

Angel of Grief

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76985031) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76985031>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov & Irina Rozanova , Ilya Rozanov & Svetlana Vetrova
Characters:	Irina Rozanova , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Angst , Angst with a Hopeful Ending , Mentioned Irina Rozanova , She haunts the narrative , She Deserved Better , I love her even though I don't know her , Suicidal Thoughts , Implied/Referenced Suicide , Suicide Attempt , mentions of it , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , Depressed Ilya Rozanov , Good Parent Yuna Hollander , she loves her sons , David is there for emotional support , Mental Health Issues , Mental Instability , Mental Institutions , Dreams and Nightmares , Crying , Religious Imagery & Symbolism , Unreliable Narrator
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Irina Rozanova haunts the narrative
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 3,774 Chapters: 1/1

Angel of Grief

by [bloodymonoxide](#)

Summary

“That he doesn’t need to be coddled and watched 24/7 just because he tried to take his own life.

He has to show that he isn’t fucking crazy.”

Notes

HELLOO, this is a continuation of the last fic so it would be recommended to read the last one! Please be aware of the tags and keep yourself safe!

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

The two days leading up to the inevitable holding, Ilya felt like he was not in his body. He felt like an imposter as he watched the Hollanders come the very next morning since his waking up.

Yuna walked in with tears already clouding her eyes, with David following close after her, his eyes bearing a strong but sad look to them. It was as if he had put himself in charge of being the anchor for the family right now.

“Oh, mon fils,” Yuna says softly, her voice breaking off at the end as she wraps her arms around Ilya’s head and shoulders.

My son.

It’s crazy that she would even still consider Ilya that after what he’d put her *actual* son through. Peeking out of the corner of his eye, Ilya sees Shane cradled into his father’s chest, with David whispering something to Shane.

Yuna steps back slightly, though her hands stay holding Ilya’s face, her thumbs tracing under his eyes and cheekbones, making him realize he was actively crying.

“It’s going to be okay. You’re okay.” Yuna whispered, though, Ilya couldn’t tell whether she was trying to convince him or herself.

Then, in the blink of an eye, it was like Yuna and David switched, with David holding the back of his head with one hand as he pressed a kiss just above his eyebrow. He murmured things in French that Ilya couldn’t be bothered trying to understand.

“I’m glad that you’re here, son. You scared us half to death.” David said, his voice soft and light, as if he were talking to a scared animal.

~~I’m not.~~

That was the first thing to pop into Ilya’s head as David’s words washed over him. Closing his eyes and choking back that rotten feeling, all Ilya does is nod and bring his hand up to pat on David’s forearm.

In the hours that followed the Hollander’s arrival, the familiar clicking of heels on the tile brought Ilya out of his stupor.

There, in the door frame, walks in Svetlana. Her russet curls deflated as she walked in with mascara already staining her waterline.

In an instant, she's crying into Ilya's shoulder, with her fists weakly punching at his chest.

“Ты чертовски глуп,” Her voice rings in Ilya's ears. It's nothing he's ever heard from her. Strong and sensible Svetlana. Her voice sounded so broken and defeated, causing tears to prick in Ilya's eyes as he wraps an arm around her shoulders.

“Почему ты так поступил со мной?”

Ilya freezes at the whimpered-out question. He couldn't even try to find a reason other than—

“Я так устал,” Ilya mumbles out, but he can feel the sharp breath that Svetlana makes. He can hear the choked sob come from Shane, who's looking out of the window.

Svetlana pulls back a bit before shifting her hands to cup Ilya's face, forcing him to look at her.

“Ты не можешь быть такой, как она,” Svetlana's voice is now firm, her eyes burning with passion as she stares down Ilya.

“Тебе нужно бороться с этим.”

And **God**, does he wish he could. He wishes he could just be better. That the therapy and the pills actually fixed him like he promised himself they would.

