

On your chest

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76524911) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76524911>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Original Children of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Implied/Referenced Child Abuse , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Hockey , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , POV Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Domestic Fluff , Family Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Little Ice Flower
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Words: 2,633 Chapters: 1/1

On your chest

by [Felxia](#)

Summary

Shane finds his husband and son in the living room.

In short, Ilya has skin-to-skin contact with little Misha.

Notes

I just have a thing for men who carry their little babies on their bare chests, okay? I don't know what's going on with this, but I did a similar one-shot for Hua Yong from ABO Desire and I had to do something like that for Hollanov too.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Shane slept soundly, sunk deep into the soft sheets of Ilya's vast, modern house. The bedroom was spacious, decorated in muted colors; light walls, concrete accents, and warm wood created a harmonious whole.

A panoramic window took up almost the entire wall, and beyond it stretched a view of the forest. Tall trees stood still, his dark silhouette reflected in the glass like a peaceful shadow. Soft morning light filtered through the branches, diffused by a light mist that hung low to the ground.

The house was silent, that special, profound silence of a place cut off from the world. There was no sound of the street or people, only the distant rustle of leaves in the wind and the faint creak of wood as the building heated up.

The air was cool and fresh, smelling of resin and coffee, as if someone had already tentatively begun the day.

Shane shifted under the covers, frowning. Consciousness slowly returned to him. He stretched lazily, stretching his arms above his head, feeling a pleasant tension in his muscles. He opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling for a moment, letting his thoughts settle.

It took him a moment to realize the other side of the bed was empty. The sheets were slightly rumpled but cool.

"Ilya...?" he muttered quietly, more to himself than aloud.

He propped himself up on his elbows and looked around the room. The silence continued. He sighed, rubbed his hand over his face, and began to wonder where Ilya had gone and why, despite the peace around him, he missed his presence more than he cared to admit.

Hollander rose slowly from the bed, stretching once more until the soft rustle of delicate, light-colored pajamas shattered the morning silence. The material was soft, cool against his skin, barely perceptible. Shane slipped his feet into the warm wood paneling and stood still for a moment, listening to the house.

It was enormous and designed with almost ascetic precision.

The hallway opening from the bedroom was wide, flooded with natural light streaming in through long, narrow windows running along one wall. The concrete accents contrasted with the light wood, and everything was kept in a cool, calm palette. The house didn't scream luxury; it breathed it.

Shane moved forward.

First, he glanced into the bathroom adjacent to the bedroom. A huge mirror, a stone sink, a pair of discarded towels, but no sign of Ilya. The shower was dry, the air untouched.

He frowned.

He moved on, quietly, almost silently, past the open-plan living room. For now, he ignored that part of the house. High ceilings, minimalist furniture, a huge sofa facing the panoramic windows. Behind them, the forest, still, peaceful, like a painting. Sunlight moved slowly across the floor, and dust danced in their light.

The second bedroom was equally empty. The bed was perfectly made, with no signs of anyone having been there since morning. Shane checked the closet, then the small study, but there was silence.

The home gym smelled of metal and rubber. The equipment was perfectly in place, the mats were intact, and the mirrors were clean. Ilya didn't train here.

"Strange..." Shane muttered under his breath.

He frowned deeper, feeling a growing, quiet surprise. Ilya usually let us know. Always. Even if he disappeared early.

The Canadian stopped, looked around the vast expanse of the house again, and took a slow breath. The silence was still peaceful, but now it held a hint of something unexpected.

He turned toward the kitchen and the stairs leading down, convinced the answer must lie somewhere further down.

Hollander moved toward the kitchen, and with each step, the silence of the house began to take on a familiar feel. The kitchen was open, connected to the living room, bright and minimalist, with a long island of light stone in the center. Light streamed in through the enormous windows, reflecting off the smooth surfaces and making the space feel even more peaceful, almost sterile.

And then he saw it.

On the counter, exactly where it always was, sat a plate. Covered with a simple ceramic lid. Beside it, a tall shaker, already closed, with foam gently settling under the lid. Shane stopped in his tracks.

He approached more slowly, as if afraid it would disappear.

He lifted the lid. Breakfast was arranged exactly as he liked, without chaos, without a mix of textures. Warm, neutral aromas. Nothing sharp, nothing too intense.

Shane slowly exhaled a breath he hadn't realized he was holding.

He reached for the shaker. His favorite, the exact same flavor, the same consistency, the density he tolerated best. For him, the performance diet wasn't a passing whim or a trend. It was structure. No dairy, no sugar, no alcohol, no red meat, simple, predictable, safe. And Ilya knew it by heart.

He knew him.

