saturday morning salon

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/81677336.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	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:	Mpreg | Male Pregnancy, Past Mpreg | Male Pregnancy, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Ilya Rozanov, Omega Shane Hollander, Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, girldads hollanov, Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 28 of hollanov parenthood adventure ✨
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-22 Words: 2,053 Chapters: 1/1

saturday morning salon

by Anonymous

Summary

It was early one Saturday morning when Shane felt a weight other than his growing midsection weighing him down. As Shane slowly opened his eyes, he saw a head full of dark curls and a sweet little freckled face staring back at him with the biggest smile on her face.

"Daddy!" Sofia beamed, hugging his neck as she buried her little face there. She was definitely more often nowadays spending time glued to his side — well, really it all started when he got pregnant again. It was almost like his pup was trying to make up for the time that would be spent on a new pup, which was untrue, Shane would always have time for his daughter — always.

"Wanna play salon!"

Or the one where Sofia gives her daddy and papa a little makeover.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

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"Wanna play salon!"

"Right now? Like right this very moment?" Shane looked around the room sleepily, rubbing the rest of the sleep from his eyes.

Ilya was definitely still asleep, the game the night before having worn him out. It was much deserved sleep so Shane wanted him to get all of it that he could.

"Here, let's go downstairs to your 'salon' and you can try out a few hairstyles on me while papa gets some sleep, how does that sound?" Shane offered, knowing that Sofia would be more than eager to take him up on the offer.

She was always trying out new hairstyles on them, well that and doing their nails with her Bluey nail polish kit that aunt Jackie and uncle Hayden had so *kindly* gotten her for her fourth birthday. It was apparently payback for giving Amber a slime making kit — they had gift giving warfare from time to time but were now currently on the losing side.

"And I paint your nails?" Sofia slipped in there sounding more like a statement than a question, her little eyebrows wiggling up and down— she was becoming too much like her papa, thinking that would do the trick.

"Sure, yeah we can do nails too just let's hurry before papa wakes up." Shane picked Sofia up carefully making sure not to move the bed too much so that Ilya wouldn't stir.

Not that much could wake Ilya at this point considering Shane had rolled out of bed *at least* ten or more times that night to pee, get a snack, or change positions because the baby was smothering him slowly.

"Okay daddy do you want blue, pink, purple, or yellow ice shadow?" Sofia had her little palette of makeup open with a brush in one hand and a juice box in the other. She was naturally a multitasking machine.

"How about blue? You're the visionary here so I'm ready to accept recommendations," Shane replied in between bites of plain chex mix — he wanted something better than cereal so bad

he couldn't stand it but the baby currently inhabiting his womb was *not* a fan of most things.

Sofia grinned big, eager to put her makeup skills to use — all of a month's worth, if that. The makeup kit was also something Sofia had so generously received from uncle Hayden and aunt Jackie.

Shane made a mental note to get a play dough kit for Arthur full of *all* the colors and multiple little pieces — again, this was war and Shane would be on the winning side of it when Arthur's birthday rolled around.

"Daddy you look so cutieful, your hair is looking like I did a good job, huh." Sofia didn't miss an opportunity to give herself a pat on the back as she leaned forward on the balls of her feet to put the eyeshadow on Shane's eyelids — some warning would have been helpful but this was Sofia who marched to the beat of her own drum and dared anyone to question it.

Ilya rolled over in bed to an empty spot beside him, a frown pulling at the corners of his mouth whenever he realized the cocoon of pregnant omega smothered in body pillows was no where to be found.

The alpha pushed himself up out of bed, willing the ache out of his bones from the night before. He wasn't getting any younger and the soreness that came from playing like he did definitely was lingering with him longer each game.

What was strange was that Ilya didn't hear little giggles coming from downstairs or the sounds of Shane vacuuming like a mad man as he was currently on a cleaning nesting kick.

Something that was also strange was that the TV wasn't on in the living room playing Masha and the bear reruns like it normally was 24/7 so *something* had to be up.

"*Daddy, I think we should put butterfly clips in your hair."*

Ilya heard coming from Sofia's room where the door was slightly ajar. There was a little sign that said 'Sofia's Salon' in Shane's handwriting with Sofia's scribbles though the S was backwards so he assumed he helped.

Shane had been working so hard with Sofia on her letters and numbers getting her ready for school — something Ilya was having a difficult time coming to terms with. The thought of Sofia going to school all alone without them all day long had him ready to pack a lunch for himself and go with her.

There was no way *his* tiny pup who was born yesterday (she was four now) could withstand going to kindergarten.

"I wanna put sparkles in papa's hair, it will bring out his eyes."

Sofia had definitely been listening to Rose when she came to visit, giving her a makeover with child friendly makeup. She also had given Shane a 'grownup' makeover that Ilya got to see in the bedroom.

Pushing open the door gently inch by inch, not wanting to disturb the salon just enjoying listening to Sofia and Shane — he could do that all day — Ilya made his presence known which was immediately met by, "Papa!" and a mess of toddler sized limbs clambering over to him to attack his legs.

"Woah! Woah! I am being attacked by a baby bear cub!" Ilya chuckled, pretending as though he were helpless to his pup climbing him like he were a mighty oak tree.

