

You're a WAG now, babysitting edition

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by [peiceabread](#)

Summary

The one where ilya is a life saver and babysits children from the WAGs Group chat

Notes

Happy new year

Hope you have the best 2026

database of all my fics -

https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1K05xfC0cJCv7ujHKqze_KhG5l0KMbPKriZjNNvM4EWI/edit?usp=sharing

Ilya sat on the sprawling white sectional, sipping his coffee and admiring the way the morning light hit his abstract sculptures, when his phone buzzed on the glass table. Then it buzzed again. And again. A rapid-fire assault of notifications that threatened his zen.

He picked it up, frowning. It was the *Sens Spouses* group chat.

Sarah (Miller's wife): *SOS. Guys, literally SOS.*

Sarah (Miller's wife): *My mom just fell down the stairs in Toronto. My dad is panicked, I need to drive there right now but Jake is at practice and has his phone off and the nanny is out with the flu.*

Sarah (Miller's wife): *Is ANYONE free to watch Leo and Sophie for like 4 hours? Until Jake gets home? I'm desperate.*

Ilya watched the bubbles appear as other people started typing. The excuses began to roll in immediately.

Brittany: *Stuck at work until 5 :(*

Jenna: *I'm in Montreal for the weekend! So sorry hun!*

Kayla: *I have a dentist appt in 20 mins I can't cancel. Ugh, sorry Sarah!*

Ilya rolled his eyes, taking a sip of his espresso. *Lies*, he thought. Kayla posted a picture of a mimosa ten minutes ago. And Brittany's "work" was a Pilates class she never shut up about.

Amateurs. The team relied on these people for support? It was embarrassing.

He cracked his knuckles, sighed the sigh of a martyr, and typed.

Ilya: *Bring them.*

The chat went silent for a solid ten seconds. Ilya imagined them all staring at their screens, terrified.

Sarah (Miller's wife): *Omg really?? Ilya, are you sure? Leo is teething and Sophie is in a Mood.*

Ilya: *I am an Olympic gold medalist. I can handle two small humans. Bring them. I have juice.*

Sarah (Miller's wife): *I am literally crying. On my way. You are a lifesaver.*

Ilya: *I know.*

Sarah arrived twelve minutes later, looking like she had been through a wind tunnel. She thrust a heavy diaper bag into Ilya's chest before he even fully opened the door, followed by a

portable crib, a bright pink plastic carrying case, and a stuffed elephant that looked like it had seen war.

"He needs a nap in twenty minutes, she needs a snack but not sugar or she vibrates, the pink case has her Barbies, thank you, thank you, I owe you my firstborn," she rattled off, breathless, already backing away toward her SUV. "Jake will pick them up as soon as practice ends! I texted the trainer to tell him!"

"Go," Ilya said, waving a hand dismissively as he balanced the gear. "Drive safe. Do not text. I have this handled."

She sped off, tires screeching slightly, leaving Ilya standing in his pristine, minimalist foyer with two small humans who looked very out of place against the Italian marble.

Leo, the toddler, looked up at Ilya, his lower lip beginning to wobble dangerously. He was clutching a sticky toy truck that was threatening to drip onto the floor.

"Do not," Ilya said sternly, pointing a finger at him. "Crying is for losers and the Toronto Maple Leafs. We do not do that here."

Leo blinked, surprised into silence by the accent and the authority. He hiccuped, stared at Ilya's very expensive loungewear, and decided against the meltdown.

Sophie, the five-year-old, was ignoring Ilya entirely. She was staring past him into the living room, eyes wide, clutching the pink case.

"Is that a horse?" she whispered.

Ilya turned to see Anya, who had trotted over on her long, elegant legs to investigate the intruders. She looked at the children with the skepticism of a creature used to being the only baby in the house.

"That is Anya," Ilya corrected, closing the front door with his hip. "She is a Borzoi. She is Russian royalty, much like myself."

