

The Best Day With You Today

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The Best Day With You Today

by [Lmao_donttellmyparents](#)

Summary

It was a big day, a monumental day, today they were starting their family. Officially, starting a new chapter in their shared life. The past few months were a blur of interviews, classes, applications, so many different elements all falling into meticulous places so that they would hopefully have today.

Or, Shane and Ilya are ready for a new chapter in their life.

Notes

Hello readers please enjoy this fic, I have been CONSTANTLY thinking about Shane and Ilya as dads. I haveing found the fic to quite quell that itch yet. PLEASE TAG ME in ones that y'all love <3 I love love love them so much. Especially if their kids are older, I'm sick in the head for it.

ANYWAY

I have done very little research into the adoption and surrogacy process in Canada. So if anything is wrong i have written it purely on vibes and whimsy. ENJOY!

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

“Ilya, come on we gotta go!” Shane called pulling on his boots, Ottawa was hit with an early cold front this year, sneaking in just as September was about to end.

“I’m coming love.” Ilya called from farther in the house.

It was a big day, a monumental day, today they were starting their family. Officially, starting a new chapter in their shared life. The past few months were a blur of interviews, classes, applications, so many different elements all falling into meticulous places so that they would hopefully have today. The first ultrasound with their surrogate.

They had found out a week ago that the surrogate they picked, Kate, was pregnant. Kate was awesome. She is Russian with blonde hair and light eyes, they had known she was the one pretty early on. Her sense of humor and how she saw the world, Ilya also liked that she was fluent in Russian, says it’s important for her to speak to the baby in Russian while they are growing big and strong.

Shane is a mess at the door, so excited to do this but not without the bond deep terror that they were going to be fathers come summer.

“Okay sweetheart you ready?” Ilya stood, with keys to their sensible safe SUV swinging on his finger. His grin was infectious, the joy radiating off of his whole being.

Shane couldn’t help but pull him in kissing him deeply, smile and all. “Absolutely not,” Shane laughed, kissing him again before taking his hand leading him out the door.

The drive was short just 15 minutes into downtown Ottawa to the doctors office. Kate lived not 10 minutes from their home, which was really nice. Her husband, Mark, would also be there, Mark was just as great as Kate. Supportive and a little starstruck that his wife was carrying the child of Ottawa’s captain and starting center forward, Shane Hollander, and the now retired legendary Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya’s palm was warm where it lay on Shane’s thigh. Last season Ilya had decided he was ready to retire at the age of 31. The previous season Ilya had taken a hit during a game against Minnesota, some homophobe with a grudge who took him down then went after a man who was already down.

Ilya suffered a severe concussion, his right hand was completely shattered, along with a dislocated shoulder and elbow. Shane remembers the terror of watching his husband hit the ice hard, not get up, he didn’t even flinch when McGrow’s stick slammed down onto his bare limp hand, arm already twisted at an odd angle.

Shane can try and recall what happened after but if he’s being honest with himself he remembers nothing. After that stick made contact, the sick crunch of force. Everything he knows was told to him, his next memory was being in the back of an ambulance clutching Ilya’s left hand and an ice pack to his own face because apparently he broke McGrow’s fucking nose, who got lucky with an elbow to Shane’s eyebrow.

Ilya healed slowly but surely, he took the steps, took the time, didn't rush recovery. But he would never be back to what he once was, the slight tremor in his right hand is evident of this. Yet half way through last season Ilya returned to the ice with the C on his chest and team right behind him. He brought home that cup one last time before calling it.

"I love you." Shane stared at the beauty that is Ilya Hollander-Rozanov. His brave, kind, patient husband and soon to be father of their children. How fucking surreal.

Ilya glanced from the road to Shane knowing the sappy love dumb look that painted his own face. "Ya tebya lyublyu, what's with sappy face?"

Shane just smiled, "We are gonna be dads."

"Holy fuck." Ilya glanced over at Shane smile plastered on his face.

Dads. Shane started to laugh, in less then 9 months they would get to love a beautiful baby for the rest of their life. The tears came soon, Ilya's hand was comforting weight on the back of his neck, eyes just a misty.

The room was small, Kate sat on the table shirt rolled up to show her belly, Mark was in the corner leaning against the wall, a small smile pulling at his lips watching the screen as the tech dragged the wand across Kate's gelled stomach. Ilya was clutching Shane's hand ring cool against his sweaty skin. They were sat close to Kate, Ilya had his other hand on her shoulder.

