

happy times together we'd be spending

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happy times together we'd be spending

by [princebutt](#)

Summary

After dinner, they decide to take a family walk down to the beach. The sun is setting, and bright oranges and pinks illuminate the sky, lighting up the water like a pastel painting. Oliver runs into the waves in his clothes, and Irina yells at him from Shane's arms where she's happily planted. At two she's adventurous, maybe too much so, and Shane isn't sure he can handle two wet children before bedtime.

Irina wiggles and whines enough, though, and before he knows it her little fingers are curled around his and she's skipping through the wake, soaking both Shane and herself in salty spray. Ilya chuckles from where he stands close to them, phone out to take pictures, as Shane grins over at him.

OR Shane and Ilya take their kids to the beach.

Notes

This fic was inspired by this pic right here:



It's for the first day of The Off Season Fic Fest, and the prompt was Summer Vacation! I hope you enjoyyy ❤️

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

At the ripe age of 41 years old, Shane Hollander realizes he's always taken travel for granted. When he was playing hockey it was so easy – all he had to do was pack a bag and hop on a plane, everything was settled for him, he didn't have to worry about it. He'd loved traveling with his team, and getting to see different cities each week had been an amazing experience.

Now, travel looks a little different. Now, travel is making sure not only he and Ilya have everything they need, but checking that the kids are packed for as well. It's tucking little shoes and tiny socks into the recesses of their bag, fitting Irina and Oliver's little clothes amidst their own just as they've fitted right into Shane and Ilya's lives. Shane stayed up late the night before they flew, panicking about if three swimsuits was too many for a two year old, and Ilya had to talk him down, using a soothing tone, promising Shane that this trip was going to go well. They were going to be fine.

It's hard to feel like it will be fine when you have two little ones depending on you to pack their life up for them, Shane has come to find.

But the thing is, Shane wants to do these things with their kids. He doesn't want to be the parent that lets his anxiety control him and keeps the family home because of it. He wants Oliver and Irina to see the world, and he wants to hold their hands while they do it. So they'd decided a little summer trip down to Florida was just the thing to start their travel journey. It's the first trip they're all taking together, and it's all going to be great, according to Ilya.

The flights go smoothly, with only one mini meltdown from Irina. Oliver solidly remains absorbed in his tablet, something he isn't usually allowed to have for longer than thirty minutes at a time ("screen time will rot their brains, Ilya!") but whatever it takes to keep him happy on the flights, Shane is up for it. Once they arrive in Florida, Ilya gets their rental car sorted while Shane waits in the terminal, since Irina is now asleep on him and Oliver quite enjoys watching the baggage carousels go around, proving to be another good distraction. The little boy takes it upon himself to run up and attempt to grab bags, and it's got most of the passengers from their flight tittering with laughter and giving the small boy head pats, telling him what a good job he's doing which makes him beam.

Once they've gotten all of their baggage and Ilya pulls the car around, they load up as quickly as one can with two car seats and four bags, then head to their resort. The Escalante is a forty minute drive, and by the time they arrive both kids are asleep again, and Shane doesn't have it in him to care that it's entirely too far past nap time. The fact that they're sleeping is enough. As Ilya pulls the car around to the valet Shane thunks his head back on the headrest and looks over at his husband, who looks as exhausted as Shane feels.

"Maybe we should have waited until they were teenagers to travel with them," Shane grouses, not really meaning it, but understanding the beauty of just driving for vacations after a day of travel with a two year old and a four year old.

"We will be glad we did it once we're on the beach," Ilya says as he chucks Shane under the chin with his forefinger then leans in to press the softest of kisses to Shane's lips. Shane's hand comes up to cup Ilya's cheek and he nods, then steps out of the SUV and smiles tiredly at the valet.

“We’ve got a lot to unpack,” Shane jokes, and the man nods.

“We’ve already gotten your bags from the back,” he says with a nod to the small pile. Shane thanks him with a twenty, and then moves to the back seat to wake Irina, who starts sniffing as Shane lifts her out of her carseat. Ilya has Oliver out already, and one would never guess he’d been asleep only minutes before with the big smile plastered onto his cheeks.

“See, Rina, big brother Oliver is excited to be here. We’re going to have fun,” Shane promises as he kisses her forehead. Ilya grabs their bags, making it work somehow, and they start into the resort.

“I want to have dinner and go right to bed,” Shane jokes.

Ilya nudges him. “You do not,” he teases right back, and Shane sighs.

