

Most boring name in Canada (and Russia)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/79266811) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/79266811>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Domestic , POV Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Mpreg , Male Pregnancy , Pregnant Shane Hollander , Mentioned Yuna Hollander
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hollanov, and they have babies!
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-11 Words: 1,659 Chapters: 1/1

Most boring name in Canada (and Russia)

by Anonymous

Summary

“I got a name.”

Ilya threw him a look, “Me too. Ilya.”

That earned him a smack to the head.

“*For the baby,*” Shane said, voice irritated, even if still very sleepy. His hand began petting down on Ilya's hair, as if in apology, fingers going through his curls.

Ilya smiled and settled back against the bump. He mumbled close to it, “That is bad news for you.”

Or, Shane has naming rights from carrying the baby. Ilya doesn't really mind (as long as it's a good name!)

Notes

Hi!

Hollanov as parents my beloved <3 I wrote this oneshot from a small, mentioned bit in the previous work in this series :]

How realistic is it that Shane decides the name of each of their girls? I don't know, but maybe he would and I found it funny.

Apologies on any writing mistakes! English isn't my first language and also Russian isn't my language at all, and the very brief bits here, I got from 'learn Russian' websites, so, sorry if it's incorrect or it's weird! D:

I hope you enjoy!

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

It was early in the morning, early enough that their very early raiser pair of daughters weren't calling for them yet, but not as early for a few rays of sunshine to not filter through their curtains, bathing them gently with light.

Ilya's arms were full of his husband, in a tangle of limbs – legs intertwined, arm numb from serving as a pillow under Shane's head. Heat radiated off his husband and left Ilya feeling cozy beyond measure, luring him to press himself closer, toward his own personal heating pad. He pressed a kiss against the warm skin of Shane's neck, lightly dotted in his beautiful freckles, that disappeared under the collar of his shirt.

Shane stirred, sluggish, doing that little hum at the back of his throat that Ilya had categorized long ago as purring. His angry kitten. Angry pregnant kitten. Furious kitten, actually. Lately, he's been more pissed off at Ilya (predictably).

“Ilya...” Shane mumbled, moving his head to nudge at Ilya's. In return, he placed a kiss on his husband's black hair.

“Dobroe utro, milyi,” he whispered, hand gently caressing the swell under his palm, with their baby already stirring awake too. “Privet, malishka.”

“Good morning,” Shane muttered, slowly turning to set himself on his back, forcing their limbs to untangle. Ilya immediately grabbed an unused throw pillow from around the bed, nudging it under Shane's lower back as he arched upward to let him, before settling back against it. It was the only way Shane could lay on his back when too pregnant – it'd last a few minutes, at least, before his back protested.

Shane's arms opened and Ilya buried himself there, with his cheek on his husband's chest, lips grazing the soft surface before placing a kiss.

Ilya had just gotten accustomed to the warmth, found the most comfortable position, legs tangled once again, and felt Shane's lips on his hair...

“I need to pee.” Shane sighed, disgruntled from it. Probably because he'd gotten himself comfortable enough too.

Ilya sighed back, a little more dramatically. “Okay.”

Shane did most of the rolling off bed, with Ilya mostly giving moral support and a firm hand at Shane's back that remained until his husband was on his feet.

A smile graced his lips as he watched Shane softly swaying on his way to the bathroom. Wasn't he the cutest.

When he came back, minutes later, Ilya had been waiting with his face resting in his hand. He patted the bed with his free hand, where the throw pillow waited diligently to support Shane's lower back. Once again settled in bed, Ilya wrapped himself around Shane's lower body, face pressed against the bump, which was shy of being revealed by his stretched shirt.

Almost synced, both sighed contentedly.

Ilya could feel that Shane was about to talk.

“I got a name.”

Ilya threw him a look, “Me too. Ilya.”

That earned him a smack to the head.

“*For the baby,*” Shane said, voice irritated, even if still very sleepy. His hand began petting down on Ilya's hair, as if in apology, fingers going through his curls.

