We were born to make history

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We were born to make history

by Felxia

Summary

"Don't stop us now, the moment of truth
We were born to make history"

During another hockey lesson with his parents, little Misha meets an unexpected guest.

The second part of "Little Ice Flower"

Notes

Okay, so I was recently rewatching Yuri on Ice and realized what a threat to everyone Victor and Ilya would be. Two Russians addicted to vodka and beautiful Asians. So I wrote the second part to "The Little Ice Flower". Maybe I'll make this a series? I don't know. Let me know what you think!

See the end of the work for more notes

The parents returned their attention to the ice and moved, this time closer to the boards. Ilya set Misha carefully on the ice, and Shane handed him a short, child-sized hockey stick, almost too big for his small hands, but held with surprising confidence.

"Okay, champ," Ilya said, crouching down in front of him. "First, look at the puck, not the stick."

Shane positioned himself to the side, gliding slowly across the ice, ready to catch Misha if he lost his balance.

"And knees slightly bent," he added. "Like you're trying to sit on an invisible chair."

Misha wrinkled his nose, his freckles twitching playfully, but he did exactly as he was told. The puck lay still on the ice, and he gingerly touched it with the tip of his stick. Once, twice. On the third try, the puck moved smoothly a few centimeters.

"Did you see that?" Ilya exclaimed, clearly amused.

The boy laughed and tried again. This time he pushed the puck further, and then, to both men's surprise, took two short, steady steps after it. He didn't fall. He didn't panic. He focused.

"Okay... we didn't teach him that." Shane raised his eyebrows, glancing at Ilya.

Ilya snorted, but something more than amusement appeared in his eyes.

"See? I told you so."

Misha continued skating, slowly, the puck dancing in front of his stick clumsily but with precision. When he finally accidentally sent it toward the boards, he raised his hands in the air, proud, as if he'd just scored the winning goal.

"Again!" he called.

Shane pulled closer, crouched down, and adjusted his hand on the stick.

"You have a talent for this," he said sincerely. "A few more years and the media will be trumpeting that he's the heir to our titles."

Ilya nodded, watching his son with a pride that almost ached in his chest. On the ice, amid the quiet clatter of skates and the sliding puck, it was already clear that Misha wasn't just learning. He belonged here.

He was made for the ice, just as the ice was made for him.

Ilya skated a little further and leaned forward again, placing the puck on the ice directly in front of Misha. He took a step back, giving them space, and rested his hands on his knees, carefully observing the scene before him.

Shane positioned himself behind the boy, almost wrapping his arms around him, but not touching him too tightly. He gently adjusted his grip on the stick, moving his little fingers to where they should be.

"A little tighter here," he said calmly. "And take your time. You have time."

Misha nodded with complete concentration, as if he understood every word. He bent his knees as they had taught and looked at the puck. Shane placed his hands on his forearms, steadying the movement.

"Now push," he encouraged.

The stick moved more smoothly than before. The puck slid across the ice in a straight line and hit the boards with a soft, satisfying thud.

"Yes!" Ilya couldn't help but smile. "Exactly, Misha."

The boy squealed with delight, turning his head toward Ilya, then looked at Shane, as if to make sure he saw it too. Shane gave a short laugh and rubbed his back in a gesture of pride.

"See?" he said. "Better and better."

The Russian watched them silently for a moment longer. The sight of Shane leaning over their son, patient and attentive, hit him harder than he expected. The two hockey stars and the burdens their names bore on the ice were gone. There was only his family and a little boy who was just discovering that the ice could be a place where he felt confident.

For the next few minutes, the rink filled with the quiet rhythm of their shared training. Ilya kept moving the puck to a new spot, sometimes closer, sometimes a little further away, watching as Misha approached him with increasing skill. Shane circled beside him, sometimes crouching, sometimes gliding slowly, ready to correct his stance or catch the boy if he got too fast.

"Knees," he reminded calmly.

"And keep your head up," Ilya added.

Misha absorbed every word. His movements became more confident, less jerky. The stick was no longer unfamiliar to him; he guided it intuitively, sometimes surprising both men with small adjustments no one had shown him yet.

A few times, the puck rolled exactly where he wanted, bouncing off the boards at an almost perfect angle.

"Okay, this looks suspiciously good already," Shane said with amusement, stopping beside Ilya. "A little while longer and he'll start breaking our records."

Ilya burst out laughing, but there was no exaggeration in his eyes. He looked at his son with a mixture of pride and tenderness, as if every successful move were etched somewhere deep within him.

Misha finally stopped on his own, breathing heavily, his cheeks flushed, his hair damp with sweat. He rested his stick on the ice and looked at both fathers, waiting for a reaction.

Shane rode up first and knelt down.