“You’re right. I think we both deserve drinks after that flight.”

Ilya nods in agreement. “Vodka for me. Wine for you?” Shane nods.

“God I would love a glass of wine right now.”

They check in, and get to their rooms with little fuss. Shane insists on unpacking, which takes more time than he’d like, so by the time 6:30 rolls around both Oliver and Irina are fussy for dinner. They decide to order room service, and Shane allows chicken nuggets and french fries for a meal because it’s vacation, and one time won’t kill them. The kids (and Ilya, if Shane is being honest) watch Moana while dipping their finger foods in heaps of ketchup on their bed, and Shane absently lets his toes caress the back of Ilya’s calf as they eat at a small table set for two, Ilya enjoying his pasta while Shane eats salmon.

After dinner, they decide to take a family walk down to the beach. The sun is setting, and bright oranges and pinks illuminate the sky, lighting up the water like a pastel painting. Oliver runs into the waves in his clothes, and Irina yells at him from Shane’s arms where she’s happily planted. At two she’s adventurous, maybe too much so, and Shane isn’t sure he can handle two wet children before bedtime.

Irina wiggles and whines enough, though, and before he knows it her little fingers are curled around his and she’s skipping through the wake, soaking both Shane and herself in salty spray. Ilya chuckles from where he stands close to them, phone out to take pictures, as Shane grins over at him.

“How are you the only dry one?” Shane asks, tone teasing, as he winks at his husband.

“Because I am responsible, obviously,” Ilya huffs, which goes out the window as Oliver throws himself into his Papa’s arms, spraying sand and water all across Ilya’s dark shorts.

Shane picks Irina back up from where she’d plopped down in the surf to play in the sand, and they trudge back up the walkway and to the resort. At the gate back onto the property they use the little shower to hose the sand from them, and everyone ends up wet, which makes the air conditioning in the hotel lobby especially cold. They scurry up to their room leaving

behind wet foot prints and muttered apologies as they pass staff, and finally, the four of them make it back to their room.

Bathtime is more a game of ‘can we get rid of all of the sand?’ And Ilya hangs all of their clothes to dry out on their private patio while Shane scrubs Irina and Oliver clean in the big tub in the bathroom. Once they're clean, Shane tucks Oliver into the big queen sized bed he gets to have to himself for the trip, and he nestles Irina into the pack and play they brought with them. Shane and Ilya both kiss them good night before turning the lights out and heading onto the patio, where a bottle of wine and a glass of vodka is waiting for them.

“When did you get these?” Shane asks, mildly surprised as he runs a hand through his hair and drops into one of the patio chairs.

Ilya snorts and sits as well, then stretches out his hand for Shane’s once he’s poured himself a glass of wine. “That was a very long bath, I had time to run down to the bar.”

Shane takes a long sip of the crisp white wine, an albariño, he finds as he inspects the label. “This is good,” he groans as he lets his head fall back, eyes tilting up to find the round moon on her perch above them. The stars wink down at him, and he finds it’s a beautiful night – maybe a little hot, but he’s not really mad at it, as a breeze is coming in off of the sea, and he can hear crickets and frogs chirping away.

Shane tilts his head and finds Ilya studying him, and he flushes under his appraising gaze. “You are good,” Ilya says as his thumb strokes over Shane’s knuckles. “A good father. A good husband. I am so lucky,” he muses before taking a sip of his vodka and huffing out a little sigh. “Cannot believe we are in our forties and have two kids. I never would have guessed it,” he admits with a small laugh of contentment.

“If future you had told 18 year old me we’d be raising kids together, I never would have believed you,” Shane agreed with his own little chuckle.

“I think we are doing a good job,” Ilya says seriously, and Shane nods. “Irina is a little wild, but –”

“She gets that from you,” Shane interjects, and they both chuckle and take a sip of their respective beverages.

“And Oliver gets his reservedness from you,” Ilya says, pointing with his finger.

“I’m not going to complain about one of our kids being more reserved. We’re gonna have our hands full when they get older.”

“Mmmm, yes. We are.” Ilya’s quiet for a moment as he looks up at the sky, then looks back to Shane very seriously. “We should have one more.”

“One more?” Shane sputters over his wine. “We just agreed our hands would be full with two!”

“I want another baby, Shane,” Ilya says with a little pout. And he hardly can protest, because seeing Ilya with their babies really... does it, for Shane. Seeing Ilya being a father is one of the best gifts Shane’s ever received, if he’s being honest.

