

## Fathers' Day

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# Fathers' Day

by [wildechild3](#)

## Summary

"Five years ago Shane had brought up the idea of starting a family. They'd been married for a year at that point and it was a discussion that had previously included phrases such as:

"Maybe we could-"

"Someday, if we decide to-"

"I don't know, but if we did-"

They'd talked about hypothetical children. Hypothetical arrangements they could make for when they needed childcare for a game or practice. How many, hypothetically, did they want? In theory, what kind of parents did they want to be? What would discipline look like? Would they try to get them into hockey? What if they didn't like hockey?"

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Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov have been fathers for four-almost five years now. Every year the NHL posts a promotional 'Fathers' Day' video of famous players and their kids. Yuna finds out they've never been invited, and that simply will not do.

## Notes

Once again - AI was not used in the process of writing this, I just love em dashes and semi colons.

Here's two links to the cute hockey videos that inspired this fic!!

<https://www.instagram.com/reel/DSK SZ0MDVbD/>

<https://www.tiktok.com/@funnydogs003/video/7572135520600444173>

And to anyone who doubts that a four year old can ice skate well: I work with kids. Trust me. They absolutely can skate with the right training, and this kid has hockey dads. You'd be amazed how intelligent and capable little kids can be with the right support.

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

Five years ago Shane had brought up the idea of starting a family. They'd been married for a year at that point and it was a discussion that had previously included phrases such as:

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*"Someday, if we decide to-"*

*"I don't know, but if we did-"*

They'd talked about hypothetical children. Hypothetical arrangements they could make for when they needed childcare for a game or practice. How many, hypothetically, did they want? In theory, what kind of parents did they want to be? What would discipline look like? Would they try to get them into hockey? What if they didn't like hockey?

Round and around they went with hypotheticals and theories and speculation. For a year. They had made the mistake of starting one of these conversations in front of Shane's mother. Yuna Hollander was practically buzzing with excitement, though it was hard to tell if she was in 'mom-mode' or 'manager-mode'. She would find a way to genetically engineer a baby to have both of their DNA if it were possible. A Hollander-Rozanov child would be a hockey god she could grandmanager the fuck out of.

"Mom," Shane groaned, "What if they don't want to play hockey?"

"What if they do?" she countered.

"If they do, they can come to camp!" Ilya did a little happy shuffle in his seat at the idea of it. Shane watched him with a soft smile.

The reason they ruminated on the topic for so long was because of Ilya. The idea of being a father terrified him. What if he was like his father? What if he was worse? What if his depression got too bad? What if he hurt them? What if he fucked them up? He had voiced only a fraction of these concerns to Shane, most of them to his therapist, and all of them to David Hollander.

They were sitting by the fire on the deck of Shane's cottage. Ilya was talking about the progress of the hockey camps and how much fun he had coaching the kids.

"They lay like starfish on the ice and I take my stick and spin them like those uh...spinners? The little toy things. They love it."

David chuckled and nodded along, "Yuna showed me some videos from camp. You're really good with the kids. You'd be a great dad."

Ilya held his glass a bit tighter as his eyes locked onto the flames in front of him, "You think so?"

"Of course," David sipped on his drink casually. Either he hadn't noticed Ilya's shift or he was choosing to act as if nothing was happening. Why freak out? All he said was the truth.

“I don’t think I would be. I don’t...I didn’t have a good role model. I wouldn’t know what to do.”

David raised an eyebrow, “No one *knows* how to be a parent. You learn with your kid. You have all these ideas of what they can be, who they can be. But they’ll show you who they are. Your only job is to love them, teach them right from wrong.”

“But what if-”

“Ilya,” David’s voice became stronger, firm but still kind, “My father was in and out of my life. He’d show up for a birthday every few years. Take me out for ice cream once in a blue moon. When I was a teenager, he’d come around begging for money for one of his ‘get rich quick’ schemes. I got a scholarship to McGill through hockey and didn’t see him for over a decade. He wasn’t there to see me get married and he never met Shane. When Yuna wanted to have a baby, I was terrified. What if I fuck it up like my father did? But I’m not my father. You’re not your father. You’ll mess up. You’ll wish you hadn’t said or done something, but then you’ll apologize. You’ll fix it. You’re a good man, Ilya. You’d be a great father.”

