

The Perfect Cottage Creation

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The Perfect Cottage Creation

by [JustMeAndLife \(CaramelCreamCoffee\)](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are about to welcome their baby girl into the world after throwing caution to the wind during their time at the cottage!

Fluffy pregnancy and birth fic with lots of Papa Ilya and Daddy Shane for you all :))

Notes

There is currently a debate within the Mpreg fanfic community about whether or not Shane would allow a baby to derail his hockey career at the moment. I personally feel that if he'd gotten pregnant before they spent their time together at the cottage then most definitely not. But after those two weeks? After he finally got the confirmation he needed that Ilya loved him back? He most definitely would. There is no way in hell he wouldn't want the picture perfect family with Ilya. The timing wouldn't matter to him anymore. He had everything he's ever wanted. What's one more thing?!

But yeah anyway, that's my opinion so I decided to write this one shot to show what I mean, enjoy ;)))

Chapter 1

The cottage had been a huge changing point for them and their relationship.

That much Ilya was sure of.

It had become the moment of relief, the moment of finally releasing that single breath they'd been holding in for the last decade.

It had also become the moment of creation. Creation of what is bound to be the greatest gift either one of them had ever received.

They'd always been so careful with protection, with ensuring nothing could accidentally rush them into something they weren't prepared for. But that time at the cottage had been different.

There had been nothing but love and pure desperation. That instinctual need to feel closer to one another.

Shane had pulled him in without a second thought. No regrets.

Hockey meant everything to him. But Ilya was more than everything. He was the centre of his universe. The thing that kept his world turning. Nothing that came from him and Ilya being together could feel like a bad thing. It only made them better, stronger.

It had been nine months since then, nine beautiful, life changing months.

Of course there had been moments of pain and insecurity. Many of them caused by the press release and lack of privacy. But they had survived, they've braved it together and fought through each and every obstacle.

Shane wasn't exactly sure what would happen with his career right now , the thought of never playing again scared him to death. But he knew no matter what, he'd get through it with Ilya by his side.

Now they were here. Just days away from meeting the person who had blessed their lives in the most incredible of ways. He was more sure of that than ever before.

"I can't believe how quickly its all came around." Shane murmured, tiny onesie lying flat against the strong curve of his stomach.

"Da. It went by really fast." Ilya stated in agreement, eyes soft as he watched his boyfriend process.

"Like seriously. I mean, I could literally go into labor at any moment. She could actually be here by this time tomorrow. How crazy is that?"

"Crazy, crazy."

Shane looked at him with a raised brow. "Was that sarcasm or just the accent making it sound that way?"

"I think , the accent." Ilya smirked.

"Uh huh."

They sat in comfortable silence for a few seconds. Shane calmly folding and packing away the final items into his hospital bag.

"Is your mother still coming in for the delivery?" Ilya questioned. He had heard both Shane and Yuna talking on the phone about the decision a lot recently.

"She really wants to." Shane began to explain. "But she isn't so sure she could handle seeing me in so much pain. I told her whatever she decides to do I'll respect it. As much as I want her to be there, I'll have you. That's all that matters to me. That you're the one who's there by my side to welcome our girl into the world."

"No other place for me to be." Ilya told him firmly. "I would not risk leaving your side for single second. You are everything to me. Both of you."

"I know baby." Shane told him gently. Reaching out to squeeze his hand. "Izabella is beyond lucky to have you as her papa."

Izabella Yurina Hollander-Rozanov. Their precious baby girl. Her middle name a mix and in honour of the two most important women in their lives.

"I can't wait to hold her." Ilya whispered wistfully. "I hope she has full head of dark hair and freckles like you."

"Oh she most definitely has hair. If she doesn't I'll be pretty pissed off. All that heartburn and indigestion for nothing." Shane huffed.

"Do not blame our sweet, innocent angel baby for the consequences of your bad eating!"

The pregnant man gasped in offence. "Hey! My eating habits are far from bad okay? It's not my fault she makes me crave vanilla milkshakes and red salt fries!"

"Red salt fries are no good. Bad for cholesterol."

"Tell that to your daughter asshole."

"No bad language in front of the child, Hollander! You must learn this." Ilya scolded playfully.

"Yeah , yeah. I'll remind you of that next time you're cursing up a storm huh Rozanov?" Shane snickered.

"Eh. I am Russian, it cannot be helped." His boyfriend shrugged innocently, leaning over to peck him on the lips. "We eat now? You must be hungry."

"Actually, I'm really not for once. Haven't had much of an appetite all day if I'm being honest."

"That is unusual. You are feeling okay, yes?"

"You mean apart from my usual aches and pains ?Yeah, I'm pretty good. I've had a few Braxton hicks throughout the morning but nothing other than that." Shane paused for a second. "Oh and I lost that weird mucus plug thing."

"You lost what?" Ilya grimaced.

"Y'know that slimy, mucus thing that covers the opening of my cervix? That went bye bye last night."

"Ew, Hollander! Is too much!."

"Well you were the one who asked if I was feeling okay. I'm just keeping you in the loop!" The younger defended, wincing in discomfort as the ache returned to his back. "I think that's my sign to get up off of the floor."

"Here." Ilya insisted, standing to help pull his pregnant lover from the floor. "You should rest. I can make small lunch for us."

"I'm really not hungry right now Ilya. You're just wasting your time."

"You need energy. No arguments, you will eat something."

The stern Russian tone was enough to have Shane nodding despite his hesitation. If him eating a few mouthfuls of something was enough to put Ilya's mind at rest, who was he to deny him of that?

"Okay, I'll go rest on the couch. Just the thought of stepping up any from of step right now is making me cringe from phantom ache."

"This is why I tried to find new place before baby is here." Ilya pointed out, watching Shane waddle his way over to the living area.

"I told you baby! There's no point. She'll be staying in our room next to the bed for the first few months anyway. We have plenty of time." Shane called to him.

"Da, maybe! But it would have saved you from sleeping on couch for final weeks of your pregnancy!"

"Yeah okay, that's fair. Maybe I should have listened to you, you win."

Ilya smirked. "I always win. You should know this by now. How many times have you Metros lost because of me huh? I lose count."

"You're such an asshole!" Shane gapped.

"Ah, so I've been told."

"Like a huge gigantic one!"

The Russian chuckled fondly, rinsing off and cutting up some strawberries to add into Greek yogurt. "Oh I love when you talk dirty to me moya lyubov'."

Shane only rolled his eyes in response, head leaning back to rest against the soft pillows. Hands slowly coming up to rub soothing circles into the ridiculously active mound of his stomach.

The baby had been extra restless this morning. Almost as if she was preparing herself for something. Her big entrance maybe? God he hoped so. He was beyond ready to meet her and get all of the shitty parts over with.

Pregnancy had been an adventure for sure. One he most definitely enjoyed more than he originally thought he would.

He still remembers that nagging feeling of dread he felt when he first saw that set of two dark , pink lines glaring up at him.

He wasn't feeling the dread of having a child or of having to change their plans. No, he was feeling the dread of his body no longer feeling like his own, of the physical and psychological pressure he would feel. Of labour and delivery and the long road back to his passion. After all, It would be a longtime before he was able to get back on the ice. And there wasn't exactly a guarantee he'd ever get there at all.

Of course that nagging feeling hadn't lasted very long. He had the best support system a guy could ask for. Between Ilya, his parents, Rose, Hayden and Jackie, hell even Svetlana. He didn't have the time to worry and fall apart. They helped keep him afloat throughout all of it. Helped him relish in the beauty of bringing a new life into the world.

In the end , the pregnancy had slowly became the greatest experience of his life.

"You're thinking too hard." Ilya's voice sounded, snapping him out of his daze. The older man carefully placing the bowl of fruit and yogurt onto his lap. "What're you thinking of?"

"Only good things I promise." Shane mumbled with a soft smile. "Like how amazing this whole experience has been. I don't think anything will ever top bringing our girl into this world for me."

"Not even winning another cup?"

"Not even that."

Ilya raised an impressed eyebrow. "Wow, he is serious. Shane Hollander has finally found something he cherishes more than a game of hockey."

"Hey." Shane immediately protested. "I already found that. I found you."

"I love you." Ilya told him , a fierce look in his eye that proved just how true his words were.

"Hmm I love you too. Now let me eat this so I can go take a nap."

"Tired already?"

"Uh huh." The pregnant man sighed, shovelling a spoonful of yogurt into his mouth. "Doesn't take much to tire me out these days."

"Okay, well you finish eating. I will bring you blanket and pregnancy pillow from upstairs."

"You're the best Rozanov."

"Da , yes whatever." Ilya stated fondly, already starting his trail towards the staircase. Shane watching on fondly.

He savoured these moments a lot more lately. After all, any one of them could be their final moments as just the two of them. Soon Izabella would arrive and their moments alone will become slim to none for a few years.

Not that it mattered to them. They knew their love would survive. They didn't struggle through a decade long situationship for nothing.

A vibration sounded under the low sounds coming from the TV. His mom's name appearing on his phone screen with an incoming call.

"Hey mom."

"Shane, honey. How are you?"

"I'm fine mom. Nothing has changed in the last half hour since you last checked in I swear."

"Still having those pains?"

"It's more of a dull ache in my lower back than it is pain. But yeah , it comes and goes. Nothing unusual though. The baby is laying against my spine, she sometimes presses a lil' too hard."

"Hmm I'm not so sure. Now that you've lost the mucus plug and all. You know it could be a sign of early labor right sweetie?."

"I mean yeah, obviously."

"You sound awfully calm about that."

"That's because I'm beyond ready to meet her. I'm nervous of course but I'm just- I'm more excited than anything else I guess."

"Well that's good. Should I start driving to you? Just incase?"

"So you've decided to be there then?"

"I have. It'll be hard to watch you do this and know I can't do anything to help. But I'd be worse off sitting at home far away from my baby as he welcomes his baby into the world. It doesn't sit right with me."

"Okay, well yeah maybe you should come here. I-I don't want to jinx anything but i definitely think it'll be either later tonight or tomorrow. My body is kinda giving me that vibe you know?"

"Oh believe me , I know."

