

Winning at life

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Winning at life

by [jasxmoony](#)

Summary

“Daddy?” a soft voice whispered and a hand touched him a few times. Shane opened his eyes, and in front of him there was his sweet daughter, in her unicorns pyjamas and a messy ponytail, holding her teddy bear. “I can’t sleep”.

“Come here, love” Shane murmured, patting the bed.

Irina nodded and climbed the bed, settling in between Shane and Ilya, who was still sleeping.

She gave Shane her back and curled up behind her papa, holding with one hand Mr. Bear and with the other Ilya’s shoulder. Shane made sure that everyone was well covered by the blanket, then let his arm wrap his daughter, his husband and, of course, Mr. Bear.

Notes

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

Shane woke up in the middle of the night when he heard his bedroom door opening and small footsteps approaching his bed.

“Daddy?” a soft voice whispered and a hand touched him a few times. Shane opened his eyes, and in front of him there was his sweet daughter, in her unicorns pyjamas and a messy ponytail, holding her teddy bear. “I can’t sleep” she said with a shy smile, and Shane lips curved up as well. Irina learnt very young that her parents had a hard time telling no to her beautiful face, and he knew that the “I can’t sleep” actually meant that she wanted her parents’ company.

“Come here, love” Shane murmured, patting the bed. Irina nodded and climbed the bed, settling in between Shane and Ilya, who was still sleeping - unaware of what was happening. Ilya could really sleep though anything.

Irina gave Shane her back and curled up behind her papa, holding with one hand Mr. Bear and with the other Ilya’s shoulder. Shane made sure that everyone was well covered by the blanket, then let his arm wrap his daughter, his husband and, of course, Mr. Bear.

When he woke up again, it was because of the whispers he was hearing. Ilya was hugging his daughter, who looked delighted by the attention.

“Look, Irina, now both my favorite people in the whole world are up” Ilya said, not muttering under his breath now that Shane was awake, and Irina beamed.

“Hi daddy! Papa said he will make pancake for breakfast and we will go to the park with Anya!” she said with all the excitement a four year old could have. Shane rubbed his hand on his face and smiled.

“This is a nice plan, am I invited as well to the park?” Shane asked.

Irina widened her eyes, and turned around to whisper something to Ilya’s ear, who nodded, muttering something in russian that Shane didn’t catch. He took some Russian lessons over the years, but it was difficult to understand the language when it was spoken too fast and with a low voice.

Irina nodded to whatever Ilya said and then turned around to Shane. “We think you can come with us, if you want”.

Irina was clearly a papa’s girl, from the very first day. Whatever she had to do, she wanted to do it with her papa. And Ilya loved every second of it.

He spoiled the hell out of their daughter. Shane clearly saw it coming even before Irina was born, but being able to witness how Ilya melted for their child was the most precious thing.

“Well, I’m honoured” Shane said.

He scooped over to get closer to his world and let his head rest on the pillow, his daughter’s hair tickling his face.

A few moments later, Irina got up, looking from where she was standing on the bed to her dads. “I want pancakes, let’s go!” she established with a tone of voice that didn’t accept

anything else but getting up and making pancakes. She grabbed Mr. Bear and got out the bed, running out the bedroom.

“Good morning” Shane then smiled to his husband, who looked so peaceful. “Good morning, sweetheart” Ilya replied, hugging him tightly.

“If I don’t go downstairs in the next ten seconds she will call the police on me, I fear. Take your time, I’ll make your horrible smoothie for you” Ilya said, then kissed his neck and got up. Before going downstairs, he entered their bathroom to wash his face and his teeth.

Shane stayed in bed ten more minutes, rolling though the sheets that were still warm. Then he went to the bathroom as well, before heading to the kitchen.

Irina was sitting at the table, drinking some milk while Ilya was flipping the last pancake in the pan. Shane’s smoothie was already done.

Anya was laying on the floor next to where Irina was.

