

the little loon

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane could make out a blurry picture of the lake and one small dot that he assumed was the elusive loon. "Wow, yeah that's definitely a loon," He smiled, inspecting the picture with a thought forming in his brain.

"You know, your papa is actually is afraid of them."

"Of the loon? No, no papa has ta-two of loon he can not be a-scared of it." Sofia insisted, shaking her head because there was no way on earth that her papa could be so scared of something on his arm. That would just be terrible.

Or the one where Sofia learns how to do a loon call.

Notes

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

Bonfires were always a fun activity for the team to get together relax, unwind, and catch up without the hustle and bustle of life nipping at their heels.

Everyone brought a little something to it and they would rotate who's house it would be at each time.

This go round it was their turn to host and of course Bood intended to barbecue there, Troy and Harris brought apple pie, apple cider (spiked and unspiked), and of course apples because they were Sofia's favorite. She always insisted that Harris bring her a big bag so she could bring them and share them with her class at pre-school.

Speaking of, Sofia had been learning a new party trick at school that pertained to the lesson plan of 'Birds of Canada' that they had been going over in class. There was one bird in particular that stood out to little Sofia — the loon.

The loon was her *favorite* bird.

"I like the loon because my papa's arm has one on it! He says is a ta-two."

And from there on out, Sofia made it her sole mission to learn all a four year old possibly could about loons within the span of a week.

The bonfire gave the 'mini Ilya' as Troy so lovingly coined her, the perfect opportunity to bestow her newfound information to everyone. It also gave Shane the perfect idea to practice loon calls with Sofia — totally not planning to scare Ilya or anything.

They had all been gathered around the crackling fire, the soft amber glow illuminating everything and everyone around it as the sun began settling on the horizon.

Sofia enjoyed chasing bugs around with Milo, Bood and Cassie's son. They were busy attempting to catch fireflies with their bare hands when Sofia spotted something else out of the corner of her eye.

A loon.

"Oh look is a loon!" Sofia pointed to the bird gliding across the lake, clapping her hands excitedly. She hurried to find her daddy after taking a picture of the bird with her new little mini camera that printed pictures out instantly after taking them — which proved to be both a blessing and a curse in the way that she took pictures of *everything* she saw wasting an entire film pack as her mission.

There were countless pictures of her papa fresh from a nap hair all over the place, a lot of pictures from open practices (all quite blurry of course), and a couple of Anya with the zoomies but again all anyone could make out from the picture was a furry blur.

Sofia was well on her way to being an established photographer — or so she thought.

The pup was so excited to show her daddy the picture of the loon. "Daddy look a loon! I found one and I take the picture."

Shane could make out a blurry picture of the lake and one small dot that he assumed was the elusive loon. "Wow, yeah that's definitely a loon," He smiled, inspecting the picture with a thought forming in his brain.

"You know, your papa is actually is afraid of them."

"Of the loon? No, no papa has ta-two of loon he can not be a-scared of it." Sofia insisted, shaking her head because there was no way on earth that her papa could be so scared of something on his arm. That would just be terrible.

"Mhm yeah he's super scared of them, actually how about we make a loon call to scare him. That would be so fun, wouldn't it?" Shane grinned deviously, conspiring a plan with Sofia on how to scare her papa — meanwhile Ilya was distracted helping Bood with the barbecue that he was currently being whisked away from.

"Ilya, chill I got this you just go and chase the kiddos." Bood teased, whacking at Ilya with the tongs. Truth be told he was very protective over his barbecue, priding himself in it so he rarely let anyone help.

"Yes, yes you are master barbecue chef! How dare I even try to help a little," Ilya put a hand to his chest as if he was hurt that he wasn't being allowed to help. "Fine, fine I will go see where the pups are at and possibly sneak seasoning into barbecue." He fled the scene, stealing a piece of cooked meat like a dog.

"Hey! No touching until it's done!"

"Babe, he has been circling like a dog let him have that much," Cassie laughed helping Milo shake some sand out of his shoe.

"Sofi found a loon!" Milo pointed over towards the lake where Shane and Sofia were sitting next to it on the dock.

Ilya caught wind of the word 'loon' and immediately whipped his head around to where his husband and pup were crouched looking at something across the lake.

That's when he heard — *the* call.

The first one was rather convincing, believable at best and the second well...that one sounded sad as if the poor thing needed to be put out of its misery.

"That loon sounds-" The words stopped midway out of his mouth when Shane looked over his shoulder at Ilya, shaking his head at him while gesturing with a free hand to Sofia who was cupping her mouth getting ready to make another loon call.