Ilya smiled and settled back against the bump. He mumbled close to it, “That is bad news for you.”

His angry pregnant kitten got, *predictably*, angry. “It's *not*,” he whined.

He grew silent after that, his hand slightly stilling, and Ilya risked another look up, smiling when he caught Shane's closed eyes. He gazed to his flushed, freckled cheeks, and the plushness of his lips, soft from sleep. Wasn't *he* the luckiest.

“Shane.”

“Hm.”

“The name?”

“Uh, yeah.” His eyes opened, tiredly. His hand began petting Ilya's hair again. “I like the name Sofia. ‘s nice.”

Ilya wouldn't question why Shane brought it up now, freshly (and barely) awake at almost seven in the morning instead of the day before, where they spent the whole afternoon together, while caring for their daughters – he knew that unless he had it completely figured out, Shane sometimes didn't let Ilya know his thoughts (to his frustration). What he would question, though, was the absolute terrible choice of a name.

“*Sofia?*”

“You don't like it?” Shane's voice was smaller.

“It's too common,” Ilya said instead of outrightly saying no. Because Sofia Hollander had a nice ring to it, actually, but he wasn't about to let Shane know that. Not right away, at least. “I think Irina has about four classmates named *Sophia*.”

Shane's hand turned into a fist on Ilya's hair, playfully tugging. “She can have a sister named Sofia too.”

Ilya pressed his lips to his husband's bump, “Your dad will give you boring name. I'm trying to stop him but he is just so stubborn...”

“Ilya...” Shane started, in warning.

“So boring, so common. All little Canadian girls are named that...”

“Of course not.”

Ilya looked up at his husband again, raising his eyebrows in challenge. Shane frowned down at him, and Ilya wanted to just kiss those pouty lips. But first, he had a point to prove.

He slowly uncurled from around Shane and reached for his phone, at the nightstand.

“What are you doing?”

“You'll see.”

“Checking your sources?”

“You will see,” Ilya repeated in a mutter, going back to his previous position. He spent a few seconds in silence as he typed on his phone – Shane's hand playing with his hair the whole time. “You'll see, Sofia, just who's right.”

He heard a pleased sound above him, Shane's anger subdued by Ilya's acceptance of the name. Of course he'd accept it. Sofia was cute, and cute babies from his cute husband needed cute names. Most importantly, Shane liked it.

“Source; I made it up,” Shane commented, voice lighter and relaxed. “Source; it'd make my husband mad.”

Their baby kicked close to Ilya's cheek when he finally found what he wanted. He briefly held the screen close to Shane's tired, mostly-closed eyes. “Ah, see! Fifth most common babygirl name in Canada!”

Shane just hummed, content and unfazed by Ilya's accusing revelation. “With reason, it's a nice name. Should be the first, even.”

Ilya shook his head, huffing. He kept scrolling and then paused. “Oh, it's common name in Russia too... Russia is not supposed to be boring, that's Canada's job.”

He could *feel* Shane's self-satisfied smile. “She'll be Russian from you, and she'll get the boring from me.”

He talked all sleepy and content and cozy and Ilya knew it was because he already knew he got away with it. Yes, their baby's name would be Sofia. The third that Shane would name. Maybe some would call it unfair, but Ilya himself thought that Shane had all the right to name them whatever he wanted.

He'd earned it, deserved it, and it was Ilya's way of apologizing for impregnating him once again.

(Just kidding, he didn't regret that. Shane himself had begged him for it, when they were trying for Irina, and even before that. Yulya and *-sigh-* Sofia were surprise babies.)

He deserved it because he endured the nausea, the fatigue, the swelling, the heavy weight of their babies that once upon a time Shane had tried to blame on him and his Russian genes (even if Shane was slightly taller than him! The audacity!), before his favorite (and only) mother-in-law Yuna had commented that Shane himself had been a big baby. He'd even been difficult to give birth to, effectively stalling her eagerness to give him any siblings.

