Little Ice Flower

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Little Ice Flower

by Felxia

Summary

The three-year-old son of Shane Hollander Rozanov and Ilya Rozanov takes his first steps on the ice.

Notes

The action takes place in an unspecified time, I read the books a long time ago. It's just that when I saw Shane with a baby, my brain short-circuited, that's all. And now I invite you to read!

See the end of the work for more notes

The ice beneath their feet creaked softly, as if the rink itself were breathing with them. The honey-skinned man stood motionless in the center of the rink, his legs spread wide in professional hockey skates that contrasted with his oversized, thin gray hoodie. The material fell loosely over his shoulders and hands, betraying that it wasn't his, that it smelled familiar.

His black hair was slightly disheveled, as if he'd just run his fingers through it nervously. Square black glasses rested on his freckled nose, concealing black eyes that watched the child's every, even the slightest, movement. His hand was warm and steady, tightly gripping the small hand of the three-year-old boy.

The boy swayed on his skates, his legs tense, his face intensely focused. Every inch of sliding across the ice was a challenge for him. He clung to the man tightly, as if he were the only constant in a world suddenly slippery and unpredictable.

"Easy," the man said quietly, his voice low and gentle, almost lost in the expanse of the rink. "You've got me."

The boy took a hesitant step, then another. He staggered, but didn't fall. He gripped his hand tighter, and the man leaned forward slightly, matching his pace, though he could have glided effortlessly across the ice himself. But at this moment, it wasn't about speed or perfection, just about standing. Together.

The man smiled faintly, almost imperceptibly, as he felt the grip on the small hand loosen slightly. He was still alert, ready to steady him at any moment, but he allowed the boy to take half a step further than before.

"Try a little more," he encouraged gently, leaning forward so their faces were at the same height. "Look ahead, not down. The ice will hold you."

A boy with curly blond hair that peeked out from under an oversized helmet lifted his head. His pale skin flushed with emotion and cold, and his eyes sparkled with a mixture of fear and excitement.

He took another step, this time more confident, and then another. His movements were still cautious, but no longer stiff; curiosity, perhaps even a hint of joy, crept into them.

The man moved slowly beside him, synchronized with every tiny movement. He felt the boy begin to trust not only him but also the ice beneath his feet. At one point, the little boy released his hand for a split second, spreading his arms to his sides to regain his balance.

"See?" the man said, a distinct note of pride in his voice. "You're doing this yourself."

The boy staggered, laughed briefly, and grabbed his hand again, but this time there was no panicked desperation. There was something different about it, a certainty that even if he stumbled, he wouldn't fall far.

And the ice, alien and menacing moments ago, began to feel less cold beneath their skates, more welcoming, as if accepting their shared learning, step by step.

The man slowed, then carefully crouched down on the ice directly in front of the child, still resting firmly on his skates. He still held the boy with one hand, the other raised, pointing toward the opposite end of the rink.

"See there?" he asked quietly.

On the other side stood a man in gray sweatpants and a gray hooded sweatshirt, as ordinary as the one he himself wore. His hockey skates gleamed under the lamplight, and his curly blond hair disappeared beneath a winter hat. He stood still, as if afraid to move, but his eyes were focused solely on the child, following his every move with unconcealed attention and tension.

The dark-haired man narrowed his eyes slightly, making sure he was seeing clearly, then spoke louder, his voice carrying across the rink.

"Ilya?"

The blond man immediately perked up.

"I'm here," he replied, a warm confidence filling his voice. After a moment, he crouched down, spreading his arms wide, invitingly. "Come to me, little one."

The boy looked first at the dark-haired man, then at the blond. He hesitated for a moment, squeezing the hand he was holding. His heart seemed to beat faster, but his posture was no longer panic-stricken, only focused.

"You can do it," the dark-haired man said calmly, releasing his hand, though he remained close by. "Slowly. To Daddy."

The little one took a deep breath and set off. Hesitantly at first, then more smoothly, the small skates gliding across the ice with short, careful movements. His arms were spread, his body slightly leaning forward, but he didn't stop.

