

mom, he's my ilya

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by [roztwofour \(swiftpixie\)](#).

Summary

When Shane Hollander is injured during a game, his mother rushes across borders fueled by fear, love, and instinct. What she doesn't expect is to uncover the truth about her son's heart, and the man who already holds it.

Or, Shane Hollander gets injured, drugged, and a little too honest.

Notes

first work for the hr fandom :) i've been meaning to write bc a) i miss it and b) hollanov has taken over my life. nothing too long just wanted to explore yuna as a mother and her rs with ilya bc lowk theyre my fave pairing next to hollanov. i am also a sucker for drugged loopy shane so hears my take on it :P

english is not my first language (thankfully) so if theres any mistakes trust that i do not care

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

Yuna is a mom, has been for more than two decades. So when she feels things, things about her family, about Shane, she's usually right.

It's Boston versus Montreal tonight, but she decides not to attend since her husband, David, is out of the country for work. Instead, she indulges in a rare moment of alone time, getting cozy in the living room with a glass of wine in hand to watch a sport she has loved since she was a kid.

Her son, her Shane, is the most important person in her life. Her life and her light. Being her only child, she dedicated all her time and energy to raising him. The thought of him getting hurt brings physical pain to Yuna. Which is why seeing Shane fly across the ice and slam into the boards makes her drop her wine glass to the floor.

She freezes, unable to comprehend what has just happened. Her son, her Shane, unmoving on the ice.

The medics arrive at lightning speed, and she can see players frozen in the ice, probably just as confused as she is. No one moves, no one except Ilya Rozanov, skating straight towards Shane.

Her first instinct was to say *No* out loud.

She doesn't know Rozanov beyond how he is on the ice: arrogant, cocky, but undeniably a good player (though not better than Shane).

She isn't sure what she expects to happen, but it was *definitely not* this. Ilya Rozanov kneels on the ice, talking to her son. Her unconscious son, *Fuck what the fuck is happening*, she thinks.

Just as the cameras were trying to close in on the scene, her phone rings.

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The paramedics take him to the nearest hospital. Shane's responsive for a bit before he passes out in the ambulance.

Yuna's panicking. She usually has her shit together, but anything involving Shane, good or bad, always puts her on edge.

But this time's different; she can't think, couldn't come up with a game plan beyond packing a bag and booking the next flight out to Boston. On the way to the airport, she calls her husband, who is already on his way to one as well.

Fucking hell. Her flight got delayed by four hours, and then again by two. Times like these are when she hates being Canadian—fucking ice and winter.

Yuna arrives at the hospital just before sunrise. She speaks with the doctors, who assure her that Shane's stable and walk her through his injuries and every single detail on how to go

about his recovery. David is still on the plane, but she messages him the details anyway, hoping that it will lessen his stress and worries for their son.

The doctors also inform her that while Shane is awake and responsive, he's loopy from the drugs that they gave him.

Wasting no more time, Yuna makes her way to her son's room. She quietly opens the door in case Shane is fast asleep.

He isn't.

She hears him murmur something to himself.

"Mommm Mom-myyyy, you're here,"

All of her nerves dissolve at the sound of his voice.

"Yes, honey. I'm here, how are you feeling?"

"M'great, Mom, so great, amazing even," Shane says, giggling.

She laughs with him. *Must be the good shit*, Yuna thinks.

She takes a seat beside the bed and holds his hand, scanning his face and wincing at the bruises littering his skin.

"I'm glad, hon. You really scared me, though. But I'm happy you're feeling better," She says, gently caressing his face.

He bursts into full-on laughter.

"What's so funny, baby?"

"I feel like a monster, oh shit, am I a monster? No, monsters are uggos, and I'm not. *He* said so,"

Shane isn't making any sense now, Yuna thinks. Still, she plays along. Talking might keep his mind off the pain.

"Why would you think that you're a monster?"

"Because you guys keep saying I scared you, booooo or wait no, rawwwrr,"

"Who said that? You already had a visitor?"

"Shushh, Mom. He said shushh,"

"He? Who? Your coach?"

"No, Ilyaaaa," he sighs dramatically. "Oh gosh, Mom, I miss him,"

Huh. Ilya?

Ilya Rozanov?

Why the fuck is Shane calling him Ilya, and why does he miss Ilya Rozanov?

“Shane, honey, what are you talking about? Ilya Rozanov was here? What did he want?”

“Yes! He was here because he’s a good guy. He said I scared him, and I said sorry. Mom, he looked so sad, and I got sad because he should never be sad because he makes me sooo happy. I miss him, I wish he didn’t have to leave. God, he’s the best, best at everything but not hockey because I’m the best, but wow, his mouth—”

Yuna cuts him off before she hears where that sentence is heading.

“Shane. Shane, what are you saying?”

“Wait.. what am I saying?” He looks at her, suddenly lost.

“You said Rozanov was here. Why was he here? And why do you keep calling him Ilya?”

“Ohh,” he says sleepily. “Because he’s my Ilya,”

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Shane falls asleep before he can say anything else

Yuna’s head is spinning. She steps out of the room.

Think, Yuna.

