

Cheering for Dada

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by [moshpitghost](#)

Summary

After Ilya retires he becomes a wag, taking his and Shane's daughter to games to cheer for him.

Based on a tweet I saw abt Ilya being a wag

It's only been a few months since Ilya Rozanov retired from the Ottawa Centaurs, he still had good hockey left in him, don't get him wrong, but his love for hockey was never stronger than the love for his daughter—their daughter. Little Irina Hollander-Rozanov, the only person Shane and Ilya loved more than each other, had come into the world a year and a half ago.

Shane had discussed her future in great lengths with Ilya when they found out she'd arrive in nine short months and what that meant for their careers. Ilya was grateful he had the opportunity to play alongside some of the best hockey players in the world over his long career, he wanted to keep doing that, but the second that little hand wrapped around his finger he made up his mind.

He was going to be the best father he could be, no matter how absolutely terrified he'd been.

Irina had been born during the season, after her birth Ilya got his affairs in order and attended a press conference where he announced he'd be retiring at the end of the season. He prefaced that he was getting older, it was getting harder to recover. That was no lie, being in his thirties was making it harder to bounce back after games. But his ultimate reason for retiring: he had a daughter and he absolutely needed to be present for her life.

Shane watched his retirement announcement from the sidelines, holding their daughter in the media room of the Centaurs arena watching his husband answer too many questions. His many words carefully arranged with his warm voice cradling every syllable, he noticed a few tears had fallen from his eyes.

They achieved their dreams. Together.

And now they get to do the best thing they've ever done. Raise a child together.

Shane was named captain of the Centaurs after Ilya retired. He hadn't been a captain in years but this season he'd lead this team and he'd make damn sure to make Ilya proud.

It was their home opener of the season, the arena was packed to the brim with fans—most wearing Hollander or Rozanov jerseys. They'd all come to watch the team Ilya spent so long leading take on their new leader and hopefully remain the same beloved team.

Ilya was still getting ready at home, of course he'd attend this game. He wouldn't miss it for the world. Even if Shane had told him over and over,

“You don't have to come.”

It would take every supernatural force in the world to keep Ilya away from that arena today.

He pulled on a jersey, a Hollander one, something he never thought he'd be doing.

“Papa!” Ilya turned around to see little Irina being held by Yuna Hollander, they wouldn't miss this game either.

“Lisichka, look at you.” He smiled at her little jersey. It was of course a Hollander one except the name on the back had been replaced with ‘Dada’. “Dada is going to love this.” He took her in his arms kissing her cheeks making her giggle.

They made it to the arena just before warm up’s. Ilya had been walking around with Irina on his hip showing her around the arena, he ran into Harris who’d been running back and forth.

“Ilya! And baby!” Harris smiled. “The guys are still in the locker room if you want to pop in and say hi.”

“I think yes,” Ilya looked at Irina. “What you think, solnyshko?” She just grabbed at his face and giggled. “Let’s go see dada.”

“Dada!” She yelled.

“Yes, dada!” Ilya smiled.

Ilya followed Harris into the locker room. The team had been sitting around suiting up for the game, some stretching, and others taking their time getting their mind right.

“We have visitors!” Harris announced.

Ilya saw the guys look up and immediately start pushing each other out of the way to get to Irina. They all fought for her attention, prompting her to see who’s name she’d say first. Her attention quickly went from the group to Shane pushing his teammates aside.

“Dada!” She smiled wide.

“Baby!” Shane took her in his arms, placing huge kisses on her cheeks. “Wow! Look at this. Wearing my jersey! Much better than papa’s, huh.” Shane felt like he would explode from the cuteness.

“What about your husband?” Ilya crossed his arms. Shane smiled at Ilya, he wrapped one arm around Ilya’s waist planting a quick kiss on him that earned lots of chirping from his teammates.

“You look great too.” Shane didn’t know that this is where his life would lead after all those years of being so scared of the world knowing he loved Ilya Rozanov, but it was so worth it now.

“That’s better,” Ilya ran a hand down Shane’s chest resting on the new ‘C’ that graced his chest. “Captain.” He smiled at Shane, he saw a blush creep up his neck. “Don’t ruin my team.”

“My team now and how can I lose when I have the best good luck charms?” Shane was filled with pure happiness, nothing could be better than his little family here to cheer him on. He couldn’t remember why he told Ilya not to come in the first place, he would’ve missed out on this.

“We won’t distract you.” Ilya took Irina back, she wrapped her little arms around his neck resting her head on his shoulder. “Good luck.” Ilya kissed Shane again, he loved this man so much. Shane kissed her head before Ilya left the room.

Ilya took Irina back to their seats to watch warm ups, he kept pointing out Shane on the ice. Irina didn’t care much but she’d occasionally babble to herself. David Hollander kept snapping pictures of Ilya with Irina on his lap, it was her first hockey game with her papa. Shane skated by their seats many a time waving to his baby through the glass smiling like an idiot at her little headphones to protect her ears. Her tiny jersey could put him into a cuteness induced coma, he was so full of joy.

The game went as expected, Ilya held Irina the whole time feeding her snacks as he cursed Russian profanities at the referees.

“Ref, is fucking blind!” He quickly hushed himself. “Sorry, solnyshko, don’t tell dada.”

“Dada!” She babbled.

Ilya had hoisted her in the air when Shane had scored the game winning goal, bringing her back down to smother her face in kisses and hug her. Shane had led the team tonight with a great performance and even better encouragement, Ilya was more than proud of him.

“Dada win!” She babbled.

“Yes, dada won! Shall we go say ‘good job’?” Ilya asked her.

“Dada!”

Ilya waited for the arena to empty, he went down the bench stepping over the boards to congratulate Shane in the tunnel. He hugged Shane tightly, Irina almost jumped out of his arms to hug him too.

“Dada!” She smiled as her little arms clung to Shane’s neck.

“We won! Thanks to you.” Shane giggled. “And to you.” He looked at Ilya.

“We only cheer for you,” Ilya couldn’t be happier for him. He missed it of course, but this was so much better. “We go home?”

“Bye bye?” Irina babbled.

“Yes, baby, we will go home and papa will make us some dinner.”

“You are lucky I love you.” Ilya said.

“I am very lucky.” Shane felt like the luckiest man in the world. He had the most supportive husband who sacrificed his pride to wear his jersey and the cutest kid in the world. Ilya just kissed him deeply.

When they got home, Irina had fallen asleep in the car. Ilya carried her in, her head slumped against his shoulder as she slept soundly. Shane just smiled at them, his entire world in the entry way of their home.

“I go put her to bed.” Ilya said.

“No, no.” Shane whispered. “Let me, I need this little moment.” He carefully took her into his own arms, beginning to rock her back and forth.

“You are great father.” Ilya kissed his cheek. “Great captain. We are so proud of you.”

“Thank you for coming today.” Shane felt like his smile would start to hurt soon. Seeing Ilya with their daughter wearing his number at his game, life couldn’t get more perfect.

“Of course, we will be at all games.”

“All of them?”

“Yes Shane, all of them. After you put her to bed, there will be winner prize for you in our bed.” Ilya smirked at him.

“Hmm, that sounds nice.”

“You make it fast, I leave jersey on.”

Shane quickly but gently carried their daughter to her room, setting her in her bed, still dressed in her jersey. He refused to disturb her, she’d wake up in a few hours anyway.

He’d been so worried all day about disappointing the team, disappointing Ilya. But seeing him there smiling and cheering him on, that’s all he needed to fuel him for the rest of the season.

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