

Papa, Charlie & Daddy

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Papa, Charlie & Daddy

by [maddiee96](#)

Summary

A silly morning of Ilya and Shane with their daughter Charlie.

Notes

I just love the idea of Hollanov girdads so enjoy me indulging in this.

"One skirmy wormy Charlie girl awake and ready for cuddles", Shane gently tosses their daughter onto their bed, sending her into a giggle fit as she bounces slightly on landing.

Ilya immediately pulls her close to him and blows a raspberry against Charlie's cheek making her giggle even more. Shane just shakes his head fondly as he climbs back into bed.

"Papa, we go to Uncle Hayden an' Auntie Jackie's house today?" Charlie asks looking up at Ilya who sighs dramatically. Shane reaches over and pinches his hip.

"Da, we go to their house today, sweetheart."

"For the birthday party!" Charlie says excitedly.

"Who's birthday is it, Charlie?" Shane asks.

"Jade an' Ruby!"

"That's right. Good job, baby."

"What did you and daddy get the twins when you go shopping?" Ilya asks not being able to help himself from twirling one of Charlie's wild curls around his finger.

"We gots Jade.....", Charlie starts rambling about all the things that she and Shane had gotten the twins on their shopping excursion the other day. Shane rolls onto his side, closer to Charlie, and tucks his hands under his head as he listens to her chatter on. "Oh! And I maked them fwindship bwacelets."

"That sounds very nice for presents. You do a good job choosing gifts."

Ilya scoots a little so he can lay his head next to Charlie's side where shes half sitting up against their headboard. He drapes his arm across her, resting it so that his hand is just barely touching Shane's chest.

Charlie immediately sinks her hands into his hair. "Charlie and papa have curls. Not daddy", Charlie giggles lightly. She leans her head down against Ilya's for a moment.

"Silly Charlie", Shane teases back, reaching over to tickle her side.

"Why don't you have curly hair?" Charlie asks Shane.

"I just don't, baby. Neither grandma or grandpa have curly hair so I don't."

"Papa?"

Ilya knows the question that's coming. He can feel it ricochet in his chest. He hasn't really talked about his parents with Charlie, he doesn't know how to put his situation into words so that his five year old could understand. "Da?" he says eventually.

"Did your mommy and daddy have curly hair?"

He burries his face slightly more into Charlie's side, as he feels Shane rest his hand on Ilya's arm.

"Mmmm, my mom has curly hair."

"I see pictures of your mommy?" Charlie asks innocently, not knowing the storm she unknowly is causing in Ilya's chest.

"Charlie, maybe we should.....", Shane starts but Ilya cuts him off.

"You want to look at pictures?" Ilya pushes himself up on his elbow to look at Charlie. She nods looking up at him. "Okay. Let me go look for some", Ilya pushes himself up and presses a kiss to Charlie's temple before climbing out of bed. Shane knows he's headed to the livingroom where their stack of photo albums is housed.

"Daddy?" Charlie rubs her hands together nervously.

"Yeah?"

"Did I make papa sad?"

"Oh, Charlie", Shane sits up and scoops Charlie up into his arms. "Papa hasn't seen his mommy in a very long time so sometimes when he talks about her, it makes him miss her a lot."

"Why papa no see his mommy for long time?" Charlie looks up at Shane confused.

"Let's let papa come back and we can see if he wants to talk about it okay?"

"Buy why?"

"But why what?" Both Shane and Charlie look up at Ilya's voice as he enters back into their bedroom.

"Why does talking about your mommy make you sad?" Charlie asks before Shane can stop her.

A slight surprise crosses Ilya's face before he is able to stop it. He schools his expression as he walks over to their bed and sits back down, scooting until his is sitting shoulder to shoulder with Shane. Charlie immediately shoves herself onto his lap.

Ilya looks over at Shane. They had previously had conversations between them about what to tell Charlie if she ever asked about Ilya's parents. Shane just gives him a little nod indicating if he wanted to have the conversation he was more than welcome to. Shane leans over and presses his lips to Ilya's shoulder before snaking his hand around Ilya's bicep.

Ilya shifts Charlie slightly so she is kind of inbetween himself and Shane before opening up the photo album. Shane smiles slightly realizing it is the one that has a mix of pictures of both of them from when they were little.

"You are very smart, malyutka, that you notice papa gets sad talking about his family", Ilya tells Charlie as he turns pages until he gets to the one he's looking for. Shane shifts to lay his arm across Ilya's shoulders as he sees what page Ilya stops on. Its the only photo Ilya has showcased anywhere that has all four of his family members together and mostly happy.

Ilya skims his fingers across the page, pointing to each person as he speaks quietly. "This is my brother Alexei.....this is my father..... and this is my mom."

"Where does she live?" Charlie innocently asks.

Ilya has to take a deep steadying breath before he is able to answer. "My mom went to heaven when I was twelve."

"Oh...." Charlie surges up and hugs Ilya tightly around his neck. "I'm sowwy, papa."

"Shhh. Iz okay, sweetheart. Was many years ago." Ilya hugs on Charlie for moment before settling her back into her spot. Charlie snuggles herself into Ilya's side, tucking herself under his arm.

"More pictures?"

"Da, I have a few more pictures. We keep looking." Ilya slowly flips through the book for a few more pages until he stops. "Who's that?" Ilya taps on the photo. Its two seperate photos of Shane and Ilya in hockey gear for the first time with their moms kneeling next to them.

"Daddy!"

"And this one?"

"Papa!"

Ilya flips to another page of young hockey photos. He leans down and whispers to Charlie: "say Shane when I point to daddy's picture." Charlie nods.

"Who's that?"

"Shane!" Charlie giggles loudly.

Shane gasps dramatically. "That's not my name", Shane blows a raspberry against Charlie's cheek and tickles her side, sending her sprawling across their laps.

"You Shane!"

"Noooooooooooo I'm not", Shane whines, continuing to tickle Charlie and make her giggle. He lets her up when he sees her face getting too red. "What's papa's name, Charlie?"

Charlie frowns for a second, trying to remember how to say his name. "Eel-ya", Charlie tries to say.

"Ilya. Try it again", Shane says smoothing down her hair.

"Ilya!" Charlie smiles triumphantly.

Ilya chuckles fondly, his heart soaring at his little family and the joy it brings ti him.

"Ilya, Charlie and Shane", Charlie teases.

"Papa, Charlie and Daddy", Ilya kisses her head.

"Love you, papa. Love you, daddy", Charlie tosses her arms around both Shane and Ilya's necks pulling them into a hug.

"Love you too, baby."

"Ya lyublyu tebya, Charlie."

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