and now i see daylight

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by cchaostude

Summary

Have you ever wondered what are Shane and Ilya's dynamic as parents? This is the perfect fic for you!

Notes

this is just how i imagined shane and ilya's future after the long game. i have a weakness for hollanov being parents so here it is. also there's some russian terms that might be inaccurate, forgive me please, blame it all on google translate. anyways, i hope you enjoy!

From the outside, their morning looked like organized chaos, but there was a rhythm to it, a dance they had spent years perfecting. The Hollander-Rozanov household moved like a warm storm. Hockey bags thudded against walls, the smell of coffee and toast wafted through the air, and the constant hum of voices filled the space—some deep and accented, others soft and small, like the flutter of new wings.

It was Saturday, which meant hockey practice for the older three. Shane stood by the kitchen counter, travel mugs neatly lined up, while he half-listened to the thunder of tiny feet upstairs. He had always been the early riser, the planner, the one with color-coded practice schedules. But these days, "order" in their house was a fragile idea, easily disrupted the moment Ilya entered a room.

And he did just that—barefoot, hair tousled from the shower, his faded Centaurs hoodie engulfing his frame. "We are late," he declared without checking the clock.

"We're not late," Shane replied, stirring cream into his coffee. "We'd be on time if someone didn't take forty minutes to find his own skates."

Ilya scoffed, patting his pockets as if the missing skates might magically appear there. "They moved. Someone moved them."

"They didn't move themselves," Shane muttered, though he was smiling, his eyes warm over the rim of his mug.

In the living room, chaos had names. Noah—their firstborn, nearly ten—was trying to tie his laces, his jaw set in determined imitation of his father's old pre-game focus. His hair was Shane-dark, but his face was all Ilya. The same slanted grin, the same sharpness in his eyes. Beside him, the twins—Misha and Lev, all blonde curls and mischief—were using a hockey stick as a makeshift lightsaber, slashing the air while the family dog dodged for cover.

And then there was Iri.

At two years old, Irina Hollander-Rozanov ruled the household with sticky fingers and charming dimples. She sat on the couch in mismatched pajamas, a plush bear tucked under one arm, shouting, "Papa! Skate!" every time she spotted Ilya.

"See?" Ilya said, pointing at her. "My daughter understands urgency."

"Your daughter also thinks the dog's name is Puck," Shane replied.

"Because it is a good name," Ilya countered, already bending down to zip one of the twins into his jacket. He kissed the top of Lev's head, smearing a bit of toast crumb across his hair.

To an outsider peeking through the frost-glazed kitchen window, they might seem like a picture-perfect family. Two retired NHL legends, their house filled with laughter and chaos instead of arena noise. But perfection wasn't really their thing. What they had was better—something raw, weathered, and completely theirs.

Shane moved through the kitchen as if he had never stopped being the captain, still directing everything. “Noah, grab your helmet. Misha, that’s your brother’s stick—put it down. Lev, stop licking the window. Ilya—”

“I am doing important things,” Ilya interrupted, scooping Iri off the couch and tossing her into the air until she squealed.

“Important things that make us more late,” Shane said, though his tone softened when he saw Ilya’s grin, the same grin that had captivated him for over twenty years.

It had been twelve years since they first said “I do,” and ten since the second wedding—planned by Jade, Ruby, and Arthur, complete with plastic rings and heartfelt vows. A year later came their first real talk about kids, whispered half-seriously between playoff highlights and post-game interviews. Now there were four of them—loud, beautiful, and sometimes impossible—and Shane still woke up in disbelief at the life they had built.

“Okay,” Shane said, clapping his hands. “Gear check.”

Ilya, balancing Iri on one hip, raised a finger. “Helmets?”

“Check,” Noah replied, proud.

“Skates?”

“Check.”

“Snacks?”

Misha held up a half-eaten granola bar. “Kinda check.”

“Extra socks?”

Everyone froze.

Shane sighed. “Of course.” He shot a look at Ilya. “You had one job.”

“I have five jobs,” Ilya said, counting them off with his free hand. “Husband, father, breakfast chef, morale support, and—” he winked—“eye candy.”

