

I have wanted this day for so long

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by [Layne_162](#)

Summary

Shane, Ilya, and their newly adopted daughter, Maya, prepare for the season home opener in Ottawa.

(This is a plotless, fluffy fic imagining what Shane and Ilya would be like as dads.)

Notes

Thank you to Gi for inspiring me to write a Shilya kidfic 😊

I imagine this being set 3 to 4 years after the epilogue of The Long Game. Maya is about 14 months old. I realise its not particularly logical for them to adopt before they retire, but I wanted this for them anyway.

In this fic, I use the term PASOs (Partners and Significant Others) as a gender neutral alternative to WAGs. I borrowed this term for the excellent romance novel, "Contract Season," by Cait Nary.

Content Note: This fic contains a very brief allusion to difficulties adopting and homophobia.

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

Ilya rested his arms against the upstairs bannister and smiled down at Shane and Maya as they played in the living room. Neither had noticed Ilya's presence, allowing him a precious glimpse into Shane's unguarded affection for their daughter.

Maya leaned her tiny body against their couch, propping herself up with both hands, while Shane sat on the floor just a few feet away. The space between them was lined with pillows to cushion Maya's fall if she stumbled while trying to walk to Shane. Ever since she had taken her first steps last week, Shane had become a bit obsessed with getting her to walk further.

It was pretty fucking adorable..

"C'mon Maya," Shane said in his higher pitched, speaking-to-a-baby voice. He reached his arms towards her. "You can do it, honey."

Maya looked at Shane, her little face set with determination. She pushed off the edge of the couch and began to toddle towards him, going a little faster with each step. Shane counted her steps out loud.

"Six...Seven...Eight"

And by the time he reached ten, Maya was within Shane's reach. He put his hands beneath her arms and lifted her into the air, causing her to erupt into giggles.

"Yay! You did it, Maya. Ten steps!" He brought her back down to nuzzle her nose with his own. Maya just wrapped her chubby arms around his neck and made happy noises.

Ilya's heart was overwhelmed with tenderness. When they'd first adopted Maya a few months ago, he'd assumed the intensity of emotions he felt watching Shane with their daughter would have begun to fade by now. He was wrong.

"How is the training going, coach?" Ilya said as he made his way down the stairs.

Shane turned to look at Ilya, excitement radiating from his face. "Were you watching? She just took ten steps! That's the most she's ever taken without falling!"

"I saw," Ilya grinned, moving to stand beside them. "That's our little athlete. You will be ready for the Olympics soon, moy zayka."

He crouched to the ground and leaned forward to give Maya a kiss with a loud "Mwah!"

Like always, it made her smile and giggle.

"Papa!" Maya shouted, stepping into his arms.

"Wow," Shane laughed. "I spend my morning training her, helping her set a new personal record, and I still get abandoned the moment you walk in the room. Unbelievable."

"It is just because I am new face," Ilya said as he wrapped one arm around Maya and the other around Shane. He briefly ran his fingers through the silky strands of hair at the base of Shane's neck before leaning forward to press a quick kiss to his lips. "Good morning, sweetheart."

Somehow, after all these years, being called sweetheart still made Shane's cheeks pink a bit. "Good morning, babe."

Ilya winked and stood up with Maya balancing on his hip. "I will make us coffee. Big day today."

Shane scrambled to his feet, but before he could respond their front doorbell rang.

"Are we expecting someone?" Shane asked.

"I don't think so. Mom and Dad are not supposed to come until we leave for lunch."

"Huh. Well, I guess I'll go see who it is."

Ilya nodded and made his way to the kitchen.

"Ok, Maya. I need to put you down."

But when he bent down to put her on the ground, she clung tightly to his neck and started to cry.

"Ok. Is ok. You can stay." She buried her head under Ilya's chin.

It was cute. A little annoying considering he was trying to make coffee, but mostly cute.