What other explanation can you think of that could explain what just happened inside, other than your son having some kind of relationship with Ilya Rozanov? Fuck, they hate each other, right? Or do they?

Before she can spiral even further, she hears a familiar voice.

“Honey, are you okay?”

She melts into David’s arms. She tells him Shane is asleep, that he should stay with their son. She tells him she needs to take care of something first.

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Yuna Hollander is an anything-is-fixable type of person. A problem always comes with a solution.

She needs answers, and she knows she won’t get them from her son while he’s high as a kite.

She knows better than to meddle with her son’s personal life. Hockey and all the business bullshit that comes with it is fair game. Shane even prefers it that way, insisting the only thing

he cares about is playing hockey.

But her moral dilemma about the consequences of meddling with Shane's personal life evaporates when she realises what this could mean for Shane and his career.

If she's correct in assuming that Shane is somehow involved with Rozanov, she's allowed to be scared. Allowed to worry that everything her son has worked hard for could disappear in one go.

She loves hockey. Always has. But she knows how unforgiving the league can be. She knows how dangerous it is to be different. Shane already breaks barriers just by being her son.

The problem isn't being gay or being into men. She would love Shane regardless.

Yuna knows her son, hockey is his life, the thing that gives him purpose and the only thing he cares about. Well, at least that's what she thought. The truth is, they already had their suspicions about Shane and his sexuality. He never talked about women, ever. Yuna told herself that maybe it wasn't his priority yet.

She feels stupid now, like she's a bad mother for even thinking about denying her son's true identity. Like she failed him because he couldn't come to her about this.

She wants nothing more than to hug Shane and tell him that he doesn't need to hide anymore. That no matter what happens, Yuna will always be by his side. That she will beg for his forgiveness for the rest of her life if she has to, for failing to see *him*, the *real him*.

Instead, she's standing outside Rozanov's Boston penthouse.

She finds his address in under an hour. Don't ask.

Before she can stop herself, she presses the doorbell.

After a moment, a confused, dishevelled Russian man opens the door.

He looks miserable.

Her heart clenches at the sight of him, at how thoroughly broken he looks.

"Mrs Hollander? What are you— Is Sha— Is Hollander okay? Did something happen?"

Yuna almost can't believe what she is seeing: Ilya Rozanov, an asshole and ever cocky on the ice, is panicking in front of her, his heart completely exposed.

"No, no, Shane is okay. Um.. may I come in?"

He steps aside immediately.

Even though he looked relieved with a mixture of confusion, he still gestured for her to come in.

Inside, Yuna glances around, wondering if Shane has been here before. Ilya sits on the couch; she takes the chair across from him. He offers her a drink. She politely declines.

Feeling the reality of what she was doing, she began summoning all of her Mom powers to say what she needed to say.

“I’m sure you’re wondering why I’m here, and to be honest with you, I’m not entirely sure myself. Uh, first, I wanted to thank you, for you know, visiting Shane. That’s very kind of you, and um, my husband and I appreciate it. It shows good sportsmanship and leadership,”

She paused for a bit, trying to find the right words to say next. “I’m sorry, I usually know what to say, but right now my mind is empty,”

She admitted. Ilya Rozanov watches her with tired, sad eyes.

“Did he say anything to you? He—Shane, he’s loopy, yes? What did he say?”

“A lot. And also not enough,” Yuna says carefully. “But mostly that you’re his Ilya,”

Rozanov breaks.

He sobs, fully and openly.

Before she can think, Yuna moves forward and wraps him in a hug. He doesn’t resist.

They stay like that for a while. No words spoken.

When he finally pulls back, he stares at the floor, still crying.

“I was gonna end it, last night,” he says quietly. “I couldn’t be with him like this anymore, and he deserves more than me, more than I can give. But then he fell, not moving in front of me, and I thought I was gonna lose him forever. And then he asked me to come to his cottage, he was so happy and smiling, even though he was so hurt, he looked at me like he wanted me too, like he lo—,”

He stops, suddenly aware of who he’s talking to.

“You love him?” Yuna asks softly, but she knows the answer. He loves Shane; there’s no way he doesn’t.

Slowly, he looked up to her, then nods. “So much, so fucking much,”

That’s all she needs.

She stands abruptly.

“Let’s go, come on, big guy,”

“What? What is happening?”

“My son is in the hospital, and he wants you. No, do not interrupt me,” she warns gently, like she knew he was about to protest.

She continued, “You’re coming with me. We will figure everything else out later. Right now, Shane needs you, and I know you need him too,”

She squeezes his hand.

“So wipe your tears, get dressed so we can see my son, who loves you very much,”

Rozanov freezes.

Of course, they haven’t talked about it or said it out loud yet, God men she thinks.

“Don’t look at me like that, Ilya. I was blind for so long, but now that I know, it’s so obvious how much you love each other,”

She smiles, warm and knowing.

“You boys definitely have to talk, like *really* talk. This must have been going on for a while for you both to feel this way, so you need to put on your big boy pants and tell my son that you love him.”

He laughs through his tears, amused at how similar Shane was to his mom.

Yuna followed suit, letting herself sink into the couch, finally breathing for the first time since last night.

End Notes

thanks for reading! feedbacks are appreciated <3

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