“Pretty sure ‘morale support’ doesn’t include forgetting socks,” Shane muttered, already searching through the laundry basket.

“Pretty sure it does.”

They exchanged mock glares, the kind that had once made fans gasp during post-game interviews but now just made their kids giggle.

By the time the family car was packed—gear bags, water bottles, and forgotten gloves retrieved from under the couch—it was a minor miracle the house still stood. Ilya helped buckle the twins into their seats while Shane coaxed Iri into her tiny winter boots. The

morning air bit with January's sharpness, full of frost and breath clouds, and the minivan's engine groaned in protest.

As they pulled out of the driveway, Ilya's hand found Shane's on the gearshift, squeezing once before reaching for the radio.

"Please don't—"

A Russian pop song blasted through the speakers.

Shane groaned. "Ilya."

"Is a good song. Kids like it."

"No one likes this song."

From the backseat, Misha shouted, "I like it!" followed by Lev's high-pitched "Me too!" and Iri's excited claps.

Ilya turned smug. "See? My people."

Shane rolled his eyes, but his mouth tugged upward. "I married a tyrant."

"Yes," Ilya said. "A sexy tyrant."

Noah groaned dramatically from the backseat. "Dads. Gross."

The drive to the rink was short, but long enough for Ilya to start a loud, off-key singalong while Shane reminded him twice that he wasn't allowed to curse in front of the kids, even in Russian.

At the rink, they were met by the familiar chill that never quite left hockey arenas, even long after you had played your last game. Shane carried Iri on his hip, her tiny mittened hand clutching his jacket collar. Ilya slung the gear bags over his shoulders, the old habit of movement—muscle, weight, rhythm—still there.

Their son Noah marched ahead, stick in hand, all seriousness and pride. Watching him made something soft and intense tighten in Shane's chest. He noticed Ilya in the way Noah carried himself, that quiet confidence, the way his eyes flicked to the ice like it belonged to him already.

"Don't hover," Ilya murmured beside him. "You're staring at him like he's going to skate into traffic."

"I'm not—" Shane paused, caught. "Okay, maybe a little."

"You are worse than your mother."

"That's impossible."

“True,” Ilya admitted with a grin.

Inside, the rink lights cast a soft white glow, the air sharp with the familiar blend of cold metal and Zamboni exhaust. The kids’ laughter echoed off the boards as they rushed to join their friends. Shane knelt to tighten Noah’s skates while Ilya fussed over the twins, making faces until they giggled uncontrollably.

“Remember when that was us?” Shane asked, watching the chaos unfold on the ice—tiny forms tumbling, laughing, getting back up.

Ilya’s gaze softened. “You were more serious. I was more handsome.”

“Pretty sure we’re talking about the same person.”

“Ha. You were all straight lines and schedules.” Ilya leaned in closer, his voice low. “Now you are soft.”

Shane arched a brow. “You calling me old?”

“I call you domesticated.”

“Big talk from the guy who cried when we ran out of pancake mix last week.”

“Those were good pancakes.”

The whistle blew, signaling the start of practice, and for a moment, they both just stood there, quiet and side by side. Watching. Parents now, not players. No cameras, no rival chants, no flight schedules. Just two men who had turned years of competition and chaos into something steady and fulfilling.

Ilya’s arm brushed against Shane’s, deliberately. “You know,” he said, his voice softening, “we did pretty well, da?”

Shane smiled, the kind that started small and lingered. “No,” he said, eyes on their kids skating like they owned the world. “We really didn’t.”

Then Iri, perched in the stands between them, flung a fistful of Goldfish crackers onto the ice and shouted, “Papa! Daddy! My turn!”

And just like that, the spell broke, laughter blooming around them, warm and easy.

The rink had turned into a chorus of squeaky blades, laughter, and the sharp staccato thuds of pucks meeting boards. The twins—Misha and Lev—were on opposite ends of chaos, as usual. Noah on the other hand is fetched by his coach to the neighboring arena for a game.