Ilya felt himself tearing up. He tried - and failed - to hide it behind a long sip of his drink. Finally, he took a deep breath and let a few tears fall, “Thank you.”

David draped a gentle arm around Ilya’s shoulders, “Of course, son.”

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Four years ago - Ilya told Shane that he was ready. Shane had reacted by pulling his husband into a long, tight hug on their couch. The pair rocked slowly back and forth as Ilya buried his face into his husband’s neck.

“I wouldn’t want this with anyone else,” Shane mumbled into his curls.

“I’m so scared.”

“I know. I’m proud of you.”

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Marie Irina Hollander-Rozanov had been on the ice from the moment she was brought into their home. Pictures of her filled Ilya’s social media. First came the announcement of her arrival in the form of a picture of a tiny Centaur jersey with ‘Hollander-Rozanov #1’ on the back. Fans had lost their minds in the comments. People were already speculating about the hockey dynasty that was bound to form.

Then came the photo of her being held by Shane in her nursery (which to many fan’s disappointment was not hockey themed.) The caption beneath it read ‘Моя семья’, *my family*.

The news of their little bundle of joy almost overshadowed the season. Ilya was regularly seen waving to her from the ice during games. The first time he did it, the jumbo-tron camera

crew followed his look up to a private box. Yuna was holding her and she was dressed in her little Centaur jersey for the game. Ilya skated over to the cameras with a wide smile.

“My daughter!” he exclaimed proudly. The media wasn’t expecting to see this side of Ilya. The bubbly teddy bear of a man who was giddy at the idea of waving to his infant daughter was a sharp contrast from the team captain who loved to chirp his way into brawls. Fans ate it up. Clips of him giving his daughter a cute little wave before body slamming into another player became a key moment of any highlight reel.

Shane, as usual, was more reserved when it came to acknowledging her in front of the media. He was hesitant about overwhelming her with hockey fame before she could even talk. He’d at least wait until she was able to decide what she was passionate about before morphing into a full on dad-manager. However, for now, he could settle for arranging nice family photos. And if he was already researching the best schools in Ottawa that was no one’s business but his.

Her first pair of skates were practically glued to her feet once she started walking. Shane swore Ilya and his mother had been scheming about them behind his back. The skates were her first Christmas present from her family. That night they went down to their hockey rink so she could give them a try. Ilya held her left hand, Shane the right. The three of them glided around the rink over and over. Yuna took a picture of the three of them skating. It became Ilya’s new profile photo on all of his accounts.

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Marie Irina Hollander-Rozanov was now four years old. She was bilingual, and often switched between English and Russian at random. She could skate better than some adults. And, to their joy, loved playing hockey with her dads. On any given day, they could be found playing their own three-man version of hockey. On special occasions they’d bring her to practice and let her play with the guys. It was a great morale booster for the team and Marie got to hang out with her many giant uncles. Life was amazing. She would be starting preschool soon so they were trying to squeeze in time with her at every free moment they had. Even the dedicated hockey fanatic Shane Hollander was taking time off from the rink and training just to spend time with her.

The little family had gathered at Shane’s parents’ home to celebrate Mothers’ Day with Yuna. Marie had drawn her a picture and helped her dads make lunch for everyone. While she was waiting, Yuna scrolled through the NHL’s social media on her laptop. The woman never seemed to take a day off. She paused at a PWHL video that had been shared by the NHL. Players had brought their kids to a rink to celebrate mothers in hockey as a special Mothers’ Day promotional video. There were at least a dozen kids on the rink. The moms skated around them, playing with them. Yuna’s mom-brain thought it was precious. The manager-brain was impressed by the ‘aww cute’ factor the video generated. Little kids playing hockey and their moms talking about how much they loved their kids? It doesn’t get more wholesome than that.

She glanced at her granddaughter and her sons. Then she did a quick search. Sure enough, the NHL did a similar promotional video for Fathers’ Day. They’d been doing it for a while now.

She recognized most of the players, big names in the NHL. She imagined they were picked partially because of their star power. Yuna glanced back at Shane.

“Shane, sweetheart.”

Shane looked up from his cutting board, “Yeah mom?”

“Has anyone invited you to be in the Fathers’ Day promo video?”

“No. Why?”

Yuna pursed her lips, “You’ve been fathers for four years. They haven’t invited you yet?”

“Mom. It’s the NHL.”