"I'll tell Ilya you're coming so that he can set up the apartment next door."

"Oh you're no longer renting it out?"

"No, seemed more appropriate to have it as a guest place now that I'm pregnant. There's plenty of people wanting to come meet baby girl once she's here. We need the room."

"Well alrighty then. I'll start driving in about an hour. I'll see you soon okay?."

"Uh huh, I love you mom."

"I love you too Honey."

The call ended, Shane's stomach bubbling with the nerves that he had managed to push down since the moment he'd lost his plug. "Ilya?!"

"Everything okay?" His boyfriend shouted down.

"Erm yeah, I just need you to go next door and make sure everything is ready for my mom." Shane replied, biting his lip.

"Oh? She is coming so soon?" Ilya asked in confusion, walking down the stairs with Shane's blanket and pillow in hand.

"Just incase y'know? With all the back pain I've been having this morning and the fact that labor can happen at anytime. She doesn't want to miss her chance of being there for the birth."

"She made her choice then? Is good, I'm glad she will be there for you."

"Yeah.. me too."

"You really think the time is coming?" Ilya asked nervously.

Shane nodded. "I do, I don't necessarily feel bad. Just like my gut is telling me to prepare y'know?"

"Ah , well you know your body better than anyone." His boyfriend stated, hand reaching out to rub down Shane's arm. "It'll be okay."

"Yeah." Shane murmured. "Yeah, of course it will."

Shane isn't exactly sure how or when the active labor hit. But what he does know is that it had gone from zero to one hundred real fucking quick.

One minute his mom was arriving and making them all dinner and the next he was curled up in a ball cursing the Canadian weather warnings and who ever decided childbirth should be a such a painful experience .

"Hmmm Ilya!" He moaned, body leaning heavily over the back of the couch. His knuckles closing tightly around the fabric. If he wasn't so self aware , he'd be sure they were currently wandering around a zoo. The sounds he was making were way too animalistic.

"I'm here malysh, I'm here." Ilya breathed out, fingers digging into the tight muscles of his labouring boyfriend's back . "Just ride it out. You can do this."

"I-it shouldn't be going this quickly should it? I mean- holy shit. The pains only properly started less than an hour ago." Shane panted, breath catching as another contraction hit out of nowhere . "Ahhhh , mom! This- I can't do this!"

Ilya gnawed anxiously at his bottom lip, he had no idea if this was normal or not. But he knew Shane was right. It was all going way too quickly and just how quickly it was going was starting to make him and Yuna worry a little too much.

"Shane listen to me honey? I'm not sure if this is normal or not okay? For some people it may be. But hey, the quicker the contractions are coming together the better right?! Not long till that little girl is here and all of this will be over with! On the plus side your water hasn't even broken! That's surely a sign that she's not going to just fall on out of there?" Yuna tried to assure.

"N-no she could! She could still push her way out!" Shane panicked, panting his way through the last of the pain. "I can still push with my waters intact!"

"Oh... oh fuck." Ilya paled. "Okay, change of plan. I decided we're taking the risk and driving you ourselves."

"Are you insane?! What if I end up having her in the passenger seat of the damn car because of the traffic caused by the storm huh? Not happening Rozanov!" Shane growled, swaying his hips from side to side. "We're waiting until it passes."

"It's either that or you have her here in living room with no medical help! At least if we're in car I can try and get us to the fucking hospital!"

"No! Just no! It's fine! Mom will call the ambulance again - Christ!" Shane broke off, a pained cry escaping his lips.

"Ah fuck this! We're getting in that car Hollander!" Ilya stated. "You have to listen to me. I do not mean to shout. But You cannot risk having our baby here. Sit down and breathe through it."

"I can't sit down Ilya, I can't."

"You can baby, I promise. I know it probably feels like she's between your legs right now but she's not." Yuna tried. Focusing on calming the rising tension.

Shane glared at her in return. "How would you know that ? Just because you've been through this before doesn't mean you know how it feels for me mom! Don't patronise me."

"You're right I'm sorry." His mother apologised, rolling her eyes at herself for being so stupid. "I shouldn't have said that."

"N-no , no you shouldn't have to apologise ." The pregnant man whimpered, a soft sob escaping his lips. "I'm sorry I shouted I just- fuck. This hurts so much mom. I'm serious... I-I- can't do this I can't."

"Oh moya lyubov." Ilya cooed, immediately rushing over to hug his boyfriend close. "You can do this, of course you can."

"H-hurts." Shane moaned once more, face dropping to the crook of Ilya's neck as the next pain hit. "There's so much pressure."

"Fuck okay, Hollander? Are you listening to me now?"

Shane only sobbed, the pain literally taking away his ability to talk as the pressure between his hips continued to mount.

"I will call Dr Marco to meet us at hospital entrance Da? This baby wants out now and I'm scared if we don't leave this'll be were it happens. You don't want that do you?"

"No-no I want her safe." Shane panted shaking his head. "Grrrrr god dammit, it doesn't stop!."

"Then let's move our asses out to that car yes? We can worry about the bag and other stuff later on. Let's just get angel baby out into this world safely yes?"

Shane breathed in and out, little hiccups escaping his lips as he tried his best to fight off the ever growing need to push. "O-okay, okay." He cried. "I-I'll get in the stupid car! B-but Ilya?"

"Yes baby?"

"Just make sure you- you help mom take a shorter route okay? I feel like I need to push."

Traffic laws be screwed was the newfound attitude Yuna Hollander decided to take on. By the time they were flying down the road in their car, Ilya was near enough hysterically crying whilst Shane was lifting his hips up off the seat in a desperate attempt to escape the all consuming pressure. Cringing and holding back the screams of pain he so clearly needed to let out.

"Breathe Hollander, just breathe you've got it." Ilya soothed, free hand squeezing onto Shane's own tightly as he choked back on his tears. "Fuck I'm so proud of you."

"Mmmm." Shane hummed in recognition, head thumping back against the head rest as the contraction kept him held in its clutches. Finally allowing himself to cry out and breathe away the pain.

"There you go! Let it all out."

The labouring man gasped, the pain finally releasing him. "H-holy shit, how did you do this for two whole days mom?"

"Honestly? I can't really remember most of it." Yuna confessed. "It's true what they say, once you see her that'll be it. You'll only remember that part."

"Fuck I really hope I can forget this."

Ilya almost cried in relief as she took the final exit towards the hospital. Dr Marco had already called to say he was ready and the nurses would be waiting with a wheel chair for Shane and plenty of shoulders to cry on for Ilya.

This was it, after only what Yuna thought had to be less than three hours of active labor. It looked like her boys were finally meeting their baby.

"Ilya!" Shane near enough screeched, teeth clenched as his face began turning beat red.

"Moyà lyubov! Stop! Stop pushing , I know it is hard but please!"

"I can't ! Fuck I can't stop! I can't Rozanov-!" His boyfriend panted out in agony. "Help me please."

Ilya felt his heart shatter. How could anyone bear to see their love in such pain more than once? "We're here Shane, come on let's get you into chair."

"N-no , no, no." Shane pleaded, heartbreaking sobs wracking throughout his shaking form. "She is literally right there mom, I can't sit down."

"Sweetheart you cannot have this baby in this car you hear me? You don't want to do this here believe me!" His mother said soothingly. Watching as Ilya continued to panic as he leaned over to undo his boyfriend's seat belt.

"You two ready to be- Oh crap Dr Marco weren't kidding!" A nurse gasped flinging the back door open only to freeze at the sight of Shane crying out and gritting his teeth against the urge to push.

"No shit! Please- Help me get him in chair! I need you people to do your job and get him and baby safe yes?! No comments or weird fan interactions. No time for that." Ilya listed off. His panic turning into some weird mix of anger and upset.

"Woah hold on Ilya, it's okay!" Yuna calmed the Russian. "I called ahead remember? The doctor knows you're here and he's already alerted the staff of the privacy protocol in place."

You can breathe honey, they're safe here okay? Everything's going to be okay. Be nice to the nurses."

Ilya near enough burst into tears all over again at that. "T-thankyou, Thankyou so much Yuna."

"I had a feeling you'd be the one to throw us all into chaos when the time came. Thought it was best I made everyone aware of your worries ahead of time." She winked.

"You're honestly the greatest. The best!" Ilya gushed, finally lifting Shane up and out into the wheel chair as his boyfriend practically growled his way through the assault of pain.

"Let's get inside." Yuna stated, smiling softly towards the nurses who hesitantly rushed in ahead of them.

Ilya could physically feel the blood pounding in his head as he rushed his way inside of the building. He was thanking his lucky stars that the hospital's maternity floor was only on the first floor. That meant literal minutes until they were safely in a room with their doctor and medical staff present.

Shane would be okay. Their baby would be okay.

"Ilya? Please. Baby. You gotta tell them-" The younger man whimpered, soft sobs spluttering as he tried to breathe. "I really need to push."

"I know Shane, I know you do. We're almost there , just a few more seconds." Ilya swore, letting out a breath of relief as the elevator doors finally opened up and they came face to face with Dr Marco. "You have no idea how glad I am to see your beautiful face right now."

Marco chuckled, quickly crouching down to Shane's level as the pregnant man moaned his way through the never ending contractions. "Looks like somebody's in a rush huh? Let's get you to the delivery room!"

"Hurts so bad." Shane spat, lifting his hips to try and eliminate some of the pain he was feeling. "Why didn't you warn me it would hurt this bad?"

"I tend to try and not traumatise my patients Shane."

"Shit! I need to push! I really need to push!" The hockey player panicked, hand shooting down towards his crotch. "Like right now!"

Dr Marco immediately took over Ilya's role of pushing the wheelchair. He practically sprinted down the hall and quickly into the privacy of their reserved delivery suite. Safety tucked away from all of the prying eyes they so desperately wanted to avoid.

Shane was almost immediately crawling his way out of the wheelchair and scrambling to grab a hold of the bed.

"Shhh baby, it's okay. You're okay." Yuna soothed , her motherly instincts taking over now that the threat of her son's safety had lessened and her panic subsided.

Ilya rubbing his hands over Shane's sweat matted back as the younger man practically screeched his way through the pain. The sounds of distress completely shattering Ilya's heart once more.

