his eyes but he’s smiling and then he’s gone, retreating to Mila’s nursery. Ilya is quick to shuck on a pair of boxers, before jogging over to the kitchen—hands automatically reaching for the formula they kept in their upper cabinet.

For a second, when Milana’s cries die down at being cradled in Shane’s arms, Ilya glances outside to the garden. Anya is dozing outside, and the crickets are calling out on the lake side. It’s a perfect evening, even despite being cockblocked by his own daughter. He wonders, quietly, what he had done in this life or the previous one to be granted such a beautiful ending—then he wonders if it was his mother. If she had bargained her own life to give him the happiest one.

Perhaps, or perhaps not. Regardless, Ilya thanks her. Without her, he would not exist and he would not have ever had the chance to meet someone as wonderful as Shane Hollander. Shane Hollander who is his sun and moon, who Ilya breathes and lives for each passing day.

“Ilya, is the bottle almost ready?” Shane calls from the living room. Ilya snatches the bottle off the counter, testing the temperature on his inner wrist.

“Coming, moya lyubov.”

*

The first time Mila walks on two feet, Ilya is in the kitchen cooking dinner.

It’s chicken parmesan night, and after weeks of eating take out and granola bars, Ilya has a plan to make it a nice night in. Perhaps he will break out the good wine—the one Hayden had gotten them for their wedding. Then, he will play music and hopefully end the night getting Shane off as many times as he can.

“Shane, do you want wine?” Ilya calls out. There’s no reply, and Ilya bites his lip, debating if he should call again or just wait for Shane to come look for him—which he usually does around this time of day.

As he’s grabbing his oven mitts from the counter, there’s a slight tug of pressure on his leg. It’s barely noticeable, and for a split second Ilya plays it off as a trick of the mind. Then Shane coughs, and Ilya lifts his head, wondering when Shane had sneaked into the kitchen.

“What?” Ilya asks, one mitten coming on at a time. Shane isn’t even looking at him, he’s leaned over, phone in hand, and he has a wide grin on his face as he looks at something through the camera.

“Look down.”

Ilya’s gaze falls to the floor and he nearly drops his left mitt. There, Mila is using his pant leg as a crutch, wobbling precariously on two little legs. Ilya falls silent, refusing to even breathe, lest he throw her off her game. Mila barely turned nine months a week ago, and Ilya was already puffing his chest—proud of his little girl.

“Do you think this is it? It is a bit early, no?” Ilya asks, his words stiff. Mila careens over, grasping at the last minute with her other hand on Ilya’s slipper, trying to right herself. It takes a lot of will power from the both of them to not swoop in and help her. But this is her moment, and deep in his gut, Ilya is confident.

“I think so. She’s been warming up to it recently, she almost took a full step yesterday morning.” Shane says, his eyes flickering back and forth from the camera to Mila who is bouncing her knees in the silly little dance all babies seemed to do.

Then, she spots Anya in the corner of her eye. She smiles, a bubbly laugh erupting from her tiny belly as her babbles turn louder. She looks up at Ilya, as if trying to express her happiness, and Ilya is weak for it, grinning down at her easily.

“Yes, malyshka?” Ilya asks, and Mila goes, ‘buh buh duh’ which Shane has gotten entirely on video. Mila points to Anya who is still dozing on the floor, her ear rising and flopping minutely as she listens to Mila talk.

Then, out of nowhere, Mila steps her foot out. She hesitates for a moment, trying to gain footing, and Ilya can vaguely hear Shane cheering her on from a few feet away—ready to catch her. Mila lets go of Ilya’s pant leg, then the other, and just like that she’s taking her first steps—one foot in front of the other.

Shane is in tears, wiping his eyes with deft fingers, his other hand still holding a shaky phone. “Oh my god.”

Mila makes it all the way to Anya. Every determined step is almost too fast for the momentum of her body, but she does it—she walks before promptly falling face first into Anya’s fur. Anya lifts her head to look at Mila, completely unperturbed and returns to napping.

Shane is the first to her. “Oh my goodness Mila! You did it, my little runner!” Shane cheers, lifting her up above his head—pressing little raspberries into her belly. Mila laughs and laughs and Ilya simply stares for a moment, admiring the scene.

