everything is papa

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everything is papa

by Anonymous

Summary

A pup's first word is always an exciting milestone. Waiting to see just what they'll say is always a magical thing and sometimes it's the easiest thing for them to say and other times it something completely out of left field.

Or Sofia says her first word.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

A pup's first word is always an exciting milestone. Waiting to see just what they'll say is always a magical thing and sometimes it's the easiest thing for them to say and other times it something completely out of left field.

Sofia's first word was something Shane and Ilya placed bets on — actually everyone had. Her grandparents thought it would be dada. Harris, Troy, and Luca voted papa. Bood, Wyatt, and a few of the other rookies on the team were team dada and there was a gray area for those that thought it would be a Russian expletive. All of these were quite possible and not out of the realm of possibility.

To Shane, it really didn't matter, he was just excited to hear her say it for the first time. She was definitely getting closer to a real word it just wasn't quite there yet.

It was a sunny afternoon, they were grilling out by the lake with their friends to celebrate Ilya's birthday. Sofia was busy chewing on her teething hockey stick, content to be attached to her papa's hip. Her babbling had gotten much more frequent as of late.

Shane had been talking to Jackie about baby led weaning, he was for it and Ilya was on the fence. He was terrified she would choke on the food they were giving her. So far Sofia had been doing good with it, Ilya was always watching her like a hawk never leaving her side when she was eating.

Even now Ilya had her right there with him not wanting to put her down on the little blanket with the baby gate around it creating a playpen for her, Milo, and Serenity to crawl around in. Jade, Amber, Ruby and Arthur were chasing each other around and everyone was having a good time.

"I mean Hayden was on the fence about it too, he kept saying Jade and Ruby didn't have enough teeth and Arthur had plenty of teeth so it wasn't as scary with him. Sofia doesn't have any teeth yet though, right?" Jackie remembered Ilya having a mild panic attack about the fact that Sofia still didn't have any teeth at ten months old. She was just a late bloomer their pediatrician reassured them.

"Yeah she's been teething since around three months but nothing yet. I feel bad, Ilya keeps looking and there's nothing. I think she's fine though with the food we give her but Ilya keeps saying it's not soft enough." Shane was in the middle of talking when he felt a tug on his leg and happened to look down to see the sweetest little face looking up at him.

"Ba, ba, ba." Sofia babbled, blowing a raspberry up at her daddy as she reached up for him still clinging to his pants leg.

Shane knew their pup was smart, she was already hitting most if not all her milestones on track. He felt like the perfect birthday present would be something that would make Ilya cry.

So he set out practicing 'papa' with Sofia not that he thought she would do it exactly on his birthday. Ilya would be equally over the moon whenever that day would be that she did say

that first word but it *would* be nice if she did say it today of all days.

"Where's papa?" Shane put emphasis on papa making sure he used the technique of sounding it out plus being sure Sofia was following his lips as he said the word. Sofia *loved* her papa. She could do this.

"Say papa, Sofi. I know you want to." Shane encouraged gently, a laugh escaping whenever Sofia clapped her hands excitedly at the very mention of her favorite person.

It wasn't really a contest, Shane knew Sofia loved them both but the bond she and her papa shared was definitely something that he wouldn't trade for the world.

"Say Bood, you know wanna say Bood. Y'know what you don't even have to the entire thing lil' Roz." Bood grinned, getting a whack in the arm from Cassie.

"Say whatever you want to say, girlie." Cassie brushed a few stray ringlets from Sofia's eyes.

Hayden had to chime in, he just had to or he was going to explode.

"Nah, she wants to say Hayden— I mean I'll even accept Den Den for short."

Jackie clicked her tongue disapprovingly, pushing her husband to the side. "I'm with Cassie, however it would be super cute for you to say papa." She teased, pinching Sofia's chubby cheek earning a giggle from her.

Later on around the bonfire, they were all roasting marshmallows trading stories about anything and everything mostly how their summers had been so far, what they planned to do until training camp started, and what they wanted most out of the upcoming season.

"So, birthday boy. What do *you* want most for your birthday?" Harris smiled, fixing himself and Troy a smore. He tugged his hoodie down with one hand while holding his plate piled with a double decker smore drizzled with hot fudge. Instead of a birthday cake, it was what Ilya wanted everyone to enjoy and enjoy they did.

