

my love mine all mine

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78307761) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78307761>.

Rating: [Teen And Up Audiences](#)
Archive Warning: [No Archive Warnings Apply](#)
Category: [M/M](#)
Fandoms: [Heated Rivalry \(TV\)](#), [Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid](#)
Relationship: [Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov](#)
Characters: [Shane Hollander](#), [Ilya Rozanov](#), [Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov](#)
Additional Tags: [Married Life](#), [Slice of Life](#), [Domestic Fluff](#), [Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander](#), [Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov](#), [Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov](#), [Retired Hockey Player Shane Hollander](#), [Retired Hockey Player Ilya Rozanov](#), [Parenthood](#), [Kid Fic](#), [Parent Shane Hollander](#), [Parent Ilya Rozanov](#), [Soft Ilya Rozanov](#), [Domestic](#), [POV Ilya Rozanov](#), [Post-Book 6: The Long Game \(Game Changers\)](#), [Angry Shane Hollander](#), [but moreso just annoyed hehe](#), [dw ilya knows his husband](#), [he knows how to fix it](#), [Girl Dads](#), [Fluff](#), [Not Beta Read](#), [i was today_years old when i found out what a beta reader is lol](#), [One Shot Collection](#), [shane hollanders sad puppy eyes you are very near and dear to me](#), [Implied Sexual Content](#), [Parents Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov](#), [Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov's Curls](#), [HOW is that not already a saved tag](#)
Language: English
Series: Part 3 of [Our House](#)
Stats: Published: 2026-01-25 Words: 4,097 Chapters: 1/1

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by [hollanov_1410](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov would do anything to stop his kids from crying. Apparently, that includes cutting off his own hair.

Or,

Shane and Ilya's toddler gets slime stuck in her hair. The attempted rescue goes badly, and Ilya tries to make her feel less alone by matching her botched haircut. Shane is not thrilled.

Notes

Hi!!

This is part of an ongoing series called [Our House](#), which follows the life of Shane and Ilya as dads to three kids: Niko (12), Max (9), and Mila (3). Takes place about 14 years after TLG.

I've written two other fics in this Parenthood Hollanov universe so far, you can read them [here](#) and [here](#)! I wasn't sure if I was going to be writing more about this universe when I wrote the first one, so just note you can read them in any order :) They're all meant to be read as standalones.

I'm thinking of updating new one-shots here, where each chapter focuses on a different little moment in the fam. :) But haven't totally decided if I'm going to do that or keep them posted as new fics each time.

Hope you enjoy!!

Update: decided to make the one shot series separate fics instead of new chapters to this one!

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

Slime wasn't outright banned in the Hollander-Rozanov household. Not officially at least. It existed in the same category as glitter—*technically* allowed, but widely understood to be a terrible idea. Messy. Impossible to fully clean up. The kind of thing that wedged itself into grout lines and baseboards and stayed there long enough to see your children graduate.

And yet.

Mila had been crouched in the store aisle with Ilya on a Wednesday afternoon, right beside the wall of neon-colored slime tubs, when she looked up at Ilya with those wide blue eyes. She had inherited Shane's uncanny ability to make them go soft and doe-like in a way that felt personally targeted.

"Papa," she'd piped up sweetly. "I have? Please?"

What was he supposed to do? Say no?

Obviously not.

Which was how they had ended up here: side-by-side at the kitchen counter, sleeves rolled, Mila perched on a stool with her legs swinging wildly as if aerodynamics might somehow assist the process.

Her hair was already escaping the ponytail Shane had put in that morning, dark waves sticking to the leftover applesauce on her cheek from lunch. She was humming under her breath, focused with a level of concentration usually reserved for scheming.

"Okay," Ilya said, adding the activator one slow drip at a time, like he was handling a volatile chemical and not a children's toy marketed to ages three and up. "We mix gently."

Mila nodded with deep, almost comical seriousness. "Gently," she echoed.

