

father figure (i protect the family)

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by [shesawelcomesign](#)

Summary

“I, for one, think it’s a great idea,” Troy chimes.

“Mind your own business, Barrett,” Ilya says. He looks at Shane. “I don’t know. Could be fun.”

“Um,” Shane says eloquently.

or, the young guys on the Centaurs want to bond with their Captain and his husband. Naturally, they ask if they can have a sleepover.

Notes

I love this show and series, and I am beginning to love the San Jose Sharks so what better to put an HR twist on than the iconic sleepover!! if you don't watch the NHL, I would recommend looking at Tyler Toffoli's Instagram or searching it up on TikTok. I love the dynamic of the Sharks and this moment really proves how much they love each other!

I don't even know what positions the trio plays so I made them a line because I wanted to, and their first names are also made up! I don't even remember if they're actually young or not, but they are for my sake this time.

Enjoy!

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

“Can we watch *Fast and the Furious*?” Ilya asks.

Shane sighs and skips past it on the airplane screen. “We watched that last plane ride. And the one before that. It’s my turn to pick.”

“I do not want to watch boring nature documentary about trees or something,” Ilya says. “Plus, you will fall asleep on me like you always do.”

“No, I don’t!” Shane tries to protest, but Ilya sees his cheeks flush pink. “You’re such an asshole.”

“Yes, but you like it,” Ilya hums.

“Fuck off.”

Shane wins in the end. Ilya doesn’t even know what the movie he chose is about, because they both end up asleep within the first fifteen minutes, Shane’s head on Ilya’s shoulder and Ilya’s forehead smushed into his hair.

He’s dreaming and it’s sort of a weird one. For some reason, Hayden Pike is there, and he has taken Anya from Ilya and won’t give her back. Of course he would. Perhaps it is not a dream so much as a prophecy.

“Cap,” a voice is saying. “Cap.”

Ilya jolts awake, the nightmarish images of Hayden Pike stealing his beloved daughter swirling away, and being replaced by an even more terrifying sight- LaPointe, Young, and Holmberg standing eagerly in front of him like three baby birds waiting to be fed. “Do not scare me like that,” he says.

On his shoulder, Shane groans. “Ilya, what is it?” He looks up to see the Terrible Trio, as they were dubbed by Bood, and sighs, resuming his original position.

Great. His husband has left him defenseless.

Ilya rubs sleep from his eyes, and waves his hand as if telling them to go on.

Holmberg says, “Sorry for waking you, Cap, but we have an opportunity that you guys just can’t resist.”

“Right,” Ilya says doubtfully.

“So, you know we’ve been on a bit of a point streak recently,” LaPointe says. The Trio was the team’s third line, Ilya and Shane being on the first and second, respectively. Boyle was on Shane’s line, Dillon having been demoted to the fourth when Wiebe started noticing how well the Trio meshed together in practice.

“Right.”

“And we were thinking that maybe we could do a little wager,” Young finished.

“Oh boy,” Troy says from the row in front, next to Harris. Holmberg notices and sticks his tongue out at him.

“If our line scores against the Swordfish,” LaPointe says, gesturing to the three of them, “And so does yours-”

“And Hollzy's, too,” Young cuts in.

“I was getting there, Marty,” LaPointe huffs. “If all of our lines score, we should have a sleepover.”

Troy absolutely loses it, clutching at Harris's arm and cackling while tears stream from his eyes, which makes Shane finally give up on sleeping and sit all the way up in his seat. Ilya mourns the loss of his warmth on his shoulder for a moment before saying, “You all will sleep on the floor?”

“What?” Holmberg says. “No, we have to- don't you guys have two beds in your room?”

Shane's cheeks flush again.

“We are not little babies like you three,” Ilya says. “We are grown men. And we are married. Why would we have two beds?”

The Trio falls silent for a moment, clearly contemplating their oversight. “We didn't think about that,” Young says, finally.

“Luca and I can share our room,” LaPointe says eagerly. Luca, who is across the aisle next to Wyatt, looks up from whatever he is sketching. “Would that be okay, Luc?”

Luc, Shane mouths to Ilya, who bites back a grin. LaPointe and Luca usually share a room on road trips, but Ilya wasn't under the impression that they were particularly close.

“That's okay,” Luca replies. His complexion looks suspiciously like Shane's did a few moments ago.

“That works out, then,” LaPointe says. “Luca and I will take one of the beds and Roz and Hollzy can have the other.”

“What are we, chopped liver, Logie?” Young complains. Another weird North American euphemism Ilya doesn't know. He's lived here since he was 18, and he still isn't used to all of the strange things people say.

“Basically,” LaPointe says, then turns his attention back to Ilya and Shane. “So? What do you guys say?”

“I, for one, think it's a great idea,” Troy chimes.

“Mind your own business, Barrett,” Ilya says. He looks at Shane. “I don’t know. Could be fun.”