After years of being together, Ilya knew what Shane would eat, at what time, in what order. He knew which foods were "okay" and which could cause tension, chaos, a feeling of loss of control. And he never questioned it. He simply accepted it as a fact, as natural as breathing.

Shane leaned his hip against the kitchen island, holding a shaker in his hands. His thoughts drifted back to that moment when it had quickly become clear that something was wrong. When food stopped being fuel and started being the enemy. When the line between control and punishment had shifted too far.

Ilya was there. No pressure. No fear in his voice. They worked on this together, step by step, meal by meal. Without drama, but with a consistency and patience Shane had never experienced before.

He looked at his plate again. At the shaker. At the empty kitchen, which was nevertheless filled with Ilya's presence.

"You always know," he murmured quietly, more to himself than to anyone else.

He reached for a spoon. He sat down. And for the first time since waking up, he felt truly safe.

As he ate breakfast, Shane kept glancing toward the hallway, as if Ilya were about to appear. Every bite felt familiar and safe, but his thoughts lingered on one question: Where is he?

The answer came faster than he expected.

First, it was a barely audible bark, then a soft, drawn-out whine, drifting from the living room. Shane froze for a moment, his spoon hanging in midair. He sighed, pushed his plate away, and stood up, leaving his breakfast untouched.

He moved toward the living room he'd previously ignored. The sight he saw made him pause in the doorway.

Ilya was dressed only in dark sweatpants. His bare chest caught the morning light streaming through the enormous windows, his muscles moving calmly with each step. The Russian walked, or rather, rocked back and forth, in a steady, almost meditative motion.

In one hand, he held a long chew toy, which moved lazily just above the floor. Their golden retriever, Anya, followed him step by step, her tail flicking the air and every now and then barking softly with excitement.

Ilya's other hand was pressed against his chest.

It took Shane a moment to notice the small bundle.

The newborn slept peacefully, nestled in his father's warmth, his tiny head resting against his collarbone. The baby's breathing was even, almost invisible, as if the world had contracted solely to the beat of Ilya's heart.

Ilya looked up and saw Shane. His face immediately softened, and the rocking motion never stopped.

"You're awake," he said softly.

Shane felt something inside him relax. He leaned against the doorframe, gazing at the scene: the dog pacing patiently, the man he loved, and the tiny life sleeping safely between them.

"Now I know where you were," he replied just as quietly.

"Someone had to keep an eye on the morning." Ilya smiled faintly, his gaze never leaving the child.

Anya barked softly, demanding a toy, and Shane, looking at them all, thought the silence of the house had never been so profound.

He approached slowly, as if afraid to disturb the fragile balance of the moment. He stopped right next to his husband and carefully lifted his hand, brushing his fingertips against the delicate skin of the child's back. It was warm, soft, almost impossibly light to the touch.

"Was he restless?" he asked in a whisper.

Ilya nodded, continuing his rocking gait.

"A little," he replied just as quietly. "He woke up before dawn. He cried...for a long time."

He looked down at the sleeping boy, and his voice softened even more.

"But as soon as I picked him up...he immediately slowed his breathing."

Shane sighed softly, more with relief than exhaustion. They had known this for days; their little boy needed closeness in the most primal way. Skin-to-skin contact was the only thing that truly worked. No lullabies, no sounds, no rituals. Just warmth, scent, heartbeat.

For days, they had practically alternated, he or Ilya. Bare chests, arms patient and tired, nightly vigils without words. Without complaint. As if they both instinctively knew this was exactly what was needed.

Shane moved his hand higher, gently, barely touching the child's neck. The boy stirred slightly, sighed in his sleep, but didn't wake. His fingers tightened reflexively on the skin of Ilya's chest.

"It's good you heard him," Shane said quietly, more to Ilya than to the child.

Ilya looked up, and there was weariness in his eyes, but also something calm, certain.

"Always," he replied curtly.

Anya lay down at their feet, finally calm, a chew toy in her mouth. Silence filled the house again, not empty, but thick with presence. Shane stood close, feeling the warmth radiating

from both of them, from the man he loved and from the little boy who slept, not yet knowing how protected he was.

The Russian lifted his gaze from the sleeping child for a moment and regarded Shane carefully.

"Go, eat your breakfast," he said quietly but firmly. "It'll cool down."

Shane grimaced slightly, as if to protest. He looked back at their son, at the gentle rhythm of the rocking, at Ilya's hand protecting his tiny back.

"Just a moment..." he murmured.

"Shane." Ilya raised an eyebrow.

That was enough.

"Fine. But only because I know you're right." The Canadian sighed softly and nodded.

