

our little valentine

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by Anonymous

Summary

It was the sweetest gesture when Sofia came to her grandparents and asked them to help make her daddy and papa a valentine. They of course couldn't resist their granddaughter's little pleading face on top of the fact that Sofia already had her piggy bank ready in hand to buy her parents something to go with her card.

Notes

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

It was the sweetest gesture when Sofia came to her grandparents and asked them to help make her daddy and papa a valentine. They of course couldn't resist their granddaughter's little pleading face on top of the fact that Sofia already had her piggy bank ready in hand to buy her parents something to go with her card.

Yuna thought Shane was precious when he was this age, he was her baby after all but oh this was like loving him all over again amplified.

"Oh sweetheart, of course we can help you make one." Yuna got up from the kitchen table where she had been sorting through some papers for the foundation, having been getting some things organized while Sofia played in the backyard on her swingset.

Was it Shane's? Nope. It was her very own personal swingset that her grandparents had hand made for her when she turned a year old. Shane was grateful but had told his mom that it was 'kind of unsafe for a one year old that was still learning to walk' but nonetheless Sofia had it and *loved* it.

Making their way through the house, Yuna opened a couple of drawers in search for some markers. "Actually, gramps has some stationary in his office I'm pretty sure. We can use that and you know what— I think I have some sparkles left over from helping your daddy and papa make those posters for the foundation." This could work, they could pull this together.

Sofia was practically vibrating with excitement, they were going to make her daddy and papa a valentine.

"I want papa to have a pink one and daddy to have a red one." She nodded her head eagerly, curls flying all over the place since after nap time they had taken on a mind of their own slipping out of the braid her daddy had carefully spent time on to ensure her curls didn't get tangled whenever she played and yet.

Pushing the curtain of curls from her face, Sofia started digging through the bucket of paper that her grandma had sat on the coffee table for her. There was just one problem— it was all white. It wasn't red or pink.

"We don't have any colored paper, hun but we do have lots of computer paper that we can color." Yuna offered as she reached down to pull Sofia's hair back into ballerina bun in an attempt to keep it out of her face. She didn't miss the way her granddaughter's lip quivered when she couldn't find what she wanted in the bucket.

"B-But it's gotta be red or pink. That is the valentine colors." Sofia looked up at her grandma with the biggest saddest eyes and she caved. Oh she folded faster than paper origami.

"Let's go, we're going to the store and we'll come right back and work on them." Yuna wasn't letting her cry over something she could fix.

She grabbed her purse, slipped her sneakers on and crouched down to help Sofia with hers making sure the new vans she had gotten from them as a present were snug. The first time

Sofia had ran through the house with them on to try them out she had flopped right out of them— which thankfully her daddy hadn't seen.

"Grams you can't forget Leo!" Sofia snatched her lion off the couch, holding it by the arm as they walked to the car and insisted that he get buckled in next to her carseat.

At the store, Sofia saw all kinds of different valentines day decorations hanging from ceiling.

"Woah, that's a whole lotta hearts! Papa decorate the house, he put hearts on pancakes and heart sprinkle in daddy's smoothie! Daddy does not really like that but he drink it." She chattered on about her morning, almost jumping out of the shopping cart as her grandma pushed her along the aisles filled with even more heart decorations, teddy bears, chocolate hearts— the whole nine yards.

Sofia squealed when they got to the balloons and the candy hearts, grabbing the first thing she saw— a big box of chocolate and some socks that had hockey pucks and hearts on them.

They were definitely a bold choice but they put them in the cart anyways.

"Why socks, Sofi?" Yuna questioned, pushing the cart along.

"Because daddy has cold feet. He always keep his socks on and never taked them off and he needs new pair because his feet can be stinky." Sofia waved a hand in front of her nose, scrunching it playfully as she giggled when her grandmother mimicked her with a nod.

"Oh yes believe me Grams knows a thing or two about that. Your daddy no matter how many baths he takes can't hide the stink on that hockey gear of his." Yuna had done the hockey gear laundry for years and years because Shane liked the way his mom did it until she had taught him her secret of how to wash it like her.

A few more aisles and they had found the construction paper, glue sticks, toddler friendly scissors, and of course they couldn't forget the glitter.

They checked out and grabbed lunch at a little diner called 'Twyla's' it was Sofia's favorite since it had her favorite combo of grilled cheese and french fries there. The only combo she would actually eat since she was in that picky toddler stage of eating.

"I think papa and daddy will like my valentine. Gonna put lots of love in them." Sofia nodded determinedly her little brow scrunched in the middle as she focused on taking the crusts off her sandwich.

"Oh yes, we can't forget the love." Yuna took her knife and cut the crusts off, handing one half of the sandwich back. Oh she was Shane made over.

"How's the valentine making going?" David pushed the bridge of his glasses up, padding down the hallway into the living room to see what his favorite girls were up to.

Sofia tumbled over her own feet, running over to her grandpa about to explode with excitement. "Gramps we are making valentine! We are making them for papa and daddy and I'm gonna- I'm gonna ask if they will be my valetine!" The pup was a ball of energy after her car nap, bouncing off the walls.

"Sofia, let me see your hand we'll paint it and put it in the middle of the card." Yuna motioned for her granddaughter to come back over to the table, paintbrush in hand with a dollop of red paint on the end of it brushing small strokes up and down her chubby little hand before pressing it onto the paper.

"That tickles, grams!" Sofia squirmed, wiggling her fingers, her grandmother holding her hand to make sure the hand print was even.

