

have a couple kids, got the whole block looking like you

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have a couple kids, got the whole block looking like you

by [shesawelcomesign](#)

Summary

He thinks about 18-year-old Shane, meeting Ilya Rozanov in Saskatchewan. He thinks about Shane now, retired, but with busier days than ever. He thinks about all the Shanes in between- Montreal Voyageur captain Shane, realizing he's in love with the one person he never could be. The Shane that could never go back to the team he thought he'd always be a part of. The Shane that created a dynasty and a family with the love of his life in Ottawa.

He hopes they would be proud of him, and the life he's made for himself.

Notes

I know that I updated my other work today but I saw the scene of Ilya in the pool in Episode 5 and couldn't help myself.

and yes I think they would have a bunch of children idc what they said about not having 4 kids in the Long Game!

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

“Another popsicle, please?”

Shane looks down at his daughter. Her brown eyes are big and her lips are puffed out, hands clasped in front of her chest. She’s completely soaked, having just climbed out of the pool all of ten seconds ago, her dark hair thankfully having been braided by her sister before her first cannonball.

It’s the cutest thing Shane has ever seen.

“Emiliya,” he says. “You just had a popsicle 15 minutes ago. I don’t know if another is a good idea yet.”

She somehow frowns harder, and Shane can see tears welling up in her eyes. Oh, boy.

“We’re going to have lunch soon,” he tries. “How about after lunch?”

Emi considers it for a moment, her winged pool floaties wiggling as she turns side-to-side. They were Disney Princess themed, her favorite. “Ok,” she says finally. “But can you have one with me, Daddy?”

“I don’t know, honey,” Shane says. The tears threaten to spill over. “We’ll see, okay?” He says quickly. “I might be full from lunch.”

She nods, then hugs Shane’s middle, leaving his shirt wet, and dashes back to the pool, jumping in with a squeal.

“Another popsicle?” A voice asks from behind him.

Ilya is dressed in truly outlandish MLH-patterned swimming trunks, and neon-pink flip flops. In his arms, their son bounces, reaching out for Shane.

“Jude, you traitor,” Ilya says, but he lets Shane take the baby, watching with a fond smile.

“I missed you,” Shane coos to Jude. He laughs as Shane squishes his chubby cheeks and presses kisses to his blond wisps of hair.

“Aw, I missed you too, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya says.

Shane rolls his eyes but pulls Ilya close. “I was talking to our baby.”

“My own husband does not love me anymore,” Ilya says dramatically. “I become Canadian for him. I move countries. I give him Cups. And a little baby has dethroned me.”

“Jude is not little,” Shane says. The baby in question gargles.

“Yes,” Ilya says. “He is chunky.” Jude turns to look at his Papa. “But you are so, so, cute, *malysh*. We love you very much, yes we do.”

“I can’t believe you put him in this,” Shane remarks. Jude’s wearing a baby swimsuit with the same patterns as Ilya’s own trunks.

Ilya looks offended. “It is very cute. You are just jealous because you have to wear boring blue shorts.”

“They aren’t boring,” Shane says defensively. (They definitely were.)

“I guess so,” Ilya says, then leans in to whisper, “I wish they were shorter.”

Shane pulls away to smack his chest. “You perv, not in front of the baby.”

Ilya laughs and kisses them both on the cheek. “Will you be okay with Jude? I want to cool off.”

Shane nods his head. “Go ahead.”

Then, it’s just him and Jude, standing on the concrete next to the pool. “Let’s go sit down,” Shane says to Jude. He loves to talk to the baby, even though he doesn’t understand a word. All of the parenting books he’s read over the years said it’s good for speech development, so Shane rambled to all of he and Ilya’s children.

The oldest of which is lounged out on a chair in the sun, hair up and bikini on. Hana is a picture of her other father, with blond curls that are the exact same as Ilya’s.