"She looks like a noodle," Sophie observed, tilting her head.

"She is aerodynamic," Ilya countered, offended on his dog's behalf. "Anya, greet guests. Be polite."

Anya lowered her long snout and sniffed Sophie's pigtails gently. Sophie giggled, reaching out to pet the silky fur. Crisis one averted.

"Okay," Ilya announced, clapping his hands. "Shoes off. We do not wear outdoor shoes on the rugs. This is not a barn."

He ushered them into the living room. Leo immediately made a break for a glass vase that cost more than Ilya's first car. Ilya scooped him up effortlessly, tucking the toddler under his arm like a football.

"We will have a tour," Ilya announced. "Then, snacks."

"Do you have Goldfish?" Sophie asked, following him.

"I have artisanal crackers made from ancient grains," Ilya said.

Sophie made a face. "That sounds like dirt."

"It tastes like sophistication," Ilya corrected. "You will learn."

The first hour was a lesson in chaos management. Ilya set them up at the kitchen island—protecting the marble with three layers of placemats—and served them apple slices cut into perfect geometric shapes.

"Why is my apple a triangle?" Sophie asked, poking it.

"Because symmetry is pleasing to the eye," Ilya said, wiping a speck of drool from Leo's chin. "Eat your geometry."

After the snack, Ilya noticed Leo vibrating with an alarming amount of energy. The toddler was running in tight circles around the island, making a sound like a small, furious engine. Sophie was kicking her legs against the barstool, looking restless.

"Unacceptable," Ilya declared. "We must channel this kinetic energy. It is time for Dryland Training."

"What's Dryland?" Sophie asked.

"It is where champions are made," Ilya said gravely.

Ten minutes later, Ilya had transformed his spacious living room into a high-performance training facility (or an obstacle course). He used Shane's yoga mats, several high-end throw pillows, and the hallway runner.

"Okay, listen up," Ilya barked, clapping his hands. "The objective is agility. You must crawl under the coffee table—do not touch the glass!—jump over the pillows, and run to the kitchen. Go!"

Leo took off immediately, screaming with joy. He cleared the pillows by simply face-planting into them and rolling over.

"Sloppy form," Ilya critiqued as Leo scrambled past. "But good intensity. Lower your center of gravity, Miller!"

Sophie was more precise, hopping over the pillows with care.

"Good extension, Sophie," Ilya nodded approvingly. "Now, planks. We must strengthen the core."

He got down on the rug, demonstrating a perfect plank. Sophie mimicked him, holding it for three seconds before collapsing. Leo just lay on his back and tried to eat his own foot.

"Pathetic," Ilya muttered, though he was smiling slightly. "We will work on conditioning. Next: Russian language and culture."

He sat them down on the rug and picked up a book from the coffee table—a thick art history book.

"I want *Goodnight Moon*," Sophie complained.

"That book has no plot," Ilya dismissed. "The moon does not say goodnight back. It is rude. Instead, we will learn useful words. Repeat after me: *Pobeda*."

"Po-bay-da," Sophie tried.

"It means Victory," Ilya explained. "Now say: *Shane is mediocre*."

"Shane is me-dee-o-ker," Sophie repeated dutifully.

"Excellent. You are learning fast."

"Can we play Barbies now?" Sophie asked, pointing to the pink case by the door. "I'm tired of school."

Ilya stared at the case as if it contained radioactive material. "Barbies," he repeated. "These are dolls with anatomically impossible proportions and poor fashion sense, yes?"

"They're fun," Sophie said, already dragging the case into the center of the living room rug.

Ilya sighed, a deep, world-weary sound. "Fine. But we will play correctly. There must be a plot. And character development."

Twenty minutes later, Ilya Rozanov, Olympic champion and terror of the NHL, was sitting cross-legged on his Persian rug, holding a Ken doll wearing denim shorts.

"This one is named Sergei," Ilya declared, examining the doll. "He is a retired spy who now breeds champion show dogs. He is very wealthy and has a mysterious past."