"Papa! You are so scared!" Sofia giggled, cupping her hands around her mouth to make another 'loon call' and of course Ilya had to feign a look of fear on his face.

"Yes wow so scary. I think that is the *scariest* loon I have heard!" Ilya pretended to jump at the noise when he caught his daughter making another loon call. What they didn't see was the loon gliding across the lake getting closer but still keeping a good distance from them.

Troy who had been watching on the edge of the dock almost fell over laughing when a real loon made a loud ass noise, making their captain stumble over his own feet into the water. "Ha! This is just stuff you can't even make up!"

When Ilya resurfaced, the alpha shook the droplets of water out of his now dripping wet ringlets like a dog trying to get dry. "Oh no my Sofushka has turned into a real loon! That is the only reason why there would be a real one lurking around here."

Sofia was a puddle of giggles, tripping over her own little feet as she watched her papa wading out of the water back onto the dock. "It was a real loon, papa! That was *not* me!" She couldn't believe that the real one helped her.

"My sweet Sofushka has turned into a real loon! What will we do? I guess I will feed her pieces of bread when daddy and I sit by the lake in the evening I guess." Ilya clicked his tongue playfully, pretending to mourn his pup turning into a bird.

"Papa I am not a loon! I am Sofia Irina Hollander-Rozanov!" Sofia put her hands on her hips, determined to show her papa that she was *not* a bird and that she was a big girl. How could her papa forget? She wasn't a loon — wait did that mean her papa *thought* she was one because she did so good?

A wild smile slipped onto her lips reaching her eyes as she tried to do another loon call (it definitely wasn't good but she was trying her best).

"Sofa I am not convinced that you are not a loon! If you are *really* who you say you are then I will have to tickle you to make sure since it is known fact that loons are not ticklish."

"Uh-uh that is not a fact!" Sofia shook her head, trying to wiggle away but her papa already had her trapped.

"No! No, papa! I am Sofia not the loon!" Sofia insisted, her curls wild and free spilling out of the little braid that had been hanging on for dear life at this point. She kept it in because her auntie Svetlana — who had visited the day before — braided her hair with flowers in it and she was determined to keep the hairstyle in because it made her a princess. Ilya learned the hairstyle the next day and was determined to replicate it because that's just the father he was.

"I don't know, I think she's definitely turned into a baby bird," Shane stood up from the rock where he had been perched, his ankles were sore and his lower back wasn't thanking him for not sitting in one of the chairs that Ilya had bought specifically for him — that he refused to use when company was there.

Ilya continued to tickle Sofia and Milo wanted to join in too, fixing his little glasses with Shane's help since they were falling down his nose again. "Sofia! You are a loon! Wait I wanna be one too!" The other toddler bounced up and down, tugging on Ilya's arm.

Oh Shane would kill to have that energy right now.

"Oh you want to be loon, too?" Ilya scooped Milo up easily in his other arm, making his way over to the bonfire. "I have not one but two loons!"

"Wow, Cas. I didn't know we had a loon too," Bood chuckled warmly, wrapping an arm around his wife's waist.

Cassie rolled her eyes playfully, helping put the food on the fold out table. "Guess we'll have to live by a lake like I've always wanted in order to keep our loon son happy."

"Geez, there's just a bunch of little loons around here," Harris commented with a grin, already titling the instagram post on the team's page 'Little loons everywhere!' with a couple of bird emojis to go with it.

"I mean considering we're adding another loon to the mix, yeah I'd say we have more than our fair share." Shane rested a hand against the side of his swell to emphasize his point, finally retiring to one of the chairs that Ilya had put out for him since his ankles felt like they were going to pop any second.

Sofia had finally escaped her papa's clutches, crawling up into her daddy's lap to lay her head against his. "Daddy, I do not wanna be a loon anymore. I wanna be Sofia," She pouted, convinced her daddy had the 'power' to turn her back into a pup.

"Oh? Okay, okay here let me just snap my fingers and you and Milo will be pups again—one, two, and three! Okay now you both are back to normal."

"Papa am I back to normal?" Sofia looked up at her papa, looking for confirmation that she was indeed normal again.

The alpha nodded with an amused chuckle, "Yes you are my Sofushka again and no matter if what you want to be, you will *always* be my little pup, da?"

"Mhm! Always gonna be papa's pup." Sofia agreed, wrapping her arms around her papa's neck right at home and for a moment, Shane wanted time to freeze right here so happy to have his little family like this forever.

End Notes

💌 hiya! so this one just came to me because i was like y'know what i think it would be adorable for sofia to learn a loon call and 'scare' her papa 😂 she'll get better at em' trust me but for now she's trying her best! i hope you guys enjoy as much as i enjoyed writing this 💖

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