"Shane listen. I'm gonna examine you okay? By the sounds of things baby is just about ready to come on out yeah? So let's make sure it's safe for her to do so." Marco informed, kneeling down to pull off the younger man's sweatpants.

Not at all surprised to see the sight he saw. "Oh yeah, baby's head is right there, we can see your amniotic sac."

"What?! seriously?!" Ilya gaped, leaning over to take a look.

Sure enough just behind his boyfriend's sore, swollen rim, the sight of a cloudy looking bubble met his gaze. "Holy fuck! Hollander how are you doing this?! She's- that's her right

there."

"W-what? Why are you asking me that?!- I- Fuck! I fucking know that you asshole! I can fucking feel it..." Shane sobbed. "Fuck I wanna be on the bed I can't do it like this on the floor ."

"Alright that's okay, just breathe for me okay? I promise we'll get you up there." His doctor assured, looking towards two of the nursing staff to help him get the pregnant man situated.

They ended up with him lying on his side , one leg held up and open towards his chest by Yuna as she held onto his shoulder with her free hand. Ilya crouched down by the side of the bed his boyfriend was facing towards clutching onto Shane's hands for dear life.

"Are you comfortable like this buddy?" Marco checked, kneeling carefully on one knee so he could get close to where he was needed most.

"Nothing about this is comfortable! Fuck I just- ." The labouring man panted, voice completely wrecked from the guttural cries of pain. "The pressure is killing me, can I push please? I need to push."

"Go for it, we're all good on this end of things."

And so Shane did, only two hours and twenty five minutes after his first real contraction hit, he gave his first push. Grunting deep within his chest as he gave into the primal need.

Giving it his all, for it to end. This whole thing was absolute fucking torture and this kid was coming out way too fast. "Ah!"

"That's it Hollander , there you go!" Ilya coached, holding his breath along with Shane as the younger man strained and pressed his forehead into their clutched hands.

"Good! Good job! Hold it for ten okay?!" The doctor called over his moans. "You've got this Shane! Come on."

"I can't! Fuck! It hurts so fucking bad." Shane sobbed, hissing through his teeth as he gave another solid shove despite his words.

"I'm going to break your bag of waters okay? It'll help with the pressure." Marco spoke, using some form of weird hook to burst open the sac surrounding their baby girl. "Fluids clear!"

Ilya barely had time to register what any of that meant before Shane screamed out in pain at the sudden change in feeling.

Before his waters had broken the baby's head had felt kind of cushioned against his entrance. But now , now it just felt like burning hot lava threatening to destroy him from the inside out. "Out! Holy shit! Get it out!"

"She's coming out baby, She's coming I swear." Ilya cooed, standing up straighter to look between Shane's legs. "I can see her head!" He cheered, watching as the fleshy mound of matted hair pushed forward to a more prominent shape.

It looked like baby girl had a full head of hair , just like Shane himself had at birth Yuna noticed.

"S-she's right there! Oh god I feel it- fuck I feel it all! Ilya! Baby! I- please, please." Shane babbled, the burning pain reducing him to a blubbing mess. "M' sorry I can't, I can't do this! Please get her out! Get her out!" He screeched, pushing down, harder than he ever had before. Gasping harshly as the burn he felt suddenly turned white hot and searing. Startling the most wounded sound he'd ever made out of his chest.

"Woah! There we are! And we have a head!" Dr Marco shouted. "Stop Shane, stop pushing alright? Baby girls gotten herself a little tangled up."

"What? What does this mean?" Ilya stammered, tears streaming down his face as he tried his best to pull it together. "She is okay yes?"

Yuna watched as the doctor slowly worked his fingers around the baby's neck. Her cord wrapped around in what looked like two loops.

"The cord is around her neck but it's loose." The doctor tried to explain.

Shane's heartbreaking sob cutting him off slightly.

"W-what? Fuck did I hurt her? T-this is because of me right? I fucked it up-"

"No! No, of course not! Your baby will be just fine. You just need to work with me okay. Pant for now Shane. Let me work!"

Shane's whole frame shook with the shock of the abnormally fast delivery, he'd been in the hospital bed for less than fifteen minutes and he'd already delivered the head of his baby girl .
"I-it's hurting me."

"You've torn a hell of a lot here buddy, that'll be why it's hurting so badly." Marco tutted softly in sympathy. "But it's okay , we can fix it. I've got the cord unraveled now. On the next one I need you to give me another solid push and I'm telling you; you'll be done."

Shane sobbed softly in desperation , looking up at Ilya's tear soaked face. "I-I'm scared."

"Hey, hey it's okay to be scared." Ilya spoke softly, stroking back a strand of hair. "You were scared before all of this huh? When we told your parents about us? Everything was so new we didn't know what the hell was going to happen next. It was scary and confusing. Then baby came into picture and it changed everything. Hollander you can't let fear put this on hold yes? Our baby needs you to get her out now! So take a deep breath and push her out! Show me what you're made of okay?"

The pregnant man was already moaning in pain long before their little pep talk was over. His chest heaving as he took in one final breath and held down a solid push. Both Yuna and Ilya calling out excitedly.

"That's my Hollander! Fuck- I am so proud of you." Ilya gritted out. Lips pressing into Shane's heated forehead. "You're almost done."

"That's it! Push Shane! Take a breath and go! Keep going, keep going... don't stop!" Marco shouted, fingers hooking under their baby girls armpits just in time for her to slip out into his hold. "There she is!"

"Holy fucking shit." Shane wheezed, flopping down on to his back and reaching out desperately for his mom as he cried. "M-mom."

"I'm here. Oh you did so good baby boy. So good." Yuna cried softly, wanting nothing more than to pull her son in close. "It's okay, it's okay shhhh."

"Fuck you did it Hollander." Ilya whimpered, lips pressed firmly in place against Shane's sweat matted locks.

The entire room felt deathly still. Dr Marco working frantically at the bottom of the bed.

"S-she's not crying." Shane panted, panic rising in his chest as the seconds ticked by. "I-Ilya she's not-"

"Shhh let the doctor work baby. It's okay." Ilya murmured, swallowing thickly around the lump of fear building within his throat.

"P-please, please..."

"Come on little one, let's get you cleaned off." Dr Marco rambler, rubbing fiercely at the unresponsive newborn. "Time to wake up."

It felt like hours before the silence was broken, small gargled whimpers lifting the tension in the air as their daughter finally took in her first breath.

Yuna laughing in pure joy as the gargles slowly turned into loud protesting cries.

"W-where- where is she?" Shane gasped, head lifting up to try and catch a glimpse of their baby lying down on the bed between his legs.

"She's here Shane! One stubborn little girl, you've got here! She's starting to pink up nicely now ! Listen to those lungs!" Marco spoke happily, lifting the small girl up onto Shane's still heaving chest.

"Ilya." Shane whimpered, his heart overflowing with love as he took in the sight of the bloodied infant on his chest. "Holy- oh sweetheart it's okay... you're okay. She's okay Ilya."

"She is okay." Ilya choked out, stroking a hand over the wet cap of hair on top of her head. "She's fucking perfect. I can't believe you just did that. You are something else Shane Hollander."

"Oh sweet girl, it's okay. Don't cry. Look it's me! It's daddy." Shane cooed, pressing his lips to her head. "Shhh Oh I know , I know, I know.. that was fast huh? We barely had any time to think! You really hurt me huh baby girl? Wanted to give me the full experience. It's okay, I forgive you. Yeah I do, I forgive you because you're ours. Mine and papa's forever."

Yuna felt utterly wrecked. The amount of love and pride filling her chest as she watched her son and granddaughter interact for the first time was inexplicable.

"Seven minutes total of pushing and only just over two and half hours of official active labor. That's got to be some sort of record man. Bet no other NHL player can say they've done

that!" Dr Marco stated, massaging the younger man's stomach to help stimulate the placenta. "She wasn't waiting around for anyone."

"Seven minutes?!" Ilya asked in shock, looking between their mewling daughter and Shane's exhausted face. "You don't half ass anything do you Hollander? You done good. I love you so fucking much."

Shane let out a wet laugh at that . "I screamed like a freaking banshee. Record breaking or not, it hurt like hell."

"I'm not surprised, they always say the quicker the labor the more intense it gets!" Yuna informed. "You barely had time to register what was happening before she was basically half way out! Our baby girl knew she wanted out and there was no stopping her."

"I guess overachievers run in the family huh?" Shane laughed shakily. Hand rubbing up and down his tiny girls back as the nurses stepped in to place a towel over her.

"Look at all of that hair." His mother beamed. "It's already curling at the back her neck."

Ilya took notice of the small ringlets, his heart melting with pride. "Taking after her papa."

"She's basically your mini me, minus my skin tone and hair colour. Right down to the pouty lips and tiny finger nails. A true Rozanov." Shane murmured, voice raw but his eyes full of nothing but love looking up at his boyfriend.

"Ah, she's a Hollander first and foremost. Just listen to the attitude." Ilya chuckled wetly. Bending over to press a gentle kiss the back of their daughters head. "Moya dragotsennaya dochka, ya lyublyu tebya."

"What did you just say?" Yuna breathed, overwhelmed by the emotion she could hear bleeding through the man's every word.

"I say, my precious baby girl. I love you." Ilya translated, eyes locking on Shane's as the younger man began to cry softly. "Hey, shhh it's okay. You're okay."

"I-I'm sorry it's just- there was a time I was so scared I wouldn't get to have this moment in my life." Shane spoke thickly, pressing his face into their daughter's hair as he cried. "I can't believe she's real."

"Well she is and she most definitely knows you are too. Already quieting down for her daddy." Yuna cooed, finger reaching out to trace the shell of the baby's ear. "She's absolutely incredible Honey. You've done amazing. I'm forever proud of you. Both of you. And I know your mom would be just as proud as I am Ilya."

Ilya allowed his own tears to fall at her words. Each one soothing an ache that was lingering deep within his chest. The thought of his own mother no longer as suffocating as it had once been. "She would have loved her."

"She does love her Ilya." Shane sniffled. "She sees her now and she sees you. She's always here with us. I promise you."

