

one look at you interfered with the rest of my life

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one look at you interfered with the rest of my life

by [EndlessLove \(ThisLove\)](#).

Summary

And... yeah all of it was really funny. They got it right. And also, Hollander was *fucking* adorable when he interacted with kids.

or

five times ilya watched shane with kids and one time he watched shane with *their* kid

Notes

this is a mix from the series and books universes because they are all jumbled up in my head at this point haha i've been missing the kids at the daycare i work at and i've been missing hollanov so everything came together in this fic haha

english is not my native language and this isn't beta'ed so i'm sorry for mistakes!

this is dedicated to my friends on bluesky (you all made me even more obsessed with hr last month lol )

title is from golden terrace by cang wu bin bai (aka my favorite danmei's rivals to lovers)

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

- Inspired by [Five Times Ilya Thought Of Having A Baby With Shane](#) by [Ameel19](#)

Ilya Rozanov considered himself a very level-headed person. He was really mature for an eighteen year old – other people always told him so – and he was good at handling feelings – at least, the ones related to romantic or sexual relationships. But, well, that was until last year when he met *someone* in Saskatchewan and it changed *things*.

Said someone, a prodigy also known as Shane Hollander, was now joking around on the rink with some kids wearing Canada jerseys. Ilya guessed that these players were invited to watch the Canada team to learn something. Weren't they like U13? They would have too many other chances to learn stuff, since it would be some time before they could participate in official competitions. They didn't even need to be here yet.

Or, maybe, they just *really* wanted to see Hollander today, which, unfortunately, was a feeling Ilya had become very familiar with in the last months – especially after the gym incident.

Ilya watched from the stands how Hollander showed off to the kids, but also how he sometimes stopped playing to teach them a move, pointing to the lines on the ground. At some point, Hollander seemed to have stopped talking, choosing to show them some of his moves. He patted the kids' heads and backs, smiling at them whenever they looked at him for approval.

Ugh.

Ilya slid down a bit on his seat, sighing to himself, and picked up his phone to distract himself from the scene on the rink.

Shane Hollander was hot, that Ilya knew, but he was also so fucking *cute*. Ilya had to absolutely *destroy* him when Russia got to play against Canada.

(Hollander's team ended up winning the Juniors, and Ilya felt like he had lost more than the championship title that night.)

2.

2014

Being one of the MHL's greatest players nowadays – Ilya is not going to pretend otherwise, he knows he's good – and one of North America's most sought out bachelors – he *is* very popular –, Ilya is clearly a very busy person who has no time to lose with unimportant things.

So, pray tell, why would he be watching a dumb variety show on a Saturday night, instead of going out to play around and maybe get lucky?

The answer was obviously Shane fucking Hollander.

Fuck, Ilya couldn't recognize himself anymore ever since *Las Vegas* happened.

Just two months ago, he chose to watch Hollander talk about his yoga activities, just because. And Svetlana was at his house at the time. But damn, those shorts he had been wearing had been something else—

Anyway, now, Ilya was willingly watching Hollander take care of a random child, because someone thought it would be funny or something.

And... yeah all of it was really funny. They got it right. And also, Hollander was *fucking* adorable when he interacted with kids.

Shit!

Don't get Ilya wrong, Hollander was terrible with them. He did not seem to know how to deal with children – and perhaps that was the entertainment they were trying to give people by making him participate – but that alone was enough to make him look *cute*.

Another player was on the show with Hollander – his name was Pike or something – and most of the talking was made by him, while Hollander was mostly showing the kid a small stick and an even smaller puck for them to play together with him. Because, *of course*.

His lack of verbal interactions with the child was compensated by the fact that Hollander was giving them all his attention when they talked, and he also touched them affectionately whenever they smiled at him.

It was even worse than that day at the Juniors – Ilya couldn't forget about that one either – because here he was with a smaller kid (in conclusion: even more cute than some hockey brats) and Ilya could see *all* of Hollander's freckles and the rest of his face on his 70-inch television.

Goddamnit, what the fuck was wrong with him?

Ilya was feeling at the top of his game now.

His team, current Stanley Cup champions, was doing well on the play-offs with real chances of a back-to-back title this year. All other aspects of his life were also thriving.

Thus, due to becoming so popular and booked (he had been getting a lot of advertisement proposals lately), Ilya didn't have time to waste with variety programs anymore – not even the ones featuring Shane Hollander. He had progressed past the need to bore himself with videos of Hollander on his television. Ilya was a changed man.

Now, Shane Hollander's videos were played on his phone only. Not on purpose, of course, the algorithm was to blame for this: the videos kept showing up on his timeline, so he watched them. Why wouldn't he?

Well, *why would he?* was the question he asked himself as he scrolled down his Instagram homepage (on his burner account) and found hundreds of pictures and videos of Shane Hollander with a baby. In his arms.