Ilya didn't move a step, just watched, his hands still outstretched, as if afraid that one unnecessary movement would interrupt the moment. When the boy finally reached him and fell into his arms, the rink was filled with the quiet, broken laughter of a child.

The dark-haired man watched from where he stood, his lips curling into a clear, genuine smile beneath the hood of his gray sweatshirt.

The blond smiled broadly and proudly as he effortlessly lifted his son into his arms. He turned him slightly on the ice, then dipped his head, placing quick, tender kisses on his cheeks and forehead.

The boy burst into laughter, loud and hearty, pressing his small hands to his father's sweatshirt as if afraid he might let him go.

"Did you see?" "Ilya asked, his voice brimming with pride, though he addressed the words more to the child than to anyone else. "You came to me yourself."

The dark-haired man pushed himself slightly and rode up to them, stopping right next to them. The smile never left his face, and the black eyes behind the square glasses were soft, almost luminous. He stopped close enough so that he could reach out again if necessary.

"I told you he could," he said calmly, looking first at the boy, then at Ilya. "He's a quick learner."

Ilya glanced at him over the boy's shoulder, their eyes meeting for a brief moment. In that split second, there was something more than simple understanding, a shared pride. The boy continued to giggle, not fully understanding the moment's significance, but feeling it with all his being.

The blond man raised a slight eyebrow after a moment, still holding his son in his arms, and looked at Shane with that characteristic, confident smile.

"Of course he can," he said calmly. "He's our son, after all."

The words hung between them for a brief moment, heavy with meaning but laced with warmth. Shane snorted a quiet laugh, lowering his head as if to hide his amusement. With one hand, he adjusted the slipping hood of his oversized sweatshirt.

"Yeah," he muttered. "Hockey's in my blood. It's just a shame it's such an expensive sport."

He said this in an almost complaining tone, as if they were discussing a mere hobby, not something they both knew all too well. Ilya looked at him incredulously, then snorted curtly.

"Says the guy who has more pairs of skates than I have hats," he remarked dryly.

"Details." Shane shrugged, a smile still playing on his lips.

The boy looked from one to the other, not fully understanding the conversation, but sensing its light, playful tone. He laughed again, and Ilya hugged him tighter.

"We can afford it," he added quietly, almost for Shane's sake, more seriously now. "Skating. On the ice. Anything he wants."

Shane looked up and nodded, his black eyes twinkling behind his glasses. On the rink, amidst the silence and the creaking of the ice, they stood as if it were just them, the two hockey players, the two fathers, and the little boy just starting out on his journey.

The Canadian looked at the boy after a moment, letting the smile on his face slowly fade, replaced by something quieter, deeper.

Misha was like a living reflection of Ilya, the same blond, curly hair that peeked out from under his helmet, the same The shape of his eyes and the way he furrowed his brow when he focused on something. If someone didn't know, there would be no doubt who it belonged to.

And yet.

Freckles were scattered across the boy's nose and cheeks. The same tiny, irregular dots that Shane saw every day in the mirror, the same ones he'd once tried to hide behind his glasses. They betrayed the truth, silent and undeniable.

Misha, meanwhile, was somewhere else entirely. Fascinated, he wrapped his fingers around the hood strings of his father's sweatshirt, tugging them sometimes harder, sometimes softer, laughing to himself as the hood fell over Ilya's eyes. He didn't notice Shane's gaze, filled with thoughts he couldn't yet understand.

Shane swallowed and reached out, gently brushing his finger against the boy's freckled cheek. The touch was light, almost tentative, as if afraid the moment would slip away.

"Hey, Champion," he said quietly.

Misha lifted his head, still holding strings, and smiled broadly, shamelessly, the same smile Shane knew all too well. And in that moment, something in his chest tightened and relaxed simultaneously, because while the world saw Ilya in this child, Shane also saw himself in him.

End Notes

That's it, let me know what you think! Let me know if you want a series of this!

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My profil on X

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