

Nesting

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/74983941) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/74983941>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Parenthood , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Fluff and Hurt/Comfort , Grief/Mourning , Adoption , Married Life , Slice of Life , Domestic Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-30 Words: 1,210 Chapters: 1/1

Nesting

by [celestineblue](#)

Summary

Shane & Ilya prepare their daughter's nursery.

Notes

Hi! I read Heated Rivalry and Hollanov's mentions of getting married and raising a family together tugged at my heart <3

moy lyubimyy = my darling, my beloved
docha = little daughter

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

Shane set the laundry basket on the rug.

Ilya smiled up at him — apparently, he'd been absorbed in a Russian baby book about forest animals. "Is all done?"

"Yep."

"That was fast."

"Would've been faster if you hadn't distracted me," Shane said, trying to look stern. He took a handful of onesies and got to folding.

Ilya shrugged, chuckling to himself. "You needed to stop stressing."

"*You* need to start folding." Shane tossed a couple of muslin blankets at him. Okay, he could admit that he was stressing. How could he not? For the better part of a year now, he'd been doing a shit ton of research on, well, *everything*, and it still didn't feel like enough.

"Soon our princess will be here," Ilya remarked, looking around the room like he was really seeing it for the first time.

"Yeah...god, I can't believe it," Shane said, staring at the onesie in his lap. Soon enough, their daughter's tiny hands and feet would be snuggled inside. *Their daughter*. Butterflies fluttered against his ribcage.

Over the last week, Ilya and Mom painted the nursery a pretty lilac color while he and Dad dealt with the furniture. Ilya also took the lead on toys and decorations ("Is for our little girl, *moy lyubimyy*, it can't be boring!"), so now there was a small army of stuffed animals and educational playthings in the woven baskets just past his head.

"Do you think I will be a good father?" Ilya asked, wrenching Shane out of his thoughts. His head snapped up. His husband was intensely focused on folding a polka-dot towel into the smallest square possible.

He set the clothes down and pushed the laundry basket aside. "Ilya, we wouldn't be doing this if I didn't."

"But...still. I don't know how to. Your father...he is very good." Ilya's hazel eyes flicked up to meet his, then darted away. "I see him, and I see how you will be."

Shane swallowed thickly as Ilya's lips flattened into a tight, anxious line. He loved that his parents loved him so much — without their unwavering support, he wouldn't be the man he was today. Still, when Mom and Dad fondly reminisced about embarrassing stories, pictures, or home videos from his childhood, he couldn't ignore the wistful look in Ilya's eyes.

Shane took his husband's hand, running his thumb over the ridges of his knuckles. "You're not your father," he assured him, his voice firm. He pressed a soft kiss to Ilya's lips. "You're your own person, Ilya, and you're going to be great. The best."

Ilya's eyebrows pinched together. He gave Shane's hand a gentle squeeze. *Thank you.*

"Look at everything you've done for her already," Shane continued, gesturing around the nursery. He was curating a library of baby books in English, Russian, Japanese, *and* French, and for the wall above her dresser, he'd commissioned a watercolor artist to paint a pair of loons with their chick (Shane had cried. A lot.). "This is the work of someone who loves their daughter very much, don't you think?"

"*Da.* Yes." Ilya blinked a few times and gave a small sniff. "I wish my mother could see this," he said quietly.

"I know," Shane replied. He wrapped him up in a tight hug, as if he could wring the pain out of him. Ilya buried his forehead in Shane's neck and sighed deeply. His gold cross pressed right above his heart.

"My family is your family," Shane said, brushing a loose curl away from Ilya's face. "You know that. You can talk to my dad whenever you want. And my mom, too, obviously. They love you."

Ilya smiled softly. "I know," he murmured.

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Ilya caressed the constellation of freckles on Shane's cheek with his thumb. "I am very lucky."

Warmth bloomed in his chest. "So am I," he said. Ilya kissed him slowly, pouring all of his gratitude and love into it. When their lips parted, he plucked a ruffled romper out of the laundry basket and returned to the task at hand. The tension written all over his face was replaced with concentration. Shane stayed by his side and started pairing up all the socks.

"They will give lots of good advice, I think," Ilya said.

"I survived, yeah? They had to have done something right."

"Yes, yes. Like, if she ever gets bubble gum stuck in her hair—"

"Oh my god, shut up! That was one time!" Shane snapped, springing away from him.

Ilya tilted his head, eyes glinting mischievously. "What? Is just us, sweetheart. No need to be embarrassed."

"You're finishing this by yourself," Shane declared, rising to his feet.

"Don't leave! I won't make fun again, okay?" Ilya pleaded, fighting back a laugh. (He was losing. Miserably.)

Before Shane could retort, the doorbell rang, and he threw his head back in a drawn-out groan. To Mom's chagrin, they (Shane) had decided against a baby shower, but everyone insisted on sending gifts anyway. He'd lost track of how many packages had already been

delivered today, and it was kind of a pain in the ass to keep going up and down the stairs when they were in the middle of organizing everything.

Ilya beat him to the door. “Is from Rose!” He announced, beaming at the gigantic box.

“She got the stroller? Shit, I told her not to!” Shane sighed, crossing his arms. She was *definitely* going to be hearing from him about this.

“Be nice,” Ilya teased gently, kissing the top of his head.

Shane shot him a glare. “I am!”

“Our little girl has so many people who care about her, Shane. Is a good thing, yes?” Ilya said, grinning expectantly.

“...Yes,” Shane relented, tugging him into another kiss. It was true. The proud grandparents-to-be had custom-ordered some jerseys in their team colors, and they were definitely going to be staples in their daughter’s wardrobe. Yesterday, the Pikes even swung by for lunch with their gaggle of kids, and Jackie had been all too relieved to jettison a massive bin of baby clothes at their house.

Damn his husband for being so sweet and giving him some perspective. He really was going to be the best papa ever.

Shane held the door of the nursery wide open. Ilya carefully stepped inside as their daughter stirred softly in his arms. He followed them closely, smiling so hard his face hurt.

“Welcome, *docha*,” Ilya whispered, gingerly shifting his weight from one foot to the other. “This is your room, but for now, you sleep in Papa and Dad’s room, okay? You’ll see, we have a very nice crib for you in there...”

Shane was pretty sure he was going to melt at the sight. He rested his head against Ilya’s shoulder, running the palm of his hand up and down his husband’s back. The exertion of the day was settling deep in their bones, tinged with excitement for all the days to come. Shane’s gaze settled on the painting of the loons with their chick: a family of three with a nest of their own. Along the bottom, in a small, sensible font, there was the dedication:

For Miya Irina

All our love, Papa and Dad

End Notes

I chose the name “Miya” as a nod to Shane’s Japanese heritage, to honor both moms <3

These two are now officially in my head rent free. Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed! Let me know what you think! :)

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