But maybe it's not meant to be. Maybe he should've died a long time ago. Maybe he should've just curled up right next to his mother. Taken a couple of the pills left scattered across the wooden floor. Maybe then it wouldn't hurt so bad. He would be asleep, curled next to his mom, as he'd done so many times before.

It was the night before he had to be admitted. David had taken (forced) Shane to go walk around and find something to eat, leaving Ilya and Yuna alone.

Yuna had been sitting on the love seat under the window, her hair in a messy pony, and she had her thick-framed reading glasses on, reminding Ilya so much of Shane.

Yuna must have felt him staring because she looked up from her phone with a concerned look on her face. Ilya immediately looks away, an awkward flush coming over his body at the feeling of being caught.

“Scoot,” Yuna says as she is suddenly standing next to him.

“Huh?”

“I said scoot over.”

Ilya nods before scooting over as far as he can, which is more like an inch or two. Yuna slides in right next to him before wrapping an arm around his shoulder.

Tears immediately start to glaze over Ilya’s eyes as the familiarity of the scene starts to wash over him.

“I know you must be, really, really scared about tomorrow,” Yuna starts, her hand that was wrapped around Ilya’s shoulder is now stroking over the side of his head, his hair now overgrown and frizzy.

God, he must look disgusting.

Ilya just nods, not trusting his voice right now.

“I know Shane is, too. He keeps looking at the clock like it owes him money,” Yuna jokes slightly, but it falls flat in the heaviness of the situation.

“David and I are too.”

Ilya now turns slightly to look at Yuna; his face must give away the shock at Yuna's admission, because it seems to be her turn now to look away. After all, Ilya can catch the gleam of tears threatening to fall over.

After quickly composing herself, Yuna looks back and brings her other hand up to hold Ilya’s cheek with as much gentleness and comfort as she can physically give.

“You are so funny,” Yuna starts, her voice shaking with emotion, with a wobbly smile to accompany it.

“And beautiful, and—just so sad,” Her voice breaks at the end, and so does her face as a few tears slip from her eyes. Ilya’s not faring well either, the words bringing him back to the summer of 2017, when Shane held him as he talked about his mother. The irony was not lost on him as Yuna repeated the very same words back to him.

He was his mother’s child, after all.

It was silent between them as Yuna kept running her fingers through his curls, quiet sniffles filling the space otherwise.

“I don’t think I was supposed to live this long.”

Yuna's ministrations freeze as her body tenses up with a sharp intake of breath. Her eyes widen as she looks at the man. This man, who stood at 6'3 and weighed about 200-something pounds in pure muscle, was now reduced to a child in her eyes.

"What are you talking about, Ilya?" Yuna questions softly, her voice shaking in shock and grief, like she's already grieving the person in front of her.

"My mother...she told me when I was born, I wasn't breathing. Was purple, she said," Ilya continued, his face becoming relaxed as he talked about his own mother, like the memories were playing out in front of him. Yuna stayed silent to let him continue.

"She said that I was born with cord around my neck. Said it was longest minutes of her life," Ilya finished, the memory of his mother telling him that story fading as quickly as he could remember it.

"So, I think it was luck that I am still here. But I think—" Yuna cuts Ilya off before he could finish his sentence.

"No."

That was all Yuna said, causing Ilya to look at her, confused, before seeing the absolute devastation on her face.

"That was all you, baby. You were meant to be here and shine," Yuna cried softly, her eyes tracing every point in Ilya's face. She then remembers the sentence that Ilya, Shane, and Svetlana had used during the time spent here and at home. She remembers the softening of Ilya's face, the crinkle of his eyes as Shane would say it to him in the morning.

"YA tebya lyublyu."

She sounds horrible. The words are choppy and broken, and her accent was so thick that in any other situation, Ilya would laugh. But, instead, he immediately breaks down in tears. His head is tucked against her shoulder and chin before he wraps his arm around her torso.

"**Mama**," is all that Ilya can get out as Yuna rocks both of them back and forth, the best she can. One hand is softly cradling Ilya's head, while the other is brought up to cover her face as she cries, too.