Yuna knew the unfortunate truth, but that didn’t mean she had to accept it. She made a note of this unacceptable bit of information, then closed her laptop. Tomorrow she’ll get to work. Today, she spends time with her family.

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Whatever kind of hell his mother rained down upon the NHL marketing team, worked. Suddenly, an email popped up in his inbox with an invitation for him, Ilya, and Marie to meet at the Montreal Voyageurs’ home rink for a Fathers’ Day promotional video. The location made him nervous, but when he checked the roster of players who were attending, he saw the only Voyageur that had been selected was Hayden. Still, he had mixed feelings.

He never liked being the token.

*‘Hey look! We’re inclusive, we’ve got Asian players! Look at this one. He’s got an English name that you can pronounce, but he’s not too white looking so he still counts!’*

Now, the NHL had been pointedly ignoring the ‘Hollanov’ antics he and Ilya had been pulling the past few years. They had a large, dedicated fan base that shielded them from retaliation from the powers that be. He knew they were making quite the bankroll off of his name.

On the one hand, he wanted to do it. He’d been carefully opening up to the world about who he really was, as a person not just a player. He didn’t want to backtrack on that.

On the other hand, he did not want his family to be a token for the NHL to profit off of.

*‘Hey look! We’re inclusive, we’ve got...players who have kids with other players.’*

The mixed feelings ended when Ilya revealed he’d gotten the same email. His hazel eyes were wide and slightly teary, the closest to a ‘puppy-dog’ look he’d ever managed to do. For Ilya, this wasn’t about being good PR. This was about getting to show off his greatest achievement. Shane couldn’t take that away from him, not when Ilya smiled with the same intensity as the sun when Shane agreed to do it.

The filming was done three weeks before Fathers' Day. The three arrived at a busy rink, Marie dressed and ready to go. Her little brown eyes widened as she saw hockey players who were her size for once and she immediately took off onto the ice. Shane recognized Hayden's kids and started looking around for his friend as the rest of the invited players began to arrive.

"Hollander!" Hayden called as he skated over, "I didn't realize you guys would be here! I'll have to let Jackie know you're coming over tonight. Don't argue, it's fine. She'd love to see you."

"Alright, alright. We'll be there. Marie loved having people her own size to play with for once," Shane chuckled and hopped onto the ice. Ilya planted a big, wet kiss on his cheek before racing off into the rink to join the chaos of children running about.

"You know - I can't believe I'm saying this - the more I see him the less I hate him," Hayden said, "He's just so good with the kids. How can this be the same asshole I've played against?"

"I told you. It's an act," Shane had been insisting this fact for over a decade, "He's a great father."

"Yeah. He really is," Hayden agreed. He'd gotten to know Ilya a bit more over the years, and though they kept up the whole 'fuck you asshole' dynamic (mainly for fun now), the Russian man had grown on him. Like a bad rash on your back that you can't quite scratch. But Shane loved him, and Hayden cared about Shane. Therefore, he learned to tolerate and even find some common ground with the back rash.

"Alright everyone! Thank you all for coming. We're going to pull you to the side, one by one, and ask three to four questions. Feel free to keep playing, we need a lot of B-roll. First up, we need Hayden Pike."

The woman with the clipboard was dressed in a nice black pantsuit with her grey hair pulled back in a low bun. She had a friendly face and fun shaped glasses, so Shane had hope that the questions wouldn't be too invasive. He skated off to join his husband. While Ilya spun them around with his stick, Shane grabbed a puck and started showing off some simple tricks. Of course Marie immediately started trying to copy him along with a gaggle of other kids.

About twenty minutes later, Shane heard his name from across the ice. He skated over and took his place on the little rug they had laid out. The camera crew made a few adjustments and then the interviewer turned to him and smiled.

"Mr. Hollander, thank you for agreeing to do this. Can you start by telling us a little about your family?"

Shane, ever the polite Canadian golden boy, smiled and nodded, "My husband and I have one daughter. She's four years old, almost five."

"Great! Now, you and your husband are both well known superstars in the NHL world. Will you be encouraging your daughter to play as well?"

“Well, we’d love for her to play but we agreed that we don’t want to force it onto her. Hockey is my passion, I love it. If she doesn’t feel the same, that’s alright. She’ll be the best at whatever she puts her mind to.”

