

you gave me the best of me

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by [iboughtthesepitttickets](#)

Summary

This is perfection. The beauty of life, the warm feeling in his chest as he gazes at his family, all wrapped up in his safe, loving embrace. He would give anything to live this life over and over again.

Notes

My first Hollanov fic! I hope you enjoy. I'm open to any and all criticism, I'm always looking for new ways to improve!

Title from 'Magic Shop' by BTS

Ilya Rozanov used to have a very different perception of the word ‘perfection’. Growing up under his father’s care, he had always defined perfection as making no mistakes. “Stand up straight, chin up, you must be the perfect child, Ilya. You wouldn’t want to disappoint our family and soil our name,” his father had said. Similar words were said to Ilya’s mother before her death, his father making damn sure Irinia Rozanov knew how imperfect she was.

He brought his preconceived definition of perfection to the hockey world. Work hard, train hard, make no mistakes. A mistake would cost the win, and bring shame to Russia and his team. Be the best, and only the best, there were no other options. With his father and his brother breathing down his neck since well before his rookie year, Ilya had no choice but to follow the set of standards laid out for him.

Now, things in Ilya’s life are vastly different. Waking up on mornings like today, the sun shining through the slits in the curtain and framing his husband’s face so beautifully, bathing him in the warm light. Hearing the pitter patter of paws and little feet running down the hall towards his and Shane’s bedroom, only to burst open a moment later as their four year old daughter climbs onto the bed to wake them, their dog Anya at her side. *This* is perfection. The beauty of life, the warm feeling in his chest as he gazes at his family, all wrapped up in his safe, loving embrace. He would give anything to live this life over and over again.

Ilya leans down to press multiple kisses against his daughter’s face, her little giggles filling Ilya’s heart with so much joy it’s almost painful. “You are awake so early, moy solnyshko,” he complains, though the grin and teasing lilt of Ilya’s voice gives his true feelings away. He’s overjoyed to have his little girl by his side. Mila is such a lively little girl, the perfect mix of himself and Shane. They had adopted her from birth, and she’s developed a lot of their mannerisms. Ilya’s loudness, Shane’s strictness, she’s the light of their lives. At just four years old, it’s clear she’s the one who runs the house.

“*Everybody* is up early,” Shane complains, giving Ilya a pointed look, although there’s a hint of fondness in his gaze. Ilya grins, leaning down to press a short, sweet kiss to his husband’s lips. Shane kisses back of course, how could he ever resist Ilya looking so beautiful in the morning light. “Well, good morning to you, too.” Ilya hums.

“Mornin’! Everyone up, up!” Mila seems happy to finally have both of her parents awake, given the way she bolts out of Ilya’s arms and begins to jump excitedly on the bed. Ilya laughs as Anya barks at her, as if warning Mila about the danger of jumping on the bed. One half-glare from Shane, however, has Ilya gently tugging Mila back into a sitting position. “Be careful, you will fall.” Ilya says, gently yet firmly.

Mila pouts at her father’s stern tone, but listens and mumbles out an apology. Ilya watches as Shane gently kisses the top of her head with a loving smile. His heart aches at the sight of his husband treating their little girl so sweetly, something he himself was never blessed with after his mother died. As if noticing Ilya’s sudden change in mood, Shane glances over at him, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips, and leans in to press a kiss to Ilya’s hair. “I think it’s time to get up and get this little one some breakfast. And none of the processed things you try to feed her, Ilya.” Shane says the last part firmly, stretching his body out before he slides out of bed.

Ilya hums dismissively, knowing Shane will get his way anyway. Looks like they won't be having chocolate chip pancakes today. Ilya pushes himself out of bed, scooping Mila up into his arms and throwing her over his shoulders as he hurries them downstairs. Mila giggles wildly, kicking her feet in the air. Ilya places her on the counter with a grin, tapping her nose with his pointer finger. "Is time for breakfast. Strawberry, blueberry, or banana?" Ilya questions as he reaches into the cupboard for the bag of organic oats he knows Shane keeps stocked up.

