

Can we really do this?

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Can we really do this?

by [beesandangelkisses](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya welcome the newest Hollander-Rozanov to the family.

Notes

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

It's early one morning in July when Irina Hollander-Rozanov comes into the world, screaming her perfect little head off at the ordeal of being born.

Ilya will say she chose to come so early in the day because she's ambitious, like her dad.

Shane will say she was screeching because she's rambunctious, like her papa.

Rose will say it's all because she ate spicy curry the day before because she was tired of being pregnant and had been trying to induce labor for two weeks.

Shane already owes Rose Landry for so much in his life. She was patient with him in their brief stint of dating. She was understanding and kind when she walked Shane gently through his coming out. She was resolute and steadfast in maintaining and cultivating their friendship after Shane sort of, *kind of*, left her for a man. She was there for him after they were outed to the world, and everything that surrounded it. She was absolutely absurd when she offered the insane concept of being their surrogate.

He loves her more than words can express.

Rose was visiting for the weekend, a little over a year ago, when she'd offered to provide them with the greatest gift imaginable. The three of them had been sprawled on the giant couch in their Ottawa house. It was late at night, and they were all tipsy off of wine when the conversation turned to children. Ilya and Shane had offhandedly discussed the obstacles that came with growing their family as two gay hockey players before Rose had blurted out that she would carry their baby.

Ilya and Shane had been stunned into silence. Despite Rose's insistence that she was serious, the two men secretly assumed it had been an untouchable dream that was only offered out of kindness and the influence of alcohol. Rose, however, soon proved her stubbornness and they were quickly wrapped up in exhaustive planning and countless phone calls. After picking a donor egg, obtaining Ilya's sperm, spending a lot of money, and waiting a little bit of time, Rose face-timed them with blubbery tears and a positive pregnancy test.

They had moved Rose out to stay with them in Ottawa for the last two months of her pregnancy. They'd spoiled her rotten, waiting on her hand and foot, as she worked tirelessly to grow their daughter. The timing couldn't have been better. The Centaurs were unfortunately knocked out of the playoffs in the Eastern Conference finals, so Shane and Ilya were done with their season by late May and were free to become new dads the following month. Ilya insisted that next year was the Centaurs' year, but Shane was happy enough to just focus on their family for now.

Rose had gone into labor yesterday afternoon, powering through spectacularly until Irina arrived a little before sunrise. Now, Ilya glances at his wailing daughter on Rose's chest and leans down to kiss Rose's sweaty forehead, murmuring something to their friend that Shane can't hear over the din of the delivery room. Shane is pulled away from the beautiful view as one of the nurses calls on him for the cord cutting. He reluctantly lets go of Rose's hand and is quickly led through the handling of the scissors.

The next few minutes are a whirlwind as the medical staff attend to Rose and Irina. Their daughter is evaluated, measured, and wrapped in a warm blanket in record time. The nurse holding the little baby bundle glances between the three of them, unsure of who exactly to hand her off to.

Ilya catches his husband's eye and gently reminds him, "I told you that I want you to hold her first, moya lyubov."

Ilya has spent the last few months bragging to everyone that he'd "knocked up the beautiful movie star Rose Landry." Despite Shane's protests about that not being technically true, Rose had cackled and started calling Ilya her baby daddy. Ilya insisted that, along with that, their daughter would have his amazing genes, so Shane should at least get to cut the cord and hold her first. ("And change first diaper, Hollander. I will let you do that too.")

Irina is placed gently in his arms by the nurse before the hospital staff leaves the room for now. Shane doesn't think he takes a single breath as she settles against his chest, quiet and sleepy now that the ordeal of entering the world is over. Not wanting to miss anything, Ilya slips away from Rose and presses in close to them. His arms encircle them both and everything outside of them melts away, leaving the three Hollander-Rozanov's to simply breathe each other in.

