

Family Day

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Family Day

by [tervesu](#)

Summary

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Shane leans forward and kisses her on the cheek. "You are such a good skater," he says, unclipping her helmet and brushing her hair off of her forehead. "You're better than Papa is."

"Better than Daddy, too," Ilya says with a smirk

Shane and Ilya attend their first Centaurs Family Day with their daughter.

Notes

I love them your honor!!!! The possibilities for Shane and Ilya as dads are endless. Thanks to my friends for the ideas and inspiration, this fic is for them :) <3

(Russian to English translations are at the bottom of the chapter)

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

“Where’s the snacks?” Shane shouts, head peeking out above the roof of the car.

Ilya is locking the front door, and looks over his shoulder momentarily. “In my backpack,” he says, trying the handle before turning on his heel and walking to the car. He rounds the side and joins Shane at the open backseat door.

Eleanor stares up at Shane as he buckles her seatbelts, then shifts her gaze to Ilya. “Papa,” she says with a toothy grin.

“Hi moj malen’kij angel[1],” he says back. His eyes glance downward, where he finds the number 24 adorning the jersey she wears.

“That’s an interesting choice,” Ilya says, glaring at Shane.

“She just feels like a 24 to me, doesn’t she?”

“Not even a little,” Ilya says. Does he care? Maybe a bit. But any feelings about her not wearing his number melt away when he thinks about Eleanor growing up to be just like Shane. Kind and caring and thoughtful. And, yeah, maybe a bit of a jackass, but who isn’t?

Ilya extends his finger to caress Eleanor’s pudgy cheek. “Ready for hockey with your uncles?”

She giggles brightly, and both Ilya and Shane can feel their hearts beating double time in their chests.

“Sounds like a yes to me,” Shane says, stepping back and closing her door. He darts forward and plants a peck on Ilya’s lips before getting into the passenger seat. Ilya shrugs off his backpack and tosses it in the trunk before getting into the driver’s seat.

“Good to go?” He asks, starting the engine.

Shane lets his hand fall to the top of Ilya’s thigh, rubbing gentle circles over the fabric of his pants. “Let’s do it.”

The radio plays quietly on the drive to the stadium. Eleanor babbles in the backseat, Ilya’s gaze flicking to the rearview mirror every few seconds to check on her.

“Nervous?” Shane asks, watching Ilya’s eyes.

“No. She’s going to be perfect. Just like her Papa.”

“No,” Shane scoffs, pinching Ilya’s thigh. “I think she’s going to be just like her Daddy.”

####

A banner stretches across the entrance of the practice facility, reading **Centaurs Family Day!**

Ilya pulls into a parking spot and turns off the car. He looks to Shane, whose cool and calm demeanor has melted into something resembling a mild panic.

“We have the skates and the helmet, gloves and knee pads. We have snacks and water and the phone chargers. All of our stuff is inside already. Wait! Did you bring Eleanor’s change of clothes? We have to have a—”

“Shane,” Ilya whispers.

Shane looks over to his husband, his lips turned down into a frown.

“It’s our first family day, Ilya. I just want it to be perfect.”

“It will be,” Ilya says, reaching to hold the back of Shane’s neck. “It’s perfect because we are all here together.”

Shane, though nodding, still seems a bit dejected.

“We have everything we need. We are going to have fun, and we are not going to worry about anything. The only thing I want to think about for the next three hours is how our daughter is better than every other child in that stadium, and how much hotter you look than every other man on the team. Got it?”

Shane seems to melt into Ilya’s hand, his frown turning into a grin. “Yes sir, Captain.”

Ilya pinches his cheek quickly before the family piles out of the car. With backpacks on and beanies pulled tight over heads, the three walk into the facility.

Before making it more than five steps inside, Troy shouts, “The princess is here!” He beelines straight for the Hollander-Rozanov clan, skate guards protecting his blades as he bounces towards them. Ignoring both Shane and Ilya, he grabs Eleanor out of Shane’s arms and spins her in a circle before perching her on his forearm.

“Troy,” Shane says, clapping him on the shoulder. “Nice to see you.”

“I’d say it’s nice to see you too, but I’m mostly here for her,” Troy says with a grin, bouncing Eleanor on his arm.

Harris walks up beside Troy, a large DSLR camera hanging from his neck.

