How Yuna Hollander finds out

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How Yuna Hollander finds out

by plena_luna

Summary

S1EP5 The iconic hospital scene, but Yuna is also in the room when Ilya comes to visit.

Featuring one cutie pie Shane Hollander, blissfully drugged up and endearingly filter-less.

Notes

Ilya and Shane are official boyfriends since the All-Star game, and Ilya has no plans of breaking up with Shane.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1: The injury

Ilya Rozanov was losing his mind.

It was the middle of the night, and he was in his hotel room, phone in hand, pacing a mile a minute trying to get information about Shane's injury. He was scouring the internet relentlessly for news, but there was no official communication issued about his health yet. Just that Shane was injured, and had been taken to the city hospital. It was so late now that Ilya would not be allowed to visit him anyway.

His google searches on what could happen were giving increasingly scary results, so he gave that up so as to not start freaking out completely. He was already terrified as is. Watching the man he loved suddenly take a hit like that and go down had been jarring, to say the least. He could still see the whole sequence play down in high definition every time he closed his eyes.. the way he had turned around with that sweet smile of his, moments before the collision.

And now Shane was lying in a hospital bed somewhere. In pain. And Ilya wasn't there with him. He didn't know how Shane was or what was wrong with him. He felt his eyes water suddenly, and blinked back tears, forcefully shifting his mind away from the heartbreaking visual in his head.

Maybe if he was not flirting with him, Shane would have not looked back.. a traitorous tendril of a thought popped up, but he quickly shut it down and pushed the guilt to the back of his mind. There was no point in going into what-ifs and guilt spirals right now. What had happened had happened.

But by god Ilya would do *anything* to turn back time and not let this happen, though.

He was happy at first, in the beginning of the game, to be playing against his favourite rival, a smile on his face as he skated after Shane. And barely thirty seconds into the game, this had happened.

The unadulterated horror and dread he had felt just moments before, when he could see that Marleau was coming for Shane, and that Shane hadn't noticed, and how he was helpless to do anything but watch the disaster happen right in front of his eyes, was something that would haunt him forever. He could still feel the ghosts of the icy stabs of terror that had seeped into his bones when Shane had just *crumpled* and not gotten up after. And then nobody would tell him if his baby was going to be alright, despite his repeated queries.

What if he was seriously injured and could never play again?

A flashback. *His mother's body, lying in a heap, dead..*

No, no, it wouldn't be like that this time, the hit was definitely not life threatening right?

.. Right?

Oh god, please..

He didn't even know how he had managed to quell his panic and stay on the ice for the rest of the game. He had put his brain and body on autopilot mode to make it to the end, cuz if not, the whole world would have watched him rush to Shane's side and never let go.

He scrolled through his phone some more, and seeing more of the same stuff repeated, gave up with a disgruntled huff and threw it on the bed, sitting down on the edge and bringing his head down into his hands, tugging at his hair in frustration and worry. The hospital visiting hours for non-family members started from eight in the morning, but that also felt too late.

At some point in the night he tried to go to bed and get some sleep. Around 4 AM, after tossing and turning for hours, he gave up (not like he was trying too hard anyway) and snatched his phone again to check for news.

Nothing new.

By 7:30 AM he was in the hospital parking lot in his car, counting down the minutes before he could go in. He knew showing up at sharp 8 AM might be suspicious, but he would blame it on his busy schedule or something, he literally couldn't wait any longer without imploding.

He steeled himself and walked inside, heading towards the reception.

Ilya's heart was in one of these hospital rooms somewhere, and he was going to go to him now.

Chapter 2: Something about beans and spilling

Room number 116.. 117.. yes finally, 118.

Ilya looked into the room and saw him. In a hospital gown, lying on pale blue sheets and multiple pillows, with his right arm in a sling. One side of his face was illuminated by the sun streaming into the room, making him look otherworldly even in this state.

He opened the door quietly. Shane raised his head slowly to look at his visitor, his hair puffy and sticking out in places, and his expression totally unenthusiastic. He looked like a messy, disgruntled kitten.

But the moment he registered that it was Ilya who was at the door, his face split into a wide, dopey grin.

“Illlyaaaaa!”

Oh god, it looked like he was put on some good drugs. Ilya had never heard Shane like that.. so carefree and childish and buoyant. Something in his heart warmed at the sight, the usually uptight player showing his lighter side.

Ilya stepped inside and softly closed the door, looking behind him to see the nurse who escorted him leave. He turned around, lightly shushing Shane and taking in the room, and froze abruptly.

Yuna Hollander was in the room.

She was looking at him curiously, probably surprised by Shane calling him by his first name or by him being there in the first place.

“Hello..?” Yuna’s greeting conveyed the question underneath.

Of course, he should have expected it. Shane’s family was loving and caring, and very much involved in his life. So, obviously they would try to be there for their son as much as possible. He thought it spoke to his own family life that he didn’t even consider the possibility of Shane’s parents being with him in the room.