“Hi, honey,” Shane says as he approaches and sits next to her, shaded by an umbrella. “What are you up to?”

Hana looks at him and sighs. “Tanning.”

“Oh, exciting,” Shane says. Jude sits in between his legs, playing with a rubber duck that Shane hands him. “Are you having fun?”

“Yep,” she says. “I’m going to take a nap.”

“Okay, dear. Do you want me to wake you up for lunch?”

“Yes, please,” she says. “Thanks, Dad.”

The riveting life of having a 15-year-old daughter who’s decided she’s too cool for her dad. Shane smiles and lets her sleep.

Shane entertains Jude for the next twenty minutes. He whispers at first, but Hana can sleep through anything, so he doesn’t have to worry about waking her up, and Jude is a pretty easy baby, so he just giggles and crawls all over the lounge chair.

“Okay, *mon étoile*,” Shane is saying to Jude. “Are you ready? We’re gonna do it. I know you can. Say Papa. Pa-pa.”

Jude babbles something incomprehensible.

“You can do it,” Shane says. “I know you can. All of your siblings said Dada first, and you’re our last one, so I want your Papa to win once. Papa. Yes, your Papa,” he says, when Jude grins. “He used to be a big scary hockey player, just like Dada, but that was a long time ago. Maybe you’ll play hockey some day. Does that sound fun?”

Jude babbles more, and says something that sounds suspiciously like “Pa.”

“Papa. Pa-pa.”

“Dad,” a quiet voice says. Shane turns around. On the other side of the chair is his older son, wrapped in a Transformers towel, with wet, dark hair, and looking upset.

“Misha,” he says, scooting over to make room. “Hey, bud, what’s wrong?”

“Emi wouldn’t let me play with Niko,” he whimpers. “Even though it was my turn.”

Misha and Emiliya, being 9 and 7, respectively, are complete opposites. That means that out of all their children, they’re often the ones fighting. It gets exhausting.

“Papa’s in the pool,” Shane offers. “Why don’t you go hang out with him?”

“Niko is leaving after the All-Star Game,” Misha says, curling into Shane’s side. “He isn’t coming back home with us. To Ottawa. So I want to hang out with him.”

“Okay,” Shane says. “So why didn’t you tell Papa that?”

Misha is silent for a moment. He naturally gravitates towards Shane, being that he’s more reserved, and often runs to him whenever he needs anything. Shane sometimes nudges him towards Ilya in cases like these.

“I don’t know,” Misha says finally.

“That’s okay,” Shane tells him. He drops a kiss on his head and then says, “I’m going to keep hanging out with Jude, though. Why don’t you go ask Papa if he can play with Emi so you can with Niko, okay?”

“Okay, Dad,” Misha says. He spreads his towel on the empty chair next to Shane so it can dry, and then walks back over to the pool. Ilya, who’d been watching him talk to Shane, catches him as he jumps in.

They talk for a few moments before Ilya calls out for Emi, who is currently showing off her handstands for Niko.

Niko being the Centaurs rookie that’s living with them for the season, a stellar defenseman out of Moscow. Shane always joked that Luca Haas was Ilya’s hockey son, but Niko and Ilya are two peas in a pod as well. He’s a good kid, and it’s nice to talk in Russian around the family dinner table, and to watch Ilya mentor him.

Ilya and Niko trade, and then Ilya is carrying Emiliya out of the pool.

“Papa’s coming,” Shane says to Jude, who is trying to shove the rubber duck in his mouth.

“When it’s your brother’s turn, you have to be fair, okay?” Ilya says to Emi, who is resting her face on his chest. Shane can hear little snuffles. “You had lots of time to play with Niko. Misha gets a chance now.”

Emi lets out a pitiful hiccup as they sit down. Shane knows that it’s just for show, but Ilya is still the big softie he was when Shane fell in love with him.

“No more crying,” he says to their daughter, rubbing her tears away with his thumb. “Papa doesn’t like to see you cry. Will a popsicle make you feel better?”

