

what it's all about

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by Anonymous

Summary

Being a proud papa was an understatement. Ilya Rozanov was over the moon with his baby girl.

Or Ilya loves being a papa and Shane decides that more pups wouldn't be a bad thing.

Notes

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

Being a proud papa was an understatement. Ilya Rozanov was over the moon with his baby girl.

With her being born during the cup finals, when he had his turn with the cup he put her in it for a brief moment. Shane didn't count it as her first time because she was maybe a day or two old and she didn't even touch the inside of the cup.

He was weird about that, especially with all that had ever been done with that cup — it was hard to forget.

But because Ilya had begged, gotten down on his knees and pleaded for their newborn to be placed in it, he budged.

Shane loved how much Ilya adored their baby girl. It made him tear up just thinking about the day she was born, how he held her with the most tender expression on his face. He was her number one fan and in turn she became his number one fan.

Ilya wanted to show her off *constantly*. Every chance he got he talked about his pup, sending plenty of pictures to the Centaur groupchat *and* making sure they went out regularly with her to see everyone. Whether it be hanging out with them at Bood's, going to Troy and Harris' house, or just taking her out to eat with various members of the team whenever they were available.

But soon the summer came to a close, wrapping up all the vacations, all the trips around the world and bringing everyone back to Ottawa — back home.

It was exciting. It felt like coming back from summer break to see friends at school, able to catch up with them and talk about everything new in their lives. To buckle down for training camp and really immerse themselves in their love of the game and the need to win.

After having Ilya around all summer, Shane didn't really know what to do with himself when it came time for his other half to go to training camp. He always came home that evening, it was just weird being away from him after having him there doing everything with him.

Sofia definitely noticed too. She was only four months old at the time but she was so *so* observant of everything around her.

One morning after Ilya had already made his way to practice, Shane decided he would go make a surprise visit to see her papa since it seemed they were both missing him.

"Let's get you dressed and I guess me dressed because I look terrible." Shane glanced in the full length mirror to see a rougher version than he had initially thought staring back at him. He was still in his sleep shorts, a loose fitting tank top of Ilya's, and his hair looked like a nest.

Meanwhile, Sofia looked adorable in her little sleeper with ladybugs on it and her matching ladybug headband he changed her into. It would keep her warm but of course he would put

her baby patagonia jacket on. Her grams had made a brand deal with them when she was born to have her take a few photos in their infant wear.

It was a tiny bear jacket and matching mittens that refused to stay on. In fact, they were comically tiny and had made Ilya cry, along with other clothing items that they received when she was still in his belly. "I'll put the jacket on when we get to the arena, you can just chill in your sleeper for now. How does that sound?"

His pup made a cooing noise as if she was giving her approval, gurgling happily as she blew a few spit bubbles.

"Right? Your papa might kidnap you when we get there so just prepare yourself for that."

Another gurgle and a coo followed. Sofia would have no issues with getting whisked away by her papa.

Shane ultimately decided on a simple outfit. A pair of jeans that he could *finally* fit back into and one of Ilya's jerseys. He had wanted to match with Sofia, having packed her Rozanov jersey in her diaper bag for when they arrived.

The drive there wasn't very eventful. It was rather peaceful with the soft sounds of Sofia in the backseat. He loved listening to her tiny chirps, glancing every so often into the rearview mirror to see tiny toes sticking out of her carseat and a chubby dimpled hand.

It was understandable that Ilya had cuteness aggression just looking at her, always telling her that he was going to nibble her cheeks off, making her giggle every time.

Once they had arrived, it took Shane a few minutes to gather up the diaper bag, Sofia's sling, and well, Sofia.

He had gotten much better at putting her in the baby sling, having practiced on Ruby and Jade's baby dolls when he was pregnant, scared to mess up. Those poor baby dolls.

Sofia had dozed off somewhere in between the last stop light and turning into the arena. It was funny, how she picked the most random times to doze off, but she perked right back up when she felt her daddy's hands reaching down to pick her up out of her carrier.

"Hey there sleepy head, we're here to see papa. Let me change you really quick before we head in." Shane pulled the tiny jersey out of the bag, laying Sofia on the front seat to change her outfit. "There, now we match!" He beamed down at his baby girl who was looking up at him with her gummy little smile.

Harris came up behind them carrying boxes of equipment for their new team photographer. "Oh my god she's so cute!"

Cassie was near the entrance nursing Milo when they turned the corner. She waved with her free arm. "Wow Shane, you look well rested. Is she sleeping through the night?"

