

you showed up just in time

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you showed up just in time

by [lizook12](#)

Summary

He should probably double check where his parents and Bree are set up to watch the fireworks. They were in charge of finding a spot; he and Ilya were rounding up snacks and drinks.

AKA Hollanov and family visit Disney World.

Notes

Companion piece to [high tide came and brought you in](#). Title from Taylor Swift's *This Love*.

This is all **Katalya**'s fault.

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

"I can't believe this is actually paying for itself." Shane threads the strap of the popcorn bucket over his head, passing it to Ilya.

"Told you, is good investment."

"It's ridiculous." And it is, a Mickey balloon shaped bucket was not on his list of things to bring back from this trip (and there very much *was* a list), but when they'd arrived three days ago Ilya had insisted on it.

Wouldn't be swayed from the fun shaped one either.

"Yes, but admit it, the other one was boring." Ilya dumps the few remaining kernels in the bucket into his hand. "And Bree enjoys wearing like a purse."

He had him there; their six-year-old alone made the purchase worth it. She was practically eating her body weight in popcorn and didn't mind carrying the snack. At least not in the beginning of the day when they hadn't been on several rides and she wasn't tired yet.

She was a trooper though; she'd only had one near meltdown and that was because she'd almost lost her Donald plush while riding Dumbo.

"Oh, do they..." Shane leans around the person in line in front of them, squinting at the menu "They only have maple popcorn here?"

"Looks like it. Makes sense, Canada is home of maple and moose."

"That's it?" Shane bites down on his lip, trying not to laugh as the line moves. "Just maple and large deer?"

"Mhmm." Ilya can't help but grin, his fingers splaying across the back of Shane's neck.

"I see where I rank."

"Yes, at the top always." Ilya's hand flexes, thumb drifting along the column of Shane's throat. "Above hockey and even maple."

"Same. Always." Shane leans into his husband's side, shuffles forward another step. "Do you think Bree's going to like the maple though? I know mom and dad would eat it. I could always run down to that other cart we walked past?"

"Then we'd need another bucket."

"I don't even know where we're packing this one!"

"Is ok, I think Bree will be fine with maple. If not, grandma and grandpa will surely find her other snack, yeah?"

Shane doesn't even need to answer; they both know for as much as they try to give their daughter the best it's Yuna and David Hollander that *truly* spoil her.

They finally make it to the front of the line and Ilya hands the bucket over to be filled. Not even a minute later they're set, wandering their way up into the Canada pavilion.

It's multiple levels, indigenous totems—though Shane guesses they're not entirely authentic—setting the tone of the space. There's a large building at the front that reminds him of the Château Laurier back home sitting across the pathway from some longhouse style cabins.

“How does any of this make sense in the same place?” Shane steals a handful of popcorn, continues walking back along the walkway. “None of these locations are anywhere near each other.”

“Is a big country, seems like they want to show as much as possible.”

It's true, fair.

It's not like the other places around the lagoon haven't done similar things; Shane just guesses it's more noticeable when it's your own country.

Part of your hometown.

Still, for as kitschy as it is there is something warming about it. Knowing people from around the world come here and get to talk with employees who come from Saskatoon and Montreal and Toronto.

And besides, it's such a cheerful environment. Ilya's so happy, getting to enjoy the kind of frivolity he didn't have growing up, sharing it with their daughter.

It makes Shane feel overwhelmed—exhilarated—with love for him, for their whole family.

“Oooh we should take selfie.” Ilya's voice jolts him from his thoughts as they round the corner behind the fake hotel and find a waterfall cascading from a tower of rocks.

“Ok, but we'll have to bring Bree up here and get another when we come back tomorrow.”

“Obviously.” Tucking the popcorn bucket behind him, Ilya leans against the fence in front of the rocks, pulling Shane to him. “Careful, seems like water is spraying quite a bit.”

“It cannot be worse than the Tiana ride yesterday.”

“No, no it cannot.” Ilya snaps a few pictures, presses his lips to Shane's cheek and snaps a few more. “Was good though; looked like you'd entered a wet t-shirt contest.”

“Jesus.” Shane tilts his head, brushes their mouths together for an all too brief moment. “Glad you kept that thought to yourself until now.”

“I know how to restrain myself sometimes.”

Laughing, Shane pulls out his phone and settles on a nearby bench. He should probably double check where his parents and Bree are set up to watch the fireworks.