He returned to the kitchen slowly, almost reluctantly, as if each step took him further from something important. He sat down at the island and reached for his spoon again. The food was still warm, exactly as it should be, but Shane ate more slowly than before.

From where he sat, he had a perfect view of the living room.

He saw Ilya still pacing back and forth, his movements steady and soothing. How his shoulders automatically adjusted to the child's slightest movement. How every few steps he ducked his head, checking his son's breathing, as if to make sure everything was alright.

Shane rested his elbow on the counter and stopped eating for a moment, simply watching.

He admired him.

Not just for the strength he'd always seen in him, the physical, obvious one, but for the quiet, everyday one. For patience. For attentiveness. For the way Ilya could be exactly what their son needed, without hesitation, without fear.

Shane felt something tighten in his chest. He lifted the shaker and drank slowly, never taking his eyes off the living room.

"You're amazing," he said quietly, more to himself than aloud.

Ilya seemed to hear it. He lifted his head, and for a moment their gazes met across the expanse of the house. The Russian smiled faintly, wordlessly, then focused again on the rocking.

Shane went back to eating. Easier this time. Because he knew everything was exactly where it should be. Even though the beginning of all this hadn't been easy. Especially for Rozanov.

Ilya didn't say it out loud. He never had to. It was something that floated between them in the silence, in those small moments when his gaze on his son became too watchful, too focused, as if afraid that one mistake could set off a whole chain of past histories.

He was afraid of the path they had just chosen.

Not because he didn't love him. Exactly.

He had grown up in the shadow of a father who was more of a demand than a support, more of a pressure than a safety net. A father whose presence always came at a price. A mother who had vanished from his life so completely, leaving behind a silence so thick he carried it for years. A brother who had been consumed by gambling, a spiral of promises and debts from which Ilya couldn't pull him out, though he tried.

It all came back now in waves.

In the way Ilya held his child, securely, yet as if afraid to let go, even for a second. In the way he counted his breaths, the way he tested the temperature of his skin with his hand, the way he listened for the slightest sound. There was no nervousness in his movements, rather the quiet alertness of someone who knows how easily the world can fall apart.

Shane saw it all from the kitchen.

He didn't ask. He knew he didn't have to. Instead, he ate slowly and steadily, because it was one of the few things he could do, to take care of himself, so that Ilya wouldn't have to worry about another piece of this puzzle.

The blond walked past the window, and for a moment, his face was filled with light. The exhaustion was clear. But there was something else beside him, too, determination. A firm, silent decision that history didn't have to repeat itself.

As he looked at his son, his features softened. A hand ran down his tiny back in the same rhythm it always did.

"It'll be different with you," he thought, silently.

As if sensing the thought, Shane pushed his plate away and stood. He moved closer, stopped right next to Ilya, and placed a hand on his shoulder. He didn't say anything.

There was no need. Sometimes the greatest fears don't need words; it's enough for someone to stand by and stay.

The little boy stirred restlessly, as if something were gently pulling him from sleep. His forehead furrowed for a split second, and then his eyelids slowly opened. The world saw his eyes, hazel-blue, a strange, almost unreal blend of colors, suspended somewhere between warm brown and blurred blue. There was still a lot of sleep in that gaze, but already curiosity was creeping in.

A soft, childish sound escaped his lips, something between a sigh and a short purr. He instinctively curled up, pressing his face deeper into Ilya's chest, as if to reassure himself that

the warmth was still there.

Tiny fingers tightened on his father's skin, and then, with that infantile seriousness, he stretched his body.

His shoulders rose slowly, his back arched, and his dark blond hair rippled slightly, sticking out in various directions. Ilya immediately slowed his pace, his hand sliding soothingly down his son's back.

"Hey..." he whispered softly.

Shane was already beside him. He leaned in, attentive, as if the child's every movement were sacred. He smiled involuntarily when the boy blinked again, focusing.

For a moment, the boy's gaze hovered between them. Not yet fully conscious, but already searching. And when his eyes finally settled on Shane's face, the look of tension slowly faded.

Instead, peace settled in.

Ilya felt his son's body relax again, his breathing return to a steady rhythm. The rocking continued, silent and uninterrupted.

The morning continued. And with it, that fragile, beautiful moment when the world began anew, with open eyes, warm arms, and a silence that didn't hurt.

End Notes

That's it, let me know what you think. I want to emphasize that I'm not intentionally pre-determining how Misha appeared with Shane and Ilya; I'll leave that to you, whether it was adoption or mpreg, I leave it to you to interpret.

Let me know what you think and if you want more moments with little Misha!

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

Ilyich → Ilya.

Thanks again for reading and see you next time!

You can support me on X if you want, all the information and updates will appear there ^^

[My profil on X](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!