Mila puts her finger to her chin, her eyebrows scrunching in thought. "Um...blueberry *and* strawberry please, papa," she responds a few moments later, kicking her feet lightly. Ilya nods his head and grabs both the strawberries and the blueberries from the fridge, alongside the milk to make their oatmeal. As he grabs a saucepan and begins to cook the oatmeal on the stove, he glances over at Mila who is busying herself by sneaking some fruit when she thinks he isn't looking. Shaking his head with a fond smile, he grabs three bowls from the cabinet and dishes out a serving for each of them. Ilya knows Shane will be fine with whatever fruit he decides to add to it, so he makes the decision to add some of each to his bowl as well.

When Shane walks downstairs fully dressed and ready for the day, Ilya smiles fondly and gestures to his bowl on the table. "For you. Do not worry, is not chocolate pancakes. We chose oatmeal today, *only* today," Ilya takes Shane's hand from across the table and presses his chapped lips against his husband's soft knuckles. Shane takes a bite of the oatmeal and hums appreciatively. "You're getting better at making it taste nice. It's not bland like it usually is," he teases. Ilya scoffs, shaking his head in mock disappointment. "And here I thought you will be nice to me today. Maybe I will not go to your parents' home today. I will stay behind and be sad."

"Dramatic much?" Shane rolls his eyes, an amused grin on his face as he takes another bite of his food. "Oh, I've been meaning to talk to you about that. Our family dinner next week is moved to the day before we leave for Boston, that way it's easier for us to drop Mila off with them."

Ilya hums thoughtfully but before he can respond, Mila whines, a little pout on her face. She furrows her eyebrows, her hands forming little fists at her sides. "I don't want you to go away again, I wanna come too!" she complains, her eyes welling with tears. Ilya swears he can feel his heart break a little. He shares a look with Shane, noticing how his eyes soften at their daughter's distress. "I know you do, sweetheart, but it's a really long way away. We have to take a plane, and then daddy and papa have practice and games too. That's why you stay with grandma and grandpa."

"But I wanna go! I wanna, it's no fair." Mila begins to cry, and Ilya watches as Shane lifts her onto his lap to comfort her. She cries into his shoulder, not a tantrum but genuine sadness from missing her parents when they're away. He hesitates briefly, listening to Shane's murmured reassurances, and finally speaks. "You will come. We will tell grandma and grandpa to bring you, okay? Please do not cry, moy solnyshko."

Shane gives him an unimpressed look, but he can't be too mad, not with how devastated their daughter looks. Ilya knows he should have talked to him beforehand, but their baby girl was upset! What was he supposed to do? Shane wipes the tears from Mila's eyes with a gentle

smile. “That’s right, little one. You can come along with us, but grandma and grandpa will still be watching you while we practice and play in our games, okay? You’ll get to see your very first hockey game in person.”

Seemingly much calmer given the change in plans, Mila snuffles and nods her head. She glances up at Shane through watery eyes, “I’m gonna be a hockey player just like daddy and papa.” Ilya wants to cry. His precious baby girl, genuinely looking up to both Shane and himself. It’s almost too much for him. Shane laughs lightly at her words, pinching her little cheek. “Oh yeah? You’ll be the best hockey player out there, even better than daddy and papa.”

They finish breakfast shortly after their emotional conversation, deciding to take a trip into the backyard for Mila to play on her swingset. Ilya sits on their patio swing, Shane following shortly after, pressing himself against Ilya’s side. Ilya wordlessly wraps an arm around Shane as he watches their daughter play. He presses his face into Shane’s hair, inhaling deeply to ground himself.

He wonders how his mother would feel if she were here. Would she be supportive of his and Shane’s relationship? Of course she would, his mother was the kindest lady he’s ever known. She loved Ilya more than anything. She would have been a wonderful grandmother to Mila. Ilya can feel his eyes begin to sting the longer he thinks about it. His sweet mother, pushed too far by a man that never truly loved her or their sons. He can’t imagine living a life like that, not when he’s been given the beautiful life he has right in front of him. A loving husband, a wonderful little girl, and two amazing in-laws.

