

Centaurs and Dad Jokes

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Centaurs and Dad Jokes

by [WriteFandomRepeat](#)

Summary

Bed time stories, and a glimpse into a happily ever after.

Notes

For the Mythical Creatures prompt for Summer Bingo!! I know it isn't an AU, but this was what my brain came up with. I just really wanted domestic fluffy husbands.

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

“But how do you skate?”

“I am a hockey player, it is my job to skate,” Ilya answered his daughter.

“Not *you* *you*. *Centaur* you.”

“I did not say the story was about me, Alexandra.”

She levelled him with an unimpressed glare that reminded Ilya far too much of his husband.

“Your bedtime stories are always about you and daddy.”

“If you have a problem with my stories, I can just go-“

Ilya didn't have time to finish before Alexandra sunk back into her mattress, tucking her covers around her neck. She smiled sweetly at him and Ilya had to bite back a smile of his own. In moments like these, he was reminded of what Shane always said – she was 5 going on 15. She absolutely had him wrapped around her finger.

He went from sitting to shuffling down until he was lying next to her on her bed, propping his head on one hand.

“As I was saying before you interrupted me,” he teased, leaning forward to kiss her forehead while she giggled. “There once was a beautiful Centaur who played hockey on a very mean hockey team with lots of Trolls. The Centaur was very very good, but the Trolls did not like the Centaur for who he was. They liked having him win championships, but that was it.”

“Wait, are you calling Uncle Hayden a Troll?”

“I did not say that.”

“Kinda sounds like you did.”

“Again, I can leave.”

Alexandra stopped talking.

“The Centaur was very sad because his friends were mean to him when they found out his secret. That he liked another Centaur very much. He decided he missed the other Centaur *too* much, and he wanted to be on a really good team, so he went to play with the very handsome Centaur he loved and his team instead.”

“This is totally about you and Daddy,” Alexandra said on a yawn.

“Their first season together, it was like magic,” Ilya continued, a wistful smile taking over as he remembered that first year. “The two Centaurs and all their friends broke so many records that year for their team. And every time they played against the Trolls, they won.”

“Yes,” Alexandra cheered quietly.

Ilya laughed and tucked a strand of brown hair behind her ear. “They were at the top of their division going to the playoffs. They beat the Trolls again, some Bears, and some Leprechauns. When they got to the finals, they played some very scary Werewolves, but they were no match for the Centaurs. And that year, the Centaurs won the championship for the first time ever.”

“That was the game you and Daddy scored the OT winner together, right?”

Ilya smiled fondly. “It was.”

He loved that his daughter was just as invested in hockey as she was in tea parties, by no fault of their own. She’d grabbed a hockey stick in the garage one day not long after they’d brought her home, just before her third birthday, and she’d picked up the sport as easily as Shane and he had. Yuna had taken to the role of Hockey Nana with no protest at all. She was probably a bigger influence in Alexandra playing hockey than her dads were initially. But they’d taken it as a bonding opportunity, and it had worked.

Alexandra let out a sigh. “I wish I could have seen it.”

“You’ve watched the video a million times. And, you get to see us play in person. But now, it is time for bed, my love.”

“The story can’t end like *that*,” she protested.

“You know how this story ends. And, your dad will be mad at us if you don’t sleep soon.”

“He loves us too much for that.”

Ilya chuckled as he slid off the bed. “He does, but you still need to sleep.”

“I thought you were tucking her in and coming back downstairs,” Shane asked, poking his head into Alexandra’s room.

“Told you so,” Ilya whispered to Alexandra.

“*Mais papa*,” she whined looking at Shane, stretching out the last vowel.

“*Non, pas de ça! C’est le temps de dormir, mademoiselle.*” Shane was trying for stern and authoritative but much like Ilya, Alexandra could usually make him smile and relent just a bit. “No sleep, no hockey game tomorrow night.”

She huffed, obviously annoyed that her dad was using hockey against her.

“Good night,” Ilya said as he closed her bedside lamp. He tucked her covers again and kissed her forehead. “*Ya lyublyu tebya.*”

“*Je t’aime, Alexandra.*”

“Love you too. Night.”

Ilya left the room, closed the door behind him, and followed Shane down the hallway to the nursery.

“Did he wake up,” Ilya asked.

“Yeah, he started to fuss while I was watching you and Lexie. That’s why I came up.” Shane scooped up their son from his crib, who was now doing more than just fussing. “Hey there bud. You are *stinky!*”

Ilya made his way to the change table, and gently hip-checked Shane out of the way when he’d placed their son on it. “You did the last one. I can do it.”

“Thanks.” Shane kissed Ilya’s shoulder and leaned against the change table, watching Ilya work. “So. She got you to tell her another story?”