Just as he pressed start on the coffee machine, Shane walked into the kitchen and, much to Ilya's surprise, he was accompanied by Cassie Boodram and Lisa Hayes.

"Good morning, Cassie. Lisa."

"Hi Ilya," Cassie said in her friendly drawl. "And little miss Maya."

Maya's gaze wandered between Cassie and Lisa with curiosity, but she continued to cling protectively to Ilya's chest.

"We won't stay long. We know how busy opening day can be." Lisa said. "We just wanted to bring you guys something."

Lisa pulled a box wrapped in Centaur's paper from her canvas tote bag, as Cassie explained.

"It's a tradition. We always bring WAGs with new babies - , " Cassie paused to correct herself, "Sorry, I mean PASOs. We always bring PASOs with new babies a gift for their baby's first game."

"Oh," Shane said, a soft expression on his face. "That's so kind of you. Thanks."

Cassie, Lisa, and all the other PASOs had been amazing when Shane and Ilya announced their engagement and later, their plan to adopt Maya. It was a new and strange situation being both a player and the partner of a player, but the PASOs went out of their way to include Shane and Ilya whenever possible. They'd even thrown the two of them a baby shower earlier this summer.

"Go ahead," Lisa smiled. "Open it."

Ilya bounced Maya in his arms as Shane tore through the wrapping paper and opened the box.

When Shane saw what was inside, his eyes widened and his hand flew to his chest.

"What is it?" Ilya asked, leaning over the kitchen island in an effort to see what was inside. Shane picked up the small, toddler sized Centaurs' jersey to show Ilya. Adorable.

The front was a replica of their standard home jersey with a captain's C, but Ilya could see that one arm bore Shane's number 24 and the other Ilya's 81. Then Shane turned the sweater around and Ilya let out an audible "Aww."

Sewn on the back were the names "Rozanova Hollander" atop an embroidered set of crossed hockey sticks.

Thankfully Lisa chose to break the silence before Ilya could get too emotional about seeing his and Hollander's names together on a child's jersey.

"I hope we chose the right names. I know that legally Maya's last name is Hollander, but we thought both her dads should be represented."

"And," Cassie added, "we know how competitive you two get so we decided to replace the number with the hockey sticks instead of choosing one of your numbers. Thank God you two are co-captains so we didn't have to choose whether or not to include the C."

"It is perfect," Ilya said honestly while Shane nodded in agreement. "You even remembered to add the 'a' to Rozanov."

Between Ilya's estrangement from his family of origin and the length of hyphenated alternatives, they'd made the difficult decision to make Hollander Maya's last name on all of the paperwork - but her full name, Maya Ilyinichna Rozanova Hollander, allowed Ilya to pass on a part of himself. He always appreciated when people remembered and included his name beside Hollander, even if it wasn't her official name.

"Well," Lisa laughed. "Harris may have given us some advice on your preferred names."

"Thank you so much," Shane said.

"Yes, thank you," Ilya repeated, shifting the unusually quiet Maya to his other arm.

After Shane and Ilya gave them both hugs, Cassie said, "Well, we should get going. We know you all have a game to get ready for. I'll email you when the PASO jackets come in."

"Perfect!" Ilya said at the same time Shane blurted out a confused, "What?"

"Don't worry about it," Ilya laughed, putting his free hand on Shane's shoulder. "Why don't you walk them out and I'll start getting Maya ready for lunch?"

By the time Shane returned from the front door, Ilya had wrestled Maya into her jersey and was sitting on the couch as she squirmed in his lap.

"Maya, I need to brush your hair. Stop moving, silly girl," he said playfully.

She just giggled and kept dodging the hair brush like it was a game.

"Need help?" Shane asked, sitting beside them.

"Yes. Could you hold her still? Maybe distract her? I'm trying to put her hair in two little... um..." Ilya gestured to the hair on both sides of his head.

"Pigtails?"

"Yes, that. Like Jackie showed us."