She cries for her new son. Her beautiful son, who doesn't get to see how others see him. Who's felt alone for so many years in such darkness that he felt the only way he could be free was to stop everything in its tracks.

She remembers that night, when Shane came over in tears. He told them over tea how sad Ilya had been for the last week. How, no matter what he did, Ilya felt so far away. He described how scared he was, how he felt that something was going to give, but he didn't know what. She remembers how she and David both held a hand as they comforted their son. Their baby boy, who'd been born after so many trials of miscarriages and failed pregnancies. Their rainbow baby. And now she had two.

She remembers Shane calling them a little over half an hour after leaving. She remembers how panicked and scared he sounded as he stuttered through his description of what happened. How he found Ilya on their bed, unconscious, barely breathing after swallowing a handful of his anti-depressants and pain meds, with vodka being the chaser. How he had to drag Ilya to safety and call 911 with vomit all over his shirt. How he found their medicine cabinet torn off its hinges, showing the desperation Ilya had been in.

She remembers collapsing onto the living room floor, with David rushing in from the kitchen as he demanded to know what was going on. She could only throw up all over the carpet.

So now, she's sat here, cradling her second son with all the love she could give for both Ilya and for Ilya's mom.

She imagined the woman to be younger than her, with long, flowing, golden curls. She imagines this gaunt and sad expression to be printed onto her face, but never when looking at Ilya. No, with Ilya, she imagined her face to look similar to that of her own. Full of love, adoration, and fear that only a mother could have.

It had been Ilya's first night in holding. The morning had been emotional with tears and proclamations on how much they loved him.

Shane had been the one to hold onto Ilya before he had to walk through the guarded doors of the psych ward. The man had pressed kisses all over Ilya's face as he switched between English and Russian in his declarations of love and promises of being right there when the holding ends and the evaluation begins.

So now, he was lying down in this room where the windows only opened a smidge, all the corners and handles were curved and blunt, and some windows peered into his room, so the staff could watch him.

Jesus Christ, he's hit a new fucking low.

He can't even be trusted to be alone. (~~Of course, he wouldn't. He downed a handful of pills and told his mother-in-law he shouldn't be alive.~~)

Like a fucking kid.

So now, he lies there in the dark, with a scratchy blanket wrapped around his shivering frame, and closes his eyes. Willing that if he just sleeps through the nights and is active and alert through the days, they'll see that he's fine. That it was a lapse in judgment and that he's okay. That he doesn't need to be coddled and watched 24/7 just because he tried to take his own life.

He has to show that he isn't fucking crazy.

It's the same dream (Nightmare?). His mother is kneeling in front of the altar in their house. Her curly blonde hair is cascading down her back with a white veil placed over her head, obscuring her face. The crucifix is clasped tightly around her hands in a praying pose. He can hear the sobs that rack his mother's body. He can hear her pleas to the Lord, begging him to fix her. Praying for any semblance of peace for her and her sons. He hears her wailing prayers. They rattle in his bones.

Maybe that's why he doesn't believe in God.

Ilya slowly wakes up. The sun is barely out, but he knows he won't be able to go back to sleep. He tries to get up, still going with his plan to show them that he's stable. That he doesn't need to stay longer than necessary.

His body feels like lead.

No

He tries to force himself up, but all he can muster is sitting up, and that alone takes the fight out of him immediately.

Fuck his life.

Frustrated tears are threatening to spill over as he tries with all of his willpower to stand up. To show that he's okay and that he can go home with Shane. That he can go home, and everything will be okay again. That they'll finally adopt a dog. Maybe two. That they'll move on, and the world will still turn. That he won't be fucking stuck here in his messed-up brain with his messed-up body and—and—and...!

