their outside heart

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their outside heart

by Anonymous

Summary

The bright red on the ice was something as a player it could be easy to become accustomed to but this was different.

This was his pup's blood on the ice.

Or; The time that Shane and Ilya had to experience their baby getting hurt for the first time.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It happened so quickly, Ilya had been busy with one of the kids working on their passing technique when he heard the commotion in the corner and then there was *the* cry.

And oh, he knew that cry. It was one he was trained to hear even in the deepest of sleeps at one in the morning type of cry.

The bright red on the ice was something as a player it could be easy to become accustomed to but this was different. This was *his* pup's blood on the ice.

Shane had been talking something over with Wyatt in the corner, going over some paperwork when he heard the cry too. He was met with the sight of Ilya already having scooped their toddler up off the ice, skating like he was in a race to get the puck to net in OT.

Something in Shane's stomach twisted seeing Sofia's little cheek tinted with red, her hazel eyes swimming with tears. “Oh my god? What happened?” He kept his voice calm, not wanting to startle the other camp goers but his baby was hurt. Her face might need a stitch and he had to act neutral about the entire thing.

Whereas, Ilya was not hiding his emotions very well. The alpha was cradling Sofia to his chest like the day she was born whispering in Russian softly trying to get their pup to calm down.

“She was skating with Ashton and Thomas and they accidentally slashed her.” Ilya knew they were just kids too, that there were no ill intentions involved but it didn’t take away the hurt. It didn’t make Sofia's cheek any better, her little tears mixing with the blood that was still running down her chubby cheek.

“Pa-pa-pa, i-it hu-hurts.” Sofia cried, sucking in a deep breath choking as she tried to get in another deep breath. She was more shaken up than anything really, not used to playing with the older kids. She wanted to learn though and was eager, a tough cookie at heart but seeing her papa start shouting for their medical staff had her all up in a frenzy.

“Shh, shh hey it's gonna be okay.” Shane reassured in his calmest tone, his inner emotions bubbling beneath his calm exterior. "It was just an accident." He repeated, not so sure who it

was for this time— Sofia, the boys, Ilya or himself.

"So she'll need a stitch or two but other than that she'll be just fine." Katie their trainer on site gave a more professional opinion when they got Sofia to calm down long enough for her to actually take a look at her cheek. It was a laceration, thankfully a small one and apparently all face wounds bled the most which like he should have known after years of injuries himself but this was…this was different.

This was his heart on the outside of his body. This was his baby girl who never cried over anything, the toughest little cookie he knew— too much like her papa.

So when she had started to cry it had made something inside of Shane twist with panic. He wanted so badly to panic, to scoop Sofia up to take her away from the situation. He wanted to protect his pup with every fiber in his being and all of that got muddled down by having to stay calm for not only her but Ilya as well.

If he freaked out, Ilya would have fed off that reaction. Or at least he felt like that's what would have happened. So, in a calculated manner Shane had treated the situation professionally.

Now that it was just the three of them sitting in the trainer's room, Shane felt the adrenaline crash. It had been coming since he jumped into action, the blood on the ice was still fresh in his mind. Sofia's little sobs were there too eating at him with a side of helplessness.

"She looked at me like she wanted me to make it better- I couldn't even make it stop bleeding." Shane finally found his voice again, grateful that Sofia had begun to doze off in Ilya's arms.

"I could not help either. I hated it." Ilya felt like he had been moving in slow motion. Sofia had been smiling before bright like the sun. She had Shane's smile and then in a split second her little self was crumpled on the ice holding her cheek with her little hands.

"The boys they didn't mean to." Ilya repeated and Shane wasn't sure if he had been saying that for himself, Sofia who was now softly snoring and drooling on her papa's shoulder, or for him.

Shane nodded in agreement, reaching over to gently brush a finger against Sofia's non injured cheek. "I didn't think I could love something so little. I mean it's so weird it just feels like when she gets hurt-"

"You hurt too. Da, she's like the heart on outside of my chest. " Ilya sucked in a breath, nodding as he blinked back his own tears. He wondered if this is how his mother felt watching him on the ice, if she had felt like this every time he got hurt- that it was her instead of him. It made Ilya wonder more often than not after Sofia was born. It made him feel closer to her, that this chapter of his life was bringing him closer to her memory.

It was yet another comforting thought to Ilya, one that ached in his chest knowing his mother loved him especially if she had felt anything close to what he had felt when Sofia got hurt in the slightest.

"Ilya, that's a medical condition." Shane broke his train of thought as he arched a brow playfully— the sentiment was there but he wanted to lighten the mood seeing as they both couldn't be crying messes when Sofia woke up.

The omega smiled with a soft chuckle and reached up to kiss Ilya's tears away even if his alpha wouldn't admit to crying. It went without saying that Sofia was their world and it shook them up when anything happened to her.

"Yeah, she's our heart outside of our body." Shane definitely understood the meaning of that saying now to the fullest.

"We're sorry Sofia. We promise we didn’t mean to hurt you." Ashton had made his way up to Sofia with Thomas in tow to apologize which was *strongly* recommended by Mr. Pike- who definitely wasn't called Mr. Pike he wasn't *that* old according to him.

Ilya knew these two eight year olds weren't capable of hurting a fly and that they hadn't actually meant to hurt Sofia. But that was up to her to forgive them and of course she did.

That was where her polite Canadian side came out in her, willing to forgive them though she shot them her inherited slavic stare when she told them, "Is okay, watch where you go next time." While wagging her little finger at them both. "Maybe you need glasses." She added, causing her papa to grin and turn to stifle a laugh against her daddy's shoulder.

Oh she was going to be just fine.

End Notes

hi again! i love girldads shane and ilya <3 so this is what came of that, also happy going to the cottage eve! hope everyone has happy hollanovdays 😂❤️🏒 definitely looking forward to ep 6 bc we're all going to the damn cottage together!

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