From where Shane and Ilya stood at the glass, it was almost comical watching the twins exist as mirror opposites on the same ice. Misha—loud, grinning, fearless—was already pretending to be in the finals of the Stanley Cup, barking instructions at his teammates like a tiny general. Lev, meanwhile, hovered near the net, gloved hands twisting the hem of his

jersey, watching the others with that intense, measured focus that always reminded Shane of himself.

“Look,” Ilya said, elbowing him. “He is already planning the play three steps ahead. Just like you.”

Shane’s lips tugged up. “Yeah. And the other one’s already planning world domination.”

“I am proud,” Ilya declared, crossing his arms. “He has good instincts. Kills without hesitation.”

“Jesus, don’t say it like that.”

Ilya laughed, that deep rolling sound that still made something spark under Shane’s ribs.

Lev skated past them, helmet slightly crooked, waving at his dads before stopping abruptly near a group of other kids. Shane could tell by the tilt of his shoulders that something had shifted. Lev was small for his age, smaller still in confidence when surrounded by louder kids. He’d made progress—so much of it—but those social scrapes still hit him hard.

One of the boys leaned in too close, said something that made the others snicker. Lev’s face fell, all the light in it dimming. Shane’s hand twitched reflexively against the glass. He could read the situation from fifty feet away—it was the same instinct that once helped him read a defense line before it broke apart.

“Don’t,” Ilya murmured, hand finding Shane’s wrist. “Let him try.”

“Ilya—”

“Wait.”

But Lev didn’t push back. He just turned, shoulders tight, trying to escape the sting of laughter. His skates cut shaky lines across the ice, straight toward the boards—straight toward them. Shane’s heart lurched.

When he reached them, Lev didn’t speak. He just crashed into Shane’s legs, arms clutching his father’s thigh, the muffled sound of his sobs pressed into Shane’s jacket. Shane crouched immediately, unhooking the chin strap of the boy’s helmet.

“Hey, hey,” Shane whispered, tucking Lev’s dark blonde curls behind his ear. “What happened, bud?”

Lev’s chest hitched. He couldn’t quite form the words, only shaking his head as tears streaked red across his cheeks from the cold.

And then a commotion.

It started as a dull roar of blades scraping ice, followed by the unmistakable sound of yelling. Shane looked up—and froze.

Misha was *on top* of another kid, small fists swinging wildly, his stick tossed aside, gloves on the ice. The other boy's helmet had come half-loose, and they were both a blur of arms and shouts until the coach and two parents rushed in to pull them apart.

"Misha!" Shane barked, instinct taking over. He started toward the rink door, Lev still clinging to him, but Ilya's laugh stopped him mid-step.

It wasn't a quiet laugh either—it was the kind that turned heads.

"Oh, come on," Ilya said, grinning like a proud maniac. "Look at him go. Perfect form. Good left hook."

"Ilya," Shane hissed, horrified. "He's *fighting*."

"Yes! Beautifully!"

Shane gave him a look that could have frozen lava. "He's *seven.*"

"Seven and fearless. I was six when I first broke a kid's nose. Late bloomer, maybe."

"Ilya."

But Ilya was too busy watching their son being herded toward the boards by the assistant coach, still thrashing in protest. Misha's cheeks were pink with fury, a bruise already blooming under one eye, and his mouth was running a mile a minute in Russian.

"Ah," Ilya said fondly, hands in his pockets. "Just like me."

Shane glanced down at Lev, who was still trembling against him, the sound of his brother's yelling making him flinch. Shane rubbed small circles on his back. "It's okay, Lev. You didn't do anything wrong, alright?"

Lev shook his head, words finally tumbling out in a whisper. "He said I talk weird."

That single sentence gutted Shane. His throat tightened as he looked back toward the ice where Misha was still kicking his skates against the boards while a coach tried to calm him down.

Ilya caught the look and sighed, the edge of humor finally giving way to something gentler. "Ah. So that is why."

When the door to the rink opened, Misha stormed out, chin tilted up, the very image of his father's old post-fight swagger. His hair stuck to his forehead, eyes flashing, one glove missing. The coach followed, shaking his head but clearly trying not to smile.

"Ilya, Shane" he said carefully. "We had a little… situation."

"I saw," Shane said, already crouching to look Misha over. "There's blood on your jacket. Are you hurt?"