"Papa you are awake! That means I can put sparkles in your curly hair and paint your nails," Sofia was ecstatic that her papa was awake, that mean he would be her next client in her salon. She tugged at his hand until he followed her over to the bluey bean bag chair in the corner of the room.

"Okay, you wait here until I say your name, da?" Sofia grabbed her pink clipboard with a piece of paper attached to it with scribbles on it that weren't just scribbles to her — to her it said 'Daddy' and 'Papa' — to Ilya it looked like 'Dada' and 'Pap' which was close enough.

Ilya noticed Shane's hair was up in sparkly mini clips which looked completely adorable on him — in all honesty he could make a paper bag look good if he wanted to.

The eyeshadow was what he noticed next, the stark blue of his eyeshadow and the blush on his cheeks stood out against his constellation of freckles.

"Oh this is definitely a good look for you, *moya lyuboy,"* Ilya motioned to Shane's new look.

Shane rolled his eyes with a playful scoff, "Sure it is. You're next, isn't that right, Sofi?" He leaned forward as much as his belly and the pup in his lap would allow to grab the eyeshadow palette.

"Oh yes! But I need to do Papa's glitter hair, that is first." Sofia had already came up with an order of operations in that sweet little head of hers.

The aforementioned glitter was just that — a vial of glitter that you could dust over someone's hair to make it glittery. Sofia surprisingly didn't dump the entire thing on the carpet like the time before, getting most of it in her papa's curls with her tongue stuck out to the side in determination.

"There! All finished. Okay now I will put it up in pony tail," Sofia took the elastic hair tie and some of Ilya's hair and pulled as much of it as she could wrangle into a sprout on top of his head.

Ilya had to stifle a laugh into his shoulder, despite the strain on a few random strands of hair whenever Sofia placed a clip to hold up the fly away hairs, it was adorable the way she looked so concentrated — just like Shane. Her expressions often mirrored theirs, Yuna called her a perfect reflection of them.

"Papa you have to wear a tiara too, daddy you gotta put yours back on," Sofia put her hands on her hips with a pout forming, noticing that her daddy had taken his tiara off when she was distracted.

Shane quickly grabbed the bright pink tiara that was resting on his 'belly shelf' — at least that's what Sofia called it nowadays — putting it right back on top of his head.

"Tada! Wait Sofi you forgot the most important part," Shane grabbed the blush that Sofia had put on him, noticing his husband's cheeks were definitely lacking the bright barbie pink she had so graciously put on him. If would only be fair for Ilya to look as pretty as he did, right?

Sofia gasped, shaking her head as she took the blush from her daddy's hands putting a palm to her forehead. "Oh no, I forgot the blush! That was very good of a catch, daddy." She commended Shane, giving him a pat on the back even.

"Okay papa, close your eyes and make a kissy face." Sofia instructed, patting her papa's cheeks to prompt him to make the face.

Ilya made the face asked of him, making sure he closed his eyes just in case some stray blush didn't get in his eyes as Sofia patted on the blush with a round padded brush that looked like it was out of an old Victorian era movie.

"Okay now open!"

The alpha slowly opened his eyes, glancing over at the compact mirror Sofia was holding up to him rather closely to his face making him go slightly cross eyed for a second.

"Wow Ilya, you really do make that color look *amazing*. You know, I think Sofi just proved you wrong on something," Shane mused, a grin twitching at the corner of his mouth.

"And what is that?" Ilya raised an eyebrow, curiosity piqued.

"That Russians really do blush," Shane's grin widened into a smirk and Sofia's grin was practically identical as she patted his cheeks, rather proud of her work.

"Russians blush, papa!" Sofia parroted, rather proud of herself.

"No this is artificial barbie blush, not Russian blush- there is a difference." Ilya clarified, putting his hands on his own hips to copy Sofia making her giggle as she shook her head.

Sofia grabbed her instant camera and snapped a quick picture of her papa with his makeover and then her daddy, shaking the pictures to make the image show up faster. "Look, you both are so pretty! I did the best job, right?"

Shane took the tiara off his swell that had fallen whenever he was busy trying to hide his laughter, placing it on his head. "Oh yes you did the best job, I think we should ask uncle Harris if you can be the team stylist."

"Team stylist! Team stylist! I like that job, I wanna give uncle Troy, uncle Hazy, and uncle Bood a makeover!" Sofia bounced up and down on her bed, clearly enjoying the idea of bringing her makeup kit to practice.

"Wait why not Luca?"

"Lulu is already pretty, he does not need any makeup- his friend said so!"

Shane and Ilya both looked at each other, a questionable look forming on both of their faces.

"His friend?" Shane was curious now, wondering who this *friend* of Luca's was.

"His friend he calls on the phone. Okay, question time is done now time for breakfast." Sofia announced, hoping off the bed to drag her papa into the kitchen to make pancakes leaving behind a very bewildered Shane.

"You are going to have to tell us more about this friend."

Oh they were going to get to the bottom of this 'friend' of Luca's.

End Notes

💌 hiya guys! this was completely inspired by the picture of hudson in those little hair clips lmao i was like hm yeah sofia would love to do her daddy's hair 😂 so this is how that came about! hope you guys enjoy! <3

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