“Daddy says we need to have lunch first,” Emi mumbles. Ilya gasps, making her giggle.

“Okay, if Dad says,” Ilya relents. He knows better than to give their kids stuff behind Shane’s back. Hana did it to him all the time- “Papa, can I go to the mall with my friends? Dad says I can’t have any more spending money, though”, or “Papa, can we get a kitten, please? Dad thinks I’m not responsible enough yet”, and Ilya always caved.

He’s getting better. Shane is very proud of him, even if the kids don’t like it.

“It will taste better after lunch, da?” Ilya asks Emi. Jude reaches out for him. “Maybe Jude can have a bite?”

Emiliya laughs. “You’re silly. Jude doesn’t have any teeth!”

“He does, they are just very little. But guess who has teeth and can eat the lunch that Dad made for us?” Ilya says. “Why don’t you go tell Misha and Niko that it’s time for food.”

Ilya digs through their stuff and helps her find her towel with a built-in princess crown, then wraps her in it and smothers her with kisses before sending her on her way.

Jude, vying for Shane’s attention, crawls up his leg.

“Who’s hungry?” Shane asks, picking him up.

Ilya is waking up Hana, who’s grumpily sitting up and yawning.

“Am I tan?” she asks groggily.

“Sure, *dochen’ka*,” Ilya says. “Lunch sound good?”

She nods, slipping on her flip-flops and walking towards the AirBnB that Shane and Ilya rented for All-Star Weekend.

Niko and Misha get out of the pool, Niko swinging their son and Emi over his shoulders.

“Careful,” Ilya calls after him as they follow Hana.

“Don’t worry, Ilya,” Niko says. “I bench lot of pounds.”

Then, it's just them, and Jude in Shane's arms Ilya extends his hand to Shane, helps him up, then wraps an arm around his waist.

"Good day?" Ilya asks.

"Great," Shane says, resting his head on his husband's shoulder.

Jude copies him, laying on his shoulder, and both of his dads laugh.

"Jude, who's this?" Shane asks. He points to Ilya.

More baby babbles.

"Who is this?" Shane taps Ilya's chest.

Jude clambers across Shane's arms and situates himself on his other shoulder. "Pa," he mumbles.

"So close, *malysh*," Shane says. "You can do it."

"Pa," Jude says again. Ilya leans down. "Papa."

Shane erupts into cheers. "Good job, Jude," he says. "Papa."

Ilya buries his face into Shane's neck. Shane can hear his quiet sobs in his ear.

"Hey," he says. "Ilya. Why are you crying?"

Ilya moves to stand in front of him, tears streaming down his cheeks. Shane uses his available hand to wipe them away, just like Ilya had for Emi. "Baby?"

"I'm fine," Ilya reassures him. "I am just happy. Our family makes me happy. You make me happy."

"Ilya," Shane says softly. "*Ya lyublyu tebya*."

His husband kisses him softly. "*Ya lyublyu tebya*, Shane." He takes Jude from Shane, and holds him up in the air. "And I love you, too, Jude. Papa loves you," he says as Jude giggles.

Shane follows them into the kitchen, watches as his kids clamor for the attention of their baby brother.

He thinks about 18-year-old Shane, meeting Ilya Rozanov in Saskatchewan. He thinks about Shane now, retired, but with busier days than ever. He thinks about all the Shanes in between-Montreal Voyageur captain Shane, realizing he's in love with the one person he never could be. The Shane that could never go back to the team he thought he'd always be a part of. The Shane that created a dynasty and a family with the love of his life in Ottawa.

He hopes they would be proud of him, and the life he's made for himself.

“Dad, come on,” Misha says. Shane realizes he’s been hovering in the doorway this whole time.

“Oh, sorry,” he says, and joins his family.

End Notes

young players living with veteran players and becoming part of their family you are very special to me

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