“Is that her, over there by the goal?” the interviewer asked as she pointed. The camera followed her direction and zoomed in on Marie still trying to do the trick Shane had shown her earlier. She almost had it.

“It is.”

“Looks to me that she’s a natural. Who’s her father?”

Shane should’ve known better. He really, *really* should have. His smile tightened, “We are both her fathers.”

The interviewer’s eyes widened a bit, “Oh! I’m sorry. I just meant that she clearly takes after you both. I can’t even tell who her biological father is.”

Shane had heard that comment before. It was hard for the nosy public to figure out who was the ‘real’ father, and who was a ‘father’. Marie just so happened to look like a blend of the two of them. She was half-asian and half-white like Shane, but her ethnicity was Korean - not Japanese. And unlike Shane’s pin straight dark hair, Marie’s was lighter and very curly like Ilya’s. The truth was, she wasn’t biologically related to either of them. They began fostering her when she was barely three months old, and then she was formally adopted eight months later.

But that information was no one’s business but theirs. If Marie wanted to share it when she was older, then that was her choice. Shane wasn’t going to decide that for her. And he sure as hell wasn’t going to let the media dub one of them as a ‘pseudo-father’.

“Once again. Both of us are her fathers,” his tone still polite, but bordering on angry. The interviewer caught the tone and cleared her throat, clearly getting the message.

“Um, of course. Right. Next question. What do you love most about being a father?”

The tension melted from him. How could it not? The smile on his face morphed from media-trained to genuine, “I love watching her grow up. She’s so curious and bold and wants to try everything. The older she gets, the more I realize how fearless she is. She doesn’t look at challenges as something scary, she just goes for it. I love it.”

“I can see what you mean,” the interviewer laughed as she noticed something just past Shane’s shoulder. Curious, he turned to see Marie had thrown her gloves off and was squaring up to brawl with Ilya.

He was gentle of course, never actually doing something that would hurt her. The same could not be said for Marie. Four year olds don’t know their strength quite yet. She threw her little fists around and grabbed at Ilya’s jersey, trying to pull it over his head like she’d seen other hockey players do. Ilya could hardly stay up as he laughed. Marie managed to knock him over and threw her little body on top of him. The two of them were shouting playful chirps at

each other in Russian. Shane didn't care about the interview anymore, he stepped off the rug and skated over.

"Alright! Alright! Break it up! Break it up you two," he joked as he gently picked Marie up, "That's it. Five minutes in the box - both of ya!"

He escorted them over to the penalty boxes. Ilya stepped in himself but Marie needed help getting up the step. He shut the door and found himself unable to stop giggling at his little daughter behind the glass. She was laughing up a storm herself.

"Hey! Доча !" Ilya called from the other side. Marie turned to see her father sticking his tongue out at her. He blew a loud raspberry, making her laugh more. She took her stick and hit the glass with it.

"You fight like a dinosaur!" she chirped back, "Retire already, you're like forty-five!"

Shane could hear Hayden cackle from across the rink.

"Mr. Rozanov, if the ref would allow it, could we borrow you from the box for a few minutes?" the interviewer called out. Ilya looked to Shane who made a bit of a show of letting him out, only for their daughter of course. Ilya thanked him with a quick ass grab before skating over to the cameras. Shane tried to focus on getting Marie out of the penalty box instead of the fact his face was turning bright red.

Ilya stepped onto the rug with a lazy smile, "Hel-lo."

"Hello Mr. Rozanov. Having fun today?"

"Yes. Much fun. The kids know how to play hockey the right way," he chuckled.

"Great. Alrighty. First question. What's it like being a father?"

"It is the best thing in the world. I love it. Even when I was up at three in the morning for her, I loved it."

"That's a great answer. Do you and your husband plan on having more?" she'd learned her lesson from Shane. Keep it light, simple. Don't imply one of them isn't a real father.

Ilya shrugged, "We are just enjoying being a family. Maybe we'll have more, maybe not."

The interviewer nodded along to his answer, "What's your favorite part of being a father?"

This is where Ilya paused. There were so many things he could say and it still wouldn't encapsulate everything he felt about being Marie's father. He blinked a few times trying to keep his eyes from watering, "Watching her grow up. She was such a cute baby. I liked putting her in costumes and making her do silly things. Now she does silly things on her own. She's getting bigger and my husband says she's a lot like me--"

A hazy memory comes to Ilya.

