

shane's little shadow

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by Anonymous

Summary

Shane had already mentally accepted the fact that Ilya was Sofia's favorite parent. This was something that he knew, loved, and overall respected.

He loved their bond and knew how important it was to Ilya, how it had healed his inner child essentially. Having a healthy parent child relationship unlike his with his father had done wonders for his alpha.

Or the one where Sofia changes things up.

Notes

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

Shane had already mentally accepted the fact that Ilya was Sofia's favorite parent. This was something that he knew, loved, and overall respected.

He loved their bond and knew how important it was to his husband, how it had healed his inner child essentially. Having a healthy parent child relationship unlike the one Ilya had with his with his father had done wonders for his alpha.

It was the piece to his inner puzzle that felt into place for Ilya, made healing from his childhood trauma possible. Being a reliable parent, someone for Sofia to look to when she got hurt, or when she wanted the same silly book read over and over to her again with the cartoonish voice that Ilya could do so perfectly — papa was her guy. There was no doubt that Sofia *loved* her papa to ends of the earth.

Shane knew she loved him too. Though they had their own little things, like snuggling in bed when papa had to get up early for morning skates or watching the sun rise on the back deck while she had her morning bottle snuggled in her daddy's arms.

It was just, she was a papa's girl and that was perfectly fine with him.

So when the time came for Sofia to crawl — Shane already knew who she would crawl to and it was more than okay with him.

They had decided to take a mini-vacation during all star weekend, the beach their destination of choice because Ilya wanted Sofia to build sand castles since she could sit up on her own now. He felt like she would enjoy it. Shane felt like she would probably eat sand — Sofia decided to do both.

"Ilya, I'm putting her kiddie pool right here so she can have a space to be off the sand."

"Why does she have the kiddie pool? Ocean is right there, the water is just right there." Ilya furrowed his brows with mild confusion as to why his husband had brought a tiny pop up pool for Sofia to the beach where the ocean was readily available to swim in.

"I just wanted to give her options, she might not want to swim in shark infested waters and she might want a spot to escape the gritty sand." Shane was not *not* a fan of the beach, he just hated the sensory experience that came with it. And all of the sand that followed them back to their condo every time they set foot on it.

It wasn't like they hadn't had plenty of trips to the beach before Sofia was born, Shane had been fucked within every inch of his life on a private beach on their honeymoon. He still remembered how sand had somehow wound up in places it should have never even been hence his mild hatred for it.

Sofia loved it much to his surprise, she was all about playing in it. She loved sticking her chubby little feet in it and squealing with delight. It shocked him but Shane was more than happy to let their pup do her thing.

"See? She loves it!" Ilya sat down on his beach towel next to Sofia who was busy digging away with just her hands chirping happily every time she would get a handful.

She even made her happy little dolphin noises as Ilya liked to call them, wiggling back and forth trying to get onto her belly.

"I bet she will not want to ever leave, this is our beach baby." Ilya grinned, grabbing the sand toys that they had brought in their wagon for her. If Shane didn't know any better, he would've thought they were really for Ilya by the sheer amount of them that he had picked out when they went shopping that morning for her bathing suit.

"We will leave whenever she starts getting too hot so make the most of it," Shane corrected with a smile as he set up the umbrella to shield them from the sun. He had put a layer of sunscreen on both Sofia and Ilya, insisting that neither of them were getting burnt on his watch to which Ilya had replied 'Russians do not burn, we do not do this'.

It was a beautiful day and it wasn't *too* hot out and they had fans to cool off with so Shane figured they could stay at least a couple of hours.

"Sofa look at this sand castle, do you want to help papa?" Ilya had already started pretending he was a castle architect, putting together plans to make it look like something out of a fairy tale.

Sofia started to lean over to get on her belly, flopping flat like she normally did. Ilya had been trying hard to get her to crawl to him, patting the sand next to him.

"Come on, crawl to papa." Ilya continued patting the space next to him, smiling from ear to ear as he motioned for their pup to make her first attempts at crawling.

Shane got up to grab a drink from their cooler for each of them, not wanting them to get dehydrated. He grabbed Sofia's sippy cup, a ginger ale for himself, and a spiked lemonade for Ilya.

"Sofi you can do it," Shane cheered Sofia on as she made her first attempts at scooting along on her belly. She definitely had good upper arm strength, whenever she got excited she would pull at whatever was closest to her and that would sometimes be his hair so he could at least could confirm that much.

Shane didn't expect for her to do what she did next.

Their pup was full of surprises, she had been from day one so he should have expected this but he didn't. It had genuinely caught him off guard.

At first she had been scooting towards her papa, eyes on the prize squealing happily. Shane grabbed his phone to film the special milestone moment not realizing that in a blink of an eye she pivoted her little self and started to scoot eagerly towards him instead. Her scoot morphing into an army crawl of sorts as she started heading towards him.

"Shanya! She's coming to me— wait no she is coming to you!" Ilya cheered her on, grabbing his own phone to document as Shane was in mild shock that their daughter was *crawling* to him. Him instead of Ilya.

"Oh— oh my god she crawled to me." Shane's lip wobbled, his eyes watering and as much as he wanted to blame it on the ocean water or loose sand that had blown into them it was because their baby girl had crawled for the very first time to *him*. "She crawled to me." He repeated as if he couldn't believe it.

Sofia did her little wiggle, pushing her feet out in short spurts. She looked like a baby dolphin when she did that while clapping her hands very proud of her self.

"I can't— I can't believe she came to me. I mean I just figured she would go to you." Shane admitted, wiping the stray tears from his eyes with Sofia's help as she patted his cheeks with her little hands.

"*Moya lyubov*, she is always following you around. You don't notice but when I carry her, her eyes are always following you everywhere. She just uses me for transportation to get to you." Ilya chuckled, pinching Sofia's cheeks playfully. "You use papa to get places, is true." He cooed making her giggle even more as she hid her face in her daddy's chest.

"I knew I had someone watching me, I just didn't know had *two* someones watching me. Like father like daughter." Shane gave their pup a squeeze, tossing her up gently into the air and catching her causing her to let out the sweetest sounding laugh — music to their ears.

A week later...

After Sofia learned how to crawl at the beach it was *on*. All their pup did was crawl and she caught on rather quickly.

Shane would set her down in one spot, look down to to do something and she would be missing. Her favorite places to crawl were into the kitchen to play in Anya's water bowl and into the living room for Anya's dog bed.

She also had quickly become her daddy's little shadow. Shane couldn't go anywhere without Sofia appearing as quickly as he entered a room — there she was as if she had just spawned in.

Shane was doing laundry one evening, when appeared little miss Sofia out of the blue ready to wreak havoc on his freshly folded clothes and promptly climb into the clothes basket to get comfortable. She often took a nap in it too while he worked on laundry.

"You made her bored with the laundry," Ilya pointed out one day, bringing Sofia a blanket to put on her in her basket bed that she had claimed — it was the way things went around their house.

"I mean she did 'help' so that probably made her tired." Shane gestured to the clothes strewn about the room on the floor, the nice clean clothes that Shane had *just* washed. It was fine,

there were worse things and Sofia had a good time doing it.

And she wanted to be with him, that was all that mattered to him.

End Notes

✉️ i got hit with the fluff bug and wanted to write sofia's first time crawling i know i've done her walking but i just figured why not do all her milestones 🥺💕 i just love this little family so much! also i'm open to any requests you wanna see in the series 😊

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