winter wonderland

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76375981.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Hayden Pike, Amber Pike, Jade Pike, Ruby Pike, Arthur Pike, Jackie Pike, Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Domestic Fluff, Love, Romance, ilya rozanov is good with kids
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-25 Words: 1,275 Chapters: 1/1

winter wonderland

by leaveanote

Summary

Ilya and Shane join the Pike family for ice skating.

“Have we ever done this before? Skated like. Not for hockey?”

Ilya laughed.

“Guess not.”

“It’s kinda nice.”

“Yeah,” Ilya said. God, Shane loved that smile.

It was a beautiful day. The air was crisp, the sky a bright blue above Ottawa's nicest outdoor rink—well, nicest with all-ages family skate hours, and mozzarella sticks and hot chocolate in the adjoining shopping center. The crowds skewed just young-family enough that they didn't usually get recognized and mobbed, maybe a fan or two but not enough to spoil a day. Shane squinted against the glare of the sun, vaguely missing the controlled familiarity of a rink. It was almost *too* bright against the outdoor ice.

"Sweetie—sweetie, please go to Uncle Shane, Daddy's got his hands full with your sisters." came Hayden's voice, a note of panic in it. Jade was half-dragging Hayd behind her, while Ruby clung to him like she was still unsure she liked skating at all.

Shane turned just in time for the littlest Pike, Amber, to careen into his shins. "Oof," he said easily, smiling as he took her mittened hand.

"I don't want to fall again," Amber said, looking at Shane with bright eyes, and Shane's heart just about melted. He kept losing track of how old Hayden's kids were, but whatever age this was it was one of the *cutest.*

"I'm not going to let you fall," he said. "Wanna do one loop with me?"

Amber sniffed, shuffling her skates. Shane was starting to feel useless.

"Amber, Amber!"

Arthur Pike's little voice piped up behind them, approaching fast. Shane turned and his heart went hot in his chest.

Ilya was hand in hand with Arthur, who was small for a seven (eight?) year old. Both of them had bright pink cheeks, knit scarves flowing behind them as they zoomed up and slid to an easy, excited halt.

"That was so much fun! Can we go around again? No, wait—Amber, do you want a turn with Uncle Ilya?"

Amber slid closer to Shane, shaking her head shyly.

If it were anyone else, Shane suspected, Ilya would've drawn back in mock affront. But Ilya was so damn good with kids—better than any of them, in Shane's opinion.

"No, that was Arthur loop. Amber loop is different," Ilya said, swinging Arthur around to come up next to Shane and Amber.

"What's an Amber loop like?" Amber asked. Ilya smiled at her, and Shane felt hot right down to his toes.

"Can I show you? We stop if you don't like, of course."

"Okay," Amber said, smiling back.

“Okay! Great.” Ilya turned his eyes to Shane. Even now, Shane felt himself blushing. Ilya’s smile deepened. God, he might be blushing too. “I take your other hand. Yeah? Good! Okay, here we go.”

The four of them made a little chain. Shane, Amber, Ilya, Arthur. Arthur could kick and scurry all he wanted, while Ilya kept a hold of him and a steady pace for Amber, and Shane took the spot closest to center ice to anchor them.

It was…easy. It was *fun.* It felt so natural, it was insane. When was the last time Shane had experienced something *new* on the ice? It was literally new! A different attention paid to his body and his mind, and it was out here on a version of the ice he loved so much, miles away from games or pressure or the public eye.

The love of his life linked to him by their friends’ kids.

The kids screamed in delight, kicking their feet because they knew Shane and Ilya had them. Somewhere distantly, there was music. Ilya was laughing, doing one of the silly voices that all the Pike kids liked best.

Shane caught his eye.

They shared a smile. It was private because it was theirs and no one else’s, but it was also out in the open, hidden from no one. His love. His *love.* Something simple and obvious and miraculous all at once.

Ilya’s hair’s a mess. His whole face is rosy, his handsome frame ridiculously dreamy in his tailored winter jacket on the ice. Shane loved seeing him like this, getting to appreciate Ilya’s body doing what it did best (well, second-best), wearing his too-fucking-sexy wardrobe instead of their usual gear.

He was hot in his gear too, obviously. But this was a rarer treat.

“I love you so much,” Shane called to him as they skated in their little line.

“I love you too,” Ilya called back. And then, quieter but not quiet enough, he said something in Russian that made Shane hiss *Ilya!*

Thankfully, Jackie was back from the bathroom and loping toward them on the ice.

“Thank you for skating with me, Uncle Shane and Uncle Ilya! I had so much fun!” Amber said through giggles. Ilya bowed low on the ice.

“Any time,” he grinned.

Arthur called his thanks back too, already tugging his mom and sister to the rest of the family.

And then it was just Shane and Ilya on the ice.

Shane beamed, and Ilya slid to him, slipping his hand into the one of Shane's Amber had just released. They found themselves taking the lightly crowded rink at a leisurely pace, matching the average. It was mostly families on the ice, obviously, but there were a handful of solo skaters and several other couples skating hand in hand, all seeming straight except for what looked like two happy-looking queer girls.

It was wonderful.

It was also…weird?

Shane snorted, squeezing Ilya's hand.

"Have we ever done this before? Skated like. Not for hockey?"

Ilya laughed.

"Guess not."

"It's kinda nice."

"Yeah," Ilya said. God, Shane loved that smile. Ilya's genuinely happy smile, nothing coy or guarded about it.

They kept going, matching rhythm easily. Switching it up, following each other's lead. Nothing fancy. Just fun.

The sun was warm, and Ilya's hand was in his. It was a quiet, perfect peace, the kind he couldn't have dreamt of before they came out, and Shane didn't feel like racing at all. They continued like that until Hayden flagged them down for after-skate pizza and hot chocolate.

"You're so good with them," Shane said, as his best friend's kids' waved excitedly at their Uncle Ilya.

Ilya blushed. He fucking *blushed,* and Shane couldn't believe he gets to kiss this man, gets to go home and fucking worship him like he feels goddamn *made* to. Will get to have kids with him, one day in the hopefully not too distant future.

Which reminds Shane—

"Oh, but you *can't* say stuff like that to me around the kids!"

Ilya's blush turned into a crooked grin.

"Hayden's kids don't speak Russian."

"For now! You know Jade and Ruby want to learn."

"Wait, really? That's so kind." Ilya's eyes widened. "Oh, fuck, okay."

"Yeah! None of that around them!"

“Of course,” Ilya said, genuinely chastened. Shane squeezed his hand.

“It’s okay. I know they didn’t get it.” He grinned. “I mostly just want you to say that to me in Russian again, and then make good on that promise, but I can’t ask you to do that until we’re home from hot chocolate.”

“Fuck, Shane.”

“Later, moy lyubimyy.”

”Fuck, Shane!’

Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane so they stumbled off the ice together, laughing through the embrace.

“Excellent day! Right, guys?” Hayden said, over tag-teaming hat-and-mitten checks with Jackie.

“Excellent day,” Shane and Ilya agreed at the same time. Hayden groaned, while the twins squealed an *awww!*

“Sorry, Hayd,” Shane grinned. “You know I’ve had a lot of perfect days on the ice. But…this is tied for the best.”

Hayden’s kids cheered, and Shane’s husband gave him that perfect happy smile Shane loved so much.

“Definitely,” Ilya said, and kissed him.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!