

can the child within my heart rise above?

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by [moonstonedaura](#)

Summary

Shane reflects on his feelings about hockey after a fight with his and Ilya's teenage daughter.

Notes

this lil fic has gone through many iterations in the last week or so and this was the version that i liked best so

title from "landslide" by fleetwood mac (shoutout to gi for helping me come up with a title, i was STRUGGLING lol)

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

Shane thinks that Yuna and David Hollander should be very, *very* grateful that they got to have a child who was an overly ambitious teenager with a one track mind for hockey. Sure, he was beyond closeted and had basically no friends, but on the bright side, they never had to worry that his eyes were anywhere but on the prize.

Teenage Shane never fought them on anything. He certainly never put them in a situation like the one he's in right now, experiencing the longest ten minute drive home of his life.

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Shane drums his fingers on the steering wheel, trying to not show his frustration to his already annoyed daughter in the passenger seat.

"Mars, I just think that-"

"What? That I should dump my friends and throw away my hobbies and anything else that isn't hockey? *Great idea, Dad!*" They reach a red light and Shane looks over at Margot. Even if the hair that has fallen loose from her braids is masking her face, he hears the sarcasm dripping in her words.

He grips the wheel. "When did I say any of that?" *Why am I still talking?* It feels increasingly clear to him that nothing he says is going to help.

"You didn't have to! It's written all over your face!"

And yeah, maybe Shane had been a *little* obvious with his disapproval when Margot approached him with the idea of missing a Friday night practice for a "girl's night." But what was he supposed to think? Practices are important! They have them for a reason!

The light turns green. "Listen, I just don't think it's wise to-"

“I’m not trying to be wise! I just want to be sixteen!”

As they turn onto their street, Shane doesn’t know what to say to that. When Shane Hollander was sixteen, all he wanted to do was play hockey. He doesn’t know how to relate to Margot because hockey is just one of many planets in her orbit and at her age, Shane was spending all his time orbiting around hockey.

Maybe Ilya will know what to say. God, he *hopes* Ilya will know what to say. One of the things that Shane has always prided himself and Ilya on as parents is the way they pick up where the other falls short. No matter what, Shane knows that Ilya will help.

He pulls into the driveway. “You have a future, Margot. A *bright* one and-” No sooner than he has the car in park, Margot is out of the car, grabbing her bag from the backseat and throwing it over her shoulder.

“Can my future just wait for a day or two so I can have a fucking life?!” Margot slams the car door shut and heads inside.

“*Dammit!*” Shane takes his keys out of the ignition and rushes after her, not willing to let her just walk away from this. “Margot!”

Shane catches up to her in the kitchen, where Ilya is halfway through washing whatever dishes he and their other two children used that night for dinner. Although, his husband has clearly paused the scrubbing after hearing the commotion. For a moment, Shane wants to let Margot go and just fall into Ilya’s arms for the rest of the night.

“What is going on?” Ilya has an eyebrow raised, a deep frown set on his face. He meets Shane’s eyes and Shane knows his frustration must be evident.

Shane opens his mouth, but Margot beats him to the punch.

“It’s one fucking practice!” Margot throws her arms up. She turns to face him, eyes lit with pure teenage rage. “It’s not the end of the fucking world, Dad! Surely I can go to *one* party!”

“Margot.” Ilya’s voice is stern. He may have missed whatever started this fight, but he’s here now and Shane is glad for it. He tries to make his voice a little gentler when he asks, “What is the problem?”

Unfortunately for his efforts to diffuse the situation, his question is ignored as Shane fires back. “You’ve never missed a practice!”

So much for letting Ilya take over. Shane knows he’s overwhelmed to the point of boiling over. He doesn’t want to keep fighting, but his brain is freaking out *because* they’re fighting.

Margot rubs her hands down her face. “*Exactly!* I go to every single practice and I skate the fastest and I make every goal and I don’t do *anything else with my life!*” They see a flash of wet, pink cheeks as Margot turns on her heels and storms up the stairs with a series of mumbled expletives. Shane makes an unintelligible grumbling noise, laying his head down on the counter with a light *thud*.

Ilya sighs and brings his hand to rub the back of Shane’s neck. Shane melts into the touch when Ilya asks again: “What is the problem?”

Shane turns his head slightly to look at his husband. “Your daughter wants to skip Friday practice because Lyla’s having some sort of ‘friendsgiving’ thing.”

Ilya frowns, ignoring the half-assed attempt to blame Ilya’s genes for their daughter behaving like a teenage girl (which, in all fairness, she *is* a teenage girl.) “And?”

“*And* she’s their star player! Star players don’t miss practice!” He pauses and sees Ilya look at him with that same patient look he has whenever Shane overthinks something that he *really* shouldn’t focus so much energy on. *Shit.* Shane’s voice is softer when he asks, “... Right?”

Ilya leans down to press a kiss to Shane's forehead, which kind of makes Shane want to cry, though he's not completely sure that he knows why. "It's just one night off, *lyubimyy*. It will not make or break anything. She will still love hockey, after. It is healthy, to have a break."

"Is it?" Shane's voice cracks as he speaks, but he's not even talking to Ilya, not really. He lays his head back down on the counter, buffered only by his forearms. Ilya pushes his hand under the collar of Shane's shirt, rubbing his fingers in slow, soothing circles.

"Shane."

