the best papa

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the best papa

by Anonymous

Summary

It started with something so very simple, Sofia had insisted on making her papa something to eat for father's day. It was what every pup did for their papa on father's day so she was going to be make it for her papa.

Or Sofia makes her papa a father's day breakfast and it of course it awakens something within Shane.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It started with something so very simple, Sofia had insisted on making her papa something to eat for father's day. It was what *every* pup did for their papa on father's day so she was going to be make it for her papa.

"Daddy, we have to be making papa's breakfast. I think he wants cereal and orange juice we got to be very quiet though, okey?" Sofia whispered rather loudly as she 'tip-toed' into her parents room to tug on her daddy's arm. This of course woke up Masha who was nursing in his arms quietly except for the soft sounds of her grunting whenever her sister jostled her by accident.

"Sofi, be careful baby," Shane shielded Masha's head with his hand as Sofia tried her best to get her daddy up and out of bed so he could assist with helping her make breakfast. The bowls were in the very top of the cabinet and she couldn't reach them without help.

Well…okay maybe she *could* reach them but it would require climbing up on the counters using her special stool that was *only* for cooking and not for climbing. Papa made it very clear when she had climbed all the way to the top of the fridge one day when they were making pancakes and she wanted to grab the pancake mix for him.

"Daddy, we need to hurry because papa will be waking up so soon. Shh, baby Masha you will wake papa up if you keep making noises." Sofia made a 'shh' noise with her finger to her lips, thinking it would help quiet her baby sister who was only three months old and already had a personality that could rival hers.

Masha scrunched her little nose up at her big sister, too busy nursing still to give a care in the world what her sister was saying.

"Okay, okay I'm getting up. Just show me what you want to make papa and I can help." Shane rolled out of bed slowly but surely, still holding onto his youngest as he slid his slippers onto his feet and shuffled downstairs to the kitchen to help.

What Shane didn't realize was that Sofia had most everything she needed already out it was just the bowl she needed for the cereal.

The cereal box was knocked over onto the counter, the orange juice was sitting out on already and a poorly peeled orange laying on the once clean counter — with oh my god were those bite marks — okay yeah Shane was going to have to do some damage control in the kitchen.

"Sofi, honey what is it that you want to make your papa?" Shane wasn't really getting the vision that Sofia was trying to create, he was failing to see her artistic design.

"*Daddy*, I'm making papa breakfast! See I am giving cereal like you do for me and he is having orange juice in it. He will have oranges for his fruit too, 'member you said I have to have fruit with my breakfast." Sofia apparently had tried her best to peel the orange with her hands and resorted to using her next best tool — her teeth.

Shane had to help, he *needed* to do something to save this disaster in his kitchen but Sofia had that look of determination in her eyes that dared anyone to help her. She was going to make this for her papa and do it 'all her byself' as she liked to say.

"Mm, okay so do you need help getting papa a bowl? And maybe a cup?" Shane put Masha in her baby bjorn bouncer and reached up to open the cabinet, grabbing a bowl along with a glass to pour the juice in.

Sofia shook her head, pushing the glass away.

"Don't you need it for the orange juice?" Shane raised a brow, unsure of where the orange juice was going until Sofia stepped up onto her stool and promptly poured it into…the bowl of cereal.

"Nope, papa gets orange juice. No milk. Milk is for babies, right Masha?"

Oh…that was certainly a choice. A choice Shane would have to smile through, hoping Ilya wasn't exactly *too* hungry this morning.

But knowing Ilya he would eat it anyways and pretend like it was the best breakfast he had ever eaten in his entire life. That was just him, he always treated anything Sofia did like it was the greatest thing to ever have been done.

Once she had cooked him a cake in her easy bake oven, it turned out flat and devoid of flavor and Ilya had eaten that thing like it was the last cookie on earth savoring every last bite. Ilya was a sucker for his pups.

Ilya made his way downstairs when Shane had texted him that 'Breakfast was ready' with a picture of Sofia huddled over his breakfast putting the finishing touches.