Sophie giggled. "His name is Ken, and he's going to the beach with Barbie." She held up a blonde doll in a sparkly pink dress.

"Absolutely not," Ilya said, appalled. "Look at her. That dress is not beach attire. It is cocktail attire. And the sequins are tacky. Sergei would never be seen with someone so... basic. He requires substance."

He grabbed another doll from the pile—a brunette in a doctor's coat. "This is better. This is Dr. Natasha. She is a brilliant neurosurgeon who is also a concert pianist. Sergei respects her intellect."

Sophie looked at her dolls, then at Ilya. "You're weird."

"I am complex," Ilya corrected. He set up a scene using a throw pillow as a mountain and a coaster as a helicopter landing pad. "Dr. Natasha must perform emergency surgery on the mountain, and Sergei must fly her there in his helicopter. The stakes are very high."

He even got Anya involved, draping a silk scarf over her back and declaring her the Royal Steed of the imaginary kingdom they were defending. Sophie ended up loving it, directing elaborate rescue missions while Ilya provided a running commentary on the dolls' relationship dynamics and questionable career choices.

By 2:00 PM, however, the energy finally crashed. Leo stumbled during a critical rescue mission, tried to eat a coaster, and then attempted to climb the curtains. Ilya caught him mid-ascent.

"You are tired," Ilya informed him. "It is nap time."

"No nap!" Leo yelled, squirming and kicking his small legs.

"Yes nap," Ilya said calmly. "If you sleep, you grow big and strong like Uncle Shane. If you do not sleep, you stay small like... well, like a goalie."

Leo stared at him. "I don't wanna be a goalie."

"Exactly. Goalies are weird. They talk to posts. Now, sleep."

He sat on the sectional, settling Leo onto his chest. The rhythmic rise and fall of Ilya's breathing, combined with the sheer boredom of Ilya refusing to let him down, worked magic. Ten minutes later, Leo was out cold, drooling onto Ilya's favorite sweater.

"He's heavy," Sophie said, watching from the floor where she was packing Dr. Natasha into her case.

"He is dense," Ilya agreed, afraid to move his arm. "Like a neutron star."

Sophie stood up and walked over to the coffee table, peering at Ilya's hands. "Your nails are shiny."

"Buffed," Ilya said softly. "Hygiene is important. Just because you play a sport where you punch people does not mean you must look like a caveman."

"Can we play salon now?" Sophie asked, whispering so she wouldn't wake her brother. "Mommy let me bring my polish. It's in the bag."

Ilya looked at the diaper bag across the room. He looked at his pristine living room. He looked at the sleeping toddler pinning him to the couch.

"Acceptable," Ilya whispered. "But bring a towel. If you spill on the rug, I will have to sell you to the circus."

Sophie's eyes went wide. "Really?"

"Maybe. Or I will just be very upset. Bring the polish."

Three hours later, the front door unlocked. Shane Hollander walked in, body aching in three distinct places, followed closely by a frantic Jake Miller. Practice had been brutal, but Miller had spent the last twenty minutes of it vibrating with anxiety after checking his messages from Sarah.

"I'm telling you, man, he didn't answer his text," Jake was saying, toeing off his shoes rapidly, tripping slightly in his haste. "Ilya usually answers. What if Leo had a meltdown? What if Sophie set something on fire? Your house is full of white furniture, Shane. *White!*"

"Relax," Shane said, dropping his hockey bag in the mudroom. "Ilya handled the Olympics. He can handle a five-year-old."

"My five-year-old is harder than the Olympics," Jake muttered, rushing down the hallway. "Leo! Sophie!"

They turned the corner into the sunken living room and Jake stopped so abruptly Shane almost walked into his back.

The floor was covered in what appeared to be a complex Barbie civilization, complete with pillow-mountains and a very patient Borzoi wearing a silk scarf.