A pathetic groan leaves Shane's throat. "I'm the worst."

"*Shane.*"

"I am, I-"

Ilya's grip is firm on the back of his neck, grounding him as always. "No. You're not. You are learning how to be a parent to a child who has the same passion as you."

"So are you but you're not making her cry because you never let her have fun."

Ilya lowers his voice to a murmur. "Sweetheart. We have talked about this. I loved hockey because I was good at it. And I still love it now because of that, but also because of how much you love it. You *love* hockey because you love the sport in its entirety... Maybe a little too much, but there is nothing we can do about it at this point." The last part makes a soft scoff escape from Shane's throat, and Ilya winks when Shane turns his head to look up at him.

And of course, Ilya has a point. Shane revels in Margot's love of hockey, but the fact of the matter is that they are raising more of an Ilya than Shane when it comes to how their daughter approaches the sport. Margot is competitive, but not consumed. And since Shane's brain has

never prepared him to have a child that loves hockey in a different way than he does, every step of the way proves to be a moment of learning and reflection.

“I just want her to be the best. She *is* the best.”

Ilya nods, not disagreeing. “She is also a sixteen year old girl. And she will not stop being the best just because she misses a practice to have fun with her friends.”

Shane bites the inside of his cheek, standing back up with a sniff. Ilya thumbs away the tear that formed at the corner of his eye, and presses a soft kiss to his lips.

“I’m gonna go talk to her,” Shane tells him. Then pauses and meets Ilya’s eyes with a nervous look. “That doesn’t always go well for me on a good day though, so maybe stay close and listen for more screaming.”

Ilya rolls his eyes, unaffected by Shane’s nerves. “Go. Be awkward. She knows who her dad is.”

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“*Hey.*” Shane knocks on the door. Twice, like his dad always did when Shane still lived at home. “Can we talk? I promise to not be a dick.”

There’s a few sniffs and the shuffling of sock covered feet on plush carpet until the door clicks open. Margot has changed out of her gear and into what Shane knows to be her favorite pair of bubblegum pink sweats. Her curls are wild, freshly removed from her usual two braids that she wears for practice. Her eyes are a little puffy, but she doesn’t appear to be crying anymore.

“I just want to go to this *one* party.” Her voice is small but firm. She takes a deep breath and adds, “I’m sorry I yelled at you like that.”

He pulls her in for a hug. "I'm sorry I'm not letting you be a teenager."

Her face turns into something like a mix of shock and sadness as she pulls back enough to look at him. "You *are*," she assures him. "I shouldn't have made it seem like hockey consumes my life in the worst way. It doesn't, I swear. I love hockey like I love breathing, it's just--"

"You have other things you love too."

She gives a small smile, twisting her mouth slightly. "I will always try to be the best player I can be, but I need you to trust that I can do that even if I want to do something *crazy* like miss one night of practice."

"I *do*. It's just... Can I sit?" Shane gestures to the foot of her bed. She nods, moving to sit beside him. He continues, "I guess it's just hard for me to understand why you would want to miss practice because I never did - And I *know* that's not fair."

There's a soft, audible snap as Margot closes her mouth almost immediately after opening it. He had seen her thoughts written on her face. *I'm not you.*

"I know that the way I feel about hockey isn't the way that everyone who has ever played the sport feels. Shit, I'm aware that I'm probably one of very few who feels this way about it."

"You and Nana," Margot states with a teasing grin, so reminiscent of Ilya it makes Shane's heart burn with the immense love he feels for both of them.

He laughs and bumps his shoulder against hers. "Yeah alright, we're freaks. And you're not, which is totally fine. It's just... I'm trying to learn how to be a normal amount of obsessed, okay?"

Margot scrunches up her nose in disbelief. “Dad, I don’t think you possess the ability to be a ‘normal amount of obsessed’. Not when it comes to hockey.”

Shane reaches for his daughter’s hand, squeezing it tight. “You’re probably right. But when it comes to you and your experience, I’m gonna try.”

She lays her head on his shoulder, pressing her cheek into his shirt like she’s done since she was little. “I’d really appreciate that.”

“Love you, Mars.”

“Love you too, Dad.”

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Shane is thankful to find that Ilya already in their bedroom, lying on top of the comforter in flannel pajama pants and an old Centaurs hoodie. There’s an inherent comfort to Ilya that has multiplied tenfold in twenty years of marriage, and there is a part of Shane that still can’t believe they got so lucky.

“No yelling,” Ilya notes as Shane closes the door behind him.

Shane rolls his eyes, an unmistakably fond smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “You didn’t really think there would be.”

“No. I told you.” Ilya is warm and inviting and Shane is *so* in love with him. “C’mere.”

He meets Ilya at the foot of the bed, both of them kneeling on the mattress as Shane takes Ilya’s face in his hands. “This whole ‘being a dad’ thing is hard,” he admits.

“*Da*. Probably too late to change our minds though, hm?”

Shane laughs and pushes them both over onto the bed. If a joint or two crack, they’ve earned it. They have earned the right to be growing older with three kids who may or may not be turning their hair gray (*Slowly*, Ilya will insist).

And maybe it would be easier if Shane was raising a carbon copy of himself, but really, the challenge is what makes it all the more sweet.

End Notes

find me at hyacinthsgareth on tumblr ★ 𐄂+ ° -!-♡

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