“Not mine,” Misha mumbled, lip trembling only a little.

Ilya snorted. “Ha!”

“*Ilya!*” Shane’s voice cracked with disbelief.

The coach looked torn between laughing and pretending professionalism. “We talked to the boys. Everyone’s fine. Maybe just have a chat with Misha about… alternative conflict resolution?”

“Alternative?” Ilya repeated. “Like *winning faster?*”

“Ilya.”

The coach escaped before he laughed out loud.

Shane turned back to Misha, hands on his small shoulders. “What happened, buddy?”

Misha’s lower lip wobbled, but his voice came out fierce. “He said Lev’s weird. And he laughed. So I told him not to. And he did it again.”

Shane sighed, looking between them—the furious twin and the tearful one—and felt that swell in his chest, that impossible mix of pride and heartbreak.

“You can’t just punch people,” he said softly.

“Yes, you can,” Ilya muttered behind him.

“I *heard that.*”

Ilya smiled, kneeling beside them both. “Listen, Misha. You protect your brother, yes? That is good. But next time, you tell coach first.”

Misha frowned. “Coach wouldn’t hit him hard enough.”

That made Shane choke on a laugh he tried to disguise as a cough.

“Come here,” Ilya said, scooping Misha up despite the boy’s protest. “You have your Papa’s temper. And your Daddy’s terrible right hook.”

“I don’t,” Misha grumbled, nestling his head against Ilya’s neck. “I hit him good.”

Shane looked down at Lev, who was tugging at his glove strings, quieter now. “Hey,” he said gently, tipping Lev’s chin up. “You okay, champ?”

Lev nodded slowly. “Misha got mad.”

“Yeah,” Shane said, brushing a tear from his cheek. “He got mad *for you.* That’s what brothers do sometimes. But you know what we will do next?”

Lev sniffled. “Apologize?”

Shane smiled. “That’s right. Even when we’re right, we say sorry. Because being kind’s harder than fighting.”

Ilya, overhearing, snorted softly. “Tell that to your Daddy when he misses coffee.”

Shane shot him a look. “You’re not helping.”

“I am moral support.”

They herded their boys to the bench, Iri clapping from her stroller, oblivious to the drama. Misha sat between his dads, fidgeting with his stick, while Lev leaned into Shane’s side, fingers curling around his sleeve.

After a long moment, Misha muttered, “I still don’t like him.”

“I know,” Shane said. “But maybe tomorrow you’ll just skate faster than him instead.”

Misha thought about it, eyes narrowing. “And score on him?”

“Exactly.”

“Fine.”

Ilya ruffled both their helmets, his grin softer now. “Next time, you teach with goals, not punches. Is smarter. More humiliating.”

Shane groaned. “That’s… not *better*.”

But as Ilya winked at him and the twins leaned together again, small shoulders touching like magnets, Shane realized it kind of *was*.

Because beneath all the chaos and the scraped knees and the fights, this—this wild, messy love between them all—was what he’d always wanted.

Even if it occasionally came with penalties.

The practice had dissolved into a truce of orange slices and half-hearted apologies. The rink was calmer now—kids kneeling on the bench, coaches chatting, the sharp smell of ice and rubber still hanging thick in the air.

Lev was sitting on Shane’s lap, small hands wrapped around a paper cup of hot chocolate, eyes still a little puffy but calm now. Misha sat between Shane and Ilya, helmet back on, chewing aggressively on a granola bar like it had personally offended him. Every few seconds, his little skate blades clinked against the bench metal.

The other kid—the one who’d said too much—was skating past with his group, head ducked, but not *that* ashamed. He threw one quick glance their way, a flash of smug defiance that made Shane’s jaw clench.

Before Shane could say a word, Misha stood up on the bench, turned squarely toward the boy, and said something in perfect, razor-sharp Russian that carried beautifully over the sound of skates.

It wasn't loud. It didn't need to be. The words came out smooth and venom-sweet, every syllable clear as glass. Even Lev froze. A couple of nearby parents blinked.

The bully stopped mid-stride, frowned, and skated faster toward the locker room without a word.

