

songs for our daughter

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songs for our daughter

by [smashkeyboardsmash](#)

Summary

The adoption process is long and exhausting. At times it seems never ending. He doesn't want to say it out loud, but Shane is so tired, he considers giving up on the daily.

Notes

ilya's playlist in the end notes

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

The adoption process is long and exhausting. At times it seems never ending. He doesn't want to say it out loud, but Shane is so tired, he considers giving up on the daily.

But he can't do it now. Not when they are so close to getting an answer.

When he and Ilya first contacted the adoption agency more than two years ago they were very hopeful and eager. They filled in paperwork, submitted all documents, took the mandatory training, followed all procedures. They were told the process will go faster if they don't specify gender or race, so they didn't set those restrictions. Those weren't things they cared about, anyway. But the good news has yet to come.

As much as they try to keep a positive thought, it's not easy these days. On the first meeting with the agency they were told the process might take up to 24 months, but that meeting was 31 months ago, and there's still no news.

Not knowing isn't easy. Shane would rather have the agency tell him he can't be a father than the uncertainty they have now. The anticipation every time the phone rings and it's a number he doesn't recognize, but it's always a robo-call and never them. The hope that he'll get home, and the solution will be right there, waiting for him, like a little surprise sent by the universe. He feels so ridiculous wishing that he would find a kid on his doorstep. Even more so that he gets disappointed every time he comes home.

It's too much for him.

Ilya is much more hopeful than he is these days. Every morning for the last month, as he drops Shane off at work, he tells him that today's the day and that he can feel it. Every afternoon, when he gets back home to their house in the suburbs he finds Shane in the kitchen, gives him a tired smile and tells him maybe today wasn't the day, maybe it's tomorrow.

That's why Shane doesn't say anything. For Ilya.

Ilya really wants to be a father. Shane wants to be one too. He's always felt a need to take care of the people around him, and once he got to college and got to take care of his friends the light bulb went off. It had been a parental instinct all along.

At the same time he's tired. He's so, really tired.

Before they made the decision they talked over all possible options. All types of adoption, getting a surrogate, they even considered getting a ton of pets instead. This was the option that seemed least selfish out of all of them. It wasn't easier, or any less time consuming than the rest. It's not a cheaper or less stressful option either. It just... felt right. At the time. If Shane knew then what he knows now he would've voted for them finding a surrogate. A bit more stress, and guilt that he'll carry with him for asking someone to change their body and put their health on the line in exchange for a measly sum of money, all in the name of him full-filling his parental desire. But it would've been over by now, and they would be on the next stage of their life, parenting a kid.

“I feel really good about today,” Ilya tells him on a Wednesday morning. It’s December, the mornings are freezing, and even though he’s been living in the city for his entire life, Shane still hasn’t gotten used to how cold it gets. Maybe he’s just meant to be living in a warmer climate.

But Ilya loves it here, so he doesn’t dare suggest they move away from the life they fought to build.

“I do too,” he lies like he has been every morning, and he fakes a smile. He hopes that Ilya can’t read right through him. “I’ll see you tonight,” he says, then leaves a kiss goodbye against his husband’s lips. Ilya smiles back at him, a small, soothing one. It reassures Shane that things will be okay. It’s tiring, but they have each other.

He exits the car and heads towards the practice rink where he recently started working as a coach for a junior team. He walks as fast as he can, shielding himself from the cold that way. He stops before he enters, turns back and waves at the car. Ilya always waits for him to safely enter the building before he drives off to his own coaching gig. Shane doesn’t know why he does that. He falls in love with him all over again every time.

Shane doesn’t think about it for the rest of the day. He likes work recently, it keeps him distracted. He focuses on the spreadsheets and numbers in front of him, a silly system he has for tracking progress and figuring out what the team needs to work on, and he doesn’t think whether or not the government of Ontario thinks he would make a good enough father.

There’s nothing abnormal about the day. He gets off work at the usual time. Puts in his earbuds, blasts some music as he walks to the nearest station, a habit he developed for days like this one, when Ilya works late and can’t pick him up. He gets on the train to get home. Before, it wasn’t as easy, but since officially retiring from hockey, he can handle the trip back home just fine, without any disturbances.

The issue tends to be the time in between his and Ilya’s arrival home. That’s when Shane is hit with the cruel reality. As he walks to his and Ilya’s bedroom upstairs to change out of his work clothes he passes by the door of the room designated for the baby. His mind immediately goes to the situation at hand.

Behind the door sits a fully furnished room. A crib with a mobile hanging on top of it. A dresser filled with the essential pieces of clothing. A changing table.