“We can talk about it when we get back,” Shane sighs as he takes a long pull from his wine glass. “Just let me enjoy this vacation, ok?”

“Deal,” Ilya agrees gleefully as he sips from his vodka.

They stay out on the patio until Shane can barely keep his eyes open. Quietly they re-enter the hotel room, and Shane stashes the rest of the wine in the mini fridge before changing into sleep pants and a t-shirt and crawling into bed. Ilya is right behind him, and as they snuggle up under the covers, Shane is incredibly happy they’ve made this work.

The kids are up bright and early the next morning, which means Shane and Ilya are also up bright and early. Shane goes for a run while Ilya cuddles with Oliver and Irina in bed, and when he returns, he finds all three of them passed out again, Oliver curled into Ilya’s side and Irina asleep on his chest. Shane, still breathing hard and drenched in sweat, snaps a picture before going in to take a quick shower. He gets dressed for the day, then presses a soft kiss to Ilya’s forehead, then Oliver’s, then the back of Irina’s little blonde head.

“Should we go get waffles?” Shane asks when he sees Oliver’s eyes fluttering open. That wakes Oliver up, whose enthusiastic ‘yes please!’ wakes up his sister, which in turn wakes Ilya back up. Before long they’re all dressed and headed down to breakfast, where they heap their plates with bacon and eggs and waffles. Once they’ve eaten, they return back to their room to pack up a beach bag and change into bathing suits.

It isn’t long before they’re on the beach in a cabana, towels laid out and sand toys rented from the hotel splayed around their little beach camp. Oliver enjoys building sand castles while Irina is very happy destroying them, and they even take a crack at burying Ilya in the sand, which is something they grow tired of quickly. Oliver finds a truck amidst the beach toys and is content moving sand around, though Ilya convinces him a little later on that a swim would be nice.

By that point, Irina is content, napping on Shane’s chest. He’s got a towel draped over her to keep the sun from burning her skin, despite constant sunscreen re-application, and Shane’s sunglasses are perched on his nose, ballcap pulled low to protect himself from the sun, as he watches Ilya and Oliver splash through the waves. Shane places a small kiss on Irina’s head as she sleeps, and when he looks up – well. He almost has a heart attack.

Ilya has Oliver by the ankle behind his back, biceps flexing, pecs strained as he holds the boy up and more than a few feet off of the ground. Ilya looks unbothered, and Oliver is screeching with laughter as he hits at Ilya’s butt with his tiny fists.

“Papaaaaa!” Oliver shrieks as a wave tickles his hair, and Shane wonders if he should intervene. His lips pucker as he watches, and one hand absently strokes Irina’s hair. Somehow, Ilya has moved so he’s holding Oliver with one hand by the calf now, and he’s got the boy hoisted in the air. Oliver is still laughing, arms flailing as he swings like a pendulum from Ilya’s hand.

“Ilya!” Shane whisper-yells, because he doesn’t want to wake Irina, but he also doesn’t think his heart (which is in his throat) can take much more of this. “Put him down!”

Ilya cocks an eyebrow, then catches Oliver with his arm, holding him bridal style now. “We were having fun, weren’t we, Oliver?” Ilya asks, and Oliver squeals and wriggles in his papa’s arms.

“Do it again, Papa!” He cries as he wraps his arms around Ilya’s neck and hugs him.

“Dad says no more, is too dangerous,” Ilya informs Oliver solemnly, and Oliver pouts but stops asking as Ilya puts him down in the waves. They continue playing in the surf, Ilya sometimes throwing Oliver into the waves, and Shane watches with a sigh as Irina continues sleeping on him.

A small smile creeps over Shane’s lips as Ilya and Oliver return up to their spot on the beach. Ilya shakes his wet hair at Shane, which makes him grimace, but he’s glad to have them back and close to him again. Especially when Ilya leans in for a kiss that’s salty with sea brine. Being a father is hard work, and it leaves Shane with a boatload of anxiety most days, but he would never give up *this* feeling of rightness that’s nestled in his chest right now. Being a father with Ilya is more than he would have ever thought to ask for when they started this wild and crazy thing, and now he can’t imagine doing it with anyone else.

And, he thinks, they have two of the best kids. Are they perfect? Of course not, but they’re perfect for Shane and Ilya, and that’s all that matters.

End Notes

if you enjoyed this fic don't forget to leave kudos and give me lil kisses in the comments!!

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