“What are you thinking about?” Shane questions gently, smoothing a hand down Ilya’s arm until he’s able to lace their fingers together. Ilya lifts his head from Shane’s hair and looks down at his husband, unable to resist the urge to lean down and kiss him senseless. By the fourth kiss, Shane is grinning against Ilya’s lips, gently pushing at his chest. “C’mon, stop deflecting. Tell me what’s on your mind. Didn’t Dr. Mochalina say to stop with the distractions?”

Ilya sighs heavily, closing his eyes to regain his composure before he opens them again. “Is nothing. Truly. I am just thinking about things of the past, and things of the present.” Shane responds, threading his fingers through Ilya’s light brown curls. “Ah. Like a comparison. Ilya nods his head, leaning into the touch. “Mm. A comparison of my life then, and my life now.”

Shane hums thoughtfully, glancing over at Mila to make sure she’s still playing on her swingset before he returns his attention to his husband. “Talk to me?” he questions gently. Of course Ilya could never deny him that, not after all of the work both he and Shane have put towards being more open with one another. “I was thinking of my mother. How she would feel about you as my husband, and also how she would be with Mila. I am...I am hurt. I am angry that she will never meet our little girl. That she will never meet the man I have married, or see the life that I have made for myself.” Ilya admits.

“I am afraid, also.” Ilya says after a brief moment of silence, having the urge to turn away as he confesses to his fears. Shane doesn’t let him though, gently tilting his head back towards him, and rubbing his arm reassuringly. “I am afraid that one day, I will turn into my father. That I will harm Mila, make her feel unsafe. That other children we may have later will

dislike me.”

Ilya can barely finish his confession before Shane is shaking his head, his expression a mix between pissed, sympathetic, and adoring. “Ilya. You’re a wonderful dad, Mila loves you so much. *I* love you so much. You’re present, you’re loving, you take care of me and our little girl so perfectly. You’re *perfect*.”

Ilya shakes his head, a tear slipping down his cheek. “No. No, I am not perfect. I- I make mistakes. Lots of them, all of the time. You must not make mistakes if you are perfect, Shane,” he stammers, panic rising in his chest. Shane leans in to brush his lips against the tears on Ilya’s cheeks, pulling back to wipe them away with his sleeve. He just smiles at Ilya, letting him put his feelings out in the open, and Ilya falls in love a little more, if that were possible.

“You’re perfect for *us*.” Shane says quietly once Ilya has calmed down, his husband taking deep breaths to ground himself. “Nobody is truly perfect, Ilya, we’re just human. We make mistakes, the only difference is we get back up and try again. You’ve made plenty of mistakes in our relationship, and so have I. It’s only inevitable that we’ll make a few parenting mistakes, too. But that doesn’t mean you’re going to turn into your father. You’re nothing like that man. Our daughter loves you, trusts you even. That says enough in itself.”

Ilya manages a small, disbelieving laugh as he ducks his head to plant a kiss against Shane’s jaw. “Have I said just how in love I truly am with you?” He questions, and Shane lets out a laugh himself. He gently tilts Ilya’s chin up to look at him properly. “More times than I can count. I love you too, you know.”

“I love you too!” A small voice chimes in. Glancing away from his husband, Ilya spots Mila standing just in front of them, her smile bright. Shane lifts her onto the space between them, and she snuggles in close to the two. Anya lays at the foot of the swing, content. Ilya takes a good, long look at his family and almost bursts into tears again on the spot. Pure perfection. No mistakes.

“Ah, my beautiful girl.” Ilya holds Mila close, squished between himself and Shane. She giggles, and looks up at Ilya with her signature huge smile that melts his heart. “What, papa?” she questions, reaching up to pat Ilya’s face. Ilya takes her tiny hand and presses a kiss to it. “I am just very, very lucky you are my daughter. You always make us proud, yes? How do you do this?”