Then she plunged both hands directly into the bowl.

Ilya sighed, smiling, watching glue splatter onto the counter. "Yes. This is exactly what I meant."

The slime came together quickly. Which was fortunate, because Mila's attention span was measured in seconds. She squeezed it once, laughed, squeezed it again, delighted by the way it oozed between her fingers.

Ilya watched her, and despite everything he knew about this substance's ability to ruin an entire household, he felt that small, traitorous warmth open up in his chest.

He loved this. He loved being home with her on these slow days, getting to see the world filtered through her tiny perspective. He missed when the boys were this age too—before school swallowed most of their hours, when the whole day could be shaped around whatever they wanted. Trips to the aquarium. Entire afternoons at playgrounds. Long stroller walks that took forever because they had to stop and inspect every rock on the sidewalk.

And now it was Mila, elbows-deep in slime, having the time of her life.

"Papa," she said suddenly, giving the slime a decisive little smack with her palm. "Look."

"I am looking," he said, amused. "It is very slimy."

She giggled and stretched it wider. Wider. Wider.

She suddenly lifted it off the tray and held it up toward Ilya's face. She did that with everything to Shane and Ilya. Food, toys, her toothbrush. Anything she could get her hands on, really. Like she was waiting for their reaction, eager to share the moment.

But before Ilya could even move her hands so the slime was over the tray, the slime slipped from her fingers and fell directly onto her head.

It landed with a wet, definitive *splat*.

All Ilya could do for a beat was watch. Watch in horror as the neon green blob made contact with her dark locks and immediately began spreading like something sentient and malicious. Sinking. Oozing.

Mila was unmoving, hands still raised above her head.

Ilya froze, his brain short-circuiting. Every thought in his head condensed into one word: *fuck*.

"Papa?" she whispered, her voice already wobbling dangerously.

"Yes," Ilya said, forcing his voice to stay calm. He very carefully placed his hands on her small shoulders. Steady. Grounding. "Okay. Do not move. Your hair is...sticky."

She reached up instinctively, like that would somehow help.

"No—*no*," Ilya said, grabbing her wrist lightly before her fingers could make contact. "Do not touch the slime."

Her bottom lip trembled. Her eyes went glassy. "Sorry."

"I know," he said immediately, cupping her chin and kissing that wobbly lip before it could turn into a full meltdown. "It is my fault. I allowed slime. I am fool."

He put his hands under her armpits and lifted her off the stool, slime trailing along her hair like a comet tail. He carried her down the hall to the bathroom, the way one carries unexploded ordnance.

He set her gently on the counter, steadying her with one hand on her knee as she stared up at him and blinked hard, fighting tears. "You are okay," he murmured, wiping away a tear that hadn't fallen yet with his thumb. "Papa will fix. I have many skills. Slayer of slime is likely one of them."

She just sniffled, looking at him with those big, sad eyes with tears threatening to pool over. The ones that Ilya never had any power over. He instantly cupped her freckled cheeks and nuzzled her nose. "Don't cry, *milochka*. Papa will fix."

He looked around the bathroom and grabbed one of her favorite bath toys from the bucket—the little crab one that swam around in the water when you twisted the switch—and handed it to her. "Do you want one of your friend while Papa works?" he asked in his singsongy voice, trying desperately to make sure his daughter didn't start crying.

Mila looked at it, wiping her nose clumsily with the back of her hand, and nodded. Ilya put it in her hands and kissed her forehead. "Good girl."

He gently laid her back on the bathroom counter so that her hair hung into the sink. She squirmed at that, whining a bit, but Ilya shushed her softly and kept one hand steady on her chest.

He turned on the warm water and began wetting the slime-covered hair. Which was probably mistake number one. Or technically number two, considering the first mistake was buying the slime in the first place.

This was the day that slime and hot water do not mix, apparently. Because as soon as he put the water on, it immediately began to thin out and spread further.

"Okay, no water." He turned off the tap instantly. "We are done with water. Water is enemy. Evil water."