This was not Kate's first time being a surrogate, Shane and Ilya would actually be her third time. She was a comfort to them, open and honest communication was super important to her. She knows her role, that she is carrying their baby and how important that is and wants them involved with everything with an open line of communication.

"Oh," The tech, Stacy, said, moving the wand rapidly before a grin spread across her face.

"Oh, what is oh?" Ilya moved close dread and anxiety pooling deep in his stomach. He could feel Shane grip his hand tighter and stiffen next to him Kate going impossibly still on the table.

Stacy turned to them with a smile on her face easing some but very little of his anxiety. "Well you see here,". She grabs the wand and drags it over Kate again and Ilya watches the screen with wrapped attention. The placenta with their baby is on the screen and Stacy continues to move the wand and soon one placenta turns to two with another baby. Twins.

Stacy pauses the monitor on the two placentas and two babies, "Here you have baby A and then just below that you have baby B. Both are about 8 weeks along." Stacy turns to Shane and Ilya who are stunned into silence. "Congrats dads its twins!"

"Twins?" Shane speaks first, jaw hanging open, grip still deadly on Ilya's hand. "Holy shit twins."

Ilya can't help it; he laughs loud and joyful, two babies, double the amount of love. He turns meets Shane's honey brown eyes and all Ilya can think is he hopes they have his freckles.

"Twins Ilya," Shane whispers, pressing his forehead to his, smile big and eyes watering.

"Twins." He confirms lump in his throat growing.

"So I'm assuming we are excited?" Kate asks. They turn back to her and she too has tears in her eyes.

"Oh Kate, beautiful Kate, you have no idea," Ilya gives her a tearful smile, because how can he not be so excited right now.

Now Ilya thought that learning he was going to have twins would kill him but no, hearing the heart beat of his children for the first time did him in. Crying like a baby in the arms of his husband who wasn't fairsing much better. They could have sat in that office all day, they got a strip of photos of their precious babies pinned to the fridge front and center.

Yuma and David were ecstatic about the news of having not one but 2 grandchildren to spoil rotten.

And as Ilya holds his husband close to his chest feeling the heartbeat that lives in his children Ilya can't wait for summer. So grateful he was bold and kept being bold and selfish just enough to keep this beautiful man in his life. Every hardship, every rejection led them to that room hearing the heartbeat of their future children. So he pulls Shane closer, kisses the back of his neck, behind his ear, his shoulder and thanks his mother for giving him this.

The phone is ringing, Shane's phone is going haywire on his nightstand. Ilya is plastered to his back, warm steady breathing against Shane's neck.

Slowly Shane is able to dis entangle himself and reach for the consistent buzzing of his phone.

Sophia Carter, the social worker they were working with when they were looking into adopting. Shane answers, heart kicking up, "Hello?"

"Shane, hi sorry to wake you at this hour but it's an emergency." Sophia sounds stressed and from how much they worked together it unnerved Shane. Sophia was a force to be reckoned with, she worked with pregnant women who were looking to give birth and put the children up for adoption. She had been with Shane and Ilya from the beginning, classes upon classes they needed to take, assessments and interviews with extensive background checks to foster then eventually adopt. Sophia was a no joke straightforward person, which Shane appreciated immensely, she made it easy to know what to do. It was up to them to put in the hard work of doing it.

"Is everything okay?" Shane reached for Ilya now, lightly shaking him awake.

"Is Ilya with you ?" Sophia asked.

Ilya was blinking tiredly at Shane confusion knitting his eye brows together. "Who is that?"

"Its Sophia." Shane put her on speaker, turning to a now much more awake Ilya who still looked deeply confused. "Yes yes he's awake now. What's up Sophia, what's going on?"

"It's Tatiana." Sophia drew a deep breath in.

Tatiana was a 18 year old girl who had accidentally gotten pregnant, she was homeschooled and knew she never wanted to have children but was too far along when she found out. She was very adamant about knowing who the baby was going to go to. Wanting to make sure that the child would be taken care of and protected in a safe and loving environment. Having been from the foster system herself she was very involved with picking who would get the baby. Shane and Ilya and another couple had been the two families she would be choosing between.

She picked the other family, who were truly amazing. Tatiana was transparent in the fact that she knew we had other options, options that the other couple didn't have access too. And that was the determining factor on why she picked them.

They were heartbroken, so close but just out of reach. That whole experience was a huge factor on why they ended up going with surrogacy.

"Tatiana," Ilya stiffened leaning closer to Shane over the phone. "Is she okay?"