He was *carrying* an infant.

Luckily, Ilya had been alone in his room when everything first showed up on his screen. Otherwise he'd never live it down if his teammates had seen the way he groaned out loud reacting to it.

He locked the phone's screen and put it down for a while. Took a deep breath. And then opened Instagram again.

Apparently, Hollander had been on an outing with Pike and his kids in an aquarium and got caught by hockey fans who were also there. (Because hockey fans were *everywhere* with their phones). Said fans took pictures with Hollander (probably not with Pike) and also took pictures *of* Hollander with the baby. Which brought Ilya to where he was now: kind of freaking out.

In the videos, Hollander was holding the baby carefully – rocking them – while talking with Pike. Some pictures showed him laughing at the infant, touching them gently, pressing his lips to their head, almost acting like the baby was his own.

Holy shit.

Ilya wanted to get Shane Hollander pregnant. Right now. He wanted to have kids with Shane Hollander. All his reactions to seeing him with children before made all sense now. Ilya was even more fucked than he had thought so.

(Well, it wouldn't be possible to have that because of who they were and the kind of relationship they had, he knew that. But maybe Ilya could at least introduce Hollander to the concept of breeding kink next time they were together? It could be a start...)

4.

2017

After having to turn away from Hollander, because the wet shirt clinging to his chest was not going to help half naked Ilya *at all*, Ilya went to grab a towel from his chair, hoping that drying his hair a bit would help distract himself from everything that was Shane. He took the opportunity to buy a drink for himself hoping that at least one kind of thirst would be sated – and it worked.

When Ilya came back to the poolside, Hollander was closer to the pool than before. He had some candy bars on his hands and was sharing them with the kids that Ilya had been

swimming with previously.

Shane was always so awkward with kids that Ilya couldn't help but smile to himself thinking that it was fucking endearing, too. Though Ilya went from only finding it cute and adorable, in the past, to finding it unbearable now, because he wanted *this*. Shane Hollander. With kids. Preferably, Ilya's.

It turns out it wasn't only a breeding kink. It was a family kink in some way.

And hell, how Ilya wished it had been only a sex thing... their *relationship* was already complicated enough as it was.

(Oh yes, two closeted rival hockey players trying to start a family with kids when they hadn't even discussed whatever they were feeling about each other. It would all go really well, obviously.)

Anyways, some part of Ilya's brain didn't want to think about the impossibilities of anything. It only thought about how sweet (ugh) Shane was being with the kids and if he would be this sweet with *their* kids. Which. Of course he would be. He'd probably be even sweeter with them, and so would Ilya, spoiling them while Shane would pretend to be the stern parent.

Ilya had to turn back to the bar again, away from Hollander, because his brain was starting to picture what their kid would look like with hair like Ilya's and freckles like Shane's and Ilya would really not go there. Not right now.

Ilya was having fun playing with Shane and the Pike's kids that afternoon. He had always loved kids, but he had never had a chance to spend so much time with them as much as he did now with Hayden and Jackie's children.

The kids had learned very soon that along with Uncle Shane came Uncle Ilya in the package. And they had started to like him as well, which made Ilya very happy.

While he had been painting Ruby and Jade's nails, Ilya had watched as Shane carried Amber – the youngest of the Pike children – to sleep. He had pulled her up from her chair softly, mumbling something to her before taking her to her room. Ilya had felt a tug on his heart seeing it.

Now that he and Shane were *really* together, Ilya noticed that his feelings about *Shane* and *kids* and *family* were even more overwhelming than before, when they had that undefined relationship. Well, perhaps it happened because nowadays they had actual plans – that included kids and dogs and cats – and they were going to get to it soon. Someday.

The thing was, watching Shane with other people's children made Ilya feel like he couldn't wait for the moment where that could be *his* reality. When he and Shane would be taking care of their own kids in their house – probably in Ottawa – and they'd be having play dates with other kids.

At the moment, Shane was sitting at the table between Jade and Arthur, watching as the little boy drew something on a sheet of paper with the nail polish his sisters – and Ilya – weren't using. Ilya, in turn, watched the two interact for a bit and smiled to himself when he remembered something.

Arthur was probably the baby in Shane's arms at that time of the pictures flooding his Instagram timeline, right?

Ilya couldn't believe how much the boy had grown up and how he only realized now that that small baby was currently this kid that could draw and speak so well.

In Ilya's defense, the pictures he had saved back then were very low quality and babies changed a lot when they grew up. And, also, he hadn't been Hayden's biggest fan in the past, so he hadn't cared much about his family at all, sorry. But now he was familiar with the children enough to be called their uncle and Arthur, even being a quiet kid most of the time, talked with Ilya confidently.