"That was great," he said sincerely. "Really great."

Ilya joined them, placing a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"That's enough for today, champ."

Misha smiled broadly, tired but happy. And the ice beneath them, scarred by the marks of small skates and two pairs of large skates, looked like a record of several minutes that meant far more to them all than just a simple practice session.

Little Rozanov was about to lift his stick when something else caught his attention. He froze, then slowly turned his head toward the center of the rink. His eyes widened, and the smile he'd only moments before directed at his fathers turned into a quiet, delighted gasp.

Across the water, a tall, slender man dressed in black pants and a navy blue short-sleeved T-shirt glided across the water. The fabric was sticking to his back with sweat, and his blond, almost silver hair fell in damp strands over his temples.

His every movement was fluid, measured, as if the ice offered him no resistance. His blue eyes were tired, but they gleamed with satisfaction, that special, quiet pride in a job well done.

Misha watched, mesmerized, as the man gained speed and executed a pirouette. Then another. Spin after spin, perfectly controlled, without a wobble, without rushing. To the boy, it looked like magic.

"Dad..." he whispered, not taking his eyes off the ice dancer.

Shane and Ilya looked in the same direction. The Canadian raised a slight eyebrow, a small smile playing on his lips.

"Figure skating," he said quietly.

Misha gripped his stick tighter, as if suddenly forgetting why he held it. His gaze was no longer filled with the joy of the game; it was pure fascination. The pirouettes reflected in his eyes like something new, different, yet equally captivating. And the ice, which had just been a battle for balance and the puck, suddenly became a stage.

The man completed one final spin and braked smoothly, his skate blade tracing a thin arc across the ice. He rested his hands on his knees, breathing harder, his chest rising steadily. Only after a moment did he raise his head and notice Misha's gaze. He stopped, clearly surprised to find someone watching him so intently.

He straightened and, slower now, gently moved toward them. When he was close, he crouched down to be at the child's level.

"Privet," he said quietly, with a slight smile.

The Russian accent was clear, soft, present in every sound. Misha blinked, a little embarrassed, but smiled back, clutching the staff in his hands. Something about that heavy accent seemed familiar.

"He... spins," he said uncertainly, as if searching for the right word.

"Da. Pirouettes." The man laughed softly.

At that moment, Shane and Ilya rode closer, stopping on either side of his son. Shane glanced at the stranger carefully, and Ilya, not hiding his curiosity, spoke first.

"Are you from Russia?"

The man looked up, his blue eyes meeting Ilya's for a moment. He nodded.

"Yes," he replied without hesitation. "From St. Petersburg."

A brief silence fell on the ice, filled only with their breathing and the distant hum of the arena. Misha glanced at the man again, then at his fathers, as if sensing that something new had just opened up before him, a different path on the same ice.

It was evident in the way his small body trembled with excitement.

The man straightened slightly and extended his hand, first toward Ilya, then Shane. His movements were calm, confident, as if even standing still, he was still dancing on the ice.

—Victor Nikiforov," he introduced himself with a faint smile.

Before Ilya could respond, Shane suddenly blurted out, making Misha jump in surprise at the tone of his voice:

"Wait… Victor Nikiforov? Five-time world figure skating champion? The one who was the only one to have ever landed a quadruple flip?"

A brief, utter silence fell on the ice.

Victor blinked, clearly surprised, then laughed softly, a little embarrassed.

"I see I'm dealing with someone well-informed." He snorted softly.

"Since when do you know such things?" Ilya looked at Shane incredulously.

Shane shrugged, as if he hadn't just uttered a name that was legendary to many.

"An acquaintance is interested in figure skating," he replied innocently. "He talks a lot."

Victor's smile widened, amusement flickering in his tired eyes.

“Well, it’s nice to be recognized,” he said, then looked down at Misha. “But the most important player today is here anyway.”

Misha looked at him with even more admiration than before, as if he’d just learned he’d been watching someone from a completely different world. He gripped his stick and straightened proudly.

“Spin,” he announced seriously.

Victor knelt again, laughing softly.

“True. But you…” He glanced at Ilya and Shane, then back at the boy, “you can spin.”

Shane and Ilya exchanged a quick glance. On the ice, which today combined different disciplines, different paths, and legends, not only athletes met, but people who shared the same surface and the same, first infatuation with ice.

Hollander, still clearly amused by the encounter with the legend, raised an eyebrow and looked at Victor curiously.

“I thought you lived in Japan,” he said. "The media reported you moved there. What are you doing in Boston?"

Victor put his hands on his hips and sighed quietly, but a warm, almost homely smile played on his lips.

"We're traveling," he replied calmly. "Me, my husband, and our son. Before the games start."