The agency had to check that they have space to raise a kid, not just the funds, recommendation letters, the house inspections, and clear background checks, so they got everything and set it up. It’s been waiting to be used for what feels like an eternity. Shane sighs as he walks past, resisting the urge to open the door.

He sometimes does that when he’s home alone. He stands in the doorway and looks at everything inside. The stuffed animals on the shelves, the colorful decals on the walls. That’s when the defeat really sets in.

It’s out of his control now. It’s someone else’s decision. He’s had too much of that mindset lately, the knot that formed in his stomach when he went in to dust the furniture last weekend

is still present. So he walks away, leaving the sadness and inevitable self-deprecating thoughts for some other day. He'll find a way to keep himself distracted in the meantime. There are things around the house that he needs to take care of. He'll turn up the volume on his music again and he'll manage until Ilya comes back. It gets easier when Ilya returns.

Shane goes on about his day and tries not to think about it. He unpacks the groceries first, he does some laundry, dusts the living room before he gets started on dinner.

Shane loves to cook. He finds recipes to try every night before bed, and gets whatever ingredients he needs to make it on his way home. Though he loves it, he's not confident in it, so he always cooks with the recipe in front of him, just to make sure he isn't messing anything up. If he was cooking just for himself it would be different, but he's cooking for Ilya too. He doesn't want to screw up. Ilya deserves a hot, homemade meal when he comes back from work.

They're past the takeout era they had when they first moved in together. You can't raise a child with takeout. One of them was bound to start cooking on a daily basis.

The recipe he's trying today seemed much simpler when he was reading it. But now that he's reading through it again, he decides to prep all the ingredients before he turns the stove on. It takes him a bit more time, but he manages to get things done in time. The rush to get it ready is both distracting and relaxing. He doesn't have time to think about anything besides cooking.

With the meal placed to finish itself in the oven, Shane checks the clock. Ilya should be home by this time. He normally calls if he's going to be late, but Shane doesn't think too much about it. He might have got caught in traffic, or had to stay a little later at work.

He considers calling to ask if everything's okay, but he also realizes that it's just fifteen minutes. He shouldn't overreact over Ilya being fifteen minutes late. It's not long enough for him to worry as much as he does. He'll give him an hour. If it's more than an hour he'll call and ask what's going on.

In the meantime he can set up for dinner, and actually in the dining room since he has enough time to do it. They eat in the kitchen more often than not, mostly using the dining room for special occasions, or when entertaining guests. Why not change it up a bit, he thinks.

Ilya gets home a few minutes after Shane's timer chimes and he turns the oven off. He first hears the car pull up in the driveway, then the key turns and the front door opens and closes. He hears the familiar rhythm in Ilya's footsteps, he doesn't doubt that it's him. He feels relief when he hears Ilya arrive. He's just thirty minutes late. That's not a big deal.

"How was your day?" he asks almost immediately. Ilya doesn't answer though. It's odd. But Shane attempts again. "Dinner's ready. I didn't know you'd be late, so I started it at the usual time." Shane speaks as he walks out of the dining room. He meets Ilya in the hallway, and is surprised by what he sees. From the shock on his face, and how tense he seems, Shane can tell that something happened. "Is everything okay?"

Ilya looks at him then, his whole body relaxing before he answers.

“I got a call from the adoption agency.”

Shit. Today really is the day they find out what’s going on, Ilya was right this morning.

“So? What did they say?” he asks the obvious. Ilya purses his lips, then answers.

“We’re picking her up on Friday.”

It’s like the entire world stops. Shane can’t believe what he’s hearing.

“Her?” A daughter? They’re going to have a daughter?

“Her.” They’re going to have a daughter. “The day after tomorrow.”

That’s soon. Too soon. They have to get so many things, and do so much. They… they’re going to be parents.

“Holy shit.”

As he watches Ilya shrug off his coat, he stomachs the news he just heard and settles on them being reality. They’re having a kid. In two days. A weight is lifted off his shoulders. The wait was worth it. The energy they spent in trying to make their family complete.

He’s so relieved and so happy at the same time. It’s finally happening. It used to be a wish, one they dedicated all their free time to making come true. It’s so overwhelming.

For the first time in months he allows himself to feel all that he was scared of feeling before. The happiness and relief mix with the frustration he felt just minutes ago. It’s too much for him to stay with a neutral face. He can’t stop himself, the tears form in his eyes before he realizes what’s happening.

“Ah-ah. None of that language from this point on. We have to practice. I can’t have ‘fuck’ as our daughter’s first word,” Ilya jokes, the smile on his face growing wider by the moment. He leaves his coat on the hook on the wall and he finally turns and looks at Shane. “You’re crying.”