If someone had told past Ilya that he wouldn't think Hayden was an asshole anymore and that he'd be with Shane and the kids at the Pike's residence, he wouldn't have believed them. He would have believed though, if someone told him that *he* and Shane were thinking of marrying each other and raising kids because, let's be real, he had been thinking about that even before he knew that he loved Shane.

The afternoon spent with the children ended up being better – and more emotional – than what Ilya was expecting, and on the way home all he could think about was when he would be able to tell everyone that Shane was *his* (that he was Shane's), and when they would be able to have their own babies being cute as hell. The cutest, by the way, sorry Pike kids.

(And well, it wasn't the right time for that now, but Ilya and Shane had no trouble trying. Shane, Ilya discovered, was *really* into the thought of being bred.)

+ 1.

202X

Ilya was sitting on the floor, with Anya between his legs, holding his phone up to record what was happening in the living room right now.

In front of him – and of his phone – was Shane sitting on his knees, holding their daughter's hands and helping her stay on her two feet. Ilya watched as Shane slowly released her arms and smiled at Elena encouragingly.

Ilya was pretty sure that he wasn't recording it very well, but hell if he would take his eyes off the thing happening live in front of him just to stare at the screen... he wanted to see it happen with his own eyes!

Elena giggled at Shane after being left ‘alone’, before toddling towards him and reaching her arms out in his direction. She walked three or four steps before falling forward right into Shane’s chest, who held her tight while turning to grin at Ilya.

“Did you see that? She took more steps than she did last week,” Shane said happily and then held up the baby close to his face.. “You’re doing so great, Elena, you’re so smart!” He kissed her cheek.

Ilya felt like his own smile mirrored Shane’s and Elena’s because he was grinning like an idiot watching the two of them together. He couldn’t help but notice that Shane was not awkward at all with Elena – at least, not after more than a year of having her around – and he was truly sweeter on her than he had been on any other kid.

Shane kept repeating the same actions again – helping the baby stand up and then releasing her hands unhurriedly – and each time, Elena seemed happier to be able to walk a bit and fall safely into her daddy’s arms.

After recording enough material – maybe one of the videos could be salvaged – Ilya put his phone aside and let Anya out of his lap to approach the two other people. Elena was still giggling in Shane’s arms before she noticed that her papa was closer to her now.

Shane held the baby’s sides again and gently turned her body in Ilya’s direction. She looked at Ilya – curly dark hair, hazel eyes and freckles full on display – and grinned at him before reaching out for her papa. Ilya knelt very close to her, watching as she laughed while toddling towards him and falling into his arms, hugging him.

Damn. Ilya was not going to cry.

“You did great,” he said in Russian. His eyes teared up a bit, after all. Then *“I love you, I’m so proud of you.”*

He felt Shane caressing his shoulder and giving a kiss on his hair, and that made one tear slide down his cheek, he was sure. But hey! He wasn’t going to give Elena the wrong

impression by full-on crying in front of her... He sniffled discreetly, wiped the tear on his cheek quickly and held her back again.

"I was right. You are the cutest baby in the world," Ilya held her up and munched on her cheeks. She shrieked again, babbling in response to her papa.

Ilya then saw that Shane was looking at the two with a soft smile, before he got up for a bit to grab something – his phone, Ilya noticed later. Ilya let Shane take all the photos he wanted – he loved having pictures with his daughter – and then let him record videos too when they tried making Elena walk again.

She was still stuck on the four steps – once she almost got to a fifth one – and because she had been walking a lot that morning, she suddenly decided that she was tired – or that it became boring – because next thing Ilya knew was that when he released her hands she just dropped butt down on the floor. She stared at him with a face that said "just let me stay here, okay?" and Ilya laughed at her.

Ilya couldn't wait for the moment where she would have more control of her facial features and would imitate his or Shane's expressions. He heard that babies made the funniest faces when they started imitating their parents and he really wanted to see it soon.

"Oh my god, did you get tired already?" Shane also laughed while sitting down next to her. "I was just planning to take you to the rink next week so you could practice hockey already, but it seems you have no stamina for that yet, huh," he joked, kissing her hair softly.

"*Shane,*" Ilya shook his head at him. He knew Shane was joking, but Ilya was sure that he would try to take her to the ice as soon as she started walking for real. "Let her understand what is normal ground first. Okay? Baby steps. Literally. Then we take her to ice rink..."

Shane stuck his tongue out at him.

"Well, as soon as she starts running around the house nonstop, then I'm taking her to the ice for sure. She'll have to spend her energy somewhere– I heard that they have too much of it at two– and hockey will probably help."

“But what if she goes to the rink and decides that hockey isn’t for her and prefers to ice skate, for example?” Ilya raised one eyebrow at him.

“Uhm...” Shane mumbled, “good question.”