"I am one lucky man." Ilya smiled. The world around them falling away as they watched each and every move Izabella made.

Their perfect cottage creation.

"I just can't believe you pushed an entire eight pound human being out of you in less than ten minutes! I watched Jackie struggle to get a six pound one out in what was it? Just over two hours babe?! !!!" Hayden exclaimed, his voice sounded over the FaceTime Shane had answered not long ago. They'd finally had chance for a much needed nap and food whilst Izabella slept and it's safe to say Both Shane and Ilya had a new found energy.

"She was barely 7 pound 9. Plus every labor is different man, I asked the Doc whether it was normal or not . Turns out It's called a precipitous labor. It's rare for first time deliveries but not unheard of." Shane snickered.

"Dude it's just insane. I can't believe you have your own tiny human being now! Feels like only yesterday you were laughing at me for getting Jackie pregnant again." Hayden stated in excitement.

"Yeah I know." Shane beamed. "She's so perfect. Ilya bring her over here will you ? That way her uncle Hayden can see her."

Ilya gladly obliged, arms steady as he scooped their tiny girl up to lay against his chest. Her small face tucked into the crook of his neck. "Izabella, meet Uncle Pike. Uncle Pike, meet Izabella." The Russian cooed softly. Sitting down on the bed next to Shane so that the younger man could angle the camera. It took a few seconds , but eventually Bella's face was visible along with a few stray curls falling across her forehead.

"Holy cow! Look at all that hair man!" Hayden grinned, eyes shining suspiciously. "She's beautiful!"

"It's just crazy isn't it? Knowing you've made something so amazing. Like I did that. Me." Shane spoke proudly, free hand stroking down Isabella's back. "I don't think I'll ever wrap my head around how quickly things went today. Like this morning I woke up perfectly fine. Next thing we knew I was contracting every five minutes and the baby's head was basically forcing its way out! It's been 6 hours since we got here this afternoon and she's already here and I've even managed to get a wash and a few decent hours of sleep!"

"Did you?" Hayden asked playfully.

"Did I what?"

Ilya chuckled softly at his boyfriend's confused expression.

"Get some sleep? Because you're sounding a little delirious my guy."

"Of course I did. It's a miracle I did though to be honest. Not because of the newborn." Shane sighed in exasperation. "No, I had this creepy weirdo watching me the whole time."

"I'm just in awe of you." Ilya defended. "I cannot help looking at you with- what is it you say Hayden?"

"Heart eyes." Hayden informed with an amused huff.

"Yes that. You did a good job today sweetheart. I'm forever proud of you."

"It was nothing." The younger man blushed, hand reaching out once more so that he was able to stroke their baby's cheek. "She was worth all of it."

"Can you believe we have daughter now? We'd got so used to having only boys around us I'm not sure we're gonna cope so well." Ilya teased.

"With which part? The birds and the bees talk ? The period talk? Or how about the boyfriend or girlfriend talk?" Hayden laughed. "Trust me being a girl dad is a wild ride."

Shane's eyes widened comically at that. "Yeah no, I'm so not thinking about any of that right now."

"Yeah neither, let's just enjoy our tiny girl whilst she's so tiny." Ilya cooed, she may be a little heavy in weight, but baby Bella looked so dainty and fragile. She was like a perfect, little doll.

"How are the stitches feeling ?" Hayden wondered. "I remember Jackie really struggled with that part after Amber's birth."

Poor Shane had ended up with a third degree tear along with a small first degree just inside of his birth canal. It's safe to say when Dr Marco had to shove his whole fist up there to clot the bleeding , there was more than just hysterical screaming.

"Oh they hurt like fuck. I can't even begin to explain to you guys just how bad. I'm pretty sure there will be waterfalls of tears when I have to get up and go pee. Please get Jackie to send me over any tips she has for that by the way."

"I will don't worry. She told me to tell you congratulations too by the way. She's so excited to meet her. As are the kids."

"But no one is more excited than you right?"

Hayden practically radiated joy through the screen at those words. "Of course not! She's apart of my girl gang now."

"Nuh uh, no gangs Pike." Ilya warned. A playful gleam in his eye that signalled he understood Hayden's joke.

"Right of course not Rozanov. Not unless it's the Russian Mafia huh?"

"Go fuck yourself."

They ended the FaceTime after a few more minutes of petty banter. It warmed Shane's heart to see Ilya and Hayden finally interacting like this. He'd spent so long being afraid of losing

both of them or having to choose one or the other. It felt nice to finally sit back and just enjoy the friendship they'd all formed together.

"Do you need more painkillers?" Ilya asked, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Erm no, I'm good for now. I don't want to make myself feel nauseous." Shane stated, eyes laser focused on the way Bella's eyelashes fluttered in her sleep. Everything about her was fascinating.

"I feel so bad." The Russian stated in a sad tone.

"What for?"

"The stitches, your recovery will be harder now. Not as simple."

Shane frowned at that. "Ilya, babe. These things aren't exactly something that we can control. Did it suck? Sure, of course it did. But it happened and there's nothing we can do to change that now."

"Still, it was not nice to witness." Ilya insisted.

"I bet. I still feel sick thinking about what Dr Marco had to do..." Shane shuddered. "I'm just grateful he knew how to do that trick, I would have hated having to go down to the OR."

"Yeah that would've killed me." Ilya admitted. "Just the thought of not having you close to me after watching you go through such pain... that scares me."

"Hey..." Shane cooed softly , taking notice of the tears in the older man's eyes. "I'm okay, I swear to you I am. It'll suck for a while I know that, I'm not stupid. A little Autistic at times sure. But definitely not stupid. I'm about as good as I'm gonna get right now. I can't wait for my parents to get here so that they can cuddle and bond with her. I'm gonna make the most of my Rozanov mushy time."

"Won't be long, Yuna texted to say they were on way about twenty minutes ago."

"So my dad definitely knows she's here now?"

"He knows the baby has been born yes. He just doesn't know it was six hours ago and that it was traumatic as fuck. Izzybelly scared us. I think your mother wanted to spare him the horror story."

Shane chuckled warmly. "Nicknames already? A lil' soon for that don't you think? She hasn't even been officially named Izabella yet."

"Oh you knew it was coming Hollander." Ilya snickered in response. Both of them peeking up once they heard the soft knock on the door.

"Go on, go let them in."

The older man was up in seconds, careful of Shane and the precious cargo he passed into his care of course. The last thing he wanted to do was cause his poor boyfriend and child anymore damage.

"David, good to see you." Ilya greeted, smiling widely as his in laws entered the room. Yuna immediately rushing over to fuss over Shane.

"Hey." David breathed, stepping into the room as he warmly patted Ilya on the back.
"Congratulations you two."

"Thanks dad." Shane murmured, carefully not to disturb Bella. The baby lying peacefully in the crook of his arm. Proudly facing towards her grandfather.

"Oh Son." The older man beamed, taking one look at the baby and instantly rushing over.
"She's - just wow."

"Leaves you speechless doesn't she?" Yuna chuckled warmly.

"She sure does. How are you feeling?" David asked Shane, one hand running through his son's messy hair.

"M' okay. Better now that she's here. It was-" Shane trailed off , unsure on the words to use.

"She weighs 7 pounds , nine ounces. Got a perfect APGAR and passed all her reflex's." Ilya informed. "She's taking after your son David. An overachiever."

David seemed to ease at that. "Sure sounds that way huh? Such a tiny little one."

"Tiny and impatient! She was out within seven minutes of him pushing! Can you believe that?!" Yuna told him proudly. "He handled it so well."

"Mom." Shane groaned, blushing under the bright hospital lighting.

"Wait what?! Seven minutes?!" David spluttered. "That can't be normal right?"

Shane winced. "Yes, seven unbelievably painful minutes. I was actually only in active labor for officially two and a half hours."

"Jesus son ! Talk about pulling a fast one!" His father gaped. "That's insane."

"Yeah..."

"But she's here now!" Ilya interrupted. "And I know she wants cuddle off of her grandparents. Who is going first? ."

"Me!" Yuna declared, looking to her son for permission of course.

"Go ahead." Shane mumbled, leaning forwards to carefully hand his baby girl over. Eyes swimming with tears as he watched the woman who birthed him hold onto the life he had birthed himself. She had been the creator of them both.

"Oh sweet girl." Yuna breathed in awe. "You're even prettier up close. Shane, she's just- there aren't any words."

"She's indescribable." David murmured , leaning his head against his wife's shoulder.

"You guys ready to know her name?" Shane asked softly, hand gripping onto Ilya's to ground himself.

"Of course we are!" Yuna stated in excitement. "I've been waiting over four months to find out!"

"Well, Yuna .. David. We would like to introduce you to.." Ilya trailed off with a smirk.

"Izabella Yurina Hollander- Rozanov." Shane finished off proudly. Ilya pressing a firm kiss to his lips in confirmation.

David beamed at his wife. Knowing just how much having their first grandchild named after her would mean. "What do you think of that huh?"

"I-it's perfect- more than perfect." Yuna sobbed, eyes locking on both of her boys. Cuddled up together on Shane's hospital bed, looking exhausted yet happier than she'd ever seen them before. "I'm so honoured."

"We wanted her to always have a piece of the two women who helped create her." Ilya told her kindly. "Our beautiful mothers. We would not be here without you. It was the only name that made sense to us."

"Oh I love you." Yuna continued to cry. Moving closer, careful of Izabella of course. As she pressed a kiss to each of their foreheads. "She is one lucky baby girl."

"Nah, we're the lucky ones." Shane said, eyes glowing with happy tears as he watched his little girl coo and snuggle into the warm safety of her grandmother.

"Luckier than lucky." Ilya confirmed. Nodding to David to come closer. "We have a lot to be thankful for."

"That we do." The older man confirmed, hand clasping around Ilya's shoulder. "We're proud of you both. You've done good."

"Couldn't have done it without you, dad." Shane sighed, smiling softly.

The room was filled with warmth and comfort, the kind of comfort Shane knew would never disappear. This was it now, this was his life, his family.

It was everything he'd dreamed of. Ever since that very first day he clapped eyes on Ilya Rozanov. This was always his goal.