He’s so full of love, Ilya isn’t entirely sure what to do with it all. Shane turns to him, “Did you see that? She practically went straight from crawling to running!”

“I told you, Shane. She is a Hollander-Rozanov, she is destined for greatness.” Ilya chortles, his mittens long forgotten on the counter and he approaches Mila in a little shuffle with a cheer on his lips.

He scoops Mila and Shane into his arms, kissing their cheeks until they’re both trying to escape with giggles on their lips.

The chicken has burned in the oven, but the dinner is perfect anyways.

*

Mila’s first birthday is full of famous people. It’s understandable for a princess like her, but the thought pops up randomly in Shane’s head as he’s hanging up streamers and it makes him snort.

Ilya looks up at him, a curious look on his face and Shane can’t help but indulge his husband into his mind. “I was just thinking, she can barely make sentences, and she has two famous actors, a famous musician, and an entire team of professional hockey players at her party.”

“Plus Hayden, if you want to count him.” Ilya says, getting snarky comments in while Mila wasn’t around to be impressionable.

She can’t understand what he’s saying, but Shane has a very strong gut feeling that her mouth will get witty and sharp in the blink of an eye. Like father like daughter he surmises blithely.

“Ha, ha. You’re funny. Is that how you pick up people around here?”

Ilya shrugs halfheartedly, “Eh. Only one person, but he is not very hard to impress.”

“Screw you.” Shane says as he climbs down. There’s no real heat in it, and Ilya leans forward when his two feet are on the floor, stealing a quick kiss before Shane can pinch his arm.

“It is funny though. She will be the coolest girl in school, and I will be ‘cool’ dad, and you... well, you can be ‘boring’ dad.” Ilya teases, wrapping an arm around Shane’s waist with ease as they clear out of the living room.

“I’ll kill you.” Shane states.

“You may try, Hollander. You may try.”

Ilya claps his hands together, spotting Mila who has been dressed up in a frilly pink dress by Yuna. She has a plastic tiara that’s a little too big for her head, and her hair is braided into two tiny pigtails which bounce every time she takes a step. She’s utterly adorable, and Ilya can’t help but rush over to her, scooping her up and swinging her around, which makes her laugh.

“Papa!” She squeals out. “Up! Up!”

Yuna makes her way over to Shane, who is standing aside with his arms crossed, taking in the scene with a deep breath and a smile.

“Where’s dad?” Shane asks quietly. The party doesn’t start for another half hour, but the food isn’t here yet so his anxiety is humming under his skin.

His mom lays her head on his shoulder, rubbing a hand lovingly over his back. “He went to grab some more drinks. Something about Hayden only drinking kool-aid at the moment?”

“Oh, yeah. He was in a bet with Jade and he lost, so he’s upholding his side of the deal.” Shane explains, watching Mila attempt to put her crown on Ilya’s head, except she misses and it kind of hangs off of his ear until it clatters to the ground.

“Do I even want to know?” Yuna inquires.

“Uhh I still don’t, so probably not.” Shane laughs out.

Yuna lifts her head to get a good look at him, something unreadable on her face. Shane is still eyeing Ilya as he dances with Mila in the living room, making silly faces at her. “I’m so proud of you, you know. You’re a great son, and an even better dad.” She breathes out.

Shane gives her a teary smile, “I know. Thank you though. You’re a great mom.”

She smiles at him, before kissing him at the temple. David is in the frontway and at the sound of his voice she makes her way towards him, disappearing around the corner.

When Shane glances back, Mila is settled in front of her crafts table, playing with stack rings, and going “Bu! Bu!” as a replacement for all the colors on the rainbow.

Ilya slides up to his side, pressing a firm kiss on his shoulder. “What are you thinking about, moya lyubov?”

“I’m thinking about how we should have another kid.” Shane blurts out. His own voice throws him off guard, but no more than the look of utter shock on Ilya’s face.

“Are you sure? We never discussed more children.” Ilya starts, carefully.

Shane is silent for a bit, rubbing his hand over his chin. Then, he nods, slowly but with more surety than a moment before. “I mean, yeah. If you’re open to it. It’s something I want.”