Ilya got up to his feet to wash his hands and then picked up a bowl with sliced bananas from the fridge, together with a small plastic spoon from the drawer. He sat down in front of Elena holding the bowl, and offered her the spoon, while Shane adjusted her to lean against him between his legs, so that she wouldn’t fall backwards.

The two of them watched Elena for a while, since she was still learning how to eat well with the few teeth she had. She didn’t know how to use the spoon at all, but she liked holding it with one hand while picking the food up with the other.

“If she decides she wants to be a figure skater, then I guess I’ll take her to practices and maybe make her costumes,” Shane started talking again after they verified that everything was okay with their daughter.

“*We’ll* take her to practice and *we both* will make her costumes,” Ilya corrected him, “and we will also participate in all the competitions, even the ones where she might not have a chance to win – she will obviously end up winning, anyway,” he nodded to himself.

Shane groaned.

“Oh my god, we’ll be such insufferable dads,” he laughed. “While she’s a kid she’ll probably be really happy that we’re with her in everything, but when she becomes a teenager she’ll feel so embarrassed that she won’t even want us near her,” Shane sighed. He then looked down at Elena. “Please, take your time growing up and don’t feel too mad at us in the future, okay?”

Ilya laughed. He moved a bit closer to Shane, letting their legs touch.

“I think we will be fine,” he held one of Shane’s hands on his.

Shane leaned a bit to the side, resting his head on Ilya’s shoulder. He wasn’t in a good position – with Elena sitting between his legs and him not being able to move a lot – but he probably just wanted to feel closer to Ilya at the moment. Ilya wanted that closeness too.

“Uhm,” Shane nodded. “We’ll do our best. Whether she becomes a hockey player, a figure skater or if she doesn’t choose anything,” he huffed. “Hopefully, she will find something she likes that doesn’t involve only spending money for the rest of her life.”

“Well, she’ll have a lot of money to spend.” Ilya pointed out.

“Please, let’s not tell that to her for a while...”

Ilya and Shane stayed silent after that, watching how the baby finished eating almost everything. Ilya took the bowl and spoon and put them on the sink, before grabbing a packet of wet wipes and taking it to Shane, who then wiped Elena’s hands.

There was still some time before lunch and it wasn’t the time for Elena’s nap yet – she usually slept right after lunch – so Ilya thought that perhaps they could take Elena on a stroll and take Anya out for a walk in the neighborhood too.

“Shall we go out with Elena and take Anya too?” Shane asked suddenly, before Ilya opened his mouth, and after he already put the wipes away and got up with Elena in his arms. “We could even eat out today,” he suggested.

Ilya grinned at Shane, holding his face and giving him a kiss on the mouth, taking care to not squish Elena between them. He then looked at the two, at everything he’s sure he’s always had dreamed of, and squeezed them both a little in a hug. He then stared at Shane and Elena one more time.

“Yes, *I love you*, let’s go,” Ilya replied, before going to grab Anya’s things.

Okay, maybe reality was even better than everything Ilya imagined would happen...

“I love you, too,” Shane answered in Russian, not understanding the sudden display of affection but enjoying nonetheless. He furrowed his eyebrows and glanced down at Elena. *“Well, shall we prepare to leave too, sunshine?”* He paused. “Oops, wrong language, Papa will teach you that one. Daddy will keep talking to you with this one for now... Then I’ll teach you French – if you feel like learning it, because Papa sure didn’t – and in school you’ll get to hear it too,” he explained. “Wait... Maybe you’ll become a linguist instead of an athlete? That’d be cool too!”

Elena only smiled at him as if she understood what he was saying. Shane kissed her forehead.

“All right, I really just want you to be happy. And I bet this is what Papa wants too.”

Shane grabbed Elena’s bag – a snoopy one because Ilya thought it reminded him of Shane, of all things – and while he prepared the water bottles for the humans and for the dog with one hand available, Ilya took Elena from him to apply sunscreen on her. After that, the two of them prepared themselves too before locking the door and going outside for their walk.

Shane looked at Ilya in his large hat, with his sunglasses on and a snoopy baby bag on his shoulder walking Anya and thought to himself that Ilya really looked like a dad now. Okay, maybe a DILF, to be honest, but still a dad. Then Shane looked down at Elena in his arms, with her baby hat matching her papa and thought yeah, okay, Ilya was Shane’s baby’s dad. And he was also Ilya’s baby’s dad. That made him grin to himself.

(Shane might or might not have been thinking about that happening as soon as he realized that having a kid was something that he wanted. Too many years of watching Ilya with kids, wishing that maybe one day it could be his and Shane’s kid, went by without him even noticing. And now they have really made it. Shane couldn’t be happier...)

End Notes

thank you for reading! i hope you liked it 🥰

i've spent the whole day writing this... but i'm happy lol happy new year! 🎉

mar.

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