Their daughter suddenly gets blurry as tears begin to flood Shane's vision. He blinks them away and doesn't let his gaze stray from her perfect face when he speaks.

"Hi, Irina. It's uh... it's your dad." Shane tries not to let his voice shake as he greets his daughter.

Shane's heart squeezes impossibly tighter when he hears Ilya say, "Privyetik, Irina."

Shane can't help but to blurt out, "Ilya, fuck, I love her so much," without taking his eyes off of her.

Ilya's voice is husky with emotion when he says, "I knew I would love her, but this is..."

"Yeah," Shane agrees simply, forgoing words in the face of this monumental moment.

Irina is beautiful... *krasivaya*... *magnifique*... *utsukushī*, and every other iteration of the word Shane can think of in the moment. He will have to learn more languages to be able to fully articulate how he feels about the perfect little girl in his arms. He spends a few more moments memorizing her features; the curve of her cheek, the pout of her lip, the length of her eyelashes.

Ilya reaches up to rest a tentative hand on her chest. All of a sudden, Shane can't stand the thought of going another second without seeing their daughter in his husband's arms, so he carefully, reverently, passes her off to Ilya. He can't bear to back away more than an inch, so he stays right in their orbit, gazing lovingly at them both. It's right, seeing a baby in Ilya's arms. The man is built to hold hockey sticks and babies, it seems. Shane will *never* get tired of this view.

Ilya's face is full of pure, unadulterated joy. Happiness is seeping from every pore as he glances back and forth between Shane and Irina. She makes a tiny little gurgling sound and they both gasp in glee at the declaration.

"You guys are so freaking cute."

Rose's tired voice snaps them out of their oblivious bubble. They glance over at her as she lowers the phone she had pointed at them. She's obviously exhausted, but she looks incredibly happy when she gazes at them.

"Oh, fuck, Rose. I'm so sorry. We've been hogging her," Shane rushes to say.

"Oh my god, do *not* apologize for holding your baby. Her parents should totally get first dibs."

Ilya smiles as he carries Irina over to the hospital bed. His eyes don't stray from the baby's face while he says, "I think we can make exception for Aunt Rose, yeah?" He brings their angel over to Rose and passes her gently into Rose's waiting arms.

Her smile is blinding as she brushes a finger across Irina's relaxed brow. "Hey little bean. So you're the one who's been kicking me these last few months. That's okay. I'd do just about anything for you and your parents, and they'd do anything for you. I promise you'll be in good hands with them."

Shane wipes another stray tear from his eyes and looks across at Ilya doing the same. They spend a few minutes letting Rose get in some much needed baby snuggles. Ilya pulls out his phone and snaps several photos of them together, plus a few close ups of Irina's sweet face. He holds his arm out to take a one last wide lens shot of the four of them huddled together before slipping his phone into his pocket.

"Make sure to send me those." Rose insists sleepily before passing Irina into Shane's eager arms. She slumps back against the pillows, strings cut in exhaustion.

Ilya passes her a cup of water and agrees readily. "Of course I will send them all. I also want the ones you snuck earlier. Yuna and David will want them too."

Rose hums, wrung out, but obviously content. Ilya presses another quick kiss to her forehead as she says, "You two go do your dad thing. I'm going to fall asleep any minute now. Don't wait up on me."

Shane asks, "Do you need anything?"

"No, no, I'm fine. But if I don't get sushi sometime today, there will be hell to pay." The two men chuckle before Rose continues. "Seriously, take all the time you need. I'll text my parents an update and send you those pictures. Go take care of our girl."

The new fathers take their baby into the little sleeping room adjoining the birthing suite and spend the next few hours feeding and changing her. Nurses come in and out frequently to check on Rose and Irina. It is a barrage of poking and prodding at both girls, but they are each superstars and handle it like champs. Pictures are sent out to the Hollanders, the Pikes, Svetlana, and the Centaurs, and they all respond with appropriate enthusiasm. Shane tries not to spiral every time she cries and Ilya tries not to cry every time she does something adorable.