Shane nodded, a small flush creeping up his cheeks. "Yeah she lets me sleep, it's just her papa that has a rough time letting me." That got a howl of laughter from Troy who happened to be coming off the ice to catch Shane's chirp at the perfect moment.

"I gotta see her. She's attached to me." Troy teased, waving a gloved hand at Sofia. Or the mini Shaneling, as most called her. There was still a handful of people that swore she was Ilya's twin and honestly Shane wasn't so sure they were wrong. She was born with his hair color but she had Ilya's expressions and his mannerisms already at her little age.

The way she looked at him sometimes would catch him off guard. Her little slavic stare already being fine tuned.

"That's just because you don't put her down. Also you take her places she normally wouldn't be able to see." Shane half snorted, remembering when Troy had started the 'series' called 'showing baby Sofia places she's never seen' where Harris would follow him around, filming Troy holding Sofia up to places such as the top of the fridge, or the top of everyone's stalls. She enjoyed seeing her papa's, at least Shane thought she did since she gurgled happily only upon seeing that one.

It was definitely a hit on the team page. Everyone tuned in to see where Troy would take her next.

"Let's go see the press box." Troy carefully took Sofia into his arms, making sure he supported her head. Shane didn't have the heart to tell him that he really didn't have to do that anymore. Everyone was so careful with her, like she was a porcelain doll.

Ilya had spotted a familiar set of dark curls as Troy walked up to the box with a bundle he knew the scent of by heart.

"I see someone who looks just like my sweet Sofushka and for some reason Barrett is holding her instead of letting her see her papa!" Ilya stopped mid drill, an exaggerated pout on his face.

"You can't hide from papa I guess." Shane rolled his eyes playfully, a warm fuzzy feeling blooming in his chest, seeing the way Ilya could pick their pup's scent out of a room full of people.

Her scent stuck with him too. A parent just *knew* their pup's scent. It always made him extra soft remembering that they made her scent together.

Shane made his way carefully down to the glass making sure he didn't trip with Sofia snug in his arms. Her papa was already meeting him halfway, arms outstretched. "There is my sweet baby, you missed papa so much, da? Spending all day with daddy, I bet you are bored to crying."

"Tears, Ilya. Bored to tears and she's quite happy doing tummy time and reading books by the lake." Shane put his hands on his hips, a light scowl lingering on his lips.

Sofia gurgled happily, eyes trained on Ilya. She was a rather observant infant. Always watching people. She rarely took her eyes off of him at home, like she was afraid she would lose track of him.

"My Shanya and my Sofushka wearing jerseys to support papa. I see you are my number one fans so I must sign your jerseys." Ilya teased, pretending to look for a sharpie in his non-existent pocket.

"Yeah, we're definitely your biggest fans. So big that I decided to have all of your babies." Shane knew that would do something to his husband.

And it did. Ilya's lips twitched up into an even bigger grin, if that were even possible, given that there was still one on his face from seeing them both.

Harris had to snap a picture of all three of them in their jerseys from the back and then one of them both holding Sofia.

"Oh I guess you shouldn't hold up practice." Shane gestured to Wiebe who was waving Ilya over.

"Practice is not as important as either of you."

"Go on lover boy, we'll be here watching." Shane motioned Ilya to go after he looked up for a kiss when Ilya pointed to his lips with a childish pout.

Shane grabbed a seat and pulled out a bottle for Sofia. She was more interested in watching her papa play than anything else, so he had to angle her up to give her a better view of all the action.

Ilya skated back over after about fifteen minutes or so, unable to stay away from them, like he was magnetized to them. "We are going to have special practice today for Sofia."

"Yeah? I think she's been staying awake for that specifically."

Shane pulled his phone out to take a video of Ilya holding Sofia in his arms, making laps around the rink, her little giggle as clear as a bell. Wait... her giggle?

"Shane! She laughed! She laughed just for me!"

Fuck, if that didn't make Shane want an entire hockey team worth of pups.

He was doomed to his own wants, no, *needs*. He *needed* to have more pups yesterday. His womb seemed far too empty for Ilya to be looking like that holding their daughter. Her chubby cheeks in a big gummy smile drooling on her papa's arm, but he couldn't care less. This was definitely Ilya's element.

This was what it was all about.

And Shane would do anything to see Ilya this happy for the rest of forever.

End Notes

💌 long time no see guys! sorry this one took forever but i've got a lot of wips i've been working on for this series but i also went through a small slump :(but i'm back! hollanov keep me inspired and my need to impregnate shane keeps me going i'm kind of like ilya in that way LMAO anyways i hope you guys enjoy! ❤️

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