Well that and beating him to the Stanley cup of course...

Shane had always known that postpartum would be no walk in the park.

Labor and delivery was a lot for the human body to deal with, so it should come as no surprise to him that he was currently feeling the relentless after effects in all their glory. But Jesus Christ . Everything hurt! Not just your typical 'oh I'm so sore' after a long workout or the usual aches that came with being tired after a game. No , it was a deep rooted, none stop pain. One that was nothing like anything Shane had ever experienced before.

It hurt to even blink right now.

He'd never known an exhaustion like it.

"Shhh Bella, I know... I know you're a grumpy baby. But we have tried everything." Ilya cooed brokenly, it had been just over eight days since their daughter's birth. She had pretty much spent the last six of them screaming her little lungs out.

Colic was the possible cause the paediatrician had told them. But she was still too young to know for sure.

"Do you think it's too hot in here or something?" Shane croaked. Body frozen up in the bed as he watched his soulmate paced up and down the bedroom floor.

"Even if it is, after her first diaper change we stripped her down to vest." Ilya sighed. "She shouldn't feel too hot. I think she can sense the tense atmosphere."

Shane rolled his eyes. "Yeah well I'm not the one making it tense, that's on you."

"I cannot help that Hollander. I told you, I am mad at Doctor for not helping us. I'm mad at the situation, it's a lot and she will not sleep."

"I know, I'm sorry."

Ilya winced. "No don't, don't apologise. I'm sorry. I should be taking care of you. But I'm not. I am taking all of my frustrations out on you."

"You're not taking them out on me, If anything you're holding them in, that's why she's so restless. She can sense your inner turmoil. Ilya you need to relax. You're no good to me or her like this."

The Russian nodded numbly. Lips twitching as her uttered "Smart little girl."

Shane couldn't help but snicker, breath hitching as another cramp wracked his frame. He was feeling everything right now. From every emotion under the sun, to every little ache and pain known to man. All he wanted to do was curl up into a ball and cry, but he knew that would only make Ilya feel worse.

Of course Ilya noticed. He always noticed when something was wrong. "Baby , you can take some pain medication if you need. You don't have to act tough with me." Ilya assured, slowly sitting back down next to the younger man. There was a slight ringing in his ear. Izabella had quite a set of lungs. He'd be surprised if managed to come out of this newborn stage with his hearing in tact.

"I-just, I don't want to feel - I don't know.. out of it I guess? Taking the pills will only make me feel drowsy and spaced out. I don't want to have spent my daughter's first two weeks on earth constantly away with the fairies. " Shane admitted , hand stroking over their baby's soft head of hair. "The guilt would kill me."

"I'll do you a deal yes? If you take at least two Tylenol, nothing stronger than that. And sleep for another hour, I will stop worrying so much. You and baby girl can have all the cuddles you both want and need. And after that I will let you come downstairs to greet Hayden and Jackie."

"I don't think I'll be doing any form of greeting unless they come in here Ilya. Just the thought of moving out of this bed right now is making me nauseous."

"That bad huh?" Ilya sighed, completely losing his teasing attitude.

"Sucks." Shane murmured, lips trembling as he tried his best to hold back his sob. "Like- shit. It really hurts."

"Do you wanna try one of those frozen paternity pads your mother put in the freezer? They're supposed to help with all the ah- what's the English word? Erm - swelling! Swelling and other things down there."

Shane couldn't help the pathetic whimper that left his lips at the other man's suggestion. "Y-yeah. Please- fuck I really need something. I don't want to feel useless like this. I want to be

able to move.”

Ilya nodded, looking down at their girl who was slowly beginning to settle down. Huh? Maybe the admittance of his stress had soothed her.

His movements were gentle, and precise. Every move planned out as he carefully began laying her down in the bassinet. Izabella blinked sleepily, newborn orbs staring deep into his soul before she finally gave into slumber.

"Come on. Let's get you cleaned up." Ilya said. His voice was low, and gentle but firm. As if this was a simple part of their every day routine. His calm aura helping Shane to overcome his slight embarrassment that this will be the first time Ilya was seeing his body naked in almost a two weeks.

It took the postpartum father a few minutes to pull it together enough to stand. Silent tears rolling down his cheeks as Ilya reached out reassuringly. Strong arms helping him shift to the edge of the mattress. Comfort enfolding him as he finally stood, leaning into the older man's secure hold. "T-Thankyou."

"You are thanking me? After what you've done for me? You are the one thanking me?"

"Yeah, you make me feel secure Ilya, in a way no one else can. Of course I'm thanking you. I-"

Ilya swallowed harshly as the younger man looked him dead in the eye.

"I love you." Shane stated. "I love you so much it's actually insane. You're amazing."

"I love you too. I love our life." Ilya murmured, lips pressing against Shane's temple.

"I love her the most." Shane choked out. "She's the best of us Ilya."

Ilya looked over towards the sleeping human they had managed to create together. "Da, yes. She is. Loving her is easy. Everything else? Not so much."

The younger man scoffed wetly. "Yeah well, we never like to do things the easy way Rozanov."

"We certainly do not."

The two continued their pathway to the bathroom. The usually thirty second walk taking just over two minutes. Ilya immediately rushing off to the frozen Paternity pads from the freezer.

Once Shane managed to ease himself down onto the edge of the cushioned stool they'd placed there earlier in the week. Ilya set to work. Hands gentle and careful as he knelt in front of the younger man, gently taking off his sweat soaked T-shirt , then reaching for the waistband of his underwear.

The netted kind used to hold the maximum sized pads he'd be using for a few weeks. They were already soaked through , the blood heavy enough to coat Shane's inner thighs. The waist band tight around his softened stomach, stretched and covered in faint stretch marks, still slightly rounded from carrying their baby girl.

The fabric peeled away in a slow manner, sticking to places on Shane's skin where the blood had dried down tacky. Ilya couldn't help but cry softly at the sight of Shane's body, still raw and swollen. A line of stitches perfectly lined where the poor man had found himself torn during the stretch of childbirth.

God, Ilya had never felt so helplessly guilt ridden in all his life. A 'thankyou for giving me our child' would never be enough after seeing Shane's body this way. Still throbbing, still hurting, still exhausted, still dealing with the aftermath of everything he had gone through over the course of nine months . It'd be this way for weeks and there was absolutely nothing anyone could do to help him through it.

"I am going to wash you now okay? Make sure your stitches stay clean." Ilya spoke, voice cracking with raw emotion.

"Just be gentle yeah?" Shane begged. "It's really sore."

"I know, I've got you moya lyubov'." The other soothed, moving to grab the bowl of warm water and unscented soap. "I will be quick, no worry."

The water was tinged a slight reddish brown by the end of the clean up. Ilya making quick work of slipping the frozen pad inbetween layers of the normal. Carefully pulling Shane's briefs back up onto his hips once they were secure enough . The postpartum man crying in instant relief.

"I didn't think it would be this bad Ilya. I - shit I didn't expect to hurt this much now that she's out."

"I know, I am sorry sweetheart . I wish I could do more to help I really do." Ilya cooed.

"C-can you just hold me?" Shane sobbed softly. "I need-fuck I don't even know."

"Hey, hey, hey." The older man gasped, pulling Shane in close, lips pressing into the man's sweat damp hair. "You're okay, I'm here. I've got you, always got you yes? I've always got your back."

"I'm so tired."

"Let's get you some pain killers ah? Then you can nap a little longer. Let me take care of you, at least for a few days. You need it."

Shane nodded hesitantly , tears soaking into the T-shirt Ilya wore. "What about Hayden and Jackie, they're waiting next door to meet her right?"

"They can wait."

"N-no I want- I want Hayden and Jackie to meet her first. They've been so supportive throughout all of this." Shane panicked. "I-I don't wanna upset them."

"Then I will call them as soon as you wake up okay?" Ilya assured. "Shane, you're shaking like - like your body is out of control. It's scaring me."

"It's the adrenaline, I'll be okay."

"Good because Hollander? If anything happens to-"

"Nothing is going to happen to me."

The words were firm despite the rough, whispered hoarseness of his voice.

Ilya couldn't help hiccuping on a soft sob, pressing his lips to the younger man's forehead as he tried to calm down the raging storm of nerves threatening to take over. Seeing Shane this way, so defeated and broken had brought up memories of his mother. The thought of Shane going down such a dark path scared him more than anything. He couldn't allow that to happen.

Shane sighed shakily, pressing a firm kiss to Ilya's mouth before pulling back. "We should get back out there. Don't want her to wake up alone."

"Such a good dad." Ilya smiled softly. "Even in pain your worry lies with her."

"Of course it does. She's everything."

Shane slept for a good two hours after taking the painkillers, the younger man still tearful but a little less exhausted when his friends finally came around for their visit.

Hayden had basically held Izabella the entire time. In complete and utter awe with every tiny move she made. Until she needed feeding of course. Then it was time to hand her over to Shane.

"Is it supposed to hurt this much?" Shane winced. Directing the question towards Jackie.

"For the first couple of weeks it can yeah, at least that's what it was like for me. But after that your nipples will toughen up and it'll be a breeze!" Their friend assured him. "Mind if I massage you? It'll help a lot trust me." She asked, waiting for Shane to nod before placing a soothing hand to his peck and massaging. "If Ilya does this massage every time you feed her it should help you feel a little more at ease, reduces the likelihood of blocked ducts too."

"Oh erm right yeah I'm not expecting him to-"

Ilya interrupted. "I will do it if you want me to Shane. It is the least I can do. You birthed her, you feed her. I give massage, seems like fair deal."

"I-yeah okay." Shane nodded, allowing Jackie to demonstrate the action to his boyfriend . Breath hitching as her hand was soon replaced by Ilya's own. It had been way too long since Ilya's hand had been anywhere near his chest.

"Sorry, did I hurt you?" Ilya whispered leaning down to press a soft kiss to Bella's hair.

"No-no you're all good babe. Just a lot to get used to is all. "

"Oh I can't imagine."