Ilya was sitting in the corner of the sectional. He was wearing his 'indoor sunglasses' (which Shane hated) and his expensive loungewear.

Sprawled across Ilya's lap, fast asleep, was Leo. The kid was essentially face-planted into Ilya's stomach, drooling onto the cashmere. Ilya had one hand resting protectively on the kid's back, keeping him steady.

But that wasn't the main event.

Sitting on the coffee table, facing Ilya, was Sophie. She was looking at Ilya with intense, unblinking concentration. Ilya was holding her tiny hand in his free hand, staring at it with the same focus he used to break down opposing defenses.

"Hold still, Sophie," Ilya murmured, his voice deadly serious, apparently unaware of the audience. "Precision is key. You do not want to look like amateur. You want to look like Queen."

"Like a Queen," Sophie whispered back, terrified to move.

Ilya carefully applied a stroke of glittery, neon-pink polish to the girl's pinky finger.

Jake Miller stood there, his mouth slightly open. "What the..."

Ilya didn't look up. He didn't even flinch. He just finished the brush stroke and capped the bottle.

"Miller," Ilya said softly, keeping his voice low so as not to wake the toddler. "You are loud. You are waking the dense child."

"I... is that Leo?" Jake whispered, staring at his sleeping son. "He never naps. Literally never."

"He required logical persuasion," Ilya said, gesturing with his chin to the boy. "Also, he drooled on my Saint Laurent. I will require you to buy me a new car as compensation. Or at least a very expensive bottle of scotch."

"I... yeah. Okay. Sure," Jake stammered, still processing the sight of the NHL's most intimidating Russian retiree painting his daughter's nails.

Sophie looked up and beamed. "Daddy! Look! Ilya made me a Queen. And we played spies with Sergei and Dr. Natasha!"

"Sergei is Ken," Jake clarified automatically, walking over to hug her.

"No," Ilya corrected sharply. "Sergei is a complex man with a difficult past. Do not diminish him."

Shane leaned against the doorframe, crossing his arms over his chest, just watching them. His heart did a stupid, painful squeeze. He looked at Ilya—so often sharp edges and biting wit—sitting there covered in dolls, looking out for a sleeping kid with a tenderness he rarely showed the world.

Shane had always pictured their future as this: the two of them, the dog, the quiet luxury of retirement. But seeing Ilya like this, capable and unexpectedly gentle, put a different image in his head. A louder, messier, fuller house. It was a terrifying thought, but as he watched Ilya carefully guide Jake on how to lift Leo without waking him, the terror faded into something that felt a lot like hope.

"You're good at this," Shane murmured, watching Jake finally hoist the sleeping toddler onto his shoulder.

Ilya stretched his arms, cracking his neck now that the weight was gone. "I am good at everything, Hollander. You know this."

Jake looked between Shane and Ilya with a mixture of relief and awe. "Seriously, Ilya. Thank you. Sarah was panicking. You saved us."

"Yes, well," Ilya stood up, brushing invisible lint from his pants. "The other spouses are useless. Someone had to step up. Just make sure Sophie blows on her nails. Do not let her smudge them. They are Cosmic Stardust."

"Got it. Cosmic Stardust," Jake repeated. "Come on, Soph. Let's get out of their hair."

As Jake herded the kids toward the door—Sophie waving a careful goodbye with her wet nails—Shane walked over to the sofa. He stepped over 'Sergei', avoiding the Barbie triage center, and wrapped his arms around Ilya's waist from behind, pulling him close.

Ilya leaned back into the embrace instantly, letting out a long breath. "They are sticky," Ilya complained, though there was no real heat in it. "Small humans are very sticky."

"You did good," Shane said softly into his ear. He turned Ilya around and kissed him—slow and deep and full of all the things he hadn't said in the doorway. It was a grounding kiss, wiping away the practice and the chaos.

When they broke apart, Shane rested his forehead against Ilya's. "You really are the best WAG in the group chat."