"Um, not really the other family just dropped. They were in the hospital and they had been keeping the gender a secret, completely convinced it was a boy. Tatiana gave birth to a beautiful healthy baby girl and they left. Just gone, walked completely away." Sophia drew a shaky breath. "Tatiana asked me to call you, to ask."

"Ask us what?" Shane felt as if someone had just dunked him in an ice pool, Ilya shook, placing a hand on Shane's shoulder drawing his eyes up to meet the panic and underlying hope swimming in green.

"I understand how last minute and insane the ask would be but would you still be interested?"

"I -," Ilya grabs the phone.

"One moment Soph." Ilya places her on mute dropping the phone to the bed. Shane was already on his feet pacing.

"Ilya that would be insane you know this right?" Shane stresses continuing to pace not looking at his husband because he just knows he will fold. Fold to have a family now and twins in 30 some odd weeks and a family of 4 to 5 with one phone call.

"Shane sweetheart come sit," Ilya sounds sure, his panic bleeding fully into the drop of hope. "A daughter."

"Ilya, that would be three babies under one year." Shane keels in front of his husband on their bed and takes his hand to make sure he hears these words. "I still play, I'm going to be gone, not around as much as I would want, leaving you here with them a lot during the season."

Would you want that? Can you handle that by yourself? I still see myself playing for a few more years.”

”I would never ask you to give up hockey until you're ready, Lyubimy.” Then he kisses him a soft brush of his lips. “You forgetting very important thing, I would not be alone. I have whole village behind me, behind us. Your parents, entire army of moms that would leave their husbands for us.”

Shane didn't realize he had been crying until the laugh came out more as a sob.

“A daughter,” Shane collapsed into Ilya, arms wrapped around his neck, the hope seeping deep into his bones as Ilya pulled him in tight. “So we are really doing this?”

”Was there a moment we wouldn't?”

Ilya unmutes them, “Sophia?”

”Yes yes im still here.”

”What hospital is she at?”

Alina was 8lbs and 14oz of absolute perfection, chubby as anything with no hair but the bluest eyes and eyelashes for days.

They had everything because of being in the foster program and never knowing when they would be placed if ever. So a race to the hospital with an empty infant car seat, diaper bag filled with what every nanny blogger calls the essentials and a folder of paper work they had to fill out for Sophia.

Tatiana had thanked them and then promptly cursed out the other family in too quick Russian for Shane to understand, but had made Ilya laugh with their daughter held tight to his naked chest. Hours later they were back sitting in the once underfilled car to now Ilya behind the wheel, Shane in the back staring teary at Alina, their baby girl. She is perfect. Shane could not believe that they had her and that this tiny angel was now theirs. Sleeping so soundly to the hum of the engine.

“Shane?” Ilya called the underlying panic in his voice was what made Shane tear his eyes away from the sleeping baby and meet Ilya's in the rear view mirror.

“Yeah?”

”Did you tell your parents?” The feeling of missing something had been gnawing at him but not loud enough in the presence of their daughter.

“Oh god,” yet the anxiety that should have followed, didn't overwhelm him. No it hummed and sat deep in his stomach, but excitement is what took over, his parents were grandparents.

Something that they had wanted to be forever and if the reaction to the twins speaks to anything they will be thrilled. Shane wouldn't be surprised if Yuna tries to move herself in. "Im gonna call her."

"FaceTime her."

And that's what he did. She picked up almost immediately probably due to Shane rarely EVER FaceTiming anyone other than Ilya.

"Hello my beautiful son, what's going on?"

Shane laughed loud and abruptly, "Hello Yuna!" Ilya called from the front, and Shane could see the confusion on his mother's face because why would Shane be in the back seat of his car while his husband drove.

"Hi honey!" She called, "Shane, why are you in the backseat?"

And all Shane did was flip the camera to a sleeping Alina. "Mom, meet our daughter Alina."

Shane watched at shock took over his mom, "Oh my god Shane WHAT?" Yuna jumped off the couch in search for her husband. "DAVID! DAVID DID YOU KNOW?!"

"Know what Love?" and with that David Hollander came on to screen, eyebrows shooting up to the sight of his granddaughter.

"Dad meet Alina." Shane felt the tears, the lump in his throat and the hand that Ilya snuck back to hold his calf, similar tear in his eyes, because this was just the start.

End Notes

OH HEY

Hope y'all enjoyed that lil fluff piece. This delulu has taken over so may add more to this series with this family unit. No promises but you know ADHD, it do what it wants <3.

Please be so inclined to leave a comment and kudos love hearing from everyone and anyone!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!