He was rambling. And he was now realizing that by saying that, Mila would probably latch on and be deeply opposed to baths this week. Knowing his luck and knowing his stubborn daughter.

Before he made any more mistakes, he quickly pulled out his phone, keeping his other hand steadied on her hip as she sat on the counter. He frantically Googled *slime in hair removal fast*.

When he saw mayonnaise as the first suggestion, his face paled. Absolutely not. He was not putting mayonnaise in his daughter's hair. Shane would also probably divorce him. The smell would probably never come out.

But he saw that conditioner worked too.

He reached for the giant bottle they always bought in bulk since both Ilya and Max had curls that got unmanageable if not properly maintained. Ilya pumped probably way more than he needed and gave Mila a big smile. "Okay, Mila. Papa's going to put this in your hair now."

He started lathering it through. The whole bathroom smelled like citrus. Which, granted, was much better than mayonnaise. Ilya put a dab of the conditioner on top of the crab toy too, so that they were matching, which did make her giggle. That was the good thing about Mila being easily distracted. She could be near tears one minute, and kicking her feet against the counter in glee the next. Ilya still felt like a superhero when he was able to do it.

He let the conditioner sit for a few minutes, as Dr. Google had advised. Then he got the comb and started to work carefully through the knots, trying to loosen the slime without hurting her. Mila would when a chunk resisted, and Ilya stopped immediately and kissed the top of her head, murmuring soft nonsense in Russian, rubbing her little tummy with his free hand and distracting her again with her crab.

But after what felt like an eternity, and managing to get some of it in sticky strands, he realized he realized this wasn't working nearly as well as the parenting forum had promised. And Mila was starting to cry out in pain the closer he got to her scalp, which was gutting Ilya. He didn't realize that the millisecond it took for her to drop the slime would cause this much damage.

After a certain point, and with Mila now squirming on the counter, fighting his grip on her chest, Ilya made the executive decision that they needed Plan B.

Not that Ilya really had a Plan A to begin with. Just a frantic deep dive down Google. Half a conditioner bottle gone, and only to put him in the same position they were in 5 minutes ago. Except now his hands were disgustingly sticky. Stupid.

"Alright, Mila," he said gently, kissing her freckled nose. "Papa is going to cut the slime out, okay?"

Her eyes went wide. "Cut?"

"Just a little," he promised, smoothing his hand over her head. "Just the yucky parts. You won't even notice."

Hopefully.

Ilya reached into the drawer for the small pair of trimming scissors.

"Stay very still," he murmured.

She did, miraculously. The desire to get this slime out was outweighing her seemingly inability to sit still. Not a wobble or a tremble.

He found the sections buried deepest in the slime—matted near the front, almost fused together. He slid his fingers under the strands, separated what he could, felt the tug, saw Mila flinch.

"Sorry, sorry," he said quietly, quickly leaning to kiss her cheek. "No more hurting."

He snipped. Then snipped again. Small, careful cuts.

"Ah! Look. All done," he exclaimed, showing her the blob of slime now clumped together with bits of her dark hair. "See? Gone."

When Ilya looked back at her—really *looked* at her—he realized then that her bangs were crooked. Very, very crooked.

One side hung to her eyebrow. The other barely grazed her hairline.

Mila's tears started to spill over when she saw her reflection in the mirror behind him. Welling up at the bottom of her eyes and slipping down the corners, in the tragically slow-motion way Shane always cried. "My hair broken," she whispered, her voice breaking.

"Oh," Ilya said, helplessly, his chest tightening. He lifted her off the counter and pulled her against him. She wrapped her legs around his waist immediately and buried her face into his neck. She wasn't crying hard, wasn't sobbing. But it was in the whimpering, teary state that somehow hurt worse.

"Hey, hey, *solnyshko*," he murmured, rubbing slow circles into her back. "We will fix. It is not broken. Hair grows back. Especially *your* hair." He tried for a smile she couldn't see. "You can thank Daddy for that."

