

**the cup baby!**

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Yuna Hollander</a> , <a href="#">David Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Svetlana Vetrova</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a> , <a href="#">Jackie Pike</a> , <a href="#">Troy Barrett</a> , <a href="#">Harris Drover</a>    |
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# **the cup baby!**

by Anonymous

## Summary

Holy fucking shit they won.

They did it.

They won together on the same ice, the same team— a pass made from him to Ilya and oh my god they were Stanley cup champions together.

Or The one where they put their baby girl in the cup

## Notes

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

It was a big day for everyone.

They had so much to celebrate in one day that Shane didn't know if he could handle it all physically but he would.

He would do it for his husband, he would do it for their baby girl sitting in the stands with her pink little cat headphones on dulling the roar of the crowd as the puck hits the back of the net for the winning goal and- the final buzzer sounded.

Holy fucking shit they won.

They did it.

They won *together* on the same ice, the same team— a pass made from him to Ilya and oh my god they were Stanley cup champions *together*.

Everyone was swept up in the emotions that were buzzing in the air, an electric hum— truly a feeling that felt like no other no matter how many times a player experienced it.

Every time was different than the last, the blood, sweat, and tears that went into earning the cup made a player worthy of hoisting the cup over their head to show they were victorious.

There was nothing like winning a cup with the team but winning it with Ilya by his side? Oh Shane was on fucking cloud nine, a feeling that could be compared to sex with his mate, his husband — his everything.

"We did it *moya lyubov*! We fucking did it!" Ilya beamed from ear to ear, yelling over the roar of the fans and their team mates rallying around them. Tears spilled from his own cheeks mirroring the ones flowing freely from Ilya's because here they were standing on their own home ice with their pup watching them, his parents, Hayden, Jackie, and Svetlana.

Their family had shown up to support them, to watch them win this once in for all.

"Fuck yeah! You guys just gave lil bit the best birthday present ever! Shit, I wish my parents had won a Stanley cup for *my* birthday." Troy zipped up from behind, tackling Ilya and Shane both into a bear hug.

Celebrations were underway, everyone was taking their lap with the cup held high over their heads. Ilya looked like a god with the cup, his golden curls free from his helmet with a sheen of sweat glistening on his skin and fuck, he looked *good*. Shane took his turn next basking in the glory of it all before he returned to pass it off to Troy.

Shane glanced up into the stands, immediately zeroing in on the sweetest little toothy smile that felt like a hit of sunshine, being walked down the steps to him in his mom's arms.

"There's my favorite girl!" He shouted excitedly, he had missed her all day long while they were busy getting ready for the playoffs with their pregame naps and practice.

Yuna and David had traveled to stay with them in their guest bedroom so they could help take care of Sofia for the playoff run. It made Shane and Ilya both feel so much better about their baby girl not feeling like she wasn't getting the attention she so very deserved on a daily basis. Plus, she was getting a little spoiled rotten by her grandparents who brought her somewhere new everyday before each game.

Today they had gone to the zoo because Sofia's new thing was making a lion noise. She would go back and forth with her papa making fake lion roars and they would 'play' lions together. It was also her birthday— they now had a *two* year old.

They were planning a big celebration for after the playoffs so they could properly give her a birthday party but Shane was happy they could give her this win as a present.

"Dada!" Sofia reached for her daddy, patting his cheek when she was finally settled in his arms. "Miss, my da!" Which he translated in his head to 'missed you, my day' and of course it was her day.

"Yes, it is your day, Sof. It's your birthday, you're two today." Shane held up two fingers and Sofia mirrored him holding up two tiny fingers with that same toothy smile on her face that only got bigger whenever she saw who had appeared behind him. "Papa!" She squealed so loudly it could've shattered the ice they were standing on.

"There is my girl! Happy birthday my sweet *malyshka*!" Ilya had been talking non stop about how he couldn't believe they had a two year old today.

Well and that they had won the Stanley cup — that too.

"She's been such a good girl today, she brought you both back a stuffed animal from the zoo. She *insisted* that Shane you get the penguin and Ilya you get the lion." Yuna had to decipher what Sophia was saying which was a little more difficult to do since she wasn't as fluent in toddler as Shane or Ilya was but they managed.

"Wow a lion? Shane, I'm a lion." Ilya grinned, making a playful roaring sound as he 'attacked' Sofia with kisses on her cheeks. "This papa lion will get you and eat you up!"

Little giggles filled the air and it was the sweetest sound that Shane would never get tired of hearing.

"Thanks for watching her this week, mom. I don't know what we would have done without you or dad." Shane wrapped his arms around his mom in a warm hug, grateful for everything she and his dad had ever done for him.

Shane was so lucky to have his parents, to have his little family he was almost so overwhelmed with emotion sometimes that he felt like he might combust.

"Sofa, how would you like to be in the cup?" Ilya pointed to the cup that was making its rounds with all the players and of course Troy was the one to retrieve it knowing that Ilya was insistent on putting Sofia in it — everyone knew because it was all he talked about.

The year prior they had made the playoffs but had lost in the first round which they tried their best and fought hard but it just didn't happen. This year though, this was *the* year. Ilya said he could feel it in his bones.

Sofia's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree when she spotted the big cup her papa and daddy had shown her plenty pictures of, there was even a mini cup in her bedroom that she liked to put her baby dolls in.

"Papa cup! Wan' sit cup!" Sofia pointed to the cup, excitedly bouncing up and down in her papa's arms her little curls were escaping the beanie on her head with every movement.

Yuna came prepared or rather she knew her son would have a conniption if Ilya put Sofia in the cup without a blanket to be a barrier between her and the well traveled cup.

"And grams comes to the rescue, here let me just put this in the cup first." Shane skated over to it, spreading the red and black Centaur baby blanket that Ilya had bought when she was first born so Shane would agree to her going in it, in the bottom of the cup.

"Now, she can go in it."

"Oh thank goodness, daddy gave us all clear to go in the cup." Ilya chuckled lifting their pup into the cup placing her in the middle for pictures, making sure he kept a hand on her just in case she decided to lean forward.

Sofia was having the time of her little life, dimples showing as she smiled from ear to ear and oh his heart was so full. Whenever she smiled like that it was identical to Ilya's smile, there was definitely a reason they called her 'Mini Roz'.

"Sofi, look over here. Grams is gonna take your picture." Shane motioned over to where Yuna had the camera, snapping a few pictures with her professional camera and then with Shane's phone. "Say cheese!"

Sofia grinned big for every picture, she was a pro. It kind of helped that they took pictures of her every waking moment. They may or may not have been a little biased but according to Ilya she was 'the cutest baby that ever had been born'.

"You finally got your wish, huh?" Shane said as he leaned over to rest his head on Ilya's shoulder posing for a picture with Sofia.

"Of course, we had her *just* to put in the cup. I told you she is best size for this." Ilya quickly stole a kiss, not missing the way his omega's cheeks turned bright red just in time for the reporters to come interview Ilya on their win.

Harris of course had to snap a couple of his own while she was still in the cup before they were whisked away by other media.

Later on that evening as Shane scrolled the instagram page he saw it on the team's instagram titled, 'The Littlest Centaur' and his heart melted.

Shane hoped this was one of the best birthdays for her, it would always be one of the best days for him that he's ever had.

## End Notes

I finally got this out of my wips! it was so much fun to write  sofia finally gets put in the cup and ilya finally gets his wish lmao he may or may not try for another baby to do this again  thank you so much for reading!

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