

and I love you, don't you know?

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by [quantumoddity](#).

Summary

After an accident leaves one of Ilya's old hockey trophies broken, he can prove to his little boy what's really important.

Notes

This is an anniversary gift for my wonderful girlfriend! Love you loads baba! <33

Also, I gave my hollanov fankid this name before the show changed Ilya's brother's name and I'm too stubborn to change it, sorry XD

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

Shane Hollander had been a father long enough not to panic at a crashing sound. Honestly, it wasn't even loud enough to make him look up from the dishes.

There were a million explanations for the dull thud he heard from the floor above him. Rin had been getting into everything lately, her current favourite game was to build a tower of blocks as tall as she could make and then run through it like a little toddler Godzilla. Anya sometimes got so mad at the presence of the squirrels in the tree outside their bedroom window that she jumped on the dresser and sent everything on there flying. Honestly there were at least ten reasons why the noise might have been Ilya.

So Shane didn't think too much of one more thump in the general racket his life had become, if anything, it was comforting, a smile flickering across his face as he set another mug on the drainer.

At least until he heard the crying.

The moment he heard that, the heart wrenching sound of one of his children wailing, Shane was moving, sprinting up the stairs faster than he'd ever chased a puck. He spared half a second to wonder why those tears and the cord around his heart they pulled on were leading him towards the trophy room but it didn't really matter. All that mattered was getting his arms around whichever one of his children was upset and putting things right for them. They could be on the other side of the planet for all Shane cared, he would still get to them and still hold them in his arms and promise them everything was going to be okay.

He was less surprised to see Alexi, their son, was the one who was crying, his little hands covering his face, thick tears rolling down his bright red cheeks. Their six year old had always been quicker to cry, he'd always needed more reassurance and comfort, which his daddies were more than happy to give.

So he knew exactly what he needed to do, letting his knees hit the carpet, bundling his weeping son in his arms, letting him slot into the lines of his body like a little puzzle piece, "Hey, hey, buddy, I'm here, I got you..."

If anything, Alexi only cried harder, not clinging to Shane the way he normally would, "Daddy..."

Shane felt a real fear start to build in the pit of his stomach, drawing back so his eyes could dart anxiously over his son, "Alexi, are you hurt? Can you show me where?"

"Not...not hurt," Alexi managed to choke out, hands still over his face like he couldn't meet Shane's eye, "Not like that."

Those words and the fact that he couldn't see any obvious broken bones or blood spotting his son's little knitted sweater helped Shane relax a little, "Good, that's good...can you tell me what happened, kiddo, daddy can fix it for you?"

Alexi's enormous, dark eyes peered out at him fearfully, "Papa...papa's gonna be so mad..."

Shane frowned. Alexi may as well have told him that rain would fall upwards or that Calgary would win the Stanley Cup for all the sense that made, Ilya had never been angry at their son in all the time Shane could remember. Not that Alexi needed much discipline, he had way too much Hollander in him for that, but any scraps had always fallen to Shane. They'd both known from the moment Ilya first held their son that he'd be wrapped around his little finger for the rest of their lives.

"Buddy, it's going to be okay," he tried to soothe him, brushing back the fine black hairs that were sticking to his flushed little forehead.

"No, no, no, he's going to be so angry and shout at me and make me go away and hate me forever!" Alexi wailed, just saying the words making him collapse into heaving sobs, trembling miserably, Shane's hands at his waist the only things keeping him upright.

Shane frowned, looking around desperately for a way to help him until his gaze caught on a glint of gold lying on the carpet. Two glints actually. It took him a moment to recognise the trophy, given that it was usually standing proudly in the glass cases that ran the length of the room, not on the floor and definitely not in two separate pieces.

But he saw now it was one of Ilya's, one of his very, very old ones, maybe the oldest trophy they had in here. Shane remembered the story from when they'd first set up this room, a long, golden afternoon spent combining their two stories, tying them together the way they had always been in secret but now proudly displayed in the home they shared. They'd swapped stories back and forth, teased each other, ended up making out on the floor and having to finish up the next day, both blushing and shuffling awkwardly when Shane's mom had asked why it had taken so long.

So Shane knew that was the trophy Ilya had been given when he'd won the Russian Junior League with him as the captain. Which made it very old and very precious.

Well, that solved the mystery of the crashing noise.

Alexi shrank miserably, like he was deflating as the words came out of him in a desperate rush, "I was playing Olympics and I needed a proper award like daddy won so it was right and I was trying to get it and I was gonna be so careful, I was, but it was heavy and I didn't know and it fell and it broke and now my papa won't love me anymore and I have to go away!"