“Look who it is!” He says, reaching forward. Eleanor takes his hand in hers, little fingers wrapping around his thumb.

“I’m glad someone is here to take control of Troy,” Ilya says with a roll of his eyes.

“Give Eleanor back,” Harris says, nudging Troy with his hip. “She needs to get her skates on so she can show you up on the ice.”

“Is that what is going to happen?” Troy asks, feigning offense. He passes Eleanor back to Shane and waves over his shoulder as he and Harris work their way to the other side of the rink.

“I think it’s time for skates,” Shane says to Eleanor, dropping onto a bench beside the rink.

Ilya unzips the gear bag and takes out the smallest pair of skates he has ever seen, plus the helmet, mittens, and all the extra padding Shane insisted on. Not that he thinks Shane is wrong; he just doesn’t think it’ll help all that much, since Eleanor can’t exactly stand up on the ice to begin with, and her fall is a short eighty-five centimeters to the ground.

Shane kneels in front of Eleanor and suits her up, making sure she is very warm and entirely protected, while Ilya grabs their own skates from the locker room.

“Are you excited to skate?” Shane asks, removing the skate covers from the blades. Eleanor bobs her head up and down, eyes exploring the rink.

“There’s lots of kids out there you can skate with. Like Susie and Marcus and Jo.”

Shane can just make out the tops of the tallest kids’ heads from where he kneels, following his daughter’s gaze as she brings up a hand to point towards the ice.

“Skate,” she says.

“Yeah, that’s where we’re going. Papa just needs to come back so Daddy can put his skates on too.”

Eleanor continues to babble, getting out the occasional word that Shane responds to. It doesn’t take long for Ilya to return, lugging two pairs of skates.

“Skate!” Eleanor says, her body wiggling double time.

Ilya and Shane sit on the bench on either side of her and quickly lace up. When they’re both ready, Ilya lifts Eleanor off the bench and leads her to the entrance of the rink.

“It will be slippery,” he says as she takes a wobbly step onto the ice. She grunts as her leg moves away from her, and Ilya grabs onto her under the armpits, straightening her legs.

“Good job,” Shane says, watching as she tries to move her feet back and forth. For a few minutes, they let Eleanor get accustomed to the ice, the way the skates try to glide away from her. Shane moves to kneel in front of her, and Ilya lets go as she stumbles her way into Shane’s arm. She giggles as she falls forward, and Shane gives her a squeeze. “You’re a natural!”

“Shane! Ilya! Eleanor! Look over here.”

Shane and Ilya both look up and see Harris on the other side of the boards, camera raised in their direction, elbows propped on the plastic.

Shane stands, steering Eleanor in between himself and Ilya. Shane slips his hand into Ilya's back pocket, giving a quick squeeze. "Don't forget to smile."

Eleanor audibly cheeses, and after Harris snaps a few photos, Ilya lifts her onto his shoulder. Shane skates a bit in front of Ilya, resting his back against his husband's chest.

"Thanks guys!" Harris says. "Looking so cute."

"You'd better send those to me!" Shane shouts back, gaze flicking between the social media manager and his husband, who has already skated away with Eleanor in tow. With her free hand, she's pointing all over the place, Ilya talking back in full sentences—even though whatever she is saying is most likely completely unintelligible.

Shane catches up and pulls out his own phone to take far too many videos.

###

"Wave to Daddy," Ilya says, pointing to the far side of the rink.

Eleanor waves her arms wildly and catches Shane's attention, who waves back and blows a kiss. He's standing with a few of the wives who all needed to catch their breath. Ilya doesn't mind, he likes knowing that Shane is watching him.

"Let's show Daddy how good you have gotten."

Ilya lets go of his hold on Eleanor and watches as she tries to take a step and slips instantly, falling flat to the ice.

"She skates just like her father," Zane says.

"You better be talking about Shane," Ilya deadpans, picking her back up and setting her on her feet. He gives her a quick once over, but she's still smiling from ear to ear.

Zane laughs. "Sure, sure, that's who I meant."

Ilya leans down, placing his mouth next to Eleanor's ear. "Go punch Uncle Zane." With his hands under her armpits and bent over at the waist, he skates her over to Zane, and she slaps her little fingers against his knee.

"Ouch!" Zane takes a dramatic tumble to the ice, and Eleanor laughs, eyes squinting with glee.