He glanced sideways, toward the stands, as if making sure everything was in its place. But the stands were empty.

"We wanted to give him some freedom. New places, new ice rinks. So he could breathe before the chaos began again."

Shane nodded, accepting the answer without further question. Misha listened intently, though he didn't fully understand the words, sensing they were speaking of something important.

Ilya, meanwhile, was looking at Victor differently, more intently. There was no longer just curiosity or respect for his master in his gaze. There was understanding. Quiet, deep, unspoken.

"I understand," he finally said.

Victor looked at him, and for a moment they shared a look, as if they saw something familiar in each other. Two similar decisions, made at different times in their lives. Two departures from the same country, not out of a lack of love for him, but out of a need to be themselves.

They both left Russia to be with the men they loved. To build something of their own, even if it meant a life of constant movement.

They loved this country, grew up there, spent most of their lives there, and even though they were hurt by the people who stayed there, a part of them still longed for it all.

Victor nodded, as if thanking him for that single word. Sometimes it was the only way to close the door on their return home, forever.

A soft and meaningful silence fell on the ice again. And Misha, standing between them, played with the end of his stick, unaware that he was observing people who, each in their own way, had chosen love above all else.

"Victor."

The voice was masculine yet gentle, carrying effortlessly through the arena. Victor flinched and turned his head toward the rink entrance.

A young man, Japanese, dressed in a black sports winter jacket, appeared between the rows of seats. He wore square black glasses, beneath which his dark eyes peered intently. He stopped by the rink, resting his hands on it as if to make sure he could see clearly. "I finally found you," he said with a slight sigh, filled with more relief than resentment.

A warm, almost illuminating smile immediately appeared on Victor's face. Completely different from the one he bestowed upon the world, more private, soft. He pushed himself slightly and moved closer to the rail.

"Моя любовь," he said affectionately in Russian, his tone as natural as if the name were part of his breath. "I'm sorry. I didn't notice how much time had passed."

The Japanese man lifted the corner of his mouth, feigning resignation, though there was no anger in his gaze.

"I suspected," he replied calmly. "You always do when you're on the ice."

Victor laughed softly, resting his hands on the rail directly in front of him.

"True. But that's because the ice has a tendency to... hold me back."

Shane and Ilya watched the scene in silence. They didn't need to ask to know. The way Victor looked at the man on the other side of the fence said it all. It was the same look they knew all too well.

Misha leaned forward slightly, curious, and whispered.

"Who's that?"

Victor looked at the boy, then back at the other man, and nodded with a smile.

"Ah, that's my husband, little buddy," he replied simply.

That special silence reigned once again on the rink, filled with warmth, understanding, and untold stories, as if the ice beneath everyone's feet knew it had just connected new paths.

Victor glanced at the rink one last time, as if to memorize this moment, then headed for the exit. He deftly slid down to the rink, leaned against it, and in one fluid movement, slid off the ice. He sat on the bench, reaching for his runner pads.

His fingers moved smoothly, with the habit of someone who had done this hundreds of times, the metal blades disappearing beneath the plastic.

He stood, straightened his shirt, and glanced at Shane and Ilya again.

"It was nice meeting you," he said sincerely. "And your little champion."

Misha swung his stick vigorously, almost losing his balance, but Shane placed a hand on his shoulder just in time.

"Good luck in the competition," Ilya added with a faint smile. "And... have a nice trip."

Victor nodded, returning the smile, then turned and headed toward the locker room. The black-haired man was waiting for him a few steps away, and when Victor caught up with him, the two exchanged a brief, calm, understanding look. Wordlessly, they walked down the hallway together, arm in arm, disappearing through the doors leading to the backstage area.

Shane and Ilya lingered on the ice for a moment longer. Ilya glanced at Misha, who was glancing back in the direction where Victor had disappeared.

"I have a feeling we have to say goodbye to our dream of extending our reign in hockey," Ilya said with a sigh.

"Okay," Shane said with a hint of amusement. "Don't be so dramatic."

Misha pondered seriously, then held out his hands to be lifted. The Russian did so easily.

"Looks like we have an interesting future ahead of us." Ilya snorted with laughter.

And the ice beneath their feet, scarred by the tracks of many different paths, seemed to agree completely.

End Notes

That's all for today, let me know what you think and if you liked it. Thank you for all the kudos and comments, it's really motivating. I don't know when the fanfiction of this will come out, I'll leave it as a one-shot for now. Because I have two other fanfictions started that I need to finish.

Btw Misha's full name is Mikhail (Michael). → Mikhail Ilyich Rozanov.

Ilyich → Ilya.

Thanks again for reading and see you next time!

Translation↓
Моя любовь - Moya lyubov' - My love

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