The alpha pretended to wipe the sleep from his eyes, stretching his arms in an exaggerated yawn before laying eyes on the bowl of what appeared to be raisin brain and some…orange liquid that appeared to be orange juice in the bowl with it. Beside it was a half eaten orange and a drawing with 'Happy Papa Day!' but the D was backwards and the P's were both backwards too — there were definitely smudges of what looked like spilled juice and maybe doritos.

"Oh wow this is so beautiful, did you make this for me?" Ilya held the card, opening it to find messy stick drawn figures of himself holding Sofia and Masha's little stick hands. They all wore the same smile and it had 'I love my papa because he is such a good papa to me and sissy, he does our hair so pretty, and makes the best sandwiches and reads us bedtime stories every night' this part was written by Shane in his hand writing.

Ilya couldn't make it through the rest of the card, his vision blurring at the edges. Sofia must have told her daddy what to write.

"Is the best card and the best breakfast, let me try some." Ilya sat down at the table with Sofia eagerly awaiting his reaction to her breakfast that she so carefully prepared for him.

Shane knew Ilya had an iron stomach but he couldn't watch him take the first bite. And yet, Ilya took it like a champ, he ate that entire bowl of whatever it had turned into by that point like it were a five star meal.

He even paid compliments to the tiny chef, scooping Sofia up and Masha holding them in his lap to give them both a big squeeze. "My babies, thank you for making me a papa. I love you both so very much. Ty dlya menya tselyy mir."

Shane took a sip of his coffee, hiding his big stupid smile behind his mug. His husband was such a good father — it made it hard to not want to give him about a thousand more pups.

The entire rest of the day was filled father's day fun, things that Sofia thought her papa might enjoy doing like playing outside in their treehouse. They played hockey princess and the dragon. Ilya was the dragon invading the ice castle and Masha was the baby dragon, she was less of a participant since she was too little still but Ilya did wear her on his chest at one point while he was 'invading' the kingdom.

It was a fun day, Shane enjoyed taking videos and watching them all play together and oh god his heart was so full.

So full that when they had finally put the girls to bed, Masha was in her crib and Sofia was sleeping in her big girl bed — for now at least.

Shane had taken a little while longer getting ready for bed, showering and putting on Ilya's favorite lotion that smelled like amber and patchouli. It made him want to eat Shane every time.

"Shanya, I can smell you from in here. Is this part of my father day present?" Ilya peered in the doorway to their bathroom where Shane was in nothing but an oversized old senators t-shirt with 'Rozanov' on the back.

"Oh wow…okay I am liking this present." Ilya was ready to pounce when Shane held up a finger with a small grin playing in the corner of his mouth.

Shane walked Ilya backwards to the bed, his scent sweet and fertile.

"Yeah?" Shane pushed Ilya onto the bed, crawling on top of him spreading his legs around his alpha's waist. "I was hoping you would. I was…I was thinking about it and I think I want to give you another present." He took Ilya's hand, placing it on his flat stomach that he had been working to tone back up.

Ilya wanted so badly to fill Shane back up again, to see him rounded out with his pup so badly he couldn't see straight but there was a question on his face.

"Please, I want another."

"*Shane*, are you sure?" Ilya hesitated for a second, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist his hand resting between his thighs, fingertips skimming the thin fabric of the panties his

omega had put on just before opening the bathroom door.

Shane's breath hitched in his throat, his hands finding the front of Ilya's sleep shorts tugging at the waistband with a nod. "I'm sure, fuck I've never been more sure in my life."

It turned out that father's day was just another excuse for Shane to find a reason for Ilya to get him pregnant yet again — not that he ever needed an excuse for that but he couldn't hold himself back anymore.

It had been brewing since Masha had been born and Shane couldn't take it any longer, he *needed* his alpha and he needed him now.

Which is how baby number three came to be, making father's day a day to remember in more ways than one.

End Notes

💌 happy belated father's day ilya! 😂💗 this is a lil late but better late than never! anyways sofia had to make her papa a breakfast for father's day also ilya would so be the type that just would eat something so it wouldn't upset the chef (sofia, she works so hard 😂) and of course shane sees this and is like mmm yeah this better not awaken anything in me and of course gets pregnant later about it LMAO so hope you guys enjoy! ❤️

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