"This girl is getting big," he says, reaching a hand up to pat her on the helmet. "So strong, just like her father." This time, Zane looks at Ilya and winks.

"Good answer," Ilya says, a hint of a smile creeping onto his face.

Eleanor turns to face Ilya, reaching her arms up high. He hoists her off the ice and into his grasp.

“Cold,” she says.

“Alright, let’s get you off the ice.”

###

Shane leans against the boards, Caitlin Dykstra on his left. They both have skates on, ready to get back on the ice at a moment’s notice. With their eyes on their spouses, they talk about the upcoming season, the travel schedule, and their families.

It’s not hard for Shane to talk about Eleanor. How she’s growing and learning with every passing month. The words she picks up from her dads, the way she can recognize them on T.V.

What he loves the most is that she’s a carbon copy of Ilya: wispy brunette hair and long eyelashes. Her light brown eyes that seem to reflect the sun. Even the shape of her smile; when the two of them are side by side, grinning like fools, Shane has no doubt that Eleanor is their child.

He switches between gushing about his own family, to listening to Caitlin talk about hers.

After a while, Shane unconsciously starts to tune Caitlin out. He doesn’t mean to, really. He enjoys talking with all of the spouses, knowing all he can about their lives and careers outside of their husbands.

But he just can’t seem to take his eyes off of Ilya. Ilya, who’s holding onto Eleanor like his life depends on it, letting her lead him all around the rink. She waves at the other children and babbles nonsense that only the other two-year-olds seem to understand.

Sometimes, Ilya scoops her into his arms and positions her on his shoulders. It makes Shane nervous at first, but then he remembers he’s married to a world class hockey player, and walking down the sidewalk in broad daylight is probably more dangerous than this is.

“Mama!” A little girl shouts, and Shane realizes it’s Susie, Caitlin’s daughter.

“Coming!” Caitlin shouts back. She squeezes Shane’s arm before returning to the ice, skating over to Evan and Susie.

With Eleanor on Ilya’s shoulders, he skates over to Shane. “Delivery,” he says, removing Eleanor from his shoulders and placing her on the boards. Her skates clack against the plastic. “One little girl for you.”

Shane leans forward and kisses her on the cheek. “You are such a good skater,” he says, unclipping her helmet and brushing her hair off of her forehead. “You’re better than Papa is.”

“Better than Daddy, too,” Ilya says with a smirk. “PWHL, here she comes.”

“Hungry,” Eleanor says, reaching her fingers towards her mouth.

“Snack time then?” Shane asks.

###

Eleanor sleeps the entire ride back home. Shane and Ilya don't speak, but they do interlace their fingers across the center console, their breathing unconsciously matching one another. With time, they've learned they don't need to speak to say the things they need to say.

I love you is always implicit.

###

When they get home, Shane takes the bags inside while Ilya carefully carries Eleanor into the house. Her eyes crack open sleepily, and she continues to nod off throughout the entire bedtime routine. Ilya presses a palm to her chest, holding her up while he gives her a bath. He carefully grasps her cheeks as he brushes her teeth and combs out her hair.

By the time that Eleanor is clean and ready for bed, Ilya hands her to Shane, who takes her into her room. He lowers Eleanor onto the bed, wrapping the comforter around her.

Ilya watches from his spot in the doorway as Shane tucks her in. He's so meticulous, using flat hands to tuck the blanket around her body tightly. Every few stabs he goes in for a tickle on her legs, her stomach, under her chin. Eleanor giggles tiredly, drooping eyes never leaving her father.

"Goodnight, ya lyublyu tebya[2]," Shane whispers, kissing her forehead.

Ilya pushes off from the doorframe and moves behind his husband, leaning down to plant a kiss on Eleanor's cheek.

"Ya lyublyu tebya[3]," he says.

With her eyes slipping closed, Eleanor babbles something that almost resembles the Russian phrase. A few more months and she'll be able to say it.

They exit the room quietly and close the door behind them. Tiptoeing back towards their bedroom, Ilya does the thing he's wanted to do all day: he grabs Shane around the waist and throws him over his shoulder.

Shane stifles a yell as his closed fists beat against Ilya's back. "Put me down!" He whisper-shouts.

"Not a chance," Ilya says, smacking his open palm against Shane's ass. "Tonight, you're mine."

1 my little angel

2 I love you

3 I love you

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Kudos and comments are always appreciated.

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