

ice cream weather

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by [dowhile](#)

Summary

A nasty fall on the ice leaves Ilya Rozanov benched.

Missing games is one thing. Not being able to skate with his daughter is another thing entirely.

Notes

the hollanov girl dad brain worms have got to me. also sorry if I'm tagging this wrong, it's mostly based off the book canon but either works (atp).

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

It had taken some years of convincing, but Shane had finally relented and built an outdoor rink. And now, he was glad of that convincing, because he was fully basking in all of Ontario's sweet chill, on fresh ice with his daughter.

Ilya watched from behind the boards as Shane and their daughter skated in the center of the rink. The six-year-old was a strong skater, confident on the ice, and Shane was more than happy to skate circles around her as she tried desperately to keep up.

"Daddy!" she called out. "Slow down!"

Her laughter filled the frosty air and Shane, then Ilya, couldn't help but laugh along with her.

"Slow poke," said Shane, skating just fast enough to be outside of her grasp. Mari shrieked with laughter then. This had always been one of her favorite games, trying to catch Daddy or Papa. When Shane relented and let her catch him, it was a feeling better than euphoria.

Ilya felt the familiar pang from his knee and rubbed at it instinctively. He knew sitting this out was the best option. For all of them.

He wanted to be out there, to skate with his daughter like any father would, teaching her everything there was to know. And he'd been there before, watching as unsteady steps had turned to smooth glides. The moment she had let go of Shane and Ilya's hands to skate on her own had been a source of immense pride and intense sorrow.

He wanted to be playing tag and choreographing dances. Mari had worn her favorite outfit for the occasion: a black skating dress and ballet pink tights, together with her white skates. A fair amount of fighting was had over her jacket, but Ilya had convinced her in the end. Figure skates, of course, toe pick and all. Not her hockey ones.

Still, Ilya enjoyed watching from a distance. Let them have their Daddy-daughter time, even if he was slightly jealous. Maybe more than slightly. He swallowed this down because it was sweet the way they played together, Shane just soaking in every bit of Mari's enthusiasm and echoing it back at her threefold.

Ilya watched as Mari showed off her backwards crossovers, her confidence only wavering as she attempted to stop herself but lost her balance and tumbled to the ice.

Ilya inhaled sharply, watching her fall in slow motion, reaching his hands out. He wouldn't be able to catch her. Ilya glanced over at Shane and saw the momentary heart attack he had too, clutching his chest. At that moment, the world had stopped. Shane had forgotten how to breathe.

Ilya was quicker to see she was perfectly fine, breathed a sigh of relief, and laughed. What could he say? Kids falling down was funny.

Mari laughed delightedly from the ground, and Shane felt himself exhale, his face returning to his usual color, and laugh begrudgingly with her. Occupational hazard, Shane reminded

himself. Sometimes, the daughter of pro hockey players is going to eat shit on the ice, just like her fathers.

“She is fine,” called Ilya. “Strong Russian bones.”

Shane just shook his head at Ilya and grabbed Mari’s hands, hoisting her up. Shane still seemed shaken, and Mari felt the need to correct the record.

“Daddy,” she said, “I’m okay.” She skated toward him, grabbed hold of his leg and looked up. “Actually, can we get ice cream?”

“You want ice cream?” Shane asked her, looking around at the white landscape and frozen lake, wondering what exactly the temperature was. This had always been her. Their Canadian-Russian daughter, effectively made of anti-freeze. He didn’t think she’d felt cold once in her entire life.

Mari knew her big, brown puppy dog eyes would melt him every time. She nodded with a huge grin.

He narrowed his eyes at her manipulation but succumbed to it all the same. He couldn’t think of a good reason why not, and said, “Sure, we can do that.”

“Hollander!” yelled Ilya in that playfully scolding way. “You are... pushover.”

Shane scoffed.

“Like you forgot the word for that.”

Ilya smirked.

Shane covered the right side of his mouth with his hand, shielding it from Mari’s view, and mouthed an exaggerated, “FUCK YOU.”

Ilya was still smirking as he headed back up to the house.

—

Up at the house, Shane’s parents were babysitting. Well sort of.

