

## And he said he was going up!

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Yuna Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">David Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a>                                                                                                                                                                                     |
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| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 1,104 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |

# **And he said he was going up!**

by [HollanovIsReal2K17 \(knockyasocksoff2022\)](#)

## Summary

SUMMARY: Yuna remembers seeing Ilya in the lift

## Notes

This is a flashback fic, so it actually takes place in July 2017, the night after David and Yuna find out about Hollanov, but Yuna's flashback is from July 2010, when Ilya and Shane did the CCM endorsement ad shoot in Toronto.

(A/N: I don't really like this, tbh. I mean, I like the content, but I tried to differentiate the memory from the present by tense-shifting and IDK if it worked or not/sounds good.)

It was 8:55, and after a pleasant evening of talking to Canada Cycle & Motor company's representatives over a few light drinks, Yuna Hollander, a homebody at heart, was very ready to retire to her room. It was only a hotel room, but it wasn't a bad one. Toronto was a nice city, and the view was good, plus her husband was there, probably catching up on New Yorker articles.

Satisfied with how the evening had gone, she tapped the lift call button with her elbow. It was a habit she'd picked up from Shane. He wasn't a complete germaphobe, but he was particular about some things. He always had been. It was almost more for the sake of routine than anything else. Yuna and David had long stopped questioning it.

The lift in the centre was the first to appear, but when the doors opened, a young man was standing inside, a boy really, against Yuna's many years.

The same boy who'd started with her son today in the CCM advert.

*Ilya Rozanov.*

"Oh... hello there."

She was old enough to be his mum. Of course, she was; he was the same age as Shane, but she couldn't feel very maternal towards him. He was the competition.

And he dressed like a Russian mobster, for Christ's sake, in a black button-up shirt that wasn't even buttoned properly. Yuna was no prude, but perhaps having a son like hers had skewed her views a bit. When he wasn't in workout clothes, Shane was all button-ups, khakis and top-siders. Either way, it was clear this guy knew he was good-looking. *Prick.*

Too bad he had the talent to back it up.

"Oh, I'm trying to go down," She said after a little too long.

Rozanov was standing there, oddly awkward for someone dressed so suavely, "This is going up, so..." His accent was thick, but not too hard to understand. He pointed as he said it, too, which was... nice?

Yuna resisted the urge to roll her eyes. *'As hard as he tries, he'll probably be popular with the girls.'* She wasn't close enough to know if he had cologne on, but she strongly suspected he did.

"Yeah... Okay." Yuna stepped toward the lift anyway. She didn't mind a long lift ride if it meant she could get a better read on Rozanov. "Well, I'm-" But the door began to close before she reached it, and Rozanov smiled in a way that didn't reach his eyes- didn't even reach his mouth, really. It was more like a grimace. He looked almost... guilty?

Yuna backed up. "Okay."

It was fine, she'd get another lift. And this was only their rookie year, she'd have plenty of time to suss out the competition.

—

Their rookie year!

Yuna shoots bolt upright, yanking the comforter nearly off the bed and knocking her book off her nightstand.

Barley a second later, David is awake too, blinking blearily. "Yuna, honey? What is it?"

"The lift... Holy- oh my god, he was in the lift!"

David cocks his head, "Who? Honey, who are you talking about?"

"Rozan- Ilya."

"What?"

"He was- that night, after Shane's first advert, the one they did together for CCM. You went up early, but I stayed a bit to talk to that director, and when I went to get a lift, one came, and Ro- Ilya was in it."

"And?" David asks, not dismissive, just confused.

"He said he was going up. Shane's room was above ours, and they said-"

David cuts his wife off with an exhaled, "Oh."

"Yeah..." It's a lot to take in, Yuan pushed forward anyway. "I was just thinking about it. I know, they said rookie year, but I couldn't think of when they possibly could have started all of this."

"But that night..." David trails off.

They both fall back on the mattress, staring at the ceiling for a while before embracing each other.

David cards his hands gently through Yuna's hair, tucking a few of the longest strands around her face back so he can see her eyes, the gentle brown eyes he fell for all those years ago, the ones he falls for every morning when he wakes up next to her. That love, if this is what his son feels for Ilya Rozanov, then how could he be upset? That doesn't mean he isn't surprised, though. "All this time, huh? And Shane, he never snuck out even once when he was a kid, but *this*... how did we not know?"

Yuna sighs, "I don't know. But, hey, maybe it's a right of passage thing."

"It's clearly not rebellion, hon. I mean, you saw the way Ilya was looking at him."

"No, I know. It was almost *gooey*, but what I'm saying is that maybe it was good for Shane to do some sneaking around, you know? He's always been so good. As a mother, it was a blessing, but as a person, I've worried about him sometimes. I didn't want him to end up missing out on all the shenanigans of youth. I guess I was worried for nothing, huh?"

"He must still feel alone."

Yuna understands. The NHL wasn't easy for kids of colour, but gay kids? It wasn't even heard of. Yuna has never been in a men's locker room, of course, but she's been around hockey fans all her life. The fathers of her friends, nice men, even and some of the stuff that she'd ignored at the time.... it wasn't good. "Hockey was a hell of a sport to pick. I'm glad he did, but..." She exhales. still a bit in shock, "you're right. But all we can do is be there for them now."

"Yeah. This'll be tough, for sure."

Yuna scoffs, "We're *Hollanders*," she says, and David knows exactly what she means. "*We can do anything we out out minds to.*"

"Yes, we are. But it's," David squints at the clock, "three in the morning, let's go to sleep."

Yuna yawns, "Yeah."

This is a lot. Oh, good god, this is *the most*, but she's never backed down from a challenge before, and refuses to start now. She's a mother, one who's spent the past twenty-something years helping her son achieve his dream and reach his goals, so what if what he wants is Ilya Rozanov? So what if what he wants is a quiet life with the person he loves? Was he any less deserving of it than she and David?

***Hell no.***

'*Hollanders can do anything*,' Yuna repeats quietly to herself as she settles back down, '*At least I hope so.*'

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