She shook her head against his shoulder. "No," she hiccuped. "Not...not *printsessa* hair."

"It still is," Ilya said quickly. "It is absolutely still *printsessa* hair. I promise."

The bathroom was a disaster. Neon green slime clung stubbornly to the counter. Locks of black hair dotted the floor. His hands were still slimy from the half a bottle of conditioner he ended up using, just for them to end up in this citation anyway. Ilya felt himself starting to panic, but none of that mattered. He just needed Mila to feel better.

"Hair does not matter, *malyshka*," he said, pulling back just enough to look at her tear-streaked face. "You are most beautiful girl in the world. And you would be even if you were bald."

She let out another whimpering sound at that. She hiccuped and said miserably, "Papa..."

Before he could second-guess himself, before logic could intervene, he shifted Mila to his one arm and reached for the scissors.

He didn't even look in the mirror. He just grabbed a chunk of his own curls near the front and cut, fast and decisive, his eyes fixed on Mila's face.

"See?" he said, forcing a grin. "Now we match."

Mila blinked at him, her little whimpers stuttering to a stop. She reached out with one small hand and touched the jagged section of his hair. Then her lips curved into the shadow of her usual wide, dimply smile. "Papa has haircut."

He kissed her forehead, then nibbled playfully at her rosy cheek just enough to earn a breathy giggle from her. He pulled back and looked at her eyes, which were brighter now. The tears still clinging to her lashes but no longer falling.

"Da. Now we are both fancy," he said confidently, smoothing his thumb across her cheek. "Still *printsessa* hair, da?"

Her grin widened, slow and hesitant at first, then blooming fully across her face. She ran her chubby fingers through his curls, before grabbing a fistful and giving a little yank.

Ilya gave an exaggerated wince, letting out a dramatic "Ow!" that made her giggle. A real one this time. Finally.

He shifted her higher on his hip and turned his gaze to the mirror above the sink, and it was then that he saw he probably cut more than he needed to.

A lot more.

The section was jagged, uneven, and glaringly obvious against the rest of his curls. It stuck out at an odd angle, like he'd lost a fight with a hedge trimmer.

It was then, standing there with his rosy-cheeked toddler with crooked bangs and an unmistakably jagged section missing from his own hair, that Ilya fully grasped the predicament he had created. And more than likely in the doghouse with Shane.

But he knew Shane. And he knew how to get a tense, adorably angry Shane to let go. It was almost too easy. Maybe that's part of why Ilya ended up in situations like this.

Later that evening, the kids were spread out in the living room, unusually quiet for the hour. Ilya was in the kitchen, making all of Shane's favorites—the pesto sauce loaded with the "secret veggies" Shane loved sneaking into the kids' meals, the noodles already boiling, the kitchen suspiciously clean for a weekday.

Max and Niko were spread across the couch, watching some animated show Ilya could never remember the name of, laying opposite of each other but their legs tangled together in that careless way siblings sprawled when they were comfortable. Mila was playing in her toy kitchen in the corner of the living room.

When Ilya had picked them up from school earlier, Mila had been asleep in her car seat, which had been a stroke of luck. It meant he could warn the boys in hushed, urgent tones not to laugh at her hair. Or say anything about it unless it was "beautiful" or "pretty" or "really, really cool." Max had immediately looked at Mila, still asleep, and had to stifle a laugh in the crook of his arm, his shoulders shaking silently. Niko had just stared, wide-eyed, before whispering, "Dad's gonna kill you."

Now, standing at the stove, Ilya heard the front door open. His stomach dropped.

He put down the spatula when he heard the unmistakable sound of Mila's feet, that rapid pitter-patter as she ran to greet Shane with the same squeal of enthusiasm she always did. Like he'd been gone for weeks instead of hours. She always reacted this way when Shane got home.

"Daddy!" she shrieked, her voice carrying through the house.