Yuna and Shane were both looking at him now, so he brought himself out of his stupor and answered, “Hello, Mrs. Hollander.. I, um.. I just wanted to..” He took a grounding breath, darting a look at Shane, “..see how Shane was doing.”

God why was he nervous? This was normal enough. Opposing team captains visit injured players all the time, no biggie there.

Yuna nodded, looking at him calculatingly as if she was trying to gauge his intentions, and didn’t leave the room. She probably didn’t want her son alone with his rival of over a decade.

Ilya decided to forge ahead. Turning towards Shane from his place at the door, he asked, “Are you OK?”

The question brought back all the fears and worries he had been repressing, which had momentarily left his mind due to the surprise of facing Shane’s mother, and which were back in full force now. He held his breath, suddenly desperate to know the answer.

Shane looked down at himself, “Concussion and a fractured collar bone..” He was speaking in a sing-song voice and smiling “Out for the playoffs, but..”

He was okay, Shane was okay. His mind cleared all of a sudden like the greys disappearing after a storm, and he could *feel* his heart get lighter. The situation was not ideal, but he was flooded with relief at the fact that Shane would suffer no permanent damage.

“Could have been worse.”

“.. could have been worse.” Shane agreed.

“Marleau feels terrible, he did not mean to hurt you.” Ilya didn’t know if it helped, but wanted to clarify it regardless.

He thought he heard a quiet huff from Yuna.

“I know.. part of the game.” Shane’s voice slurred, still giddy sounding. “We all get our bell rung eventually, right?” He swallowed dryly and licked his chapped lips.

Shane was looking so fragile right now that Ilya was having a hard time not to immediately go over there, take him into his arms and kiss him all over his adorable face, and tell him everything would be okay, and that he would be there to take care of him forever.

But he couldn’t do any of that. “Right” His voice had gone deeper and trembled slightly due to all the emotions he was trying to push down. He took another deep breath, willing himself to stay strong while the love of his life was lying broken in front of him, well aware that there were two other people in the room. He fisted his hands at his sides and tried to root himself in place so as to not go to Shane.

Shane must have sensed his distress.

“Heyy” He was still smiling but his voice came out as if concerned.

He should go. He should not be doing this. Shane’s mother would definitely get suspicious, if she hadn’t already. He never thought Shane would be this out of it.

When Shane noticed Ilya was not responding satisfactorily to his wishes, he redoubled his efforts.

“Heeeeyyyyyyy” Shane raised his voice, hand reaching out for him.

It looked like Shane was not gonna let this go. It also seemed Ilya was incapable of not giving anything and everything Shane wanted when he was like this.

“OK, ok ok, shhh shhh..” He walked towards Shane, shushing him in case he starts up again.

The moment he reached his bedside, Shane grabbed his hand, Ilya’s other hand automatically reaching to cover it.

“YES. Bet-ter” Shane hummed happily, closing his eyes and letting out a blissful exhale.

Ilya dared a glance at Yuna, who was now staring at Shane with wide eyes and an open mouth, very much surprised at her son’s behaviour. This was *definitely* not how decade-old rivals behaved, drugs or not.

Ilya was beginning to wonder if Shane had simply forgotten that his mother was also in the room with them.

At that moment,

“Mooooom, come here!! I want you to meet my boyfrienddd.”

Oh shit.

Chapter 3: Shane Hollander talks.. and talks.. and then talks some more

Boyfriend?

Before the words even registered, Yuna was standing by Shane's side, opposite Ilya. She was looking at their joined hands with a mostly confused expression.

Shane looked up to his mom, “Hey mom, you need to meet my boyfriend.” He turned his head towards Ilya, “This is Ilya.. um, Rozanov.” He turned back, “You know him. He plays for Boston. Really well too.” As if his mom might have forgotten about him and their decade old rivalry on the ice.

Yuna was still looking at them both wordlessly, as if trying to estimate how seriously she should take this situation.

Ilya decided to just say fuck it and go with the flow. He loved Shane, like in the *long-term* way, and his family was bound to find out about them sometime anyway.

“Hello, Mrs. Hollander.” He said formally, outstretching his hand.

Yuna shook it lightly, one eyebrow cocked as if waiting for him to deny her son’s claims and provide a satisfactory explanation for this situation.

“Hello Rozanov..”

“Ilya, please.”

“Ilya.” She amended with a nod.

Then Yuna turned back to Shane. She was still looking slightly dazed, as if unsure if this was a dream.

“Honey, what do you mean boyfriend? What are you saying?”

Shane’s brows scrunched up. “You don’t know what boyfriend means?”, he asked, adorably confused.

Yuna huffed out a small laugh, “No, I know. I mean, is this real?” She asked, hand gesturing between them both.

