

She's a star, Shane

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She's a star, Shane

by [witchesandmischief](#)

Summary

Hockey stars Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov are facing a new challenge—their daughter's first figure skating competition.

Notes

Russian Translations:

malyska - baby girl

moya lyubov - my love

ya tebya lyublyu - I love you

Six-year-old Irina Jane Hollander-Rozanov was competing in her very first figure skating competition, and the nerves were high.

Mostly Shane's.

He paced back and forth across the living room, muttering to himself. All the while, Ilya leaned against the kitchen island, coffee in hand as he watched in amusement.

His anxious husband was packing the small pink skate bag they'd bought their daughter when she first started lessons.

It was ridiculous. It was also adorable.

Ilya took another sip of coffee, fully aware that Shane was only this wound up because he cared so deeply. It was one of the many reasons he loved him—right up there with the way Shane had woken him up that morning, wandering hands and all.

Irina, on the other hand, didn't have a care in the world.

She sat on the couch, already dressed in the bedazzled purple skating costume she had picked out herself, kicking her little feet as she snacked on a bag of cheddar crackers. In front of her, Shane crouched, fidgeting with the laces of her shoes.

"Did you call my mom to tell her what time Irina's session begins?" He asked Ilya as he bent down to put them on their daughter.

"Yes."

"And she knows the address, right?"

“I sent it to her yesterday,” Ilya assured, setting down his mug and crossing the room.

Shane paused, brow furrowed, “Did she—“

“Shane,” Ilya cut in, “It is taken care of.”

Shane let out a long breath. “Sorry, sorry. I’m just... making sure.”

Ilya moved behind him, hands settling on his shoulders in a grounding squeeze, watching as Shane pulled the laces a little too tight.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya pointed out, “her feet will fall off if you tie them like that.”

“Says the one who’s worried about how many rhinestones are on her dress,” Shane scoffed as he finishes tying their daughter’s shoes as Ilya knelt down beside him.

“Our *malyshka* must shine,” He exclaimed, leaving an obnoxious kiss on his husband’s cheek, “No one must outshine our daughter.”

He reached across Shane to tickle Irina’s side, earning a burst of giggles and a dramatic squirm.

“Wow, competitive much?”

“Always,” Ilya shrugged, then turned to their daughter with a grin. “Ready, *moya lyubov*?”

Irina nodded, “Can we get ice cream after, papa?”

“Only if you don’t fall.”

“Ilya!” Shane snapped, slapping his arm.

“What?” He asked, innocently, “You want me to lie?”

Shane stood, grabbing Irina’s skate bag, “Let’s just get going before we’re late.”

Ilya winked at their daughter before he scooped her up into his arms and snagged their coats off the armrest of the couch.

“You’re dad is very bossy this morning,” He whispered not so quietly to Irena as they walked out the front door to the car.

“I am *prepared*,” Shane called after them, fumbling for his keys. “There’s a difference.”

Irina giggled, looping her arms around Ilya’s neck. “Papa, Daddy’s nervous.”

Ilya couldn’t help but smile, pressing a kiss to her temple. He loved his observant little girl.

“Yes,” he said fondly, “but that’s because he loves you more than anything.”

At the rink, Ilya held Irina's hand in one of his and kept the other resting reassuringly on Shane's back as they made their way toward the check-in table. The building buzzed with the sound of skates scraping the ice while music echoed faintly from above.

"There's my girl!"

They turned at the sound of Yuna Hollander's voice just in time to see her sweeping toward them with open arms. Irina let go of Ilya's hand immediately and sprinted straight into her grandmother's embrace.

"Look at how sparkly you are!" Yuna swooned, crouching down to admire her properly. "Absolutely dazzling. Go on, do a spin for me."

Irina spun, nearly tripping over her feet as her grandmother laughed. Yuna straightened and turned to greet her sons, "Your father dropped me off because somebody forgot to pick up flowers last night."

"It's fine," Shane said hugging his mom, "She doesn't go on for another hour, I think."

"Plenty of time to scope out the competition," Yuna replied, already craning her neck toward the ice. Ilya shot Shane a smug *told you so* look.

"You sound like, Ilya," Shane groaned.

"Don't act like you won't be doing the exact same thing in ten minutes, honey," Yuna scoffed.

"They're children, Mom," Shane reminded her.

"You were a child too," Yuna shot back, "That didn't stop you from being competitive."

Shane opened his mouth, then thought better of it. “Okay. Fair.”

Yuna turned back to Irina, softening instantly, “Tell you what. After you skate, ice cream is on me and Grandpa. Deal, sweetie?”

Irina grinned. “Daddy said if I fall I can’t have ice cream.”

Shane winced. “That is not what *I* said.”

“It’s exactly what I said.” Ilya said, entirely unhelpful.

Yuna laughed, waving them off. “She’ll be fine. Look at her. She’s going to be amazing.”

Irina tugged on Shane’s sleeve. “Daddy, I’m going to go to Coach Ana now.”

“Okay,” Shane said, crouching down to her level. “We’ll be right over there, ready to cheer you on. We’ll come down from the bleachers when you’re all done. Sound good?”

Irina nodded and wrapped her arms around him before turning to hug Ilya just as tightly.

Ilya bent down, lowering his voice. “Destroy them, *malyshka*.”

“Jesus Christ, Ilya,” Shane muttered as Ilya kissed her forehead and let her go.

Right on cue, Irina took off at full speed, as she ran toward her coach, who was already speaking with one of the older skaters.

Yuna watched her go, smiling warmly. “She gets that confidence from you, you know?”

Shane swallowed. “That’s what I’m afraid of.”

Ilya slipped an arm around him, “Relax. Let’s go sit.”