Ilya didn't realize he was screaming until nurses, a doctor, and one security guard rushed into his room. They're holding him down as he thrashes, crying out in Russian that he wants to go home. He wants his husband to hold him through this. He wants his calloused hands to card through his curls in the mornings when Ilya doesn't have the strength to wake up. He wants the tiny whispers of love and care to be embedded in his skin. He wants the tenderness that Shane shows him as he holds Ilya through his nightmares, where he's crying out in belligerent Russian that's too fast and chaotic for Shane to translate.

He doesn't want to be stuck here in these white fucking walls. Why would they make the walls white? Why? Why? WHY? Почему? Почему? Почему? Почему? Почему? Почему—

The warmth of the sun bounced off his tanning shoulders. Looking around, he saw the familiarity of the cottage, the crystal blue of the lake sending reminiscent shivers across his body. He looked over at a figure sitting at the dock.

Мама.

He remembered her as he did on summer days. Her hair confined in a decorative scarf, her body covered in a long white linen dress, and she had her classic cat-eye sunglasses. She looked over her shoulder with a warm smile on her face. She looked as beautiful and happy as he could remember. Reaching her hand out, she called him over silently.

Ilya rushes over before taking his hand into hers, her fair tone contrasting with his medium.

“Мама, Я хочу познакомить тебя с Шейном!” A smile stretched over her face at Ilya’s excitement.

Ilya looked over to the cottage, and through the glass windows, he could see Shane casually walking out of the cottage. But then he stops and just stares from the porch.

“Shane, Мой дорогой, come meet my mother,” Ilya called out to Shane, waving his other hand to beckon him over. Shane just stands there still, with his arms crossed and an easy smile on his face.

Ilya looks back at his mother. Her smile is now strained slightly, and her skin is becoming tinged with gray. Her once warm skin had started to become cold at the fingers.

“Нет, мам, просто подожди.” Ilya was frantic now as he continued to look between Shane and his mom. He just wants his mom to meet Shane! Why is it so hard?

Ilya continues to try to call for Shane, and tears are now filling his eyes with frustration. Looking back at his mom, his breath gets caught in his throat.

She’s changed. Her hair is frizzy, and her usually bouncy ringlets are flat against her head. She’s wearing that godforsaken blue nightgown. Her face is—

She doesn’t have a face.

Not a full one, at least. All that’s left is her eyes. They’re big and brown, and they fill up her entire face. All Ilya can do is stare into them. He hasn’t seen her eyes in so long, and now?

God, he wishes he hadn’t.

He's groggy when he wakes up again. He feels a pinch of pain in his hip, and he has cotton mouth.

Did they sedate him?

Ilya just stares at the ceiling. Fuck, he's never going to get out of here. He had one job, and now he's going to be stuck here.

He just wants Shane.

He wants to go home.

He wants his mom.

He wants to be normal.

He—He wants to be fixed, like he was supposed to.

He wants a damn cigarette.

Over the next two days and nights, it felt as if time was dragging on. The days and nights seemed to blend with the same routines of breakfast, try to walk around, fail, and lie back down in bed, lunch, therapy via video chat with his therapist, look out the window, get his meds, and go to sleep.

So, when the evaluation with his doctor and therapist (in notes) takes place, dread is already filling his stomach.

Shane, thankfully, had been right there by the time he had walked into the office. It was immediate in the way that Ilya latched onto Shane, feeling as if he needed to burrow himself into his husband's skin.

"I missed you so much," Ilya whimpered out as he nuzzled his face into Shane's neck, not caring that the doctor was in the room. He needed his husband. Needed to feel his skin, his warmth, the way his chest moves as he breathes.

"I missed you too, baby. So much," Shane comforted as he ran his hands over the span of Ilya's back in soothing motions.

After a moment, Shane led the two of them to the chairs that sat in front of the doctor's desk.

"Okay, gentlemen, let's get to it." The doctor seems to type things into her computer before looking back towards the couple.

"So, based on the evaluation made by the nursing staff, myself, and Mr. Rozanov's therapist, it's been concluded that he may still be at risk to himself, unfortunately."

