

her little hand in mine

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by [TexasTeaparty](#)

Summary

Ilya is certain he's never been so scared in his life.

"Relax, babe." Shane's arms wrap around his waist, chin digging into his shoulder blade.

Clearly Shane does not share the same concerns as he does.

"It's just a fever, she's fine."

(Or, alternatively, baby Ilina is sick and Ilya is struggling.)

Notes

As always, come say hello on my [Tumblr](#)

Another installment of married hollanov and their baby girl Ilina. ^^

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



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"Relax, babe." Shane's arms wrap around his waist, chin digging into his shoulder blade.

Clearly Shane does not share the same concerns as he does.

"It's just a fever, she's fine." Shane rubs his chest, right over his tattoo, right over his heart, and Ilya can feel the tension ease ever so slightly. "Mom said we should just make sure she's comfortable, and to make sure she keeps hydrated."

It sounds simple. It *is* simple. But Ilya can't help but assume the worst, to think that something is irrevocably *wrong* and that he's messing this up. What if he passed down the depression? Is it possible he passed something *else* as well? This is why Shane should've been the one to do the surrogacy, not Ilya—not the family riddled with Alzheimer's, depression and addictions.

"*Babe.*"

Ilya takes a breath. "What if something is wrong?"

Shane shakes his head, he can feel it against his back. "Like what?" When Ilya remains silent, Shane pushes more. "No, come on. Lay it all out, okay? What do you think will go wrong?"

God, what *hasn't* gone wrong? Ilina is 9 months old and all they've done is fumble around and struggle. Ilya feels like he's not slept a full 8 hours since the pregnancy stuck. He wasn't even this exhausted during the vigorous seasons, even with all the travel and the long practices. *Nothing* could prepare him for taking care of a newborn baby.

Especially one with a fever.

Shane continues to hold him, waiting, always so patient.

Ilya sighs. "Fever get worse." That's the biggest hurdle that's currently got his heart in a vice, threatening to halt all beating. It's bad enough his heart breaks every time Ilina's little cries echo around their home, obviously in distress, but he doesn't think he'd survive if it got *worse*. If they had to take her to the hospital.

Shane hums. "Mom says if it pushes 102 then we take her to the doctors. But it's barely 99."

"She is not eating." And that one, though it feels less severe, is still one of the strict thoughts that nigger at the back of his brain as *nogoodbadbadbadfixit* and he *can't*, because she is so fussy and miserable.

Shane fingers at his chain, tugging it gently, before he releases him completely and comes to stand in front of him. His big brown eyes are so earnest that Ilya wants nothing more than to collapse into his arms and let Shane take—everything. And he would. That's how much Shane loves him, for that Ilya is certain.

Shane's fingers lightly trace his cheekbone before cupping his cheek with his palm, thumb rubbing soothing patterns onto the soft skin below Ilya's eye. He leans into his husband's touch, nuzzling Shane's palm.

"She is eating, just in smaller bouts." Shane reassures him, pecking his lips softly before smiling that same, beautiful smile that Ilya fell in love with all those years ago. "You, however, have not eaten at all today, so let's go." He slaps at Ilya's thigh before pinching the side of his ass cheek, a cheeky grin spreading over his lips when Ilya's gaze darkens. "What?" Shane has the gall to act *innocent*.

What a tease.

Ilya glares, halfhearted and teasing. "You are asking for trouble, *договори*."

Shane only snickers as he sprints out of the room, laughter bouncing off the walls like twinkling bells that help to soothe Ilya's soul. He takes a breath, then another, trying to remember the tips his therapist had instilled into him for dealing with overwhelming situations. Breath in for 4, hold for 4, exhale for 4. He does that two more times before his hands finally stop shaking, and his muscles finally relax ever so slightly.

He's still scared as fuck. Still nervous that he'll mess up. But Shane is still by his side, and their marriage has truly cemented that he will continue to be by Ilya's side through... *everything*.

And so, this is something he can handle. With Shane by his side, he can do anything.

Hell, he's won multiple trophies, many more awards. He can take care of his feverish daughter. He's fucking *Ilya Rozanov*.

When he gets out of the bedroom though he can hear Shane puttering around in the kitchen downstairs, the telltale sound of Anya's nails scratching against the floors, and the softest, sweetest whimpers from Ilina's room just to his right. He coos almost as soon as he breeches the doorway, because she's got these big tears clinging to her lashes, cheeks ruddy and little fists clenched tight. The baby monitor is blinking on the side table next to her crib, so he knows Shane could hear that she was awake and fussing, but more than likely was betting (hoping) on Ilya getting his shit together enough to go get her.

He shushes her, reaching down to scoop her up in his arms. She's still so *small*, even at 9 months. She's got these tiny little tufts of stringy curls atop her head, the same shade as his own, and even with the same colour of eyes. Shane always says she's a mini Ilya, but Ilya can only see his mother's kind eyes whenever Ilina looks up at him.

"Is your daddy ignoring you, huh *malyshka*?" He rocks her back and forth, just gentle sways to try and soothe her, voice a little louder than he normally would use when he's holding her

so Shane can hear it over the monitor. "Is okay, baby girl. Daddy also ignores me."

Shane yells something from the kitchen, something crashing right after, but Ilya can't make out what he said so he just snickers.

Ilina quiets when he begins to sing a lullaby his mother used to sing to him when he was young. He doesn't really remember all the words, but he remembers the general tune and can replicate it mostly. It seems to do the trick most of the time, since Ilina stops whimpering and begins to make her own little sounds.

God, Ilya thinks, I love you so much.

"*Ilya! Lunch is ready!*" Shane shouts from downstairs.

Ilya grimaces, sharing a commiserating look with Ilina. "Why daddy has to shout, I do not know."

"I heard that!"

Giggling, Ilya presses a gentle kiss to his daughter's warm forehead. "Come, *malyshka*, before Shane comes up to yell at us."

It might not be perfect, because his nerves still go haywire when Ilina gets sick, but it's better because he's not alone. Never again. Not when his family is right by his side.



End Notes

Also, though I have a few ideas for a couple more additions to this au, if anyone has any ideas or prompts they'd like to see filled just comment or come hit me up on [tumblr!](#)

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