

what a good job that your mother did

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what a good job that your mother did

by [BekkaChaos](#)

Summary

Set the night after the Hollander parents find out the truth about Ilya and Shane. Yuna Hollander talks to Ilya about Shane's accident, and what she saw on the ice that night.

Notes

we stan the Hollander parents here, always

title from Silver Spoon by Erin LeCount

It had been a strange night, but maybe that was because it was oddly... normal.

Ilya wasn't sure why he had been more nervous for the Hollander's to come over for dinner than he had been to confront them about what David had seen the day prior on the deck. This was different. This was just... spending *time* together. Getting to *know* each other. The ice was well and truly broken.

He thought that Shane could sense his nerves because he reached over and tangled their fingers together under the table during dinner. It was only for a moment, but it did make Ilya feel exponentially better.

Shane always did.

In truth, it was a little awkward, but it was also obvious that David and Yuna were really *trying*. Trying to wrap their heads around the bombshell that had been dropped on them, trying to wrap their heads around the amount of time Shane had spent loving Ilya, trying to wrap their heads around the fact that their son was in love with Ilya fucking Rozanov.

It wasn't something that could be reckoned with in just one day.

They were out the back of the cottage after dinner just talking as they sat around the firepit. David had suggested it.

Was this a Canadian thing? Or a Hollander thing?

Ilya made a mental note to ask Shane later.

"Well, I know I could use something stronger," David said, getting to his feet and clapping his hands together. "I brought more of that vodka, if anyone wants some. Ilya?"

He looked at him expectantly and held his hands out at his sides. Ilya gave him a shrug and a '*sure*' as Shane made a sound from beside him.

"I thought you were driving dad," he said, and Ilya turned to him with a grin, making Shane kick at his foot.

"I can have *one*," his dad said, putting a hand to his stomach. "After a big meal like that I could probably have two."

Shane raised a brow at him and he responded with 'I *won't*', and Ilya wanted to laugh out loud at the disbelief that this was part of his life now. Getting to spend time with Shane and his parents and just be... boring. This was boring and it had been the best week of his life.

"Come on," David clapped a hand down on Shane's shoulder and gestured into the house. "Grab some glasses, I'll pour."

"Better watch him do it," Yuna said, and Ilya could see the slightly concerned look on Shane's face.

"It's fine I have one of those measuring things," Shane said as he got to his feet.

"Of course you do," Ilya teased, earning a disapproving frown from Shane.

"I'll be right back, okay?" he said softly, leaning in as he passed Ilya's chair.

"I think I will survive," he smiled, half expecting him to lean in for a kiss.

Instead, his eyes just looked up at his mother for a moment, and his hand squeezed Ilya's shoulder as he followed his father into the house.

It left Ilya in a situation he had yet to find himself in. Alone with Yuna Hollander.

He was mildly uncomfortable. Shane adored his mother, and Yuna was fiercely protective of Shane. A part of him half expected her to tell him now that it was just the two of them what a bad idea it was. How terrible for each other they were.

It wouldn't be unwarranted, that much was true. Shane's life would be far less complicated if his boyfriend wasn't Ilya Rozanov.

He looked over at Yuna with a side eye to see she was still gazing out at the view. He sat stiffly with rigid arms and his feet pressed firmly on the ground. He lifted his beer to his lips just for something to do to fill the silence between them.

He should have prepared himself with some conversation starters for in case this happened. There was always hockey, but Ilya knew *that* could be a more incendiary topic than any other.

So, he just sat in silence as he tried to think of something, the sound of the lake water lapping the shore and the odd bird sound the only thing to break it.

It was at least a minute before either one of them said anything.

"You stayed with him," Yuna said quietly, still looking out over the lake and turning her almost empty wine glass slowly in her hand.

Ilya turned to look at her with questioning eyes.

"On the ice," she clarified. "On the night of his accident."

And *oh*. Had he been that obvious?

Ilya had done his best not to watch the footage from that night, it was bad enough to see it happen in front of him once, he never wanted to relive it. He could only imagine that his mother felt the same, if not worse.

Yuna was looking back expectantly now, as though it had been a question and not a statement of fact.

"I thought maybe it was just... well, you're the captain, it was respectful of you to check on him but... I mean I watched it again last night," she took in a long breath. "You looked so scared."

Ilya cleared his throat and nodded, looking down into the mostly empty bottle in his hand.

"They would not tell me if he was okay," he said, remembering the sense of sheer panic that had been pulsing through him, how terrified he had been. "I know was none of my business. Not to them. But I had to know. Had to ask."

"I'm sorry you had to watch that," she said, leaning back in her chair and shaking her head. "Last night was the first time I've watched it since the week it happened. I can't imagine being there. I wasn't planning on watching that back, but it was one of the first things that popped up when I searched it. '*Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov*'."

Ilya's mouth twitched. He could see so much of Shane in his mother, even after only a few short meetings. It was something he could imagine Shane doing now that they had decided to give this thing a real go, searching their names together on the internet to see if anyone had figured it out, to see what people were saying about them, whether they had been careful enough.