There was a beat of silence.

Then Ilya snorted. Loud. Unapologetic. The kind of snort that turned into a half-choked laugh he tried—and failed—to hide behind his fist.

"Misha, no," Shane groaned, already knowing it was *definitely* a no.

"What?" Ilya said, grinning so wide his dimples showed. "Was very polite delivery."

"Your son just called another kid's ancestors—" Shane cut himself off, glared, and smacked Ilya's arm hard enough to make him flinch. "You are *not* encouraging this."

Ilya rubbed his bicep, mock-offended. "He is bilingual! You hit a man for loving culture?"

"Culture?" Shane hissed. "That was *cussing*, not culture!"

"Ah, in Russia, sometimes same thing."

Lev, voice small but curious, whispered, "What did Misha say?" Lev hasn't learned how to speak Russian yet but he's getting there.

Shane opened his mouth, then closed it again. "Something you should never, ever repeat."

Ilya, still grinning, leaned over and whispered in Russian to Misha, who smirked like he'd just won the Stanley Cup.

"Ilya," Shane warned, eyes narrowing.

"Just telling him I am proud of his vocabulary."

Shane sighed, staring at the ceiling like it might save him. "I swear, I'm going to start carrying a spray bottle for both of you."

Ilya laughed, looping an arm around Shane's shoulders until he softened. "Is fine, moya lyubov. Lev knows kindness. Misha knows fire. We have balance."

Shane turned to look at both boys—one sipping quietly, the other smirking like he'd just declared war—and exhaled. "Balance," he repeated, almost smiling. "Sure. Let's call it that."

But as Ilya's laughter rolled warm and low beside him and both twins leaned against their dads, the tension melted like ice under morning light. Even chaos, in this family, somehow felt like love.

Noah's laughter echoed ahead of him as he burst through the front door, the familiar *thud-thump* of his hockey bag announcing his arrival long before his voice did. "Daddy! Papa! We won 6–3!"

Shane looked up from where he was crouched on the entryway floor, hands busy unlacing Misha's skates while Lev leaned quietly against his shoulder, half-asleep and sticky from the post-practice hot chocolate. Across the hall, Ilya was a gentle contrast to the noise—his giant frame swaying slightly as he carried little Iri, her curls pressed against his neck, thumb still tucked between her lips in sleep.

Noah dropped his gear in the hallway and skidded over in his socks, grinning wide enough to split his face. He was the eldest, their first. Already ten, already carrying pieces of both of them—the quick smirk of Ilya, the serious eyes of Shane. He ruffled Misha's hair on his way by, ignored his brother's offended growl, and leaned down to kiss Iri's soft curls where she rested in Ilya's arms.

"Good game?" Shane asked, tugging off the last skate and brushing Lev's hair back from his damp forehead.

"Great," Noah said proudly. "Coach said I had good hands today."

"Of course you did," Ilya murmured, smiling as he shifted Iri's weight. "You are Rozanov. We are born with good hands."

"Or," Shane said dryly, "maybe he's just a Hollander who practices three hours a day."

Ilya winked. "Same thing."

Shane shook his head but didn't argue. They'd had that conversation for over a decade—the great family debate of nature versus nurture—and both had long since decided that if the kids inherited both competitiveness and chaos, the world just had to live with it.

By the time all four of them were home and showered, dinner had been an easy blur of leftovers and laughter. Noah told stories between bites, Misha dramatized his "heroic defense" of his brother, Lev shyly corrected some of the details, and Iri toddled around in her pajamas, announcing every toy she stepped on like it was an emergency.

And when the house finally fell quiet—Noah upstairs reading, Misha and Lev curled together in their shared bed, Iri snoring softly in her crib—it was just Shane and Ilya again.

Their couch was a sprawl of comfort. Blankets tossed carelessly, the faint smell of popcorn in the air. Ilya lay back, one arm draped along the top cushion, his head tilted toward the window. The soft gold of the living room lamp brushed against his face, highlighting the deep grooves time and laughter had carved there.

Shane slid in beside him, fitting perfectly against his side like he'd been made to belong there. Which, at this point, he had.