*He was in trouble for something, what was new? And his father has been shouting at him for ten minutes now, he's blocked out most of it. Though one line stands out.*

*"One day I hope you have a child who's just like you. So you can finally understand how hard it is to love you."*

He shakes it away and tries to ground himself, "She's so easy to love. I love being her father. I love her hugs. Everything about her is so easy to love."

The interviewer and the camera crew are frozen in place as Ilya Rozanov, famous brash and rough hockey troublemaker, is starting to cry as he talks about his daughter. The interviewer looks for Shane with wide eyes. He's busy helping Hayden and a few of the other dads with pushing goals full of children around on the ice. He closes in with Hayden to create the ultimate hockey cage for two nets full of giggling kids. Shane looks up to check in on Marie, only to find her skating towards Ilya and the cameras. It isn't until he sees Ilya turn and pull her into a big bear hug that he registers something isn't quite right with his husband.

As he skates up, he can hear Ilya mumbling something to Marie as he kisses her head.

"Любимая моя," he's sniffing. Shane catches a glimpse of his face and he can tell Ilya is crying, "я тебя люблю."

*My beloved. I love you.*

"я тебя люблю, папа."

*I love you, papa.*

"Ilya?" Shane speaks softly as he takes his husband by the elbow. When Ilya doesn't answer, he pulls them over to the benches, "Ilya talk to me. What happened? Did they say something to you because I swear - "

"Her," Ilya shook his head and looked up, "I just...I love you both so much. You're so easy to love."

"Hey. So are you," Shane held the door open and ushered Ilya inside to sit. They settled into a little family huddle, Marie on Ilya's lap and Shane leaning against his side. They were quiet for a while, just watching the other kids and dads skate around the rink as the camera crew finished up the rest of their interviews. Marie started to get antsy, so Ilya let her go so she could get back on the rink. They watched her hit the ice and play with some of the other kids.

"She'll be a pro," Ilya said.

"Oh, absolutely," Shane hummed, "Are you okay?"

Ilya nodded.

"What were you thinking about?"

Ilya looked down at their hands, "A thing my father said."

Shane was quiet, waiting for Ilya to keep going.

“He used to tell me, ‘I hope you have a child just like you. So that you can finally know how hard it is to love you.’ But you say she’s like me, and she’s so easy to love.”

“She is just like you. And she is easy to love. And so are you. I love you.”

Ilya is sniffing again and wiping at his eyes, but he’s also smiling, “I love you too.”

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The official video is posted on Fathers’ Day. Ilya and Shane expected their segments to be cut; the NHL had made no promise to actually *use* the footage. Just the invitation was all Yuna had managed to get them to agree to. However, the video actually shows them quite a bit. Ilya and Marie play-fighting made the cut along with Shane and Hayden rink sweeping kids with the goals. Ilya laughs as he hears Marie’s tiny voice chirp at him, ‘Retire already! You’re like forty-five!’

“I’m sending this to Hunter.”

Shane just groans.

Then, Shane pops up in the video. Specifically his answer to the last question. The comments under the video pointed out what Shane was completely blind to, the way his mask slipped. For a moment, he was actually open to the cameras, the world. All while talking about what he loved about Marie.

The rest of the video continues and initially Ilya forces himself to feel relieved that all he sees is just him playing with the kids. That was good, there was no need to drag the good vibes down. The video is about to end, but then, Ilya is standing there answering his last question. The camera never zooms in on his face, but it’s plain to see that he’s getting choked up. The video cuts from his face to Marie as she skates up to him while the rest of his statement is used as a voice-over. He picks her up and holds her. Shane appears yet again. It ends on the image of him, Marie, and Shane standing together as a family.

The words: ‘Happy Fathers’ Day from the NHL’ appear as the screen fades to black.

## End Notes

Fun fact: Marie is named after Marie-Philip Poulin, famous Montreal PWHL and Olympics hockey player. Because of course Shane's hockey brain needed to stay on brand. He's trying so hard to not put too much pressure on her to like hockey, but at the same time, she's their kid it's her birthright lmao. Also, the NHL does not make promotional videos like the one described, that was purely made up for the love of the game (writing cute fanfic).

I'm also a Hollanov Girl Dads Truther to my core. They're gonna raise the most badass PWHL player in history.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!