

First Day Of School

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by [perachdavida](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are tough hockey players who never cry. Until they have to drop their kids off for the first day of Kindergarten.

Notes

While not strictly necessary, my Shane/Ilya fics are all conceptually linked and are best enjoyed in chronological order, which is as follows:

The Interview

The Offer

Two Are More Than Twice As Much Work As One

A Day In Disney

Date Night

First Day Of School

A Perfect Christmas

The Mouse House

The Hit

Family Hockey Game

The Changeling

Sasha's Story

Shane was going to cry. This was a very rare event and therefore notable. Not many things could get to a tough professional athlete, but this was one of them: his babies' first day of Kindergarten.

He watched Ilya tying Sasha's brand new blue sneakers, while Eva twirled in endless circles next to them like Julie Andrews on a mountaintop because she liked how it caused her new purple ballerina skirt to flare out. It matched her new purple ballet slippers, her new sparkly purple headband, and her fresh sparkly purple manicure, which she had insisted Ilya give her the night before.

"I think someone likes her first day of school outfit. You look just like Purplicious."

"I know! It's so pretty!" Eva yelled. Yelling was her default volume, and excitement her default emotional setting.

In contrast, Sasha was quiet and solemn in his plain athletic pants and T-Shirt as Ilya stood up and declared, "There we go. Double-knotted. And I think we are ready to leave, yes?"

Eva bounced up and down with glee, unable to contain herself. She was a social butterfly, and an opportunity to make a whole classroom of new friends was like Christmas for her. She picked up her new purple backpack, and sprinted for the door. Sasha shuffled his feet slowly after her.

Shane could guess what was going on. "Feeling nervous, buddy?" he asked. Sasha nodded but didn't say anything. He crouched down and looked Sasha in the eyes. "Hey. It's normal to be nervous on the first day of school. I remember feeling really nervous. I think I probably held onto grandma's legs and cried." That got a small smile out of Sasha.

"Come on, let's go! Let's goooooooooo!" Eva wailed.

Ilya grabbed her hand. "Hold on a minute, sweetheart. We'll leave soon."

Shane kissed Sasha on the cheek and asked him, "Are you OK to go? Any feelings you want to share?"

Sasha shook his head, his freshly cut curls barely bouncing. "I'm OK."

"Are you sure?" Ilya asked. "Is there anything we can do to make this morning fun?" Moving so quickly no one even saw it coming, he dropped Eva's hand, slid over to Sasha, and had him hanging upside down by his feet. "Like maybe going to school upside down?"

Sasha laughed and shrieked. "Papa! Put me down!"

"No. I think that upside down boys have a better day at school than right side up boys. So I will just put you in the car like this. Do you think I can strap you into your booster seat backwards?" Sasha wriggled like a fish on a hook, but continued laughing and shrieking, especially when Ilya took one hand off his feet and tickled his belly that was showing while his shirt hung down over his head.

Finally, Ilya lowered him to the ground and helped him stand up. “Better?” Sasha shook his head yes and then said hesitantly, “If I don’t want to play with everybody. If I don’t like some other kids and I want to play by myself...Is that OK?”

“That is absolutely, one hundred percent OK,” Shane reassured him.

“Yes. And Eva will make enough friends for five of you,” Ilya drawled.

They got in the car. The twins babbled in their secret twin language the whole car ride. Shane had the feeling Eva was comforting Sasha, telling him not to be nervous.

They parked on the street and walked the kids up to the front door along with a crowd of other parents. Though Shane and Ilya were well-known figures in Ottawa, people were generally kind and respectful and didn’t bother them, especially when they were out with the kids.

They crouched down and hugged each twin in turn. “You’re going to have a great first day,” Shane promised. “And if you don’t, then you’ll have a great second day tomorrow. Everything will be fine. Papa and I will be waiting at the door at dismissal and we’ll be so excited to hear all about your day.”

“Bye Daddy. I love you,” Eva declared with her arms wrapped around his neck. Yup, he was definitely going to cry.

“I love you too, baby. Go get ‘em.” He swatted her behind, and she ran off through the doors.

Ilya was hugging Sasha and murmuring in his ear in Russian. Sasha nodded, then kissed him and said “Ya lyublyu tebya Papa,” before bravely hoisting his backpack, taking a deep breath, and walking through the doors where a teacher pointed him toward his classroom.

Ilya and Shane stood and watched until Sasha rounded the corner down the hallway. “You’re going to cry, aren’t you?” Ilya asked, slowly turning to Shane.

“Yes, you idiot. I’m crying.” He wiped tears that were leaking from the corners of his eyes. “Our babies are going to school. They’re not babies anymore. How did that happen?” he whined, sniffing and wiping his nose. He waved his hand toward all the other kindergarten parents, standing around looking equally shell-shocked, as if to say, “See? Any normal person would cry just like I am.”

When he turned toward Ilya, he saw that his eyes were moist as well. “OK fine,” Ilya declared grumpily, rubbing a hand across his face, “I am crying too. I hope this makes you happy.”

Shane smiled and took his hand. “Just think,” he teased, “thirteen more years and we’ll be empty nesters.”

Ilya punched him in the shoulder. “That is not funny.”

“Oh, who’s sentimental now?” Shane challenged.

Ilya huffed, then took both Shane's hands in his and kissed him lightly. "We have both turned into those stupid boring people that I would make fun of ten years ago. OK? Great. Now let's go have a shot of vodka for my nerves."

"At 8:30 in the morning?" Shane asked with one brow raised.

"I am Russian. Vodka is good 24 hours a day. Come on, Hollander." And he led Shane back to the car.

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