Ilya braced himself.

And then, he heard it. The inevitable.

"Mila—" Shane's voice came from the entryway, confused at first. Then, more panicked. "What happened to your hair?"

There was a pause. A long one.

Then: "Ilya!"

Ilya winced. He turned off the burner, quickly wiped his hands on the dish towel, and walked into the living room.

Shane was standing in the entryway, still in his coat, his bag dropped on the floor beside him. Mila was in his arms, beaming up at him and still holding a plastic onion from her kitchen set, completely oblivious to the storm brewing on her father's face. Shane's gaze was fixed on her bangs—uneven, choppy, tragically lopsided—and then it lifted to Ilya.

"Hello, *moya lyubov*," Ilya said. "Our daughter has a new haircut. We can explain."

Shane's eyes widened. "What the fu—did you cut *your* hair too?"

Ilya ran a hand up to his hair. He keeps forgetting his hair is like this too. Maybe he should've worn one of his beanies until he got it fixed. And maybe he should've called Shane and let him know before he got home. But that would've made it worse, probably. Shane would've been thinking about it for the rest of the work day.

"Technically, yes," he started, wincing a bit at how stupid this sounded. "She was crying. About her hair. So I...matched."

"We're matching, Daddy," Mila echoed cheerfully, still holding a plastic onion. "'Cause slime won."

Shane looked at her. Then back to Ilya. "You let her get *slime* in her hair? What—when did we—we don't even have *slime* in the house."

Ilya gestured at Mila, who was hugging Shane's neck. "Shane, we were at the store, and she looked at me with the eyes. It was torture."

"The eyes," Shane repeated, flatly.

"*Your* eyes," Ilya said desperately. "The sad ones. Like hurt little puppy. What was I supposed to do?"

"You were supposed to say *no*! That's what you were supposed to do!"

"Daddy, it falled in my hair," Mila said, hands coming up to Shane's cheeks as he held her. "And Papa slayer-ed the slime."

He let out a long exhale, smoothing a thumb along her cheek before gently pushing her messy bangs back. She was still so painfully cute, but the haircut was...catastrophic. No

amount of love could disguise the fact that she looked like she had taken a weed whacker to the front of her head.

Later, when it was time for Mila's bath before bed, Ilya had told Shane he'd handle it. Shane had shook his head and did it himself. He wanted to be the one to sift through every strand of her hair himself, checking for any lingering slime, assessing the full damage of the haircut even though Ilya had already washed her thoroughly after the incident. Shane needed to see it with his own eyes. Needed to confirm she wasn't secretly missing another chunk of hair somewhere.

Ilya didn't take it personally. This was exactly who Shane was as a father. The kind of dad who never left a single stone unturned, even if someone else had already overturned it twice.

When Ilya finally made it to their bedroom—after tidying the living room, herding the boys toward their beds twice, and making sure every light in the house was turned off—Shane was sitting upright against the headboard. Reading a book, glasses on. But he wasn't *really* reading. He had his tense eyebrows on.

Ilya climbed into bed beside him, the mattress dipping under his weight as he pressed close to Shane's side. He leaned in and kissed him on the lips, soft and testing.

Shane kissed back without really looking away from his book.

Ilya leaned back, studying Shane's profile. "Oh, so you no longer find me sexy because bad haircut?" he teases. "You are very shallow, Hollander."

Shane rolled his eyes and shook his head a little, his gaze still fixed on the page. "I'm just reading."

"Mhmm," Ilya hummed, unconvinced. He tilted his head, watching the way Shane's jaw was set a little too tight, the way his fingers gripped the edge of the book a little too firmly. "You have not turned page in two minutes."

Shane said nothing.

"You are mad," Ilya announced simply.

"I'm not mad."

"You are," Ilya repeated. "You are even getting your twitchy eye."

"It is not twitching," Shane retorted—

—and then exhaled because he could feel it twitching a little.