"Right well, you three look pretty settled so we will leave you to it! Don't forget to allow her to cluster feed for a while. That's probably why she's up screaming most of the night. Takes a while for them to understand when they're full. She'll figure out her routine when she's ready, don't rush things. Baby's are wiser than we know." Jackie stated, pulling Hayden's arm.

Shane hummed, eyes soft as he looked down at his precious girl nursing away. "Yeah I think we figured that one out already." He chuckled, remembering her upset when Ilya was feeling tense. "But Thankyou Jackie, seriously, you've been a massive help. You too Hayden, I appreciate the ginger beers."

"Ah, that's what we're here for my guy! No need to thank me. You two just enjoy every moment with your precious baby okay?" Hayden smiled, nodding towards Izabella. "She's amazing."

"We plan on it." Ilya stated firmly. "I'll see you out."

Jackie quickly held out a hand as he began to move. "No need, you three get some rest. We will see ourselves out."

"See you." Shane called, voice cracking slightly from lack of use. The couple making their exit with barely a peep.

Ilya sighed tiredly, allowing his head to drop down onto Shane's shoulder. "I feel like I could sleep for a week."

"I bet, you haven't slept a wink Ilya."

"I know, I just- I don't think I can until I know you're okay. Really okay."

Shane swallowed. "I get that. But I am okay baby. Overwhelmed yes, but that's normal. Nothing I can't work through. Maybe you should go out for a couple of hours ? We've got the whole day for more cuddles and sleep. Maybe all you need is some time to yourself to tucker yourself out."

"Shane, I cannot leave you here alone with a newborn only days after giving birth." Ilya immediately protested. "No, going out and alone time can wait. You are too important."

"But you need to sleep Ilya , you're no good to me if you collapse from exhaustion."

"Well then I'll take a shower and nap here. I can ask Hayden to come over and keep an eye on you whilst I do it."

The postpartum father sighed in defeat. "Okay well, can you at least promise me that you'll take yourself to the rink for an hour tomorrow? You'll be back to work before we know it and you need to get back to practice."

"Yeah okay, I'll do that then. Just- I can't bring myself to leave you right now okay? Not after seeing you so sad. Is like my heart physically hurts just thinking of it." Ilya explained, face scrunched in defeat.

"That's because you're worried. You've haven't seen me this vulnerable since I was hurt last year. It's scary, considering how quickly things ended up changing after that. I don't blame you for worrying so much."

The older man choked up at that. "Fuck. I never want to see you like that ever again. I felt like I was feeling every emotion along with you. It's scary. I think is because - because I love you so much. I love you in a way I've never loved anyone before. And that? That scares me more than anything else in this world."

"I love you too. Now will you please go shower and take that nap?"

"Fine." Ilya sighed, reluctantly pulling himself away from the safety bubble of their bed. "I will be back."

"I'm counting on it."

One day at a time, Shane decided. That's how they were going to get through this.

One day at a time.

Izabella turned three months old the day the news broke that Shane Hollander would no longer be playing for the Montreal Metro's. To some it came as a huge shock, to others it came as nothing short of that what they'd been expecting.

To Shane it came as nothing but devastation and anger. Eight years of passion and pure dedication and that's how his team had decided to treat him? Ending his contract just for having a baby with the person he loved?! These were people he'd once thought of as family. Now they were nothing more than the people who had stabbed him in the back the second they had the chance.

Thank god for Hayden. He'd been the first to share his outrage. Almost risking his own place in the metro's in the process. Shane had never loved him more. That was his best friend. The only guy who'd ever really had his back.

The dust would settle eventually and other teams would be jumping at the chance to have him. Shane knew that. But for now he was allowing himself to be angry, to take some time.

Time to enjoy watching his beautiful baby girl grow and be loved by those around him.

"Where's Auntie Rose's special girl huh?! There she is! There she is!" Rose babbled, Izabella looking at her intensely from her spot lying back against Svetlana's chest. Blue eyes squinting as she tried to take in the red heads movement.

"Rose, stop moving your head around so much. She's gonna give herself a headache trying to follow you with her eyes." Shane snorted in amusement, hand resting against Ilya's thigh as he sat next to him.

"But she's so clever! Look at you big girl! Already locking in on your favourite people!" The woman gushed, pressing her lips to Bella's hand as the baby reached out with a gummy smile.

"Ah, she has that Rozanov grin." Svetlana teased, looking over towards her best friend. "How cute."

"You think?" Ilya asked with a brow raise. "I see Shane's dimples."

"Yes, but that cupid's bow is all you."

Shane nodded his agreement. "That's what I said the moment she was born. She's his little mini me."

Rose beamed , looking over at the couple. “Can you believe she’s three months old already?”

“No, it’s actually kinda scary.” Shane admitted. “I need her to slow down a little bit.”

“Well, they say time flies.” Svetlana warned. “You will blink and she’ll be off to high school.”

Ilya grunted. “No, absolutely not. No talking of this, I want to enjoy my baby whilst she’s a baby.”

Shane laughed. “Let’s not traumatise Papa bear. He gets all worked up just seeing her smile now.”

“But why?! It’s so cute!” Rose pouted.

“Because it means she is getting older, older means bigger. Bigger means she will not need me as much.” Ilya mumbled, lips forming a pout as he watched Izabella kick her little sock covered feet.

“Oh you poor baby.” Svetlana chuckled, standing up to pass Bella over to her papa.

“Ah, moya detka, ya skuchala po tebe! Ona derzhala tebya v zalozhnikakh!” Ilya gasped, speaking to their daughter in his native language.

Svetlana rolled her eyes fondly. “tak dramatichno.’

“All I’m getting is dramatic? What about you?” Rose quipped, raising an eyebrow towards Shane.

“Uh, Ilya is saying something about the baby being held hostage and Lana is stating that he is dramatic... am I right?” Shane asked his boyfriend, cheeks blushing slightly at the wide grin appearing on Svetlana’s features.

“Yes, you’re right. I am very proud.” Ilya praised, pressing a kiss to Shane’s forehead. “You are a fast learner.”

“You’d know.” Rose winked.

“Rose!” Shane groaned, hiding his face in the palms of his hands. He regretted ever telling her that Ilya was his first time.

Izabella chose that moment to interrupt. Little face scrunching up as she began to grunt in protest to Ilya’s soothing.

“Ah, I think somebody is hungry?” The Russian man stated, smiling softly at their girl. “Should we let daddy feed you?”

“Yes, yes you should.” Shane sighed, pushing himself up off of the couch. “Do you mind bringing her up?”

Even after all of these months exclusively chest feeding, Shane couldn’t find it in himself to do it so openly in front of their family and friends. The only people to have seen him feed Bella were Hayden and Jackie. And if he’s being completely honest, that’s only because he’d been too sleep deprived to care in that moment. It hadn’t ever happened again.

“Sure, I bring her now.” Ilya agreed, allowing both Rose and Svetlana to say both of their goodbyes to the baby before following after Shane.

Once Shane was settled comfortably on the bed , Ilya was quick to bend down and gently release his grasp securing their daughter to his chest . "Hello IzzyBelly , you ready to eat? Daddy's waiting for you beautiful girl." He cooed. Bella grunted, soft whines escaping her form as she stretched her little legs out. "Come on then sweetie, let's get you and daddy comfortable yeah?"

Shane smiled softly at the pair, the way their girl curled up perfectly against Ilya's firm chest melted his heart. Even now at three months old she still looked so tiny. It was like she'd always belonged there and it had his heart fluttering with so much love and affection.

"Come here my sweet girl, ohhh you're so cuddly , you love your snuggles huh!?" He breathed, happily accepting the tiny girl into his hold as she beamed a gummy smile in his direction . "You're just like your Papa."

"I still cannot believe she's real." Ilya murmured, hand running over her head of curls. "She's ours Hollander, our baby."

"Yeah she is..." Shane spoke wistfully, helping the little girl latch onto his chest, chuckling at the little snorts she let out. "Alright greedy chops! Slow down a little bit , it's not going anywhere."

"Right well if you're okay, I'll leave you both to it." Ilya stated, kissing Shane's forehead , before leaning down to do the same to Izabella. "I love you a lot , but I am also very hungry."

Shane snorted in amusement. "We love you too, go eat and babe? make sure you save me a sandwich for later yeah?"

"You've got it! BLT?"

"Sounds perfect."

The soft click of the door was all that Shane heard over the sound of Izabella suckling away contently. The distant chatter coming from the living room soaking into the background as he focused in on his daughter.

The journey he'd had with her had a been a long one. Full of turmoil and repressed emotion, but also full of joy and an unbeatable amount of love.

Who would have thought throwing caution to the wind and sleeping with the love of your life unprotected for the first time would lead to this huh?

Not only was he fully accepting of who he was now, but he was also able to enter into what is the most amazing, incredible, healthy , committed relationship with a man who made him feel like he was worth the world and more.

And last but not least, he had his beautiful baby girl now, she completed him in ways nobody or anything else could.

Not even Hockey.

"You're my everything Izabella Yurina. Absolutely everything baby girl, I cannot thank you enough for choosing me to be your daddy." Shane cooed. "You've saved me in ways I didn't even realise I needed saving. I cannot wait to spend the rest of my life watching you grow and learn to love in whatever way you please..."

Izabella blinked sleepily, little mouth slowing down as she started to fall asleep once more.

Shane smiled, spare hand moving the trace of a finger down her tiny nose. "We've got this, you, me and Papa. Our little family. We can get through anything."

It wouldn't be easy, nothing ever was. But they would survive. As long as they had their girl to remind them of all the good to come from this situation, nothing else would ever matter.

Izabella Yurina Hollander-Rozanov, she was his purpose. His perfect, little cottage creation.

Chapter 2: Part 2

Chapter Summary

Just a load of family fluff! I just adore writing girl dad's Hollanov! It's too bloody cute!

Chapter Notes

It's not that long, but I thought I'd give you all an extra chapter to this! Enjoy :))

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

Shane always knew deep down that having a baby wouldn't be the end of his career. Of course he had allowed the fear to niggle its way at the front of his mind for a while. But he always knew that was all it was, a fear. Something that would never actually come to fruition.

Signing with The Centaurs had felt amazing. It was incredible just knowing that he and Ilya would be finally playing alongside one another after all these years of pretending.