"Everyone's down?" Ilya asked, his voice low and rough with fatigue.

"Finally," Shane said, smiling against his shoulder. "I think Iri's actually snoring."

"Good. She takes after you."

Shane nudged him with an elbow. "You mean she sleeps like a human, not like a freight train?"

Ilya smirked, eyes closed. "You say this now, but I have evidence."

"Uh huh."

For a while, they just stayed there. Shane's hand found Ilya's chest, tracing lazy circles against the fabric of his shirt, and he nuzzled into the curve of his husband's neck, breathing him in—soap, fabric softener, faint traces of the cold air from outside. His safe place. His constant.

"I still can't believe you," Shane murmured.

"What did I do now?"

"You *laughed* when Misha went full Rozanov on that kid."

"He had good form."

"He cursed in Russian, Ilya."

"I said good *form,* not good manners."

Shane groaned into his shoulder. "You're hopeless."

"Is why you love me," Ilya said, fingers threading lazily through Shane's hair.

Shane tilted his head up, eyes soft. "Yeah," he said quietly. "That's exactly why."

Silence stretched, warm and slow. Ilya's breathing evened out, and Shane watched the rise and fall of his chest, the way the world seemed to always find calm around him, even when he was chaos embodied.

Then, without warning, Ilya whispered, "Ya tebya lyublyu."

Shane's heart gave that familiar, traitorous lurch. He didn't hesitate. "Ya tebya lyublyu," he whispered back, his Russian fluent, smooth, the words rolling easily now after so many years.

Ilya smiled, eyes still closed. "You say it better than me now."

"That's not possible."

“Maybe,” Ilya said, voice softening even more, “but it sounds better when you do.”

Shane laughed quietly, leaning in to kiss his neck, slow and lingering. It was easy to forget sometimes, between hockey practices and school pickups, that this was still the man who used to drive him insane with a single grin across the ice. That the rivalry that once burned like wildfire had become something gentler, something eternal.

Ilya’s fingers brushed down his arm, then stilled. “I want another baby.”

Shane blinked. “You what?”

“Another,” Ilya said simply, eyes opening now, gleaming with that familiar mischief. “Maybe a hundred more.”

Shane lifted his head just enough to stare at him. “You—you can’t just drop that in between ‘I love you’ and ‘goodnight,’ Ilya.”

“Why not?” Ilya asked innocently. “Good timing. We are relaxed.”

Shane gaped, trying not to laugh. “You *want* a hundred kids?”

Ilya shrugged one massive shoulder. “Is good number. Big family. Noisy house. Always someone to skate with.”

“We already have a noisy house.”

“Then we are halfway there.”

Shane gave up and laughed outright, falling back against him, shaking his head. “You’re impossible.”

“Da,” Ilya said, grinning. “But you love me anyway.”

Shane turned to look at him, really look—at the crinkles by his eyes, the softened jawline, the years of love and life they’d built written all over his face. The chaos, the warmth, the ridiculousness of it all—it still stunned him.

“Yeah,” Shane murmured finally, resting his forehead against Ilya’s. “God help me, I do.”

Ilya’s laugh was a soft rumble, more felt than heard, and he pulled Shane closer until there was no space left between them. “So, hundred babies?”

Shane groaned, already smiling. “We’ll talk after the next full night’s sleep.”

“Ah,” Ilya said, feigning disappointment. “So never.”

“Exactly.”

The house around them hummed in quiet contentment—children sleeping, the furnace clicking, the faint rustle of the winter wind outside. Ilya’s hand settled at Shane’s waist,

Shane's fingers traced the outline of the cross on his chest through his shirt, and the world felt perfectly, beautifully still.

In another life, years ago, they'd hidden everything they were—love disguised as rivalry, devotion tucked behind locker room doors. Now there were no secrets left to keep. Just this. Warmth, laughter, four sleeping children, and the steady heartbeat of something they'd built together against every odd.

"Ilya?" Shane whispered into his neck.

"Mm?"

"If we do have another," Shane said softly, "they'd be lucky."

Ilya smiled without opening his eyes. "No, *moya lyubov*. We are the lucky ones."

And for once, Shane didn't argue.

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