Ilya avoided looking at Shane, choosing to concentrate on the task at hand – even though he’d lost track of how many diapers he’d changed in the past couple of months since he’d come into their lives. “She did the thing. With the sad eyes and the whining.”

“She guilt-tripped you?” Shane sounded far too amused.

“She did.” Ilya smiled at him then. “She is very good at that.”

“She learned from the best,” Shane grinned, returning Ilya’s hip check.

“I do not know what you mean.” Ilya threw the dirty diaper in the weird but incredibly useful diaper contraption Jackie had insisted they needed. “There we go, Mister Maksim. No longer stinky.”

“Oh, his soother was in his crib I think,” Shane said while Ilya used the wipes and hand sanitizer Shane kept with all the baby things in the room. He scooped up Maksim and bounced him around in his arms, soothing him gently. “There we go.” Shane gave Maksim his soother and their son burrowed into Ilya and started falling back asleep in his arms.

“I am sad we never got this with Alex,” Ilya mused, not for the first time, as he watched his son fall asleep in his arms.

“I know. Fuck, it’s going by so fast... I can’t believe he’s already 9 months. I don’t think we could have kept playing for as long as we did after having her if she was this little though.”

Ilya hummed in agreement. He felt Shane’s hand on his cheek and he smiled, letting his husband tilt his head towards him and bringing their lips together. “I love you so much.”

“Me too.” Ilya kissed Shane back. “He’s asleep already, I’ll put him in his crib and we can go to bed? Watch TV there?”

“Sure. I’ll go close things up downstairs and bring Anya up.” Shane kissed Maksim’s cheek, making Ilya’s heart melt. “Love you, Maks.”

Ilya placed the sleeping baby in his crib, after kissing him too, making sure he didn't wake up, but by some miracle, they'd gotten spoiled and their son loved to sleep – a fact Hayden was terribly jealous of, and his wife even more so. He went to the bathroom in their bedroom and got ready for bed. He heard Anya trot in and head straight for her doggy bed in the corner of the room. He gave her a scratch on his way to their bed. Ilya flipped on a hockey game, keeping the volume low.

“So, Hayden's a Troll now? Think I should tell him,” Shane asked as he joined Ilya in bed. He tucked himself in Ilya's side, moving Ilya's arm to wrap around his shoulders.

Ilya chuckled. “I don't think that would go over well.”

“Lexie is definitely going to tell him. It was a cute story.”

“You heard the whole thing?”

“Most of it. Leprechauns?” Shane looked up at him.

Ilya shrugged, smirking innocently all the while. “Couldn't think of anything else for New York. Speaking of, they might be who we play in the first round.”

Shane looked at the TV where some player had just scored again for the Admirals and he agreed with Ilya, given the 5-0 score they were seeing, late in the second period.

“You never did finish your story though,” Shane said at the next commercial break. “About what happens next.”

“You of all people know what happens to the Centaur, and his much handsomer husband.”

Shane huffed out an affronted sound. “Oh, is that so?”

“You are the handsome husband Centaur,” Ilya assured him, making Shane laugh properly this time.

“Gee, thanks. But really. Finish the story.”

Ilya obliged. He did love everything that had come after that first Stanley Cup as much as how it had started. And Shane never got tired of being reminded of everything they had achieved in the last 8 years.

“They won lots more championships. Together. They were the envy of the whole league with how fucking amazing they were together. They made sure all the creatures of the league got to be whatever the fuck they wanted, and didn't take any shit from anyone. And they got to make up for a lot of time spent apart and had lots and lots of Centaur sex-“

“You had to make it weird!” Shane slid out of his grip, and Ilya followed him down, kissing his face while Shane tried to escape him. “You're ridiculous.”

“Is why I had to stop the story. Did not want to explain Centaur sex to Alex.” Ilya finally managed to kiss Shane on the lips before he continued. “After they won a bunch more Cups,

they adopted adorable little Centaur babies, won a few more and lived happily ever after.”

“Think we can squeeze one more win before we retire?”

“I know we can.”

“Mm. I do like that happily ever after part.”

“We can practice more happy endings,” Ilya suggested wagging his eyebrows and making Shane laugh again.

“I miss the lack of dad jokes in our lives.” Shane pulled Ilya into a kiss that suggested the dad joke was on to something.

As much as he joked, Ilya loved the happily ever after too. Dad jokes, mythical bedtime stories and all.

End Notes

A bit of translation 😊

"Mais Papa!" = "But dad!"

“Non, pas de ça! C’est le temps de dormir, mademoiselle.” = "None of that! Time for bit, Miss."

Je t’aime = I love you

And, Rachel thought us all what I love you is in Russian already 😊

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