“Um,” Shane says eloquently. Ilya can tell he’s not a fan. Shane craves his alone time after games, this he knows. Well. His alone-with-Ilya time. But Ilya also knows that Shane has been worried that he isn’t connecting enough with the young guys, so this could be good for him.

He whispers as such into Shane’s ear.

“Okay,” Shane says after a minute. “Okay. Sure.”

The Terrible Trio erupts into cheers, so loud you’d think they had just won the Cup. Seriously. Ilya starts looking around for the bottles of champagne to pop in celebration.

“Man, this is going to be awesome,” Holmberg says once they’ve settled down.

“You guys are the best,” Young tells them.

“We’ll do it,” LaPointe says, pointing at them. “We won’t let you down.” Finally, the Trio leaves, not without a “See you, Luc,” from LaPointe.

Luca avoids Ilya’s eyes when he pokes him and says, “What’s that about, Haasy?”

“Nothing,” he says, returning to his drawing. “Logan is just like that.”

“Right,” Ilya, Troy, and Wyatt chime at the same time. Harris adds, “Okay, Luc,” and Troy cracks up all over again.

Much to their dismay, the Centaurs shut out the San Jose Swordfish. Ilya doesn’t score, but Bood does on his line, and he gets the assist. Both Shane and Luca net one for theirs, and Young makes it 4-0 for the Centaurs a few minutes before the third period ends with an empty-netter.

Ilya’s the first to tap Wyatt a thank-you, and when he leans in, Wyatt says cheerfully, “Sleepover time!” Ilya laughs all the way to the bench, where he waits to tell the team good job.

“Good job, I love you,” he says to Bood, who smacks a kiss on his cheek in jest.

He tells the same to Barrett, Chouinard, and Dykstra. He’s in such a pleasant mood that he even says it to Dillon. Holmberg is next, with a huge grin.

“Love you too, Cap! Can’t wait for tonight!” He exclaims as he passes by with a fist bump. His counterparts don’t say anything, but the look on their faces says enough.

As Luca passes by, Ilya tugs him into a brief hug and says, “You are a good kid, Luca. And excellent player. Almost as good as a young Ilya Rozanov.”

“Thanks, Cap,” Luca says with his typical shy smile.

Shane shakes his head when he leaves. “A young Ilya Rozanov?”

“Of course,” Ilya responds. “Good game, I love you. Also, you are third star of the game.”

“Okay,” Shane says, taking a spot at the edge of the tunnel. “*Ya lyublyu tebya.*” Ilya blows a kiss in his direction and turns his attention back to the line of players.

“Hazy, you are the first star,” Ilya tells a waiting Wyatt, who stands next to Shane. The second is some young gun from the Swordfish, who is surely to be their future Captain and All-Star and all of the things that were bestowed upon both Shane and Ilya when they were young.

He watches with pride as Shane skates on to the ice. It’s to mixed applause and jeers, which he doesn’t love, but he, too, would be mad after the beatdown the Swordfish just took. Shane skates off and runs a hand over Ilya’s shoulder as he goes to the locker room.

Next is the San Jose player, who nods respectfully as he passes Ilya and Wyatt by the bench. Ilya nods back, and erupts into cheers as Wyatt skates out, and then tosses his stick to some little kid in Centaurs gear on the other side of the rink.

“Go Cens,” Wyatt says as they make their way back to the locker room.

Ilya whoops in agreement. He truly loves this team.

It takes them a little while to get back to their hotel. They’re leaving first thing tomorrow so they have plenty of time to practice before their next game in two nights, against the Seattle Squid. Sometimes, Ilya wonders who comes up with the names of the teams, and how they have had their job for so long.

A few of the guys go out to dinner, their roommates for the night included, but Shane and Ilya opt to order room service. Ilya gets chicken wings slathered in sauce, and Shane settles for some sort of salad wrap. When they finish eating, Ilya tugs Shane against him and says, “You played so well today.”

Shane kisses him gently in response, which turns into some less-gentle kisses, which turns into Ilya saying with a fast breath, “Maybe we cancel sleepover?”

“Ilya, oh my God,” Shane says, but he’s smiling. “We promised the Trio and Luca that we would. And it’s your fault for getting us into this anyways.”

“But *lyubimyy*,” Ilya whines. Shane rolls his eyes, and Ilya’s phone simultaneously buzzes with a text.

Haasy 

Logan wants me to tell you that we’re back now. Young and Holmberg are getting the hotel to bring them cots.

You

Okay

Tell your boyfriend we will be over in 5

Haasy 

He is not my boyfriend!

You

Right

“Okay, let’s go,” Ilya says, tapping Shane. “The children are ready.”

They’re already in their pajamas- Shane’s idea. Ilya was pushing it by asking if they could eat dinner in the bed, but “outside clothes” was where Shane drew the line. So, they grab everything they need for the night, and head to the other end of the hallway.