Ilya grins at him, but doesn’t say anything right away, instead he grabs Shane’s arms, rubbing them up and down in miniscule movements. “How about we wait another year or so. Then we will revisit this conversation, hm? Our baby has just turned one, let us enjoy it for a little longer before we bring another into the mix.”

“But you’re open to it?” Shane asks weakly. He lets Ilya drag him into an embrace, every point of their bodies held tightly against each other.

“My love, I will have an army of children in this house if it is what you want. I want more kids, of course I want more kids with you Shane.” Ilya declares into his hairline, his voice a little shaky with emotion.

*

The game starts in twenty minutes, Ilya still has a frilly sock in his hand, and there’s still glitter glue stuck to the hardwood. Shane was definitely going to comment on it when he got home, but frankly it was the last thing on Ilya’s mind.

“Mila!” He calls out from the bedroom, moving around the room and trying to shove extra diapers into Mila’s backpack. It’s bluey themed, and Shane is always saying that he had a sneaking suspicion Mila was starting to think she herself was a puppy because of it.

Ilya simply laughed at that, shaking his head before smacking a kiss onto his cheek.

“Mila!” Ilya says when he finally spots her, scooping her up with a cacophony of adorable giggles erupting from her pudgy belly. Ilya smiles brightly at her, holding her close and finally slipping her last sock on. He kisses her on her tiny cheek, and dutifully ignores the sweet stickiness dried there. “Milana my love, we are going to be late and we are going to miss your daddy’s big game.”

This home game was a big one, it was the first time in years that Ottawa was playing against Montreal, and if there were any bitter feelings still left over...well, Shane never said it out loud. Ilya on the other hand had no trouble mouthing off, even with a two year old in his arms.

“Come, come, Mila. Let’s watch daddy kick ass. I have twenty dollars riding on us winning tonight.” Ilya laughs, whispering the last little bit of his sentence. Her toothy smile grins back at him. She may not have been their biological child, but Ilya sometimes had to pause and wonder how the shape of her nose looked exactly like Shane’s.

“Kick ash! Ash!”

“Oops. Do not repeat that in front of Daddy, Mila.” Ilya winces out.

Oh well, it’s not like she’s actually saying the word.

“Rozanov! And here we thought you weren’t going to make it.” Olivia says the moment Ilya climbs into the WAG booth, waving both her hands excitedly at Mila. The toddler laughs, and shakes her elephant toy at her, allowing her head to fall back against Ilya’s sternum.

“No! No, do not doubt me, Olivia. I am a very determined husband.” Ilya shouts over the crowd, wagging a teasing finger her way as he settles into his seat. She laughs, before turning to reply to something Harris said. From here he can see the teams well enough—even recognizes a few from Montreal, though most have left since Shane’s departure years ago.

“Do you miss it? I think I would if it were me.” Olivia asks a minute later. Her eyes trail down to the ice where players stretch and skate. There are hockey pucks flying, and for a moment, Ilya does. He misses the euphoria of winning the Cup, of making a hat-trick in a game everyone thought they’d lose.

Ilya looks down at Mila who grasps at his turtle neck, fiddling with the fabric. “No. I thought I would, but if I am being completely honest, it was always Shane who lived and breathed hockey. I was just very good at it.”

“Cocky as always, Rozy. They miss you, you know, James was just telling me the other night.” Olivia says, shrugging.

Ilya hums, “Probably.” He thinks of Shane’s captain badge. “But they will get over it. They have a very capable Captain.”

Like he could sense their conversation, Shane lifts his head to the crowd, eyes searching for Ilya in the booth. Ilya raises a hand, then turns to Mila and points down at Shane, “Look, Mila! Who is that? Yes, yes smart girl that is daddy.” She waves a sticky hand, her tiny fingers barely visible from the ice, but Ilya knows Shane is smiling brightly—knows that Shane would play extra hard tonight. If not for himself then for Ilya and for Mila.

Ottawa wins 5-2 that night.

*

“Daddy, Papa, I want a story!” Mila calls out to them. Shane is still wiping his hands after doing dishes when he wanders into Mila’s bedroom. She’s already tucked into her bed, Bingo sheets around her and Tinkerbell pajamas on.