Shane touches under his eyes on instinct, trying to wipe the wet trails away.

“I’m sorry. I just…” he attempts, unsure what to say. There’s no point in him hiding it anymore, he realizes. Ilya closes the space between them quickly. He cups his face, so Shane decides to open up. “I’ve been so tired, Ilya. And so sad that it takes so much time for them to decide if we’re good enough to deserve to love another person.” Shane knows he sounds selfish when he says it. There is so much more than that, the process is long for everyone. They were ready for it. It just got too much near the end.

“I know, my love. I see you,” Ilya says. He wraps his arms around him, hugging as tight as he always does. Shane feels warm and safe in Ilya’s arms, always. It feels different this time too. He hugs back, feeling easier now that he got it off his chest. He hasn’t had this feeling of ease in months.

“I can’t wait to meet her. We’re gonna love her so much.”

“Yes, we are.” Ilya loosens his hug, but still keeps an arm around his husband. He raises one hand and uses it to sweep back Shane’s hair. It’s so long these days, the bangs getting into his eyes. Ilya wants to look at him, it seems.

Shane melts into the touch. He wants to memorize everything about this moment, the day they found out they were becoming parents. The words replay in his head and he gets overwhelmed by jitters again.

Shane rises up onto his tiptoes and presses a kiss on Ilya’s lips. Ilya kisses him back, leaning down, chasing after Shane’s lips.

“I love you,” he breaks the kiss, then pulls Ilya back into the hug. Ilya indulges him.

“I love you too.”



They have Thursday after work to take care of a lot. Luckily, they also have a list that breaks everything down, and a plan to set in motion. Nine months is a lot of time to get things in order. Thirty one months is even more.

They made the list a few weeks after they finished the parenting lessons that were required by the adoption agency. Besides the small shopping section, reminding them to get formula, diapers and wipes, the list is largely focused on cleaning up the room and preparing it for the baby.

Their baby.

Ever since they set the room up, either he or Ilya came in once a week to dust and vacuum, but today they do more than that. They air it out, wipe the floor, and disinfect all the surfaces they know the little lady will be in contact with. Baby proofing the furniture takes up most of the afternoon. They set the rug in the middle of the room, the exact spot they bought it for. Then they unpack the mattress for the crib and take the plastic off the mobile. With working baby monitors and bedding still warm from ironing placed in the crib, they call it a day.

Everything is ready. What’s left for them to do is get a good night’s sleep.

Tomorrow they’re meeting their daughter.

Shane falls asleep quickly. As long as Ilya is in the bed next to him, he has no issues with it. The issue arises when he jerks awake after turning in sleep and realizing Ilya isn’t in bed anymore. He blinks himself awake, then gets up.

Locating Ilya isn't difficult. Shane just follows the light and the muffled sound of music playing all the way to the kitchen. Bingo. Ilya's looking at his laptop, scrolling through something and mouthing the words to the music playing.

"It's the middle of the night. What are you doing at this hour?"

"Practicing for the next decade." Ilya jokes. Shane gives him a smile and he walks around the kitchen island to where Ilya is sitting. "I'm too excited to sleep. What about you?"

"You're not in bed. I can't sleep without you, you know that," Shane responds. Once he reaches Ilya he places both arms over his shoulders, hugging him from the back. Shane loves doing this. He feels tall for a change.

"I'm sorry, my love," Ilya coos, and places his hands on Shane's forearms. Shane's smile widens. He doesn't want to move away from the hug, Ilya's touch further convinces him to stay where he is.

Shane leans down, resting his chin on Ilya's shoulder. He looks at the laptop screen, Ilya has Spotify open, Shane recognizes. He's making a playlist. 'Songs for our daughter' the title reads, and a picture of their wedding day. Shane's chest tightens with fondness.

"Ilya?" The real question remains unsaid, Shane's face is enough for anyone to figure it out.

"It's the only thing that's calming me down right now," Ilya replies. "I was thinking we could show the playlist to her when she's grown up. We can add a bunch until then."

Shane loves the idea.

"Yeah, let's do that."



They're sleep deprived and nervous. But they're the good kind of nervous. They've never been so excited.

"Are you ready?" Ilya asks. They're standing in the hallway, coats and beanies on. They're moments away from heading out to the agency.

"I'm ready."

The last time Shane was as certain of something was when he said yes to Ilya's proposal.

End Notes

thank you for reading!

i made this playlist when i first wrote this fic. it's still relevant for the rework. enjoy
[ilya's playlist for their daughter](#)

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