They had a family now, their own tiny human being and an amazing dog named Anya , Ilya recently added to the mix. Everything was different now. It was better. Beyond better.

The saying time flies when you're having fun had never been more true! By the time Izabella's four month mark hit, Shane was already slowly working his way up to going back to practice. That meant they both wanted to spend as much time as they could with their girl. It wouldn't be long before she was off to daycare and Grandma and Grandpa's house whilst they headed out to practice or away games. The thought of leaving her was scary, but in order to live their lives it was a must.

"I can't believe how quickly she's growing up." Shane spoke sadly , watching as Bella reached out for the toys dangling in her coat.

"I know, I is in awe of everything she does." Ilya chuckled. "Especially now. she is getting- ah what is it you say? H-her own personality?."

Shane nodded, hand squeezing Ilya's shoulder.

"Her smile is just the best isn't it?"

"It is the bestest. Isn't it baby girl? Come on, give papa a smile? Where's my girl ah? I love you, I love you so much!" The Russian babbled, his silly baby voice doing the trick as Izabella broke out into a toothless grin, little hands reaching out.

"Have I told you how great of a dad you are?" Shane breathed, watching the pair fondly.

"You've mentioned it once or twice." Ilya smirked in response, hand stroking back their daughter's dark curls.

"Well you are."

"Spasibo." The older man blushed. "I can't believe we both will be back to work next month and she'll be without us. She seems too little to be leaving the both of us for so long."

"I know, but I'm only joining in on home games for the first year to begin with. Plus practice is only of an afternoon for that too. So we can both spend our mornings with her and spoil her with as much love as possible." Shane reassured, pecking his lips gently.

"They really do grow up far too quickly."

"She's only four months old baby, I hate to think how emotional you'll be when she turns half a year."

Ilya gasped at that. "No, no, no! We will not be speaking about that, no way! My baby girl will always be my baby, yes?" He stated, looking towards their daughter.

Bella watched him with a small frown, the look sending Shane into a fit of laughter. "I don't think she agrees with you there Ilya."

"You betrayed me IzzyBelly! I was thinking we were a forever team!"

"A forever team? Where did you come up with that one?"

"Your dad! He notice that Bella is a Papa's girl for sure and so we come up with the term forever team!" Ilya defended as the younger man continued to laugh. "Is cute no?!"

"I'm just kidding, it is cute.. a little cringe but cute." Shane giggled, cooing as Izabella reached a hand out towards him. "You want cuddles off of daddy?!"

"We really need to stop picking her up all the time moya lyubov , she's going to get too attached."

"But it's so hard! Look at her Ilya! She's just so beautiful and amazing! I just want to hold her and love her forever." The younger man pouted.

"I get that, but we need to make lives easier. Can you imagine if she starts to cry leaving us?! We'd never survive that." Ilya stated.

"You make a valid point." Shane sighed in defeat "I'll try, but for now, I need hugs with my baby okay?"

"Be my guest."

Ilya laughed softly as Shane immediately scooped the small girl up, the younger mans smile widening as Izabella cooed and lay her head in the crook of his neck. It was something she'd started doing recently.

"Please stop growing up IzzyBelly ." Shane mumbled, pressing his lips to her curls. "I need you to stay this little for a while longer."

"She's always going to be our baby, even when she does not like it." Ilya told him.

"I know. I just wish time would slow down just a little bit. I feel like I blink and another month has passed, she's another month older."

"That is what I say ! They really do grow up fast."

The younger man sighed. "We're so dramatic, you realise that right? She's four months old for gods sake and we're acting like she's going off to college." Shane sniffled.

"We're proud parents , there's nothing wrong with that! I'm proud to be dramatic, it shows we love her." Ilya smirked, wiping at Shane's eyes. "You cry more now."

"Hey, having a baby does that to people." Shane muttered in defence.

"Ah yes, whatever." Ilya teased.

"I can not wait to embarrass the hell out of her when she grows up." The younger spoke, changing the subject. "Having a neurodivergent as one dad and a European as the other, poor girls in for a wild ride."

"Where did you learn to joke Hollander?"

"From the best of course."

Before either of them knew it , yet another month had passed and they were suddenly being faced with the reality of Shane returning to work in only a few weeks time.

"So , not long until Shane is officially back on the ice huh?" Rose asked as she took a bite of her sandwich. She'd joined Ilya and Izabella for lunch whilst Shane was at the gym.

"Not long no, as soon as Bella is six months old he's officially back. I'm very nervous about it." Ilya admitted.

"Because you don't want her to be alone?"

"Probably that yes. But also because I worry Shane's working too hard. He had baby not too long ago. He shouldn't push so much."

"Oh trust me, every parent you talk to will have been there. It's hard to leave a baby at first especially when they cry. But I'm sure they have the best time once they're settled in! She absolutely loves going to see Yuna and David. She'll be fine!" Rose assured him. "As far as Shane goes. You just gotta believe in him. He knows his limits. The recovery was hard on him so I understand your worry. But he will be fine Ilya, just take it a day at a time yeah? Don't overthink it."

"Yes. I know. You are right Rose Landry. I just can't believe she's five months old already, she needs to stop growing up." He sighed, clicking on a video he caught of her smiling at Shane. "I love the way she looks at him."

Rose looked at the video. Eyes shifting between the screen and the small girl sleeping in the crook of her arm. "She's just so precious. Hard to believe she came from you and Shane."

"Hollander is incredible and you know it." Ilya teased sliding his phone back into his pocket. "I never did Thankyou for calling out his gay."

"Oh you're so welcome." Rose chuckled. "I should have guessed you were the secret guy as soon as I watched the All star game. That chemistry was something else."

"Ah yes. That is what David says too." Ilya grinned. "Svetlana knew from beginning. She's way too smart at times. I cannot hide a lot from her."

"That she is, you and Shane are lucky to have me and her. The bestest friends you could ask for." The redhead stated.

"Don't we know it."

Rose left not longer after. She was currently filming the final instalment of the X squad franchise. That meant short lunches and fly by visits to Canada with her favourite people were all she had time for these days. Ilya and Izabella made the most of the walk home. Taking in all of the scenery and narrowly avoiding the paps.

They were pretty tuckered out by the time they arrived back home.

So when Shane returned home around an hour later to find Ilya and Bella both fast asleep on the couch, it didn't come as a shock. Bella resting peacefully against her Papa's chest , hand clutching onto her blanket tightly as she sucked on her pacifier.

"Ilya?" He whispered gently, stroking his boyfriend's hair back.

"Hmm? Hello, sorry I must have fallen asleep after her last bottle." Ilya hummed, yawning as he looked down towards the sleeping girl on his chest.

"It's okay, I've just got back. You two look cosy, I'm a little bit jealous that I missed out." Shane murmured. "I love snuggle time."

"We missed you, we had lunch with Rose before she left around twelve pm , not really sure what time it is now. I hope we didn't nap for too long."

"It's just after two thirty, I ended up bumping into some of the guys whilst I was at the gym. They wanted to know all about our plans. I wish I was more social. I kinda made things awkward, but Troy was there. He managed to soften it for me a little. Why don't we get this little one settled and then me and you can have some much needed alone time?"

Ilya smiled, looking down at Izabella as he nodded his head. "I am glad she still sleeps on me like this you know, they say she will grow out of it."

"I think she'll always love her cuddles, she takes after you in that way." Shane spoke softly. "Plus the fact that you're her favourite person."

"I really hope so. Can you help me up? I really don't want to disturb her and cause a tantrum right now, like at all." The Russian man cringed.

"Yeah me either, best put our training to use huh?"

"Training?"

"You know, figuring out how to transfer a sleeping baby from place to place."

"Ah, Right okay... yes we definitely need some alone time." Ilya giggled, holding back his laughter as Shane glared playfully.

It was an hour later when they finally found themselves cuddling into one another. Just the sensation of being so close to one another was enough to have Shane in near tears of joy. It had been too long since they'd touched each other and he just knew this was their moment.

"Hey Ilya?"

"Hmm?"

"I wanna have sex."

Ilya paused his movements, turning towards the other man carefully. "You're sure?"

"I am, I know I'm not going to be back to my usual shape anytime soon and I'm okay with that now. Who cares if my hips are a little wider now and I have a thin layer of fat left over? I'm all good." Shane said reassuringly. "I want this Ilya, I miss you. I miss us being together in that way."

"I love you, you know that right?" The older man spoke tenderly. "Even if you never get your abs back I will always love you, it does not matter to me."

"I know that baby... And I love you too, so fucking much. I can not Thankyou enough for what you've given me over this past decade. Can you believe it's been ten years since we met? It's kinda insane."

"I don't feel like I've given you anything."

"That little girl is the best gift you've ever given me Rozanov." Shane stated sternly. "You have given me something worth more than my life. Never forget that."

Ilya sniffled. "Fuck Hollander. I spend so much time worrying that you're going to leave that I forget to just enjoy and see the love you have for our family. You will not leave us, I'm starting to understand this better now."

"Good, because you're stuck with me."

"There's nobody else for me, Hollander. Nobody else."

Shane locked eyes with him. "Okay, no will you shut up and fuck me?"

"Shit Hollander." Ilya practically growled, lips working their way over the other man's pulse point. "I missed you talking like this."

Even now , ten years later Ilya always managed to clear Shane's mind with a simple press of his lips and flick of his tongue.

"S-shit Ilya, slow down okay, there's no rush." Shane panted , the other man kissing up his toned stomach, slowly, teasing.

"Oh I know this, I just want to make the most of the foreplay." Ilya smirked, taking his nipple into his mouth slyly.

"F-fuck, what if I leak?" Shane panicked, his milk was always ready and waiting. Pumping had helped with the leaks during practice. But leaks during sex? There's no way he's whipping out a chest pump for that.

"Screw it, it'll be hot." The Russian stated, casual as ever.

Lucky enough for Shane's sanity he doesn't leak. However, the pleasure was double what it used to be. It was as though every touch lit his body on fire. Ilya knew exactly what he was doing as he sucked love bites into the meat of his thighs, lovingly kissing over them as made his way to Shane's biggest insecurity. That's when the panic hit.