They made their way up the bleachers, and Ilya insisted on sitting dead center of the ice. *Optimal viewing*, he insisted.

The moment Shane sat down, his knee started bouncing.

Ilya noticed; he always did.

“Hey,” he murmured, resting a hand over Shane’s leg, pressing it still. “You’re vibrating.”

“Shut up,” Shane muttered, but ultimately caved, sliding his fingers between his husband’s. The warmth of him anchored Shane slightly, though not for long.

Ilya opened his mouth to speak when a familiar voice sounded from behind them, “Am I late?”

They turned to see Shane’s dad climbing the bleacher steps with a bouquet of sunflowers in hand.

“Hey, Dad,” Shane said, standing before Ilya tugged him back down.

“Sit,” his husband ordered. Then, to David, he added, “He’s more nervous for this than when we played against each other.”

“Am not!”

Shane’s father chuckled, settling in beside Yuna.

The announcer’s voice crackled over the speakers, suddenly. “Next up, skater number twelve, Irina Hollander-Rozanov.”

Shane’s knee resumed bouncing.

Ilya leaned in, lips brushing Shane’s ear, “Breathe.”

“I *am* breathing.”

“You’re panicking.”

Shane shot him a look, “She’s about to skate in front of strangers...with judges!”

“She performs for us daily in the living room,” Ilya reminded him, “With worse lighting.”

Irina glided onto the ice, her purple dress sparkling under the lights, arms lifting just like she’d practiced. She looked up and grinned at the sight of her family in the crowd, before waving excitedly.

Both Shane and Ilya waved back immediately, while Yuna and David held their phones out, ready to record their granddaughter’s first performance. Shane clutched Ilya’s sleeve, “She waved at us.”

“She knows where her people are,” Ilya nodded, his grin never faltering as the opening piano notes begin.

Irina pushed off, skating forward, and executed her first little spin. Slightly wobbly, but a spin none the less. Shane tightened his hold on Ilya’s hand, his own fingers paling from the grip.

When Irina made her tiny jump, landing a little heavy, Shane jumped too—out of his seat.

“Yes!” he shouted, then remembered he wasn’t in a hockey environment before quickly sitting back down. Ilya laughed softly, kissing the back of Shane’s hand before returning his gaze to their daughter.

“She’s a star,” Shane whispered, his eyes glistening as Irina went into what looked like her attempt at an axel.

“Told you,” Ilya squeezed his hand, “No one shines brighter.”

As Irina struck her final pose, arms wide and head held high, Shane and Ilya were already on their feet, laughter and applause spilling from them.

“That’s my kid!” Ilya yelled and Shane and his parents laughed.

On the ice, Irina waved up at them again, out of breath but grinning ear to ear, sparkling brighter than any spotlight in the rink.

As her little legs wobbled while she skated off, Shane and Ilya rushed down the bleachers to meet her at the benches, Yuna and David trailing behind.

Irina barreled into Shane’s arms first, squealing. “Did you see me spin, Daddy?”

“Are you kidding me? Of course, I did,” Shane said, setting her down gently.

“You were amazing, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya exclaimed pulling his daughter into his arms. Yuna leaned toward Shane, eyes sparkling with mischief.

“You know... she could have a serious future in this. I could start looking into some potential sponsors—”

“Mom,” Shane warned, “She’s six.”

“I’m just saying!” Yuna insisted, waving a finger like she’d already drafted contracts in her head. Shane shook his head, half exasperated, half amused, before turning to Irina and Ilya.

“Papa, I didn’t fall,” Irina said proudly and Ilya grinned.

“You know what that means?”

“Ice cream!” She cheered, clapping her hands and earning a laugh from everyone.

Shane’s dad stepped forward, reaching down to lift her into his arms. “Come on, kiddo. Let’s make good on that promise.”

By the time they got Irina her well-deserved treat and said their goodbyes to the grandparents, the sun was just starting to set, casting golden light over the car as they drove home.

Irina, utterly spent from the day of skating and ice cream, was fast asleep in the backseat. Her mouth was slightly agape, a tiny trail of chocolate smeared on her cheek, as soft snores escaped her lips.

Ilya looked back and chuckled, “She’s out cold.”

Shane stole a glance in the rearview mirror, smiling softly. “She had a big day.”

Ilya reached over, running his hands through the back of Shane’s hair and massaging his neck, “There are many more to come.”

Shane exhaled, “It’s crazy, you know? We didn’t even know if a life like this was possible.”

“What do you mean?” Ilya questioned, brow furrowed and curious.

Shane shrugged, “Like... back then, I couldn’t have imagined this. Figure skating competitions, ice cream with our daughter, a life with you...”

He swallowed, voice catching slightly, “Somehow, after all those years of hiding, we made this. Us. Somehow.”

“Shane,” Ilya murmured, his hand cupping Shane’s cheek gently, stopping him from pushing the thought away.

“Sorry, it sounds stupid,” Shane said, shaking his head, a small laugh caught in his throat.

“It’s not,” Ilya replied softly, smiling. “It’s not crazy to think that.”

The light ahead turned red, and Ilya leaned closer, brushing his lips against Shane’s temple, “You’ve given me everything I’ve ever wanted. *Everything*. I wouldn’t be here without you... or Irina.”

Shane’s lips curled into a small, teary smile. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya whispered back in Russian, brushing the tear from Shane’s cheek. “*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

They drove on in quiet comfort, the hum of the car filling the silence. Shane’s knee, which had been bouncing since the morning, was finally still and Ilya’s hand never left his. And as they glanced at each other they realized that everything—every panic, every worry, every long day—was worth it.

Because this. This was real. This was *their* life. *Their* little family. And it was *everything*.

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