All in all, they're in absolute bliss; exhausted and joyful bliss. They spend two days in the hospital for recovery and observation before it's finally time to go home. The plan is for one of Rose's friends to take her back to Shane and Ilya's house in town for a few weeks while they take Irina to the cottage for the summer. Yuna and David will swing by in a few days to meet their granddaughter and bring Anya back to her dads. The four Hollanders have been placing bets on whether Anya will be wildly jealous that she's not the only baby anymore, or if she'll be a steadfast and protective companion to their newest family member.

They spend a long time fussing over Rose as she packs up to leave. She waves off all their concerns and promises she's eager to relax with her friends in their big empty house for a few weeks. Rose has to stop herself from giving Irina more kisses when it's finally time to leave. The boys hug and kiss her as well, thanking her once more before she finally leaves the room.

They spend even more time fussing over Irina as they pack up to leave. After triple checking that they've gathered everything, they oh-so-gently dress her delicate frame in the tiny Centaurs jersey the team had gifted them. Ilya picks her up to rest against his broad chest and Shane rushes to take yet another picture. The name Hollander-Rozanov sits proudly across her shoulders, and Shane swallows a wave of emotion so intense that he can do nothing but breathe through it.

Ilya's warm voice grounds him when he asks, "Ready to go, sweetheart?"

Shane can only nod before grabbing the car-seat and holding the straps open as Ilya lays her into it. They spend more time than necessary adjusting and checking the straps before its truly time to go. Shane hikes their bags over his shoulder and Ilya hefts the car-seat up.

"Come on, pchelka. It is time to go home."

Loading up into the car and pulling out of the hospital's parking garage is a fairly quick and easy affair. Despite that, Shane is white-knuckling the steering wheel and glancing into the rear view mirror every few seconds.

"Sure you don't want me to drive?" Ilya teases from the backseat where he is curled over Irina's sleeping form. Shane rolls his eyes fondly at his husband's ridiculous offer.

"You and I both know that would make me much more anxious."

Ilya chuckles and goes back to staring at Irina. Her little fist is wrapped around his finger and he never wants her to let go.

Shane looks back in the rear view once again to see Ilya's enamored face. A soft smile is curving his mouth, and his eyes are locked onto the bundle in the car-seat. He's not wearing his sunglasses, which are left hanging on the collar of his shirt. It's like he doesn't want a single thing to block his view of their daughter. Even though he only catches a quick glance as he drives, Shane burns the sight into his memory. As he navigates through traffic, he hears Ilya begin to whisper in the back seat. It's all in Russian, but Shane catches a jumble of sweet nothings and shining compliments murmured to Irina.

He didn't think he could love his husband any more than he already did.

They drive for a little while longer before Ilya falls silent. Even though he knows Ilya is with her, he can't see her face. A small bout of nerves flood Shane, so he asks, "Is she ok?" He knows his voice betrays his anxiety, but this is the longest he's gone without staring right at her.

Ilya glances at Shane in the mirror and smiles as he speaks. "She is perfect. She fell asleep." He's keeping his voice low and soft, but Shane can hear the raw emotion filling it.

A red light stops the car for a while, so Shane turns to look at his husband directly. He reaches his arm back and Ilya grabs his hand with the one not being held by Irina's tiny fingers. The men are both so incredibly full of love that their hands tremble with the weight of it.

Shane lowers his voice to match Ilya's when he whispers, "Can we really do this?" The question is wrought with trepidation and hope.

Ilya's eyes mist slightly, red around the edges, but his smile is blinding when he answers.

"Yes... I think so."

End Notes

For my sweet Alyssa, who won't shut up about girl dads hollanov. (please never shut up)

Thank you to Gabe for help with the ending, and thank you to Mel for editing.

All translations were done with google. All mistakes are 100% mine.

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