When Ilya opened the door, he found David and Yuna in a heated battle of Scrabble at the kitchen table, the baby monitor perched at the back of the board. He walked over to the monitor and watched his three-year-old, Lena, sleeping soundly and wondered if he’d ever slept that well in his entire life.

“Want to play?” asked David.

“And have Yuna kick my ass? No, thank you,” replied Ilya. “Maybe get Russian Scrabble.” Ilya thought about that for a moment. “Actually, I think she will still kick my ass. Somehow.”

Yuna and David laughed. It always felt like a triumph, making one, or all, of the Hollanders laugh.

“How is the knee?” asked David.

Ilya sighed and looked down, as though he’d forgotten about his aching joint. He had walked into the kitchen, grabbing a banana, and contemplating his answer.

“Shitty,” he said after a moment. He’d taken a hard fall on the ice three days ago against San Jose, causing his knee to swell like a baseball. It was funny to think of it, remembering Shane’s expression as he’d watched Ilya hit the ice be the same as the one he’d just seen a few minutes ago.

Yuna nodded solemnly, looking at him with a pity that he knew she couldn’t help.

“Swelling has gone down, and walking hurts a lot less,” he added, and this seemed to satisfy her.

“Well, good. Tell Shane he’s got to pamper you for the time being, or I will,” said Yuna as Ilya rummaged around in the freezer.

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Shane opened the door to the cottage and was delighted to see his parents.

“Grandma! Grandpa!” said Mari, rushing into Yuna and David’s arms.

Shane threw their skates into the laundry room and hung his and Mari’s coat in the coat closet. On the couch, Ilya was elevating and icing his knee.

It wasn’t until Ilya motioned with his eyes that Shane saw the three little bowls of ice cream, complete with rainbow sprinkles, on the coffee table.

Shane chuckled softly and looked quickly around to make sure Mari was out of earshot. “Who’s the fucking pushover now, huh?”

Ilya raised his eyebrows at him, leaning over to grab a bowl and lick the spoon suggestively. Shane just shook his head, but Ilya noticed he couldn’t help but bite his lip while doing it. Ilya’s eyes crinkled with a peevish delight.

And then, Ilya’s expression turned half-smug, half-mock-serious.

“Swear jar, *Mr.* Hollander.”

Was it bad how much Shane liked it when he said that? He snapped himself out of it.

“She couldn’t have heard me,” argued Shane. “She’s in the kitchen right now.”

“Ah, ah, ah,” chided Ilya, wagging his finger. “Does not matter.”

Shane huffed into the kitchen to grab the repurposed peanut butter jar, mostly full of Ilya's money. He reached into his own pocket to fish out two loonies and walked back over to the couch so Ilya could watch.

"Here you go," he said, dropping one of the coins in. "Asshole." And then, a second.

Ilya smiled devilishly at his husband. He liked that defiance. Ilya motioned for Shane to come join him on the couch.

"Mari," Ilya yelled back toward the kitchen. "Ice cream!"

She came in like a bullet and hurtled herself at Ilya. "Papa!"

He'd been ready, but not ready enough. She didn't mean to in her excitement but she'd just barely brushed his knee.

"*Blyat*," he yelped. Seeing the look of horror and apology on Mari's face he quickly smiled through the pain. "It's okay. Papa is okay," he reassured her in Russian.

Mari sank back into the couch, sandwiched between her dads, afraid now to hurt Ilya again. Shane kissed the top of her head and handed her the ice cream, telling her to go sit with Grandma and Grandpa at the table.

Shane looked over at Ilya but not with that same look of pity he might've expected from Yuna's son. What he got instead was a playful smile.

The swear jar jingled as Shane shook it.

"Oh come on, Russian does not count," Ilya said, looking mildly offended. He frowned in an exaggerated way. "And my knee—"

The sympathy act wasn't working on Shane today, despite Ilya's best efforts.

"Yes it does, when your daughter speaks Russian," said Shane, his eyebrows raised expectantly. "Cough up."

End Notes

thanks for reading! :) I might jump around in time a bit in this series a bit, who knows. wherever the worms take me. I am super horrible at longfics, so vignettes will have to do for now haha.

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