They were in charge of finding a spot; he and Ilya were rounding up snacks and drinks.

Maybe they'd even grab Bree one of the glow-in-the-dark toys that seem to start popping up at vendors at this time of night.

His mom has just confirmed that they're on the bridge between the UK and France when he realizes his husband has wandered off.

Again.

It's not the first time this trip, it's not even the first time today.

And while Ilya's usually easy to pick out in a crowd, this part of the park just seems to be getting busier and busier. He's just about to try calling when he spots him walking out of one of the log buildings they passed on their way up the path.

"I swear..." Pressing up off the bench, Shane stands, fingers tapping against his thigh as he weaves through the crowd to meet him. "The next time we come to Disney I'm calling Hayden and seeing if he still has those child leashes he used when the girls were little. Maybe I won't lose track of you then."

"Sorry, I'll behave."

There's just so much to see and do here. They could never do it all in one trip and since they've been discussing having another kid...

Yeah, they'll definitely be back.

Ilya knows it's not even that he wandered off. It's that the group of people around them is just growing and growing, pressing in. Kicking up Shane's anxiety.

"Look," He waves the blue bag in front of his husband's face. "Bought you a present."

"For now?"

"Yes, here."

Reaching into the bag, Ilya pulls out the shirt and, keeping it folded, passes it to Shane.

Slowly, Shane shakes it out, groaning as he reads: *I'd rather be playing hockey*, a Mickey head in place of the hockey O in the last word.

"This is terrible." It's really not. Sure, the Canadian flag in the Mickey head is overkill, but at least it's not plaid like half the other merchandise he's spotted here. He, to his horror, actually kind of loves it. "And what size did you buy? Is this even going to fit?"

“Yes, yes, will fit. See, it’s stretchy fabric.” Carefully, Ilya pulls on the sleeve of the shirt, demonstrating its give. “It will be fun to wear them tomorrow.”

“Them? You got one, too?”

“Of course.” Opening the bag, Ilya tips it so Shane can see his version nestled in the bottom. “We’ll match.”

“We already do.”

It’s corny as hell, but Ilya doesn’t care. He drops a kiss to Shane’s forehead, takes his shirt from him and carefully folds it before dropping it on top of his own.

“Yes, we do. Will still be fun, though.” Letting his arm fall over Shane’s shoulders, he starts guiding them back down to the main walkway. “I got some bottles of water, too, so we don’t have to stop for that on our way back.”

“Perfect. I just want to check out the bakery in France yet, you can—” Shane stops so fast Ilya’s chin almost crashes against his temple.

“That was dangerous move, Hollander.”

“Sorry.” Shane squeezes his hand, kisses him quickly in apology, before stepping up to the kiosk at their right. “Be right back.”

He disappears for a few minutes, the night deepening, lights beginning to brighten along the path as Ilya waits. Finally he’s back, his own blue bag clutched tightly in his hand.

“Sorry, I just, if we’re doing matching shirts tomorrow this seemed necessary.”

Taking a few steps further up the path so they’re out of the way of the people walking, he reaches into the bag and pulls out three hats.

The first is child sized and emblazoned with the same hockey art that is on their shirts.

The other two are for adults, both have Mickey standing in his classic pose but instead of being in silhouette he’s wearing a hockey jersey. On one it’s bold red and white, the other features the alternate of the same jersey.

“I didn’t want us to be too...” Shane pauses as Ilya snags one of the hats and crushes it over his curls, not even bothering to take the tag off. “Perfectly matched but I thought...”

“Yes, compliment each other just right.” Gently, he tucks some of Shane’s hair behind his ear, places the other hat on his head.

The *just like us* goes unspoken, but Shane feels it anyhow.

Doesn't even care about the price tag flopping from his head, the popcorn bucket pressing into his side as they start weaving their way through the next country, towards the bridge.

At the crest of it they pause, scanning to find their family among the crowd. Once they spot them it's another few hurdles and some juggling of their snacks and bags as they excuse themselves to join them at the water's edge, but finally Shane is seated on the ground next to his daughter, Ilya's knees bracketing him as he settles behind him.

"Hey Bree," Ilya's chin presses to Shane's shoulder as he arranges the bags, covertly hands Shane the new hat. "I think Dad got you a surprise for tomorrow..."

End Notes

I took some liberties with the hats, but the shirt absolutely exists as I was texted a picture of it with the comment that Ilya would buy it for Shane and I just knew this fic had to happen.

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