Shane closed his eyes and rubbed at the bridge of his nose, his glasses riding up slightly with the motion. He set the book down on his lap with a little more force than necessary. "Okay, well, excuse me for not being *thrilled* that I come home and my daughter looks like she cut her hair with a butter knife."

"It was stuck!" Ilya said with a little whine. "It was like cement. Like glue—"

"And now I have to call the salon tomorrow," Shane continued, his voice rising slightly, "and explain that our kid's bangs need reconstruction. And your head needs—God—I don't even know what it needs."

"Buzzcut?"

Shane scowled at him. The thought of his curls, the curls Shane *loved*, being eradicated was not in the slightest bit amusing to him.

Ilya smiled and reached for his hand, lacing their fingers together. "I have already called salon," he said calmly. "Will be taking her tomorrow at noon. Right before naptime."

Shane didn't say anything to that. He just sighed and tipped his head back against the headboard, staring at the ceiling. His throat worked as he swallowed. "She only had her first real haircut, like, a few months ago," he said quietly, almost to himself.

It was true. They had taken about fifty pictures that day—Mila in the tiny salon cape, feet dangling above the floor, grinning so wide her eyes nearly disappeared. They'd promised her ice cream afterward, and that had sealed the deal. She looked so suddenly, startlingly grown afterward. Her dark waves shaped neatly around her face, her bangs soft and wispy.

And now, barely four months later, they'd be going back for another emergency salon visit. Nothing the way it was supposed to be. And she'd look grown up all over again. Shane was not ready for that.

"Da, I know," Ilya said softly. "You cried."

"*You* cried too."

"I did," Ilya admitted without shame.

Shane turned his head to glare at him—except his glare was slipping. The corners of his mouth kept betraying him, tugging up in that tight little way he fought against when he wanted to stay mad.

He looked at Ilya again. At the stupid, jagged, utterly uneven gap in his curls. It was *bad*. Objectively terrible.

And he had done it purely to make their daughter feel less alone about her own botched haircut. Shane felt that familiar warmth rise in his chest; the one that always bloomed when Ilya did something stupidly, instinctively selfless for their kids. When he showed, again and again, that he was exactly the kind of father he'd once been so afraid he could never become. A dad who loved their children openly, unabashedly, with a softness that melted Shane every time he witnessed it.

"God," Shane muttered, his voice softer now. "You look so ridiculous."

Ilya grinned. "My hair has seen worse days from you. You tug at it so hard when you come, I sometimes think you will cause bald spot."

Shane groaned. "Oh, fuck *off*."

But Ilya was already sliding over him, half his weight draped across Shane's torso, mouth finding the warm spot beneath his jaw. He pressed a slow kiss there, deliberate, lingering. Then another, trailing up toward his ear, his breath warm against Shane's skin.

"I am sorry," Ilya murmured against his ear, his voice low and sincere. "I should not have caved to our daughter, who manipulates with her eyes. Whole mess is my fault. No more slime."

Shane made a small involuntary sound when Ilya's teeth grazed lightly at his ear. "Don't let it happen again," he said, but there was no real bite to the words.

"Never again. Official slime ban," Ilya murmured, voice so low Shane felt it along his throat more than he heard it. The words slid hot over his skin.

Ilya shifted, bracing a hand beside Shane's hip so he could look at him properly, a crooked smile tugging at his mouth. "Now let me suck your dick and make everything better."

Shane huffed a sharp, helpless laugh, but his body was already giving in. "You're unbelievable."

"Yes," Ilya said simply, his hand already sliding down Shane's stomach, fingers slipping beneath the waistband of his sweatpants with practiced confidence, knuckles brushing the sensitive skin there. "And you are tense. Let me fix."

Shane exhaled, long and unsteady, his hips rising into Ilya's touch.

And he let him fix it.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!!

I'm planning to write a fic more focused on Max soon, since the first two were more focused on Mila and Niko :) I just kind of write out whatever ideas pop in my head, haha!

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