“Hi” he greeted, kissing the top of Irina’s head before going to his husband and wrapping his hands around his waist for a few seconds. Ilya hummed as he put the last pancake on top of all the others on a plate, then turned around and cupped Shane’s jaw, kissing him a quick good morning. Irina giggled behind them, as she always did whenever her dads showed each other affection.

“I hope everyone’s hungry!” Ilya exclaimed then, freeing himself from Shane’s hands and bringing the pancakes to the table.

“I am hungry! I am, papa!” Irina said, hurrying to grab a pancake and putting nutella on it. Shane drank his smoothie but ate pancakes as well, because now he allowed himself to.

They weren’t in the NHL anymore, years ago they decided that they would both retire before raising a child.

It took Shane some time to come up with the fact that his diet was a... problem for him, but Ilya helped him in seeking professional help, and it got better, Shane got better.

After breakfast, Irina run to her room to change her clothes.

They cleared up the kitchen before getting ready as well.

Half an hour later, they entered Irina’s room, who was combing - or at least trying to - her hair. She beamed when she noticed her parents and pointed at them with the comb. “Do my hair, please!”

Shane kneeled to brush her hair, then asked: “What should I do?”

“Two ponytails!”

Two minutes later, she had two perfect ponytails and was the happiest girl on this earth. She kissed Shane’s cheek, then got up from her chair.

Oh , she was the cutest ever.

“Samaya krasivaya devochka” Ilya said and Shane smiled, nodding in agreement. She truly was the most beautiful child.

She looked so much like Shane, since he had been the donor. It had been a long conversation between Ilya and Shane. Ilya admitted he would have loved to be the donor (shane would have died of sweetness if they had a kid with light curly hair and blue eyes) but he was too scared to pass down his father's Alzheimer or his mother's depression. And Ilya stated that he wanted their child to have freckles as Shane.

Rozanov got lucky, Shane reckoned, because Irina had freckles all over her cheeks and nose. She had big brown eyes like Shane, but her hair was slightly lighter.

She was wearing a pair of yellow shorts, and a hockey t-shirt. To be honest, Irina had at least a dozen of hockey t-shirt and jerseys, her parents buying personalized hockey clothes for her since she was born.

But this was new, since she out-grew the last ones. Ilya personalized it for her, the number is 21 (the 2 because shane's number was 24, the 1 because of the 1 in Ilya's 81). Under her number, "Rozanov-Hollander" was written. There even was a "C". Shane laughed softly, because of course Ilya would have put a C.

"It's in her genes, Hollander. Her daddy is the best hockey player ever" his husband told him one evening while they were talking about Irina and hockey, and Shane felt so much love in his heart for the man in front of him. "Both her fathers are the best hockey players, Ilya" he corrected him, and his husband smiled. "Lucky her" he joked, laying his head on Shane's shoulder.

Irina started playing hockey a few months ago, but Shane and Ilya had always brought her to the rink. Even though they didn't play professionally anymore, they still liked to go skate or practice, sometimes playing games with Hayden, Troy or Scott Hunter.

She turned out to be a natural at hockey: she had perfect balance and aim, and Shane was so proud of her.

"Stay there, liubov" Ilya smiled, then took his phone and opened the camera. He took a couple of photos. Irina smiled, showing her milk teeth.

"Turn around and show what's written on your t-shirt" he instructed and she did it immediately, giggling.

Then, Anya barked and Irina forgot about the pictures her papa was taking, running to go find the dog. "Let's go! Anya wants to go for a walk!" Irina shouted.

Shane looked at the picture Ilya had just taken of their daughter on the phone screen, and simply kissed his husband.

He had won countless games, medals and cups, but nothing was like what he had now. He had Ilya, their perfect daughter and Anya; he definitely won at life.

End Notes

Hi,

Yes i am a believer that Shane and Ilya would name their daughter Irina or, at least, a Russian name.

I hope what I wrote in Russian was correct, i used google to translate so i have no idea...

Hope you enjoyed this one shot!!

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