Shane felt a warmth rush through his whole body, that kind of intense, all consuming, overwhelming love he realised he'd never stop feeling, no matter how much his kids grew up. The feeling that came with realising how big and terrifying the world was to them, how much they didn't understand, how privileged he was to be allowed to protect them and explain it all to them.

"Oh, Alexi..." he groaned, pulling him into a hug, feeling his tears already starting to soak the shoulder of his sweatshirt.

"Yikes. What happened here?"

Shane felt Alexi shrink in his arms and tried to give his husband a reassuring smile, seeing him standing there in the doorway with their daughter on his hip and a worried expression on his face. There was always such a strange moment of *deja vu*, seeing him and Rin side by side. She was the perfect double of him, the only thing she was missing was the broken nose. And Shane knew even that was only a matter of time.

“Okay so there was a little accident-“

“I’m sorry, papa!” it burst out of Alexi with a sob, “I’m so sorry, I did such a bad thing, I’ll go away if you want me to...”

Ilya’s expression became stricken, “Wait, what? What’s happening?”

Shane gestured mutely to the broken pieces of the trophy on the floor, though Ilya still looked confused. He set Rin down carefully, letting her toddle to Shane so he could take his place kneeling beside Alexi.

“*Solnyshko*...” he murmured, his voice so soft and gentle in a way that Shane used to think was impossible for Ilya Rozanov, “I would never, ever make you go away. Not for anything in the world, no matter what you did. Okay?”

“Really?” Alexi blinked up at him, his lower lip wobbling under the weight of the tears threatening to fall, “But...but I broke your trophy?”

Ilya reached out, stroking the sleeve of his jumper over his son’s damp cheeks so carefully, “And you said sorry and I know you mean it. And that is all I need, that’s all your daddy and I will ever need, I promise.”

Shane swallowed, though he didn’t really mind if they heard the emotion in his voice, picking up the two parts of the trophy and studying the break between the golden hockey player’s waist and his torso, “You know what, Alexi, this break’s pretty clean, I bet some superglue could fix it right up. You and papa could do it together?”

Hope dawned in Alexi’s eyes, “Oh, oh yes! I’ll do that, I’ll fix it for papa!”

“You always do,” Ilya’s voice was soft, shifting so he was cross legged and their son could rush to sit right in the gap, the way he always had since he was old enough to sit up.

Shane passed Ilya the pieces, studying his husband’s face for any sign that he was actually upset and hiding it for their son’s benefit. But Ilya only looked pensive, reading his own name embossed on the little plaque.

“You know something, *Solnyshko*? I remember this final. I couldn’t tell you about a single goal I scored or whether it was close or even what my teammate’s names were. But I remember it because I asked my papa over and over if he was going to come and watch it and he never gave me a straight answer. He was busy, he said, he would have to see what happened with work and how I had been playing. So the only thing I remember is when they put this trophy in my hands and I looked for my papa’s face in the crowd and did not see him there. All I remember when I look at this trophy is how lonely and sad I felt right then.”

Alexi's eyes filled with tears for a completely different reason, his little face horrified as he turned to look up at him, "That's so mean! Poor papa!"

Ilya chuckled softly, stroking his dark, silky hair reassuringly, "Thank you, *Solnyshko*... but you know what? All I can think about when I look at you is how happy I am now. Happier than I ever thought I could be when I got this trophy."

He leaned down and kissed Alexi's freckled little nose, grinning, "So I think, out of the two of you? I'm gonna keep you around."

Alexi's little face lit up, giving his papa a gap toothed grin and kissing his nose in return, "That's good, papa. Thank you."

Shane watched them adoringly, letting them have their moment while he held Rin and let her tug happily at the chain around his neck, trying to get her daddy's wedding ring into her mouth. He'd go and throw his arms around them both in a second but, for now, he wanted to let Ilya feel it. He wanted him to realise just how far he'd come, to remember how much he'd doubted his own ability to be a father and know he'd never had any reason to worry.

Once they'd had their moment, he'd go and tackle them to the ground and hug them so tight like he was never going to let go. Hell, they'd probably knock over something else.

But that was fine. Just one more crash in their chaotic, loud, wonderful lives.

End Notes

Please consider leaving a comment if you enjoyed this! I'm on Tumblr @mollymauk-teafleak, always down to take prompts and talk hollanov babies!

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