Shane smiled at him and moved to the floor to crouch in front of Maya, "Okay."

It took a while, but together they managed to pull their daughter's dark wisps of hair into a decent set of pigtails.

~

Shane grinned as he leaned against the wall of the Centaurs' locker room in full hockey gear, watching Ilya and their teammates hype each other up. Because Troy had scored the game winning goal in the Stanley Cup Finals, he was in charge of music - meaning the room was

flooded with strange electronic music that Shane didn't quite understand. Everyone else seemed to be enjoying it though.

Ilya made his usual rounds, completing his intricate pregame rituals with each of the returning players and giving playful chest bumps and high fives to the new guys. Shane knew that within a few weeks Ilya would have fully developed, individualized routines with them as well. The man could barely remember his schedule, but he never forgot a single shake, bump or tap in any of his dozens of pregame handshakes. Shane just shook his head and laughed.

When Ilya finally finished, he moved to stand beside him.

"Your turn, moya shayba."

"My puck?"

"Da." Ilya winked.

"I like that one. And yes, lets fucking go!"

They both jumped in the air for a chest bump, then Shane tapped Ilya's helmet with his glove. Ilya responded by grabbing Shane's helmet, giving it a kiss, and bumping their helmets together. Once they finished, it was time to lead the team onto the ice for warmups.

Shane tried to focus on the shooting drills before scanning the audience for Mom, Dad, and Maya - but honestly, it was difficult. After years of watching his teammates play with their kids through the glass during warmups, it was finally his and Ilya's turn. The previous year had been particularly challenging as they worked their way through the adoption process. The process was long and complicated, and it turns out that some agencies wouldn't even work with queer couples. Though he and Ilya had a great support system, that hadn't stopped him from being overwhelmed with jealousy every time he saw one of the Centaurs' dad interacting with their kids rinkside.

Unsurprisingly, Ilya abandoned the drills first, making his way towards the left corner of the rink. Shane watched as Ilya beamed through the glass and put his large gloved hand against the wall. Shane should really focus on running warmups, at least one of the captains needed to pay attention to the team, but fuck, it took all his discipline not to leave everything and join Ilya right now.

Shane's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Bood sliding to stop behind him.

"Go over there, Hollie."

"What?"

Bood smiled at him. "I can see you staring at your husband and daughter. It's a special day for you guys. Go over there and be a part of it. I'll handle warmies."

Shane didn't need to be told twice. "Thanks, Bood."

When Shane joined Ilya and their family, Ilya was banging his arms against the boards.

"Yes, very good, Maya. Whenever a player is nearby, you just slap the glass as hard as you can."

Dad held their giggling daughter as she started to experiment with pounding her fists against the boards. When she caught sight of Shane, she got visibly excited and pressed her palms to the glass. Jesus, she was cute.

"Hello, honey," Shane said in his baby voice, raising one gloved finger to tap the glass opposite her hands.

Ilya gave him a pleading look, his eyes shimmering with contained tears. Shane gave him a sympathetic smile in return.

They played with Maya and their parents for a few minutes until they really needed to get back to warmups.

Shane waved one of his gloves. "Bye, Maya! See you after the game."

Ilya, who seemed to be struggling to leave, pressed his lips to form a kiss against the glass. Maya immediately leaned forward and tried to kiss him through the barrier.

"Give Dada a kiss too." Ilya said, gesturing at Shane. Maya, of course, pressed against the wall and gave Shane a kiss too, melting his heart into a puddle.

"Okay," Shane said, tearing them away. "Let's get back to it."

"Yes," Ilya responded as they skated away. Shane desperately needed to shake off some of these good, but intense feelings so he could focus on the game. Ilya must have felt the same because they began to skate the periphery of the rink together.

When they made it to the blueline, Ilya whispered, "I have wanted this day for so long and I did not know..."

His voice cracked and he took a deep breath before continuing. "And I did not know if it would ever happen for us."