“Yes mom, very much real.. like REALLY REALLLLLY real” Shane happily explained.

Yuna looked to Ilya as if he was her last hope at disqualifying these illusions. Ilya, on the other hand, gave her a short nod of confirmation.

Yuna’s breath hitched. It was like the truth of the matter had now finally registered, and she sank down at a nearby chair. She allowed herself a moment to process the information before standing up and returning to her confident, commanding persona.

“Ok.. ok. So.. for how long has this been going on?” She directed her question at Ilya, her eyes sharp and probing.

“VERYYY VERYYYYY long, it’s a looong story.” Shane piped up helpfully, closing his eyes and letting out a blissful sigh as if remembering all their times together.

“Hmm?” Yuna raised her brow at Ilya, who gulped and answered.

“Since our.. uh, rookie season.”

“Since your rookie season??!” She shot back sharply.

Ilya nodded again, understanding her surprise but not knowing what else to say.

“Heyy noooo.. why are you lying..??” Shane whined beside him, exaggeratedly pouting his lips. Ilya looked down and his breath caught. Shane was looking so fucking cute that Ilya had to use every ounce of self-control he possessed to not kiss that pout off his face. He suspected it would not go down well with his hopefully-future-mother-in-law in front of them right now.

“Huh?” He said dumbly, having forgotten the question already.

“You didn’t forget about the summer, did you? The summer before? We were together since then. *Before* our rookie year.” He asked, sounding distressed. As if Ilya could ever forget a moment of them together, let alone their first time.

“No of course not, sweetheart. I remember, of course I do.” He gently ran his knuckles across his freckles. *The same freckles that had captivated his heart and held it hostage since they were teenagers.* He didn’t care that he was being too affectionate. It seemed like Yuna was a good mother and would support her son no matter what, it was just the case that she was very protective of him. And Ilya appreciated that and wanted that for Shane. He ignored the slight twinge of envy and sadness when he thought of his own mother at that moment.

When he looked back at Yuna, she had a thoughtful expression on her face.

“So that time.. when we first met at the elevators..?” She asked hesitantly, as if unsure whether she wants to know the answer or not.

Oh god, Ilya had almost forgotten about that. He gave a short nod, feeling his face flaring.

“Oh my god..” Yuna exhaled deeply.

“You guys met before?? Why didn’t you tell meeee?” Shane exclaimed, looking between them in betrayal.

“We didn’t meet properly Shane, we just came across each other at the elevators.” Yuna explained, and Shane nodded, satisfied, as if that made perfect sense.

Yuna returned to the topic at hand again, “So you guys have been in a relationship since then??”

Both of them vehemently protested at once.

“Ohh no, no no, haha, no”

“Noo noooooo..” Shane spoke with a thoughtful expression, “No, we were just.. mmm.. what do you say..? Lovvverssss.” He grinned dopily up at Ilya at that.

Ilya saw Yuna cringe at the word, even though he didn’t understand why. He thought it made perfect sense to describe them that way, even though they hadn’t confessed to each other yet (at least in a language the other person could understand).

“But you said you were in a relationship now?” Yuna enquired, looking between them.

Shane’s eyes brightened, “YES! Since the All-Star game..”, he said giddily, “In the beginning we only met up to fuck.. but then I realised I’m gay, and that I really REALLYY like Ilya, so now we are boyfriends!”

Ok, that was *definitely* not how Ilya would have phrased it, but it did describe their story.

Yuna didn't seem to know what to say to that.

Shane was unbothered though, and he kept going, proudly praising his new boyfriend to his mom.

"You know, mom, one day Ilya made me tuna melts!! And gave me ginger ale! And we just talked and talked that day and it was so much fun.. I really loved that, even though I freaked out later and ended up with Rose." He frowned a bit, and then caught the look of astonishment on his mother's face, "Oh don't worryyy, we sorted it out now. Rose knows I'm gay. She was the one who gave me the courage to go after who I want, you know?"

Both Ilya and Yuna were still just looking at Shane, not knowing how to respond. Shane went on ahead, now fully facing his mom.

"Also, he is so hottt, moommm!! I lose my mind whenever I see him.. An absolute 10/10." He sighed dreamily, as if he couldn't believe his luck. "We shouldn't tell him I said that though, he is cocky enough as it is", he added, nodding to himself as a serious afterthought.

Yuna looked on wide-eyed, like she was torn between disbelief and amusement. Ilya could feel a pleased flush on his face, automatically smiling wide. Oh he was *so* gonna tease Shane with this later.

"Oh yeah he is very cocky..", he said licking his lips, as if in his own world.

Oh that took a turn.

Ilya and Yuna both looked slack-jawed at Shane and with a growing sense of horror.