Harris was indulging in his cravings, harboring his own fun little secret that could wait until the start of the season to tell everyone about. Today was about Ilya.

"Another baby, yes that is what I want. Oh and for Shane to give me personal yoga lesson, that would also be nice." Ilya really didn't want for much, okay that wasn't true. It was more so that if he wanted something he just bought it. It was really *just* that simple for him.

It wasn't like he was hurting for anything, Ilya made sure his family and their friends included had what they needed — it was just how he was.

Shane scoffed, folding his arms against his chest while holding Sofia carefully in his lap far enough away from the campfire that she didn't get too hot under blankie while he gave her a bottle. "You wish. One is enough for now. So make another wish, birthday boy."

Ilya feigned a look of hurt, clutching his chest as if he had an arrow to the heart. "Augh you wound me, *moya lyubov*. Sofia wants a baby sister, is this not right *malyshka*?" Ilya crouched down to get close enough to Sofia who was on her last drop of her bottle.

She spotted her papa and made grabby hands towards him, suddenly revived from the lull of sleep that was attempting to make her fall asleep.

"Pa-pa." Sofia clapped her hands, making a grabby gesture towards her papa.

Suddenly everyone around the fire stopped what they were doing when she repeated it again, it was like someone pressed a pause button on their party — the word still hanging in the air.

"Did you hear that?" Shane's eyes were wide matching Ilya's and of course everyone was staring now with eager expressions.

"Yes, yes I think so. Say it again, Sofushka. Who am I?" Ilya whispered, tears welling up in his eyes and his chest tight feeling like it was going to explode with all the love in the world that he had for his daughter.

Sofia tilted her little head, her curls moving with. She clapped her hands excitedly again and proudly said it again, "Pa-pa!" Her eyes bright because she knew that was *her* papa.

Shane's own eyes were beginning to tear up, wrapping Sofia's blankie around her so she wouldn't get cold as Ilya scooped her up into his arms and held her tightly against his chest burying his face in her hair.

"Da, yes I am your papa. I will always be your papa, my sweet solnyshko."

Harris was of course filming every bit of it for them, not wanting them to miss one single milestone of Sofia's, especially since it caught them all off guard. But of course not their social media expert, he would always be one step ahead.

Shane looked over at Harris and mouthed 'thank you' to him, scared that he wouldn't be able to relive that moment — to see how stunned Ilya was the second he realized what Sofia had actually said. Her very first word.

After that everything was papa that evening. Everyone and everything were all now papa. It was apparently Sofia's favorite new word.

While they were laying in bed that night, Sofia curled in between them having fallen asleep while watching 'Totoro', Ilya couldn't stop thinking about how Sofia had said papa on his birthday — almost like someone had rehearsed with her.

"How did you get her to say it?" Ilya had to know, his curiosity was getting the better of him. He knew Shane had *something* to do with it.

"What do you mean?" Shane stopped scrolling through some of the pictures they had taken earlier that day, saving a few for Sofia's baby book.

"She said papa."

"Yeah? She sure did, she said it before daddy. You win, I guess it was just luck that she said it today."

Ilya furrowed his brows with mild disbelief. How could Sofia just decide to say papa? What was so special about him?

"Can't a girl just love her papa? I mean yeah sure we practiced a lot but that was all her. I guess she just wanted to give you a present from her." Shane smiled softly, looking down at their pup who was still quite content pacifier having fallen out, replaced with her thumb. They were definitely going to have to cross that bridge when they got to it but for now she was happy and Shane was just going to let her be. He quietly pocketed her pacifier just in case Anya decided to steal it — she was a chronic paci thief.

"Thank you it…it meant everything to me today." Ilya murmured, his hand finding Shane's under the mountain of blankets their daughter insisted they keep on the bed with them.

"It meant everything to me too." Shane leaned over their sleeping baby, pressing his lips against Ilya's in a tender exchange. "Happy birthday, Ilya."

End Notes

💌 canes won the cup! WOOOOOOOOO anyways i found myself writing this because i just love writing baby sofia she's so dear to me 🥹❤️ plus this was actually for ilya's birthday i'm just super late about it bc of the stanley cup finals BUT anyways here it is and happy belated bday to ilyapie💗

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