"Oh, Ilya, babe," Shane slipped an arm around his waist and squeezed, the most PDA they allowed themselves before games, "I know. I feel it too."

Ilya put his arm around Shane's shoulder. "I love you so much."

"I love you too. And you're a great Dad."

"Yes, you too."

They continued to skate around the edge of the rink arm in arm, when Ilya decided to break the tension in typical Ilya fashion.

"So which of us do you think will be first to score a goal for our daughter?"

Shane grinned. "Me. Obviously"

"We will see," Ilya said, wagging his eyebrows.

~

In the end, Shane *did* score the first goal in front of Maya, but only with the help of an assist from Ilya. The game was tied with less than five minutes left to play when Ilya drew a slashing penalty and put the Centaurs on the man advantage. Less than thirty seconds into the power play, Ilya, Shane, and Haas found themselves facing two of the Guardians' penalty killers. Ilya carried the puck as far as he could before making a last second pass to Shane who sank a beautiful one-timer into the upper left corner of the net.

As the sound of the goal siren filled the arena, Ilya watched Shane skate to where their family was sitting, arms raised above him in celebration. Shane pounded his palms against the boards and yelled, while a happy but confused Maya tried to slap his hands through the barrier. Ilya skated up behind his husband and joined him in pounding the boards, until the rest of their lineys joined them for hugs.

Before skating back to the bench, Ilya retrieved the goal puck and handed it to the equipment manager.

"Save this for me?"

"Sure, Roz," she nodded.

Shane's goal ended up being the game winner, and a few minutes later, the victorious and exhausted Centaurs were lining up to hug their goalie.

After they'd showered, changed, and finished with the press, Shane and Ilya made their way to the family meeting area where David, Yuna and Maya were waiting for them. Maya spotted Shane first and screamed "Dada!"

"Look who's the favorite now," Ilya said, nudging Shane.

"She must prefer goal-scorers," Shane teased as he took Maya into his arms.

"Shut up!" Ilya laughed.

"Great game tonight boys!" David said, patting Ilya on the back.

"Yes, and that goal!" Yuna added. "I'm so proud of you two."

"Did Maya have fun?" Shane asked. "Did the noise bother her at all?"

"We did have to use noise cancelling headphones, but otherwise, she was great." Yuna assured them.

Shane continued to press Yuna for details on how Maya had been when Harris walked over.

“Shane! Ilya! Would you mind if I took a picture of you two with Maya for our socials? She looks so cute in that Rozanova Hollander jersey and I know the fans would love a picture of you all together.”

“Of course,” Ilya said, preparing to pose with his family when he remembered something.

Ilya reached into the pocket of his peacoat and pulled out the game winning puck. With the help of the equipment manager, he’d wrapped the sides in tape and labeled it “First Goal for Maya.”

“This is for you, Maya,” Ilya said as he presented her with the puck. She grabbed it and immediately tried to put it in her mouth.

Shane used his free hand to stop her. “Ew, gross Maya.”

Ilya laughed as he put one arm around Shane’s waist and used the other to hold the puck with his husband and daughter.

“Smile!” Harris instructed as he snapped some pictures.

Ilya doubted he would ever stop.

End Notes

Several of these scenes were inspired by videos on the Capitals social media.

In particular:

-Ilya kissing Maya through the glass was based on this video of Dylan Strome with his daughter (<https://twitter.com/Capitals/status/1587580349823045632?t=lmJRF-5EoD1r2t-v83Ttkw&s=19>)

-Shane celebrating a goal with Maya was based on this video Ovechkin celebrating a goal with his son (https://twitter.com/Capitals/status/1596254487844655107?t=1hgNTEqy2dYGTmbi_1NuUA&s=19)

I did some basic research on Russian naming conventions and stages of childhood development, so I hope this fic is at least somewhat accurate - but if I got it wrong, apologies.

I did not do any in depth research on Canadian adoption process but based what happens in the fic on the experiences of family members adopting/being adopted

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