It was endearing, getting to know the little things that made Shane who he was.

"You... Googled us?" Ilya guessed and Yuna let out a laugh and shrugged like she had been caught out.

"I may have gone down a rabbit hole," she said, and Ilya couldn't help the little smile on his lips. "I wanted to see if there had been any other signs, over the years. Sorry, that still feels so strange to me."

"That Shane is with a man?" Ilya asked earnestly. "With me?"

Yuna's gaze softened and she reached over and put her hand on the arm of the chair where Ilya's elbow rested.

"That Shane has had someone so important in his life for so long, and that we missed it," Ilya felt the burning at the back of his throat and swallowed, hoping his eyes didn't look as soft as they felt.

"And um," he cleared his throat and looked down at his empty glass. "Did you see any? Signs?"

Yuna waited, saying nothing for a long moment until Ilya turned back to meet her eyes.

"None that would be obvious to anyone else."

He knew what she wasn't saying.

There were *definitely* signs. He didn't know whether that was on his part or Shane's, but as Ilya recalled how happy he had always been to get on the ice with him, he knew some of

those glances couldn't have been subtle. Not to anyone who even suspected the truth.

"Ah," he nodded, reaching up to rub at the back of his neck.

Yuna smiled playfully and stared out over the lake.

"That kiss at the All Stars game was a little bold," she said and Ilya chuckled with a little flush in his cheeks.

He had seen an opportunity and taken it; he couldn't help himself. Playing on the ice *with* Shane instead of against him was a kind of rush he hadn't been expecting.

"What I'm trying to say," she sighed and looked back at him. "Is thank you."

Ilya looked at her slightly confused. Why was she thanking him for what he did when Shane got hurt? He did nothing, he was useless. All he could do was stare at Shane lying on the ice and wonder if that was how it felt to have your heart stop.

"I..." he opened his mouth to say more but he couldn't think of the English words. They were simple ones, he knew that, but nothing would come out.

"Thank you," Yuna said again as Ilya struggled. "I'm glad that he has someone who loves him as much as you do. I've been worried for so long about Shane being lonely, but I'm not worried anymore."

Ilya hated the idea of Shane being lonely, even more than he hated the idea of him being with somebody else. He wanted to make sure Shane never felt lonely by choosing him, he knew that would be a challenge, but it was one he would accept with everything he had.

He was silent for a long moment longer.

"He is..." Ilya said finally. "Easy to love."

Yuna's eyes were beaming, maybe with pride, maybe something else. Her eyes were glassy and for a moment Ilya remembered what it was like to have a mother who loved with such vigour. Maybe it was something he could have again, in time.

"It is very hard not to," he felt his cheeks flush as he thought about all the times he tried and failed to stop.

Yuna seemed to be working very hard to stop the emotion flooding onto her face, nodding to him slowly.

"He's very lucky," her nose twitched only slightly. "To have you."

Ilya looked back into the cottage to see Shane using the measuring tool to pour vodka into a glass and he couldn't help the smile that spread across his lips, wide enough to make his cheeks hurt.

"No," he looked back to Yuna. "I am lucky one."

They shared a smile. The smile of two people who loved the same person so completely, in a way that only the other could understand.

If they had nothing else in common, they had that. And that was everything.

They heard the door open and Shane and David came walking back down towards them, each holding a glass in either hand.

Shane held one out to Ilya as David did the same for Yuna.

"Mom, can you make sure dad doesn't sneak another glass before you guys go?" he said with a pointed look at his father who was scoffing and waving at him with the back of his hand.

"He'll be alright," she said, stealing one last glance with Ilya.

Shane looked momentarily nervous. It was gorgeous, Ilya thought, how stressed he was despite everything going so well.

He looked between Ilya and his mother curiously.

"What... were you guys talking about?" Shane asked slowly.

Yuna smiled as she gazed back at her son.

"Hockey," she said, which was not untrue. Ilya looked up at her, and she met his eyes with a knowing smile. "We were talking about hockey."

Shane looked between the two of them, and Ilya felt an ache in his chest at the gratitude in Yuna's eyes. She hated him just over one day ago, and now here she was, re-evaluating everything she knew about him because he was in love with her son, and her son was in love with him.

"Yes," Ilya said before tearing his eyes away from her and looking back up to Shane. "Just hockey."

Shane looked at them like he wasn't sure he believed it, but it *was* Yuna Hollander, and hockey would always be a primary topic of conversation. God help whoever volunteered to enter into it with her.

"Be nice mom," Shane said, his blush illuminating the freckles on his cheeks.

As he sat back in his seat Ilya reached out to put a hand on his knee, giving it a reassuring squeeze. Shane gazed back at him with that adorable smile that Ilya would never tire of. He could hardly believe that it was all for him.

"Did I miss something?" David leant in and whispered to Yuna, whose heart swelled as she watched her son finally be free to take the love he deserved.

"Nothing dear," she said. "Not a thing."

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