"There, now we can sprinkle some glitter on it and you can cut out tiny hearts to glue."

The phone ringing on the counter next to Yuna's purse had Sofia up on her feet again, running over to grab it for her grandma getting red paint on it in the process.

"Here ya go!" Sofia grinned, that toothy smile enough for Yuna to forgive her for getting paint on her phone.

It was was a face time request from Ilya but she had a few missed calls from Shane.

Ilya's face filled the screen with Shane beside him. They were in the car it looked like and it appeared that her son was driving.

"Are you guys headed home?"

That made Sofia start gluing the little hearts on her cards faster.

"Yes, Shane called probably fifty times earlier but we were letting you know we are on the way."

Yuna looked over her shoulder at Sofia who was hard at work, tongue to the side of her mouth in concentration as she grabbed the shaker of glitter and began shaking it over the fresh glue.

"Your little artist is hard at work, take your time. She's got something special for you guys."

"Don't tell her but we're like ten minutes away, we have a surprise for her." Shane spoke up from the side, glancing briefly at the camera to see Sofia's little bun sticking up. He couldn't wait to see her.

Headlights shining in the living room window signaled that Shane and Ilya had arrived to pick up their princess.

And speaking of princesses, theirs just happened to be dozing off in her grandpa's lap cuddling one of her daddy's old t-shirts that still held his scent. Sure, scents changed over time but a pup always knew their parent's base scent.

David was thumbing through the new yorker, Yuna and Sofia were watching a movie— the Bluey movie he was pretty sure or maybe it was Masha. He couldn't really tell to be honest.

"Sofi, look who's here." Yuna whispered, not wanting to startle the half asleep toddler who looked up sleepily at her grandma not quite aware she was even in the world. She blinked a couple of times, yawning as she looked around the room her eyes landing on her...her papa? And her daddy?

"Papa! Daddy!" Sofia scrambled to get off the couch, kneeling her poor grandpa in the side as she got her foot caught. Her legs were growing so long, she was going to definitely have Ilya's height.

Shane crouched down with his arms open, bracing himself for impact. "Hey Sof, we missed you so much." It had only been a couple of hours but to Shane he still missed his baby when they were off doing something without her.

Don't get him wrong, he liked having time to himself and Ilya to just recenter and be themselves but it was like a missing puzzle piece slotted back into place when they had their pup with them.

Ilya disappeared for a second only to reappear with the biggest stuffed animal Yuna had ever seen.

Sofia almost passed out right then and there, her little body overcome with excitement as she bounced on the balls of her feet.

"It for me? It is my lion?" The pup could hardly contain herself as she tackled her papa and the lion into a pile on the floor.

They were both in a puddle of laughter, Ilya's smile a thousand watts worth— it was contagious too because Shane was smiling just as wide, shaking his head playfully at his pup and alpha.

"Rawrrrr, papa!" Sofia 'attacked' her papa pretending like she was a lion too, hugging both him and the big lion.

Yuna cleared her throat to get their attention, leaning over to pick up the now dry cards off the table to hand down to Sofia who was pushing her hair out of her eyes yet again looking up at her grandma.

"Sofia, don't you have something to ask your daddy and papa?" Yuna helped jog her granddaughter's memory, the pup long forgetting her most important question.

"Oh! I know! Daddy and papa will you be valentines to me?" Sofia had a habit of stumbling over her words because she wanted to get them out quickly but that didn't dim her enthusiasm at all.

Shane took a card addressed to 'Daddy' with the cutest squiggled writing on it while Ilya took the other one addressed to 'Papa' but with a backwards p in the middle. They both took a look

at each other before opening the cards, tears gathering in their eyes.

"Oh— yeah of course Sofi, I'll definitely be your valentine always." Shane wiped the tears that escaped his eyes with the back of his hand, trying not to sob right there over a paper card that his their baby girl had put in all the effort to make.

Ilya nodded his head a couple times, almost like a bobble head as he fought back the tears in his own eyes. They had made the sweetest little girl, she was so thoughtful and she loved with her entire heart. It was then that Sofia reminded him of his own mother— she would be so proud.

"Da, papa will be your valentine too, *solnyshko* Always and forever." Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane and Sofia hugging them tight.

That night on the ride home, Shane peered up at the rear view mirror when he heard Sofia's little voice trail off, followed by a soft snoring noise signaling that she had fallen asleep mid sentence.

"That was the sweetest thing— I can't believe she asked us to be her valentine."

"I love her so much. We made the best pup." Ilya knew he would love their baby girl, he knew that she would hold a special place in his heart but he didn't realize just how much space she would hold— he was completely wrapped around her little finger and that was right where they both wanted to be.

"We could always try for another—"

"If you want me to be *your* valentine you'll stop right there, Rozanov."

Ilya put his hands up feigning a look of hurt, clutching his heart with lips quirking up into a smirk.

"Okay, okay she is our only for now at least." That earned him a half hearted whack to shoulder, one that Ilya readily accepted— proud of himself for having thrown the thought out there to fester in his husband's mind as nothing but a thought...for now.

End Notes

💌 this idea came to me because of valentine's day and i was like y'know what their daughter would so want to be her papa and daddy's valentine and they would love that 🥺💕 so yeah ilya and shane will never be able to win any arguments with those lethal puppy dog eyes of hers! (she had to get it from someone *cough* shane *cough*) anyways hope you guys enjoy this as much as i had fun writing it! <3

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