He was nowhere near prepared for it.

“W-wait Ilya.”

Ilya froze. “Did I hurt you? Is something wrong?”

“No, no you didn’t hurt me.”

"Oh well, what's the problem then?"

"N-nothing I just haven't been the same down there since I gave birth to the baby and I'm a little worried is all."

"Shane this is me! I am the one who watched said baby come out of you, do not worry about it."

"That's exactly the point Ilya! It's not the same down there! I have a scar and it's not exactly attractive." Shane huffed, turning away from him. “You haven’t seen it yet.”

"So? You really think I care? Have you seen the shit people around the rink walk around with every day? It's not exactly the prettiest is it?" Ilya said softly.

"Y-you really won't care?"

"No I promise you. I love everything about you Shane Hollander. Including the parts you don't love about yourself."

Shane swallowed back his tears. "Just go slow? Please?" He asked of him, panting as Ilya took a hold of his hardened member.

"Of course." Ilya assured, pressing his lips firmly to the older mans as he traced the small scar that now lay on the edge of his opening. "So perfect, moya lyubov."

"N-no it's not."

"It is, Shane, you birthed our daughter and I've never been more proud of you."

"Ilya wait- shit. Ilya I don't know if I can do this." Shane spoke, suddenly very aware of the fact that he was crying.

"Woah, Shane is okay." The other man panicked. Pulling away so that he could cradle Shane's face between his hands. "Breathe. We do not have to do this tonight. Is okay."

"N-no I want to. Fuck I really want to Ilya I just-" Shane struggled to find the words.

"Would it help if I do not look there?"

"I mean yeah, but you kind of have to. It's not going to work if you can't look where you're aiming."

Ilya rolled his eyes fondly. "No, I mean if I do not go close. I- erm. How do I explain? If I keep my mouth up top yes? That way my face is by you, I only need to steal little looks when needed?"

God Shane loved this man. "T-that could work yeah. I think I'd like that."

"Good, I want you to feel good sweetheart."

Ilya was patient and precise. Taking his time to slowly work Shane open. Mouth teasing the other man's jaw as he felt the tension begin to lessen. The intense need to be close taking

over.

"M-more." He begged, back arching as Ilya listened , slowly adding in another finger and scissoring them out. The way the older man teased against his prostate was something he'd never experienced before. It made his head spin and his throat close up in pleasure.

Was sex always this good after childbirth?

"Fuck!" He eventually cried out, tired of being quiet. His arms wrapping their way around Ilya once more. Lips kissing him hard on the mouth as they both struggled to breathe.

The amount of pleasure and want pumping through their veins was intense.

Shane had always knew that sex with Ilya was something else (Despite his lack of experience with other guys) But this, this was on a whole other level to what he had ever experienced with the other man before. Ilya lifted one of his legs to wrap it around his waist giving him access to his most private area once more. The Russian instantly going back and forth between fingering and scissoring his boyfriend open.

He knew when Shane was ready, he didn't need to ask to be sure. The way the love of his life was whimpering and reaching out to touch himself was enough to know. Ilya slowly reached into their bedside table, fishing out the condoms that he knew Hayden and Jackie had slipped in there as a joke warning about not having kids close together. Before carefully rolling it down his aching member, pushing in all at once as Shane cried out.

The burn and stretch of feeling Ilya enter him was insane. Unlike anything Shane had ever felt before. It's as though all of his nerve endings were raw and out in the open. It was intense yet amazing. Leaving him a withering mess as the other man pounded into him over and over, biting marks against his collar bone and neck. He wouldn't be able to hide those away and part of him knew Ilya would be unbelievably proud of it.

It didn't take long for both men to reach their climax. Both coming with a shout of the others name. Panting harshly as they struggled to come down from their high. The adrenaline slowly leaving their bodies , causing exhaustion to set in. Ilya knew he had to pull out, Izabella could wake up at any moment. But as he went to move Shane immediately pulled him back.

"H-hold on." He panted , looking into his eyes. "Just one minute okay? I'm making the most of it."

"Okay, one more minute." Ilya breathed, hand stroking back the sweaty strands of hair matted to Shane's forehead. "You feel okay?"

"I feel amazing." Shane grinned blissfully. "Thankyou for caring so much."

"Of course. Shane I would never want to make you feel uncomfortable. Especially not during sex. The sex would be no good. We don't have bad sex. Ever."

Shane snorted in amusement. "I love you."

"I love you too. More than you know." Ilya stated, a look in his eye that Hayden loved to describe as pure 'heart eyes'.

“But not as much as Bella right?” The other man hummed, a soft smile tugging at his lips.

“No, I could never love anybody more than I love our daughter.”

“My man.”

Everyone warns how quickly time goes by once you're a parent. How your baby grows up way too quickly. They say you blink and suddenly they're walking and talking like they own the place. Shane was now starting to release just how true that was.

At ten months old, Izabella Yurina was a child to be reckoned with.

The olive skinned, blue eyed , curly haired wrecking ball was the most hilarious, beautiful, ball of sunshine. She made everyone around her smile and laugh in ways Shane never knew they were capable of. Her favourite words were 'Pa' (Papa) and 'De' (Daddy). Much like her favourite people, her Papa and her Daddy. The only men she would ever need. Ilya swore on that.

None of them could figure out what her favourite foods were just yet. But that might be down to the fact that Yuna insists on making all of her meals. And everything that the woman

makes is too damn good to choose from. David seemed to think she had taken a particular interest in the blended chicken and vegetable casserole.

Shane wasn't too convinced, that was his dad's favourite after all. He was probably only saying it so that his mom would make it more often.

It was safe to say Izabella had his mom wrapped around her little finger.

Today they were all gathering at his parent's house to celebrate his dad's retirement. It was a long and difficult decision for the older man to make. After all, his job is what kept him grounded. Having a famous athlete as a son wasn't exactly easy. But in the end he came to the conclusion that spending extra time with his wife and their family mattered more to him than his job. Life was too short to waste anymore precious time. They had the money to survive. He wanted to live.

"Is that my favourite girl?!" Yuna beamed, rushing over to greet the little family as they entered the house.

"Ah!" Bella babbled, arms reaching up out of her stroller as the older woman bent down to her level.

"Look at you huh?!" She gushed, not even bothering to wait for Shane or Ilya's permission before scooping her up into his arms. "You look so beautiful!"

“Pa!” She giggled, pointing over her shoulder towards Ilya.

“I see you IzzyBelly!” Ilya laughed softly, squeezing her tiny hand gently. “You say hi to your O bāchan.”

Shane gapped. “Did you really learn how to say Grandmother in Japanese?”

“Course I did. It’s basic respect no?” Ilya frowned in confusion. “She should know both her heritages. Russian and Japanese.”

“You’re such a kiss ass Rozanov.” Shane smirked. “But I love you for it. That was really nice of you.”

“I am not a kiss ass! I simply learn to show our daughter new languages!”

“I know that and I think it’s sweet!”

Yuna watched on in amusement before looking down at Izabella who beamed the second her eyes met her own. “Your parents are idiots.”

“De!”

“Yeah, Daddy and Papa. They’re silly aren’t they.”

“Erm mom, you do realise we can hear you right?” Shane huffed in offence.

“I do, that’s why I said it.” Yuna smirked. “Now if you don’t mind, me and my favourite girl have some catching up to do! Isn’t that right Bella?!”

“Yah!” Izabella squealed, little legs kicking in excitement.

“Off we go!” Yuna cheered, lifting the small girl up over her head slightly as she laughed in pure joy.

The sight causing Ilya to tear up.

“She really loves her.” He spoke, his sight becoming misty. “And Yuna loves her, no doubt about it.”

Shane smiled softly. “Yeah, she’s her little blue eye that’s for sure. I love seeing them together. I cry sometimes thinking about the bond they have because I just can’t believe it y’know?”

Ilya pulled him in close. “I know baby. It only hurts sometimes as it makes me wish my mother was here too.”

“I know, I wish she were here too.” Shane sighed sadly, pulling Ilya against his side. “But you know what? In a way she is. She lives on in every single piece of that little girl we made together. Her blood runs through her veins too. Biology is kinda crazy.”

“Da, yes it is.” Ilya agreed, humming in content. “We should go find your dad. It is him we are here celebrating.”

“Right.” The other man chuckled softly. “I’m gonna guess he’s already trying to wrestle our daughter out of my mother’s hold.”

“Most likely, yes.”

As they walked outside into the garden they were greeted by a more than expected sight. David laughing gleefully alongside Izabella as Yuna playfully ran away from him. The baby finding the whole thing absolutely hilarious. Full body giggles escaping her tiny frame as her black curls fell from the small ponytail on top of her head.

“Hey! No fighting over baby.” Ilya called out teasingly. “She is here long enough to share.”

“A few hours is no where near long enough, Ilya. We’ve been through this!” David beamed, rushing over to pull both of his sons in for a hug. “Thankyou for coming.”

“You don’t have to thank us dad. Of course we’d be here.” Shane smiled softly, patting the older man’s back. “We love you, we’re proud of you.”

“Woah.” David paused. “Definitely never getting used to you being so open with emotion kid. I love you too.”

“Heyyy, don’t embarrass me.”

Ilya smirked, pulling Shane close. “He’s just teasing you. He’s being a dad.”

“Yeah well I’m a dad too. I don’t go around embarrassing Bella.” Shane pouted.

“She’s ten months old. There is nothing that will embarrass her.” Ilya stated.

“You don’t know that! She can’t tell you how she’s feeling.”

Izabella’s laugh broke through the conversation.

“I think that giggle says it all.” David grinned, rushing over to join his wife and granddaughter once more.

“They’re going to try and swoop in and steal our title you know?” Shane informed, watching the scene unfold.

“Huh?”

“Our title as Izabella’s favourites. They’re going to try and steal it.”

Ilya froze. “Uh uh, that is not happening. No. Papa is her favourite. Daddy comes second.”

“I am never second!”

“Who won the Stanley cup first me or you?”

“Oh fuck you Rozanov.”

“Later.”

Chapter End Notes

Thankyou for all the love! It’s so appreciated 🧡

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