“By being me!” She claps her hands happily, repeating the phrase that her parents say to her every day. Shane nods along, sharing an amused yet fond look with Ilya. “That’s right, sweet girl. You make us proud every day by being you, and we’ll love you forever and always.” It’s quiet for a few moments, the three of them sitting there appreciating each other’s company. It’s as if Mila knows how much Ilya needs to be in her presence, because she manages to stay still a good ten minutes longer than either of them had expected. Before long, she’s up out of the swing and bouncing on her feet. “Papa, daddy, can we pretty please play tea party?”

Shane is the first to agree, laughing as Mila drags him along into the house and towards her playroom. Ilya follows shortly after and when he arrives in the playroom, he has to cover his mouth to stop himself from laughing. Shane has a tiara on his head and a bright pink feather

boa around his neck, matching the color of his cheeks perfectly. Mila is grabbing her little makeup kit to do Shane's makeup, and Ilya just has to snap a photo of the moment, much to Shane's dismay. "Wow, look how pretty." Ilya teases him, earning himself a glare from his husband.

"Mila, sweetheart, I think papa is feeling a bit left out. Maybe we should start with his makeup first." Shane gives Ilya a smug grin. Mila nods excitedly, tugging on Ilya's arm to get him to sit on the floor. He obeys, sitting crisscrossed on the floor, and closes his eyes as Mila begins to apply eyeshadow. He can hear both Shane and Mila's giggles as he keeps his eyes closed, and he can only imagine how ridiculous he looks. Anything for his little girl, though. When he's finally allowed to open his eyes, he opens his phone camera to look at himself and has to hold back from cringing so as to not hurt Mila's feelings. There's eyeshadow from his eyebrow all the way down to the bottom of his eye in a bright pink color, and she's applying bright red lipstick to his lips.

"I look very pretty." Ilya comments, snapping a few photos of himself. Mila looks at him with a proud smile, and Ilya knows he made the right decision with his words. "You look super pretty, papa! And so does daddy too, you're both the prettiest!" She makes sure to reassure them. Shane grabs a tiara from the jewelry box and places it atop Mila's head, and a blue boa around her neck. "There we go, now I think everyone is ready." He smiles. Mila nods her head firmly, sitting beside the two on the floor. She grabs her teapot and holds it up for them to see. "Who wants some tea?!"

Ilya raises his hand almost immediately, along with Shane who sends him a teasing glare. "Looks like we both want some tea! Since I was here first, I think I should get some tea before papa does." Shane says smugly. Ilya scoffs, shaking his head with an amused grin. Of course Shane was going to make this a competition too. "No, I had my hand up. I get tea first. Is only fair."

Mila looks between the two skeptically, trying to decide who to pour tea for first. She huffs after a few minutes, still unsure. "You gotta pick! It's getting cold!" She complains. Ilya shakes his head, arms crossed over his chest. He stares down Shane, who stares back just as firm. "I choose me. I win." Ilya narrows his eyes as if daring Shane to fight back. He does of course, years of being rivals on the ice causes competition even in marriage. "Yeah, well I choose *me*." He raises an eyebrow. Mila sighs, exasperated, and shakes her head with her hands on her hips. "*I* get tea first then! Pour for me." She pushes the teapot into Shane's hands, who pretends to pour her a cup. Shane pretends to pour Ilya's next, and then his own before the three of them raise their glass to do a 'cheers' motion. Mila seems pleased, and that's all they can ask for.

It's almost 1pm when Ilya notices a change in Mila's mood. How quiet she's become, and how she's barely moved from her spot on the couch curled up against Shane's chest. He stops his treadmill, something they had added into the living room to spend time watching movies with Mila while still exercising themselves, and heads upstairs to shower. When he returns, he fully expects to see Mila asleep while Shane cleans up a little, but he's met with his beautiful husband and daughter asleep on the couch, snuggled up with each other. He pulls his phone out to snap a few photos before grabbing a throw blanket and covering the two of them.

As he cleans up the mess of toys and coloring items, he thinks back on his earlier worries. Seeing just how much Mila adored him had squashed every worry Ilya had about being a bad parent. He smiles fondly to himself, proud of who he's become and what he's accomplished.

Life truly is perfect.

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