

figure skating is safer than hockey

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77054646) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77054646>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Anxious Shane Hollander , Regulating Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane & Ilya are girl dads , no one outsparkles a Hollander-Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 2,069 Chapters: 1/1

figure skating is safer than hockey

by [gaypaniccupcakes](#)

Summary

Shane & Ilya Hollander-Rozanov are the happy girl dads of a three year old daughter heading to her first hockey camp. However, the rival figure skating camp holds her attention more.

Notes

Hi. I am a retired fanfic writer brought out of my cave by this beautiful show.

I got this idea off a TikTok video by @wenniferjiggins and ran with it.

I proofread this myself and hopefully it isn't a disaster.

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

Shane is rushing his husband out the door with their three-year-old daughter in his arms. It is her first day of summer hockey camp, and they are late!

“Stop freaking out!” Ilya yells out as he starts the car and rushes back inside the house.
“Forgot phone!”

“Fu- fudging hurry!” Shane yells back as he secures their quiet but observant daughter into her car seat.

“Daddy, why so mad?” She asks and furrows her brow just like Shane’s is. Her nose scrunches up and makes the little freckles on her nose bunch up as well.

“Not mad, sweetie. Just nervous,” he says honestly and kisses her forehead. “Dads get nervous for hockey camp too!”

Shane gets into the passenger seat and Ilya slides in next to him. “Okay. We can go,” he says calmly as if he isn’t the last in the vehicle.

“Yes, go! Car, in drive! Move!” Shane says and waves his hands anxiously in front of him.

“Papa, Daddy is mad,” a giggling voice from the back seat says.

“I am not mad, Irina!” Shane says and scoffs.

Ilya puts his arm behind Shane’s seat as he backs out and then looks over at Shane. “Hmm, looks mad. Good catch, sweetie,” Ilya says and laughs.

“I am not mad! I am... nervous for how dangerous hockey is,” Shane says sadly. It doesn’t seem as dangerous when they play. It is different to have their daughter among the perils.

“About what? It is orientation! She will not even be in skates! What? We put two neck guards on her, Mr. Safety? I saw you sneak one on her!”

Shane gasps exasperatedly. “You never know, Ilya!” Shane declares and crosses his arms over his chest.

“Can we listen to Chappell, Papa?” Their daughter asks.

Ilya bursts into laughter. “Of course!”

At the rink, Ilya does the rounds with Irina in his arms after signing her in. Shane got stopped by an old teammate for a bit. Tonight is mostly about talking over the expectations of the camp and for all the families to meet. This camp is small, mostly retired hockey players' kids looking for some anonymity from the public.

Shane catches up and wraps an arm around him as he kisses Ilya's cheek. "I'm glad no one is skating tonight," his anxious husband says.

"Yes, we don't need tragedy on the ice. Thanks for reminding me, Shane," Ilya says and rolls his eyes.

"Papa, what's tragedy?" Irina asks and looks at him.

"I love that she is asking you to define English words," Shane chuckles.

On the last day of hockey camp, Irina seems to be finding her footing on the ice. She is easily the faster skater, like her proud papa, but her attention is all over the place.

Unfortunately, Irina has the type of dads that stay with her at every camp session, and today is no different. Currently, the camp is sharing the ice with a figure skating camp that overlaps by one day.

"Look how small!" Shane says and points at the toddler-sized figure skating students. "Ours look like short professionals with all the pads."

Ilya watches them join onto the ice, and as they begin skating around with the teachers and trainers, Irina is transfixed.

She is currently trying out goalie and not watching the puck at all. It slides right by her stick for a goal, and her team begins yelling at her.

"Hey, hey, we all get distracted sometimes!" The coach says and skates over to talk to her. They speak for a few minutes and they both can tell their sensitive daughter is upset.

She chooses to skate over to the side, and both Shane and Ilya are down the stands in seconds to check on her.

Her little face has tears, and it breaks them in two. "I hate being bad!" She cries beneath all her hockey padding. "I think they pretty!" She bawls and points at the other side of the rink.

Shane lifts her up over the wall and puts her on his lap to attempt to hug her among the padding. “It’s okay, it’s your first camp, sweetie. It’s okay to get distracted.”

“They do spins sometimes,” Irina says and sniffles. “Goalies don’t spin,” she says and her bottom lip trembles as she begins to cry again.

Ilya crouches down and wraps an arm around their daughter as well. He looks over his shoulder at the opposing camp and wonders if their daughter is in the wrong sport.

“Daddy, we listen to Chappell?” Irina asks again, and on the female pop star goes.

They all sing along to her songs on the way to a local retiree hockey player gathering. It is more of a WAG event, but all of Irina’s friends will be there, and she has begged to go.

Ilya and Shane have Irina between them skating around and lifting her up so she can pretend to skate on air. She lets their hands go and takes off on her own. They watch her do a slow and clumsy spin and look at them with a grin.

“Oh,” Shane says and looks at Ilya. “Maybe we don’t have a future hockey player,” he says and laughs. “She’s never done that, right?”

Ilya skates ahead and scoops her up to bring her back closer to them. “Where you learn spin?” He asks and tickles her stomach for her to laugh.

“Teach myself! Just now!” She giggles out.

Ilya gasps. “See, this is why my swimmers win, Hollander! Look at that!” He kisses their daughter on her freckled cheek and stays delusional.

Shane covers Irina’s ears and laughs. “Shhh, don’t do that. We promised!”

“What’s swimmers, papa?” Irina asks loudly.

“Oh fudge,” Shane says and sighs.

“Jesus fucking Christ. I thought hockey gear was expensive,” Shane says with glasses on as he scrolls on his laptop. “And there are no pads or guards. This is even more life-threatening than hockey!”