A buzz whirred to life in Ilya's body, which was accompanied by the burning, hot feeling of shame. He couldn't bear to look at Shane's face, knowing that what he'd see would just amplify the feeling more.

"It would be highly recommended that he continues to spend time in a facility, but we are still open to some changes in care," the doctor explains, her face pulled into a reassuring smile.

The thought of even spending any more time in a ward sends chills down Ilya's spine.

"I don't want to stay in ward. I want to go home with my husband." Ilya's voice is firm when he says that, trying not to leave any room for argument.

That goes about as well as you'd expect.

"Mr. Rozanov, are you sure that going home would be helpful for you and your husband?" The doctor questions, her tone sympathetic but not at all timid.

That question stalls Ilya's retort. Would it be good for Shane if he went home? I mean, he had tried to kill himself *in* their home, *in* their bed. Where he had broken a cabinet because he was crazy enough to do so. Would that be a good environment for Shane? Shane, who is a neurotic ball of anxiety. Who, when in high emotional situations, can shut down almost immediately?

So, the question rings in Ilya's head again.

Would it be good for him to go home?

“I think that it’d be good for us.”

Ilya’s head turns quickly towards Shane, who’s looking at the doctor with a sure look on his face.

“It’ll be challenging, of course. We’d have to make a lot of changes and have lots of conversations, but—I think that it’d be good for both of us,” Shane continued as he nodded along with himself. The doctor nodded along in thought before she looked towards Ilya.

“And you, Mr. Rozanov? Do you think that it would be good for you to go home with your husband?”

Ilya bit at his bottom lip before nodding.

“I think that it would be best for me. Being here—I feel worse, unfortunately. Not that it was bad, people here are very nice to me,” Ilya fumbled around to find the right words.

“But, I can’t focus? Yeah, focus. I feel even more crazy,” Ilya flatly jokes. In response, Shane rubs his hand over his shoulder blades.

The doctor nodded seriously, her face looking focused on Ilya’s advocacy, before she looked between the two men.

“Gentlemen, I need to reiterate that this process, especially at home, where the environment is not as controlled, is going to be very tough. This situation is not easy on either party, and while at home, it may exacerbate feelings and emotions that can be very hard and difficult to process. So, again, I have to ask if this process is going to be best for the both of you.”

She is looking between the two men, her voice firm as she asks again.

“I will do whatever I need. I know that...what I did was extreme and scary,” Ilya’s voice gets caught in his throat at the memories of that night. He can feel Shane shift in his seat, like he also feels the same as Ilya.

“But, I will work on it. I will do whatever I can to get better. I’ll even eat boring food that you make,” Ilya jokes softly through the emotion building up, causing Shane to let out a wet chuckle and the doctor to smile softly at the men.

“As I said earlier, we’ll have a lot of work to do, myself included, which I know will get distressing and uncomfortable. But we will make it work the best we can. Together,” Shane finishes tearfully as he moves his hand from Ilya’s back down to his hand, interlocking their fingers and holding tight.

Together.

Ilya can see the gold dangle of the crucifix hanging around Shane's neck, and a small smile peels over his face. One that hasn't graced his face in a long while.

Yeah, together.

End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed reading! Irina will always haunt the narrative, and she deserved better #wesmokingthatgrigoripack. Again, I hope you guys enjoyed and once again, if there are any mistakes anywhere, whether it be in translations or in tagging, please let me know!

Translations:

Ты чертовски глупа - "You're fucking stupid"

Почему ты так поступила со мной - "Why would you do this to me"

Ты не можешь быть такой, как она - "You can't be like her"

Тебе нужно бороться с этим - "You need to fight it"

Я так устал - "I'm so tired"

Я люблю тебя - "I love you"

мама - "Mom"

Я хочу познакомить тебя с Шейном - "I need to introduce you to Shane"

Мой дорогой - "My darling"

Нет, мам, просто подожди - "No, Mom, just wait"

Пожалуйста, просто подожди - "Please, just wait"

Почему? - "Why"

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!