"Oh, and he is really good with kids, mom!" *Ooof, close shave.*

“That time at the All-Star game he was playing with these kids in the pool... and I *reallyyy* wanted him to get me pregnant..” *Aaaand nope again!*

“Shane”, Ilya hissed desperately, trying to veer this conversation back to safer waters.

“Maybe if we tried hard enough..” Shane mused thoughtfully, looking into the distance.

“Shane, stop talking.” Ilya was sure his face had turned red. In all his years he would never admit to blushing (cuz Russians didn’t *do* that), but now he could legitimately feel his cheeks on fire.

But Shane was on a roll.

“Shall I tell you a secret?”, he lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper, “I actually like it when he guides me, you know.. I feel.. I feel safe.” Ilya didn’t know whether to feel emotional at this confession, or mortified that Shane’s mother was *right there*.

“He is sooooo hot when he is bossy and mean.. I like it when he holds me down and fu—hmpfghh”. *Yup, mortified it was.*

Ilya clamped his hand on Shane’s mouth, his face now so hot he was pretty sure steam was coming from it. Oh he was gonna kill Shane as soon as he got better.

“All right, that’s enough.” He grit out, looking up with a pained grimace in Yuna’s direction.

Yuna was staring open-mouthed at Shane now, eyebrows so high they were one with her hair, looking distinctly embarrassed and maybe even slightly traumatised.

He tried to cut through the awkwardness, “Sorry, looks like the drugs are really affecting him. I will go check with the nurse to see if his dosage should be reduced.”

Yuna acknowledged that with a quick nod, pointedly not looking at him.

As Ilya turned to leave, he heard Shane's voice behind him.

"You know I didn't tell him this yet.. but I really love him.." Ilya stopped as if struck by lightning, and whirled around, his heart in his throat.

"I love him SO MUCHH, even though he drives me crazy all the time. The mean guy bit is all an act you know," he giggled, "he is actually a big old softie inside.. he is so caring, always looks after me.. he loves so fiercely that it would be a privilege to be loved by him." Ilya's breathing hitched, blood pounding in his ears, his throat and eyes burning from all the emotion welling up within him. Fuck, he loved this man. He loved him so much. And it seemed Shane loved him back! He felt his heart could float out of his body any moment now from all the happiness that suddenly filled it.

Yuna too looked surprised at this declaration, maybe even more than any of the previous ones.

Ilya walked back towards Shane, bending down and cradling his face in both hands, placing a fervent kiss on his lips.

"Oh hi" Shane blinked owlishly, his face breaking into a big smile the next moment. "You are here."

Ilya started kissing all over his face. *"Ya tebya lyublyu,"* he sniffled. "*Ya tebya lyublyu.* Fuck, I love you too, so fucking much! You are the best thing that has ever happened to me. I would do anything for you. I'm gonna love you and take care of you forever. Fuck!" Tears were streaming down his face now but he couldn't care less.

"Ilya! You can't swear in front of my mom!" He gasped, looking sincerely scandalised, as if he had not spent the last fifteen minutes spouting details about their sex life to his mother.

At this, Ilya couldn't hold it back anymore. He burst into laughter, wetly giggling through his tears, fingers gently mapping the freckles on Shane's face. The love he had for this ridiculous man was overflowing his heart, and he wouldn't have it any other way.

Then it clicked for Shane. "You love me?" he gasped, in wide-eyed wonder.

"Yes, silly." Ilya chuckled fondly, booping his cute nose. "I love you more than my own life."

"Am I dreaming? Wow, this such a nice dream.." He smiled dazedly for a minute.

And then he was frowning quizzically, as trying to figure out a puzzle. "You usually wear less clothes in my dreams though..".

Ilya barked out a shout of laughter at that, genuine mirth filling him as he bent down again to capture his boyfriend's lips in a tender kiss.

Then he looked at Yuna, who was standing with her hands clasped in front of her, smiling through her own tears as she looked lovingly at them both, her face soft.

Drying his tears, Ilya resolved then and there to work hard to become part of this family and stay worthy of their love.

He felt a tug at his hand. "After we get married, I want kids by the way. And no messes in the house. And you fuck me every day." Shane was looking at him solemnly.

Ilya laughed and kissed him again, partly to shush him and partly cause he was physically unable to go without kissing his adorable boyfriend for more than a minute.

"Whatever you want, *moya lyubov*. Whatever you want."

End Notes

Ilya and Yuna come to their senses soon enough to capture some funny videos of Shane while high.

Shane is gonna be so horrified when the drugs wear off lmao (he remembers and means everything he said, but is fucking mortified). Dw, Ilya will be there to calm him into submission.

But poor Yuna though, she could have happily lived her life without knowing this much about her sons' sex life. Yes, Ilya is her son too, no questions there.

David also is told about them, albeit in a more normal way (with Shane freaking out), and they all bond pretty quickly and live as a happy family :D

Thank you for reading this!💕

Comments and kudos are very much appreciated😊

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