“She refuses to sleep without a story.” Ilya confirms from her bedside. Shane chuckles at the sight of his husband in a tiny toddler chair, trying to balance a bunch of books on his knees.

“What’s the magic word?” Shane asks, placing the towel on the doorknob.

“Please!” Mila shouts, dragging out the word with a toothy smile.

“Indoor voice, lapochka.” Ilya notes, but he shows Shane the books in an exaggerated show that makes him grin and roll his eyes. Shane notes he’s done a lot of that since he met Ilya.

“Okay, storytime. Which one do you want tonight?” Shane asks, grabbing another tiny chair to put next to Ilya’s.

“We did good.” Ilya says, crossing his arms to lean comfortably against the doorframe. After several stories including a story about how they met, a story about a fox and an elephant going on a journey, and lastly—her favorite—the adventures of Princess Milana and her dragon Anya, Mila was snoring soundly in her bed.

She’s developed Ilya’s sleeping habits for sure, limbs flopping around everywhere and anywhere. Most of the time she ended up on the pillows that they put on the floor to line her bed.

“She’s barely even five. I feel like that might be a bit presumptive.” Shane jokes back, resting his chin securely in the crook of Ilya’s shoulder.

“Still, it is true. For five years, we have done good.” Ilya maintains, considering her with a proud look.

“Hmm. Remember that time we found her trying to make Anya wear her shoes?”

That makes Ilya’s lips tick upwards. “Ah, yes. Our little fashionista. I think Anya enjoyed it.”

“Anya wouldn’t even let us take it off of her, we had to bribe her with a treat. Mila thought it was the funniest thing in the world.” Shane recounts, pressing his lips into Ilya’s tattoo.

“Sure, when she isn’t in the middle of thinking you making farting noises with your hands is the funniest thing in the world.” Ilya counters, his hands coming to his face to mimic the movement. Shane laughs at him, unabashedly, and moves to fight Ilya’s arms down, embarrassed.

Ilya drops them, if only to grab Shane instead, bringing him in close. “Thank you.” He says simply, whispering the words into Shane’s hairline.

“For what?” Shane murmurs softly into Ilya’s neck, his nose cold where it touches the skin. He sounds sleepy, and he’s leaning more and more weight onto Ilya in a way that’s more than a little amusing.

“Everything.” It’s clipped, but weighted. “For loving me. Marrying me. Giving me a family.”

“I guess I should thank you for the same thing then,” Shane says into Ilya’s lips, kissing him soundly to the afterecho of tiny snores and crickets in the yard. “Thank you.” Shane says when they pull apart.

“We should have another baby.” Ilya says out of nowhere. Shane snorts, amusement in his eyes.

“This is kind of a random thing to bring up, but Rose called last week saying she’d be willing to be a surrogate for us. That didn’t have anything to do with you, did it?”

Ilya shrugs, “I may or may not have asked if it was something she would be open to. I was curious, can you blame me for that?”

Shane rolls his eyes, dropping his forehead onto the sharp curve of Ilya's collarbone. "You're ridiculous."

"Perhaps, but that was not a no, Hollander."

"No, it wasn't."

There is a silent lull, neither of them speak, and the house is quiet and dark. Just the overhead light of the kitchen oven and a bedside lamp in their bedroom lighting the way. Shane tugs on Ilya's hand, leading them through the house which is littered with mementos of their life.

Ilya eyes one of his MVP awards on the living room floor, tied up with satin bowties, and chooses to leave it for tomorrow, instead eyeing the deep center line of his husband's back.

"Is Daddy Hollander about to make an appearance?" Ilya remarks, a sly grin on his lips.

"Fuck off," Shane says, laughing, but he shoves Ilya onto the bed anyways, kissing him soundly.

Ilya feels like he's twenty three again, kissing Shane in secret while the world moves on around him, and it's the best feeling in the world.

Fin.

End Notes

Excuse the Russian; I was entirely dependent on Google Translate.

O bozhe - Oh, god.

ya v poryadke - I'm fine.

Milaushka - Mila (affectionate)

Lapochka - Sweetie/Little paw

Moya Lyubov - my love

Malyshka - baby/little one

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