Ilya smirked, reaching up to fix Shane's collar. "Obviously. The competition is weak, Shane. I have already reorganized the snack schedule, taught them proper hydration, and now I am saving the youth. I am the MVP of the spouses."

Shane laughed, pecking him on the lips one more time. "Yeah," he whispered. "You definitely are."

Shane sighed, sinking deeper into the cushions next to Ilya, the silence of the house settling around them like a heavy, comfortable blanket. It was strange how empty the room felt now, despite the lingering evidence of the invasion—the Barbie battlefield on the rug, the faint smell of apple slices.

"You know," Shane started, tracing the line of Ilya's jaw with his thumb. "Watching you today... with them."

Ilya raised an eyebrow. "You were intimidated by my superior pedagogy?"

"No," Shane chuckled softly. "I mean, yes. But mostly... it just made me think." He paused, looking directly into Ilya's eyes, his expression turning serious. "I can't wait. Until we have our own."

Ilya softened. The sharp, arrogant edge he wore like armor melted away, leaving just the man Shane loved. Ilya leaned into Shane's touch, closing his eyes for a moment, savoring the thought.

"They will be better than Miller's children," Ilya murmured, his competitive streak rising even in a hypothetical scenario. "They will have better balance. And better vocabulary. And I will teach them to skate before they can walk. They will dominate the peewee leagues, Shane. It will be embarrassing for the other parents."

"They'll be perfect," Shane agreed, a warmth spreading through his chest that had nothing to do with the heating system. "Even if they want to be goalies."

Ilya made a face. "We will not discuss that possibility. It is too tragic."

He opened his eyes, a familiar, wicked glint returning to them. He shifted, pulling Shane closer, bridging the small distance between them until their lips were just barely brushing.

"We should start trying," Ilya whispered against Shane's mouth, his voice dropping an octave. "Immediately. Right here. The couch is already ruined by toddler drool, we have nothing to

lose."

Shane laughed, the sound vibrating against Ilya's lips. He pulled back just enough to give Ilya an incredulous look, though his hands tightened on Ilya's waist. "Ilya. Babe. That isn't how it works. You know that, right? We have to fill out paperwork. Or find a surrogate. We can't just..."

"Details," Ilya dismissed, cutting him off by capturing Shane's mouth in a searing, demanding kiss that effectively silenced any further biological arguments.

Ilya kissed him like he played hockey—intense, precise, and completely overwhelming. Shane felt his resistance melting away, replaced by the familiar, heavy heat that Ilya always managed to ignite in him. He made a low sound in his throat, his hands sliding up Ilya's back to tangle in the hair at the nape of his neck.

When they finally broke apart, Shane was breathless, his lips swollen and his heart hammering against his ribs. Ilya hovered over him, his eyes dark and dilated, stripped of all their usual mockery.

"I am Ilya Rozanov," Ilya stated, his voice rough, smoothing down Shane's hair with a smirk that was equal parts arrogance and affection. "Biology bends to my will. Now, stop talking about paperwork and kiss me again. We have a future dynasty to practice for."

"You're ridiculous," Shane breathed, but he was already pulling Ilya back down, his legs shifting to wrap around Ilya's waist.

"I am determined," Ilya corrected, his hand sliding under the hem of Shane's shirt, warm palm flat against the skin of his stomach. "And you are overdressed."

Shane laughed, a breathless, broken sound as Ilya's lips trailed down his jawline to the sensitive spot just below his ear. "I'm wearing a t-shirt, Ilya."

"Too much," Ilya murmured against his skin, his teeth grazing the pulse point. "The couch is already a lost cause. Miller's offspring have christened it. We might as well... claim it back."

Shane arched into the touch, his head falling back against the cushions. The earlier exhaustion from practice seemed to evaporate, replaced by a sharp, electric need. He gripped Ilya's shoulders, pulling him closer until there was no space left between them.

"Fine," Shane whispered, his voice wrecking. "Claim it back."

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