"*Oh,*" had been Shane's embarrassed, blushy-faced response to that, years back when they'd been expecting Irina and an appointment had let them know that she'd been measuring larger than average.

"*See? It's you Hollanders that make big babies. I was small,*" Ilya had commented accusingly, helping Yuna make dinner while Shane sat back on his chair at the counter, hands resting over his bump. Ilya'd raised his hand, holding his pointer and thumb at a very small distance. "*I was this small. My mama sneezed and I popped out.*"

That had earned a laugh and a fond smile from Shane, still with rosy cheeks. Ilya had maybe melted a little that cozy afternoon. He'd been doing that a lot since they started having their baby Shanes – there was something soft and sweet in his pregnant husband that made Ilya's heart turn to goo.

Oh! His husband also went through expelling their larger-than-average babies, which Ilya's hand resented every time, squeezed so hard that he'd feared Shane might actually break it.

Maybe this time, with Sofia, he would. He didn't know if it had to do with Shane *sort of* leaving behind his overly strict diets, or allowing Ilya to spoil him rotten with sweet treats and satisfied cravings– or maybe this time, being his third pregnancy, his body simply showed more. But Shane was big. And it did things to Ilya, aside from turning him into a gooey puddle of Russian smitten husband, it also made him crave. And look, and appreciate, both with his eyes and hands.

He'd trace the generous curve of his husband's ass, tracing stretch marks, both old and new. He'd caress up his arms, the softness of his chest, the roundness of his belly. The fullness of his thighs. The softer look of his face, still littered in his beautiful freckles. Did he mention his ass too? Oh, for fuck's sake, and his back dimples–?

The jiggle of his–

"I can hear your horny thoughts... you pervert," Shane's amused voice came from above him.

Ilya kissed the side of his bump, apologetically.

So, yes. If Shane wanted to name their baby Sofia, Shane, or Jane (God forbid) or any variant of a very boring name, he could.

"Papa!" sounded at the distance (a room over).

Ilya left his phone face down on the bed and placed a decisive smooch on Shane's belly, before getting up and planting one on Shane's lips.

“Duty calls me.”

“Papa!”

“Duty will wake the whole neighborhood...” Shane said, with a smile.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it! :D

I haven't read The Long Game because apparently that's the depressed Ilya (and in general angsty for them both) book and I am not going to read their canon angst (my heart couldn't), but I read a bit where Shane's sulking/thinking/? while Ilya and Yuna cook dinner and I found it cute so I added it! (in a way)

I thought after already writing this that Shane maybe would have a pregnancy pillow but I didn't feel like adding it after jsdk

Also there's something that I find really sweet about Shane expecting his own child while also being Yuna's and David's baby. It makes me emotional :{ big fan of grandparents

Oh and if you read the previous work to this, maybe you saw me mentioning not being immune to fandom opinion, and I still am not because some people were saying that Hollanov wouldn't name their daughter Irina and it got me feeling embarrassed because I thought it was really cute sjdfks Also yes, their mental health project is named Irina Foundation or something but 🙄 I think I read that in Russia it is common to name babies after other family members beloved to the parents and stuff but I'm really not sure about that, since it was an article and all

Also, I had thought them naming their kids Hollander-Rozanov(a) was cute too but then there's arguments of Ilya wanting to distance himself from his own last name but I'm not sure about that either. I really gotta form my own opinions and stick to them :{ for the time being Sofia is Sofia Hollander but I'll see

(I had written a bunch of stuff here regarding Shane's ED during his first pregnancy, and also the exploration of the headcanon of Shane being a trans man and how that works in what he does and what about after retirement but I dunno what happened and AO3 deleted it all and I'm not sure I even remember it to rewrite it sjdkfs sowwy) (Point is Shane trying hard to not feel ashamed at his 'lack of control' during pregnancy, and Ilya being a supportive husband, and also the Pikes are there, love them.) (I wanna polish that oneshot so I can post it but it still got work to be done)

Anyway, thanks for reading!

Bye! :D

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