

I'm...Going Up

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I'm...Going Up

by [cheerfuldisdain](#)

Summary

"Honey," Yuna said softly once the nurse had gone. "Did - did Ilya Rozanov come by here?"

Notes

no but what do you MEAN Yuna knew Ilya had been to the hospital?????

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

The hospital cafeteria was two floors down from Shane's room and offered, if not any particularly appealing food options, something that could plausibly be considered coffee. At least that's what Yuna told herself as she grimaced down at the cup on the table in front of her. She shook her head at it doubtfully even as she held her phone to her ear, listening to the dial tone.

"Hi honey!" David said immediately as he answered. "How's he doing?"

"A little loopy still," she responded, sighing. "But good. Concussion, broken collarbone, and out for the playoffs."

"Yikes."

"I know," she sighed again. "But he should be discharged by this evening, and he'll stay with us." She paused, considering. "This might be a good opportunity for him to start exploring some new options, you know. I think modeling's out while his collarbone is healing, but he could try his hand at commentating."

"He could," David began doubtfully. "But Shane's not a huge fan of, you know. Talking to people. Talking in *front* of people."

"No, I know!" Yuna replied, taking a sip of her coffee-adjacent beverage. "It's not an obvious choice for him, but it *is* a good track for athletes once they retire, and he's of a high enough caliber that people will be scrambling for his opinions. If he can just get comfortable enough to talk about them in real time, anyways." She paused contemplatively. "I know he's still young, but he does have to think more about retirement."

"I suppose so," David adds agreeably.

"A guest spot now might be a good way to test the waters," Yuna murmured, almost to herself. "Get him some low-stakes experience. If he's no good at it, so what? He'll go back to playing next season and no one will care!"

"Honey?" David asked sweetly over the line. "Do you think you could give him a day or two before you start planning the next 30 years of his life?"

"I'm not gonna bother him about it now!" she insisted, to David's doubtful hum. "I'm not!"

"Well, good," he replied calmly. "I know you like to think ahead, honey. Especially about Shane."

"Well yes, I do. I love him, don't I?"

"Yes. And you love him enough to let him rest for the next few days. Right?"

"Yes!" Yuna grumbled. "And I love you too, by the way. In case I hadn't mentioned it recently."

"You know, I had my suspicions."

She walked towards the elevators still contemplating the best approach. She would quietly send out some feelers to different networks to see who might be interested in having Shane guest commentate. After all, he would be much more likely to accept if he knew there was actual interest.

She nodded to herself as she hit the up button for the elevator, satisfied with the plan.

Faster than she had expected, the doors opened with a ding. Yuna blinked in surprise as she found herself facing a pensive-looking Ilya Rozanov.

He had had a slight furrow to his eyebrows, staring into the distance and pursing his lips as the doors had parted. But his mouth dropped open, ever so slightly, at the sight of Yuna.

They stared at each other for a long moment. It seemed to stretch out impossibly.

"I'm...going up," Yuna said eventually.

"This is going down," he replied, eyes wide.

She nodded, mystified.

Ilya took a breath, seeming to steady himself. He opened his mouth again. "I - " he began. Just as the elevator doors closed with an abrupt finality.

Yuna stood there, bemused. And still waiting for the damn elevator to go up.

"Mommy!" Shane cried happily as Yuna walked back into the room. "That's my mom," he added conspiratorially to the nurse.

"Oh, I'm aware," she replied wryly. "Your mother has made herself known to the whole staff on this floor."

"Uh ohhhhhh," Shane giggled, glancing back at Yuna and raising his eyebrows in delight.

"No, don't worry," the nurse continued, smiling. "We love to see attentive family around here."

"Glad to hear it!" Yuna replied, a knowing smile on her face. "Because I've got a few questions for you while you're here."

Shane snorted, breaking out into another giggle. "Uh ohhhhhhhh!"

"Honey," Yuna said softly once the nurse had gone. "Did - did Ilya Rozanov come by here?"

Shane blinked in surprise. "What...makes you ask that?"

"Well, I just passed him in the elevator as he was heading down and I was going up. Seems an odd coincidence."

"It...would be," Shane replied slowly. "An odd coincidence. If it were...a coincidence."

"So it's - it's *not* a coincidence?"

Shane pursed his lips, eyes floating upwards. "Mmm-mmm," he said, shaking his head vigorously.

"He was *visiting* you?"

"Mmm-hmm," Shane replied, now nodding decisively.

"Oh," Yuna murmured, bemused again. "Well, that's very...sportmanslike of him."

Shane nodded again. "Yes! He is a sports...man. He sports. He does sports. He plays the sports." He blinked consideringly. "And so do I!"

"What did he say, honey?" Yuna asked, undeterred.

"Umm...." Shane paused, looking down to pick lint off his blanket with his free hand. "He said...Marleau's really sorry and he didn't mean to hurt me. Aaaaaand...that he hopes I get better soon." He blinked. Slowly, he lifted his eyes to meet Yuna's gaze. "He was...nice. He was - he *is*...."

Shane paused again, a searching look on his face. "He was *nice*."

Yuna frowned slightly at Shane's tone. He seemed like he was trying to convey something. Something *important*. But - well. Maybe it's just what he said. Rozanov was nice.

Big news indeed.

"Well, I'm glad, honey," she replied. "I wouldn't have expected it, but that's very commendable behavior. Especially from a captain." She leaned forward to brush some hair out of Shane's eyes. "Doesn't mean I wouldn't deck Marleau if I got the chance, though."

"*Mom!*" Shane groaned.

"What? I'm just saying! Anyways, the man's a giant. It's not like he couldn't take it."

She picked up his free hand, running her fingers along his knuckles. "But I tell you what. I won't deck Rozanov."

"Really?" Shane asked, wide-eyed and hopeful. There was something almost hesitant in his voice.

"Promise," Yuna smiled down at him.

But his eyes were already flickering closed even as she said it. He seemed to fall asleep like that, hand still in hers.

A small smile on his face.

Yuna smiled too.

End Notes

Shane loopy on drugs is actually something that can be so personal.

So so soooooooooo interested in Yuna and her whole weird fucking deal. Thinking of her interacting with Ilya is so juicy to me, but honestly load me the heck up on Shane's mommy issues as well.

Hoping to write more Yuna & Ilya missing scenes going forward, but as soon as we learned that Yuna KNEW Ilya had been to the hospital I went wow wow wowwwwwwww I hope somebody writes about that. Anyways, I still hope somebody else writes about that in much longer and more interesting detail, but here's my tiny little take. :)

According to imdb, the lady who interrupts is a nurse. Specifically she is listed as "Nurse." So, you know. Lots of character development there. I liked her.

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