

shine bright

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by [Lime24](#)

Summary

Yelena Hollander-Rozanova is the best female figure skater in Canada, maybe even the world. Shane knows this, he does, but that doesn't stop the dread he feels awaiting her turn to take the ice for her chance at her first Olympic bid. Ilya is trying to keep his spirits up, but Lena not telling him *anything* about her new program sure isn't helping his anxiety.

a.k.a: the one where hollanov's daughter does a free skate program to Diamonds by Rihanna and tries to surprise them with it.

Notes

i've been watching the us nationals for the past several days so this may or may not be heavily inspired by amber glenn (go watch her she's amazing). thought up this little one-shot while watching the women's free skate program, about an hour and a half of writing later here it is - my first ever (finished) fanfic!

apologies for any grammatical errors, english unfortunately is my first language so i have no good reasoning for it other than sleep deprivation lmao!

disclaimer: author is not a figure skater. my credentials are completing adult one and adult two like 2 years ago and watching a LOT of figuring skating this week and a LOT of ilia malinin edits. sorry for any inaccuracies!!! enjoy!!!!

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

“Shane,” Ilya said, nudging him from where he sat in the bleachers next to his husband, “Shane it is almost her turn.” Shane groaned from where he sat, head buried in his hands.

“I can’t watch,” He whined, sinking further into Ilya’s lap. Ilya ran his hand through his hair, a soft smile gracing his face.

“Lena knows what she is doing,” Ilya hummed, “She has done this routine many times, even if she did not want us to see it until now. She will be amazing, моя любовь, just *watch*.”

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Yelena Hollander-Rozanova had been on skates since she could walk, and managed to talk her dads into putting her into figure skating lessons by the time she was 5 years old. She dazzled her judges and coaches, making her way up the ranks and finding herself with an invite to the Canadian National Championships for the first time when she was just 15 years old. She landed herself in 10th on her national debut, showing skills that even skaters 4 years her senior could not complete. She won the bronze in her first Junior World competition, and quickly made it to the gold medal on the global level, but now, 22 years old, she was vying for not only her 2nd national championship, but her first Olympic bid.

She had broken records just two nights ago with her Madonna short program, landing the highest score with 4 triples in her electrifying skate. But that was two days ago, and this was now. Now, the time for her brand new free skate, details of which she has been trying so hard to hide from most, but particularly from her dads. This skate meant everything to her - and would mean everything to them. This is what she wanted to bring to the Olympic stage, what she wanted to show to represent not only her country, but everything that supported her along the way.

Lena rubbed at her quads, trying to get out a nonexistent knot as she watched the girl before her land jump after jump, and found herself beginning to pace.

“Lena you need to breathe girl,” Amber Pike said, smiling from where she leaned on the wall nearby.

“Easy for you to say - you already got your bid!” Lena said in return. Amber smirked, pulling her hands out of the pockets of her crisp new Team Canada fleece. She had secured her spot in Pairs skating just hours before, electing to stay for moral support through the later sessions. “If I don’t get this bid, God how will I look my dad in the eyes.” she said, deflating.

“The same way you always do,” Amber said with a pointed glance. “Uncle Shane is so soft for you - Uncle Ilya too, I don’t know what you’re worried about. They *love* you, Olympic team be damned. Not that you need to worry about it - you practically already got your bid in the short program, Miss National Record Holder.”

“Yeah yeah okay,” Lena sighed, “Maybe you’re right.” She shook out her legs, glancing back to where Zoe Leblanc was coming out of a spin sequence into her final pose, taking her bows. “Okay, show time. I got this,” Lena smiled. Amber gave her a firm hug, grinning and blowing her a kiss to send her off to the door to meet her coach.

Lena glanced up at the stands as she took off her guards, her coach patting her on the back, offering the usual affirmations. She spotted her papa, trying to coax her dad out of his anxious hunch and huffed a laugh. Good to know they haven’t changed a bit. She pushed off her blades, taking a lap around the ice before finding her starting mark, closing her eyes, and waiting for the first note of her track.

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Shane always felt the most anxious in the moment of silence before his daughter began. He knew a lot of the skating moms at their club couldn’t even go to these competitions, having to wait in stairwells, or watch from the hotel, and if Ilya hadn’t had anything to say about it he’d probably do something similar. He couldn’t explain where this fear came from, why it felt so deafening, when it was all to do with his daughter’s passions. Lena *loved* skating, and Shane loved that she loved it, loved watching her, but something about watching her in competition made him want to cry.

He finally managed to look down at the ice as Lena finished her lap, landing at center ice in an elegant pose. He was in awe of her, taking in just how *beautiful* his daughter was, braids into a ponytail of wild blonde curls, just like her papa, who was smiling next to him, gripping his hand tight as he gazed at their daughter. Lena’s elegant black dress, bedazzled to the 9s,

fell perfectly at her waist, her arm pointed at the sky, eyes closed as Shane held his breath, waiting for the music to begin.

Shane saw Ilya straighten as the music began, grasping Shane's hand harder than before. "Shane Shane this is," Ilya stuttered in awe. "This is.."

"I know Ilya," Shane whispered back, a grin creeping across his face as he watched Lena begin her choreography, the familiar lyrics of Rihanna's Diamond echoing through the arena. Shane felt his eyes start to well as he watched Lena glide across the rink, entering a clean triple axel, soaring above the ice through 3.5 rotations. He felt himself exhale as she landed, one down. She looked happy - free, nailing her spin sequence like it was nothing, launching herself into prep for her next jumps.

Impossibly, she made a triple flip-triple toe combo look like nothing, and Shane slowly felt his fears fall away. His daughter was a machine, churning out a triple lutz-double toe, before gliding out of a triple salchow. He had nothing to worry about. Lena was comfortable and confident, and he and everyone else in this arena could see an Olympic bid with her name on it. Shane was giddy at the thought, another Hollander and another Rozanova competing at the highest level. As Lena comes out of a triple loop-double axel-double axel combo, Shane can just see the medal in her future. He glances over at his husband, tears streaming down his face, and leans into Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya's head falls onto his as they watch their daughter come out of an elegant flying sit combo, with the lyrics to their song, the song that started their marriage, now an anthem to their daughter's greatest success. Lena landed her triple flip with ease, finding a slight underrotation on her last jump - a triple loop. It won't matter in the end, though, Shane knows that she's already outscored her closest competitor on the technical scores. The gold is hers, and as she comes out of her final spin sequence, gliding across the ice on her knees to her final pose, Shane finds himself bawling.

Ilya is too, and so is Lena, hunched over in a child's pose on the ice, head in her hands, before she rises, bowing to the crowd. The camera pans over Shane and Ilya, both blowing kisses at her through their tears, waiting for the scores to be announced.

The score comes up on the screen and Shane buries himself in Ilya's shoulder in relief, feeling his husband's hand snake through his hair. Free skate - 150.50. Highest score in the women's free skate in decades. And his daughter just did that. He looks back at the screen,

watching Lena embrace her coach in joy, watching her grin and make a heart with her hand towards the camera.

“Do you still have that sweater?” Ilya asks him, “The one from 2014?” Shane laughs.

“Probably,” He says, “why?”

“I will need Hollander Canada merch for next month,” Ilya says, “You have plenty of jackets, I want that one.”

Shane leaned into him, pressing a quick kiss to his husband’s cheek, grabbing his hand. “I think that can be arranged,” He said with a grin. How lucky was he, to have this amazing life, getting to support his talented, caring daughter, who just skated to their song, for them, and used it to win gold. God, he was the luckiest man alive.

End Notes

hope y'all liked! kudos and comments feed the soul - much love to you all!

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