Ilya knocks, and the door is quickly swung open, Holmberg on the other side. “Hey, Cap, Hollzy,” he says. “Come in!”

They step inside. There’s one cot shoved between the end of the furthest bed and the wall, and the other runs perpendicular, in between the beds. Not a lot of room to walk, but all of the boys cheer as they walk in.

Young is farthest away on his cot, wrapped in a Centaurs blanket. Ilya will probably make fun of it later. On the furthest bed is Luca and LaPointe. Ilya not-so-subtly winks as he hops onto his own, Shane claiming the side closest to the wall.

As soon as they get comfortable, someone else knocks on the door, and Holmberg leaps up again.

“Cookies!” LaPointe cheers. Holmberg closes the door again, armed with a tray of cookies and a gallon of milk, as well as a small container of fruit that he passes to Shane.

“Roz told us you aren’t big on sweets, Hollzy,” he explains. Shane takes it with a grateful smile, and Ilya wraps an arm around him.

“Drew, I want cookies,” Young says. “I scored so I get first dibs.”

“No, you don’t, you pig,” LaPointe says. “Luca scored too. And yours was an empty net, so his is objectively cooler.”

Luca looks like he wants to sink into the bed and never get up again.

They pass cookies around, and Holmberg produces coffee cups to pour the milk into. Ilya helps himself to two, giving Shane a bite of one, before he gets up to go to the bathroom.

When he gets back, an action movie is playing on the TV. He laughs when he realizes that it’s *Fast and the Furious*. He gets back into bed after hopping over Holmberg, and Shane curls into him.

“See, these boys have taste,” he whispers into his husband’s ear.

“I hate you,” Shane mutters in response.

“No, you don’t,” Ilya says, and kisses his hair. That’s the last thing he remembers before drifting off to the sound of loud cars and the Trio’s louder chuckling.

In the morning, Ilya wakes up to the blare of an alarm. Shane is laying on his chest, but stirs at the same time. “Morning,” he says.

Ilya runs his hand up and down his back. “Good morning. Sleep well?”

Shane nods, and then sits up and stretches. On the floor, Holmberg and Young are waking up as well, yawning and complaining about how their joints hurt.

Ilya looks across the room, and can’t contain his laughter at what he sees. Luca and LaPointe are completely dead to the world, holding each other basically the same exact way Shane and Ilya just were.

“Ilya,” Shane chides. “I think they’re cute.”

“Oh, do you guys want in on our betting pool?” Young asks, off the cot now and heading towards the bathroom.

“There is a betting pool?” Ilya asks.

Young nods. “Hell yeah, dude. Even Harris is in it.”

“Well, Harris knows best,” Ilya says. “Okay, you’ve convinced me.”

Holmberg whoops, and Luca jolts up from his spot in LaPointe’s arms. “What happened?” He mumbles sleepily, and then looks down. “Oh.”

“Sleep well, Haasy?” Ilya asks.

“You guys are the worst,” Luca says, but he lays back down. LaPointe, still deep in his slumber, brings his arms up to encircle him again.

Shane tugs at Ilya's T-shirt sleeve. "We should probably go. Gotta pack."

"Okay," Ilya says agreeably. "Was fun, boys. Let's do this again some time."

Young leaves the bathroom just as they open the door to go. "Bye, Dads!" He says.

Shane is silent as they walk back to their room, so Ilya nudges his shoulder with his own. "Are you alright, Hollander?"

"I'm okay," Shane says quietly. "Just- that was nice."

"The sleepover?" Ilya asks. He watches Shane's eyebrows furrow as he thinks of his answer, how the few freckles on his forehead bunch up and his eyes sparkle. It is the best sight Ilya has ever seen.

"Yeah," he says after a moment. "And hanging out with them." He takes a breath, and then adds, "Do you think they really see us as their dads?"

"It is a nice thought," Ilya says. "Holmberg has told me that before. That we are the team dads."

Shane smiles. Ilya, sensing that he's getting lost in thought, adds, "But we are Anya's dads first, of course."

"Of course," Shane says with a laugh as he allows Ilya to unlock the door to their room.

Later, back on the plane, Shane watching tape of the Swordfish game next to him, Ilya's phone chimes with an AirDrop request from Young. He accepts, and then he has a photo of the six of them in the hotel room. It seems Troy got the photo, too, because he cackles and says, "Harris has to post this."

Harris is asleep next to him, but when he wakes up and sees the photo, he immediately agrees. It's on the team's Instagram and TikTok the second they land, with the caption, *Family Sleepover!*.

It gets half a million likes by the next day. Ilya adds it to his story and says, "*Good bonding time with our beloved children!*".

End Notes

I don't know where Luca and LaPointe came from. That was an accident.

Ilya and Shane are of course the iconic father figures for the little Centaurs, hence the title!

Thanks for reading!

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