Ilya walks from the kitchen into the living room and leans against the back of the couch Shane is sitting on. He places his hands on Shane’s bare shoulders and massages them slowly. “She won’t be doing duets her first year, Hollander,” he says and leans down to kiss Shane’s temple.

“Mmm, that is very true,” Shane says and cranes his neck as Ilya’s mouth begins to kiss down the length of it. “She won’t be on the ice with just anyone.”

“Mmmhmm,” just coaches and trainers and other students. They do not even sharpen them all the way when they are this little. You know that.” Ilya sucks along Shane’s neck and has now properly relaxed his husband.

“You’re right. I need to stop trying to cage her in safety,” Shane sighs out.

Shane’s shoulders relaxes and his jaw unclenches. Ilya kisses the top of his head and returns to the kitchen to finish the dishes. Just as he turns the water on, Shane is upset again.

“Four thousand dollars? For a skirt?” Shane says. “Is it caked in moon dust?!”

Ilya turns the water off and heads back to the living room.

Shane watches with his arms wrapped around him tight as Irina skates with her trainer along the ice. They try out spins and twirls. Their daughter is such a natural on the ice.

He was able to get in contact with his old buddy from training and got her set up to win her own gold some day. Shane is already picturing Christmas Cards with all three of them biting their medals. That is, if she survives the ice.

“She’s good,” Ilya says beside him. “Why are you like a clam?” He asks and wraps his arm around his husband. “She is safer than in hockey right now, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane says and sighs. “I want to enjoy this. Help me calm down,” he asks and looks at Ilya with tired eyes.

“Mmm, you are sitting on very bad bleachers with your handsome husband while we watch our talented daughter with my swimmers skate like a pro at three,” Ilya says and massages Shane’s shoulder with his hand. “Calm down, silly,” he says and kisses Shane quickly.

“Daddy! Papa!” Irina yells, and they both wave at her as she does a spin slowly but without falling. They cheer and clap for her.

“Wow, we’re figure skating dads now,” Shane says and smiles. “Safer than hockey.”

“Much safer,” Ilya reminds Shane. “But not cheaper.

“Fuck, no. Not cheaper.”

“Jesus Fucking Christ, I feel like I finish a whole section for it to be three lines,” Shane says and grumbles with his glasses sliding down his nose from the sweat.

Shane has decided to make Irina’s first performance uniform for her debut instead of ordering it. She wants specific things, and he can’t break her heart. They talk to so many designers but it would be done too late for her debut.

So, it is 4 AM two days before competition day, and Shane is gluing plastic jewels onto stretchy fabric. And losing his damn mind.

“Oh,” Ilya says as he turns the corner. “Did you glue anything?” He jokes.

Shane looks up and immediately starts crying. “I don’t know!” He sobs out.

“Woah, woah, do not cry, fuck, uh, I will do it?” Ilya offers and gets down to hold Shane while he cries. “Shhh, we can do it together! I will glue fancy rocks!”

Shane lifts up. “You will? It’s so much, Ilya.”

“Of course I will. She has to be perfect!” Ilya kisses Shane until he relaxes, and then they spend the next four hours gluing stones.

“If we stop here,” Shane says and yawns. As he stretches his arms out. “We can skip and make a swoop and knock hours off.”

Ilya stares blankly at Shane. “Oh, you want her to be boring like you?” He says and rolls his eyes. “No one will out sparkle our daughter, Hollander! No one!”

Irina's first performance goes so well for her. Most of her peers aren't nearly on her level at all. Her routine has some hiccups, but she recovers and smiles despite them. Clearly, she hasn't inherited Shane's anxiety and flourishes with Ilya's confidence.

Afterward, they shower her with bouquets of flowers and stuffed animals. There isn't scoring due to their ages, this is more so for practice. Every participant receives a medal for showing up at all.

"I won a medal!" Irina says and shows them her participation award. The ribboned medal hangs from her tiny neck heavy and large.

Ilya sneers at it. Shane elbows him in the side. "They are three, and this isn't Russia," Shane reminds his husband.

Ilya snaps out of it and picks up their little skater to put her on his shoulder. "My daughter is an award-winning figure skater!" He yells and bounces her in celebration.

Irina giggles and raises her arms over her head as Ilya bounces her and cheers.

"Our daughter," Shane says and kisses Ilya's cheek.

"Right now, she is winner, she is mine," Ilya says and smiles crookedly at Shane before kissing his cheek.

"Irina Hollander-Rozanov! Three-time Olympian and most-awarded Canadian Figure Skater!" A loud voice booms over the stadium speakers.

Irina skates and waves at the thousands upon thousands that are there to watch her bring gold home for Canada yet again.

And as her eyes scan, she sees her family exactly where they told her they would be in the stands. Their shirts have her face on them with hopes for Gold. She feels an immense pride as she looks at them. She could not be more supported and loved.

Each of her family members has a sign for her: “We Love You! Wear Your Neck Guard!” From her anxious Dad and a message in Russian from her Papa: “Ignore Dad. Have Fun!” “Do a Spin!” is held by an athletic woman between them.

Sitting in between her dads is her fiancé and light of her life. It seemed cliché for her to fall for a woman on the Canadian women’s hockey team but, things just happen sometimes.

Life really worked out because she didn’t choose hockey and had dads that loved her enough to let her choose. She begins her dance program for Olympic gold and knows no matter what she brings home, she has gold right there in the stands as her true prize.

End Notes

I made myself a promise to post my writing this year and this is my first offering. Please be kind but if you have to be mean at least be funny.



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