Mother Canada

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77235796.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov & Russian Federation
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant, Romantic Fluff, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov-centric, Canada, Citizenship fic, Why isn't that a tag?, no citizenship or passport tags, getting a passport, awful passport pictures, they're in love, Idiots in Love, They're out
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 1,409 Chapters: 1/1

Mother Canada

by RatedEforEmotion

Summary

He's so happy he went to Saskatchewan, so happy he went out for a cigarette, so happy he saw those freckles and feel for them, so happy he doesn't have to worry about paperwork right now.

God, he hates paperwork.

=> Or, how Ilya got his first Canadian passport

Notes

I fell for them too, what can I say.

The title was originally supposed to include a crossed out Russia in between them but I don't know how to.put that in the title.

Enjoy

"Dear Mr. Rozanov,

I am pleased to inform you that after thoroughly examining your paperwork and determining your legality, the Canadian Government would happily offer you a citizenship. Please report to your registry office with the necessary paperwork.

Kind regards, Clerk Emily Wilson."

Ilya stares at the laptop screen, his fingers frozen on the touch pad.

"Let me see." Shane says, sitting down next to him, an arm wrapping around Ilya and offering comfort they both know he needs even tho the Russian himself is unsure why.

"I got it." He says, reading it outloud one more time. Then again, then to himself in his head. Over and over again, trying to make himself believe it.

He stays on the couch, looking at the email for longer than was sane before handing it to Shane so he can Google what documents he needed, if they needed an appointment, if they needed a payment slip, how the parking was and like a million other things Ilya would forget to think about with a clear head, let alone like this.

His glasses are on and he's buzzing around the house, messing with papers and constantly including Ilya.

Ilya gets up, pacing up and down their living room and answering Shane's questions and statements while shamelessly smiling.

"We could go on Wednesday." Shane says, typing something on the laptop. "We don't have practice plus we don't need an appointment so even if something comes up we can go."

"This is… *strange*. Insane."

"Yeah." He hums, looking through the papers. "We'll need your birth certificate," he holds it up more for himself than Ilya. "And our marriage certificate, and your old passport.…"

The old passport. *Russia*.

The red covers with that ugly coat of arms on it.

'Российская Федерация' it said in big yellow letters. Inside was a picture of him at 17, somehow it was legal to still have the same one ten years later.

The picture was taken right before the Junior hockey championships in Saskatchewan, the same place he met Shane.

The same Shane who was now handling his paperwork because he knew even after all these years, the professional big words legal paperwork uses make Ilya's head hurt and frustrate him.

He remembers how happy he was in the picture, how hard he was trying not to smile. It was his first opportunity to leave, to see the world beyond the cold weather and colder people of his ~~homeland~~ birth country.

He's so happy he did. So happy he went to Saskatchewan, so happy he went out for a cigarette, so happy he saw those freckles and feel for them, *so happy he doesn't have to worry about paperwork right now.*

God, he hates paperwork.

"Wednesday sounds good." He says, walking to the couch and sitting behind Shane who has long ago switched to sitting on the floor.

"Is that all you've heard?" He grins, looking back at Ilya. "From everything I just said."

"Maybe." He smiles, running his fingers through Shane's hair.

"Alright." Shane yawns, climbing up on the couch. "Wednesday, that's all that matters anyway."

"Yeah." He smiles as the other curls in his arms. "That's all that matters now."

The registry office is cold. The chairs are welded together and to the floor, uncomfortable, hard.

"You good?" Shane asks, his hand coming to rest on Ilya's left leg, the one that has been bouncing up until now, up until he noticed.

He shrugs, knows lying and masking his emotions with a '*Im fine*' has never worked with Shane. They don't work like that. No answer is better than a fake one.

"It's okay to feel many things at once." Shane whispers "Even if they're not all happy."

"I hate that this matters so much." He admits, hearing the number just before theirs called up.

"It's allowed to."

When their number is called out they both rush to the counter.

The clerk is a young man, he clearly knows who they are, his eyes light up when they meet Ilya's. He stays professional tho and over the years Ilya has learned to appreciate that.

He asks the basic questions; name, age, father's name (this one stings a bit, especially having to literally spell it out), then place of birth.

"Russia." He says way quicker than he was supposed to.

"Of course." The clerk says, typing it in. Those two words weirdly sting but he has absolutely no time to react before he is shoved into a tight white box with a bright light in his face.

"Neutral face." Some new voice says as Ilya struggles not to squint against the light.

After the picture he meets Shane outside, his displeasure must be obvious because Shane immediately says. "You looked fine."

Ilya grins, although a part of him feels like crying.

The clerk hands them their receipt, says it will arrive in 2-4 weeks and calls the next number.

Ilya hears Shane thank him and mumbles something himself as they walk out.

As soon as they're outside Ilya feels his skin buzzing. He runs a hand through his curls, trying to remember where they had parked but all the cars look the same, the parking lot looks endless and the city noise is louder than whatever thoughts he's trying to have.

"Hey, hey. Ilay." Shane's words get to him, a warm hand placed on the burning skin of his cheek. "It's okay."

"I know." He says, pulling Shane into a hug.

He sighs, rubbing his nose behind Shane's ear and inhaling deeply. "I really want a cigarette right now."

"I haven't said a word about those in years, Rozanov."

"I know but you don't like how my mouth tastes after and you say I smell."

"You do but you can shower and I will never turn down a kiss no matter what." Shane says, kissing his cheek. "There's a pack in the car. Those Slovenian ones you like?"

"Я тебя люблю" He whispers, not letting go yet.

"Just a bit longer." Shane nods, rubbing his back.

Their apartment is buzzing for the next few days.

Mail suddenly becomes a thing.

Not just a thing, it becomes serious. Suddenly all the envelopes are opened just in case.

Ilya isn't sure what the case is but he's not willing to risk it.

He checks the mail constantly, goes through it all and he knows Shane is pretending not to notice how obsessive he's getting.

He googles how long it takes for it to actually get there, complains about bureaucracy then remembers socialism and deepens his rant.

Then one day, while he's making coffee Shane puts the mail on the counter and Ilya catches a glimpse of it.

Putting away the kettle, he grabs the big envelope with the government seal.

He curses, walking to the dining table to sit down.

Shane is immediately by his side, not touching or pushing but he's there. *He's always there*.

Realistically, it's not a lot.

In Ilya's unrealistic, subjective and quiet obsessive mind, it's everything.

It's a dark blue colour with one of those proud Canadian leaves on it.

Candian. Canada.

Inside is a truly terrible picture of him, his name now officially with Hollander added to this document as well.

Ilya Hollander Rozanov.

He knows Shane did it on purpose as soon as he sees it. His father's name wasn't there. 'Ilya Grigoryevich Rozanov' is what was written in all the documents from Russia.

In this one, he was Ilya Hollander Rozanov.

No father, no Russia. But Shane.

No cold eyes and hands, no insults and expectations.

Just a warm, unsure hand on his shoulder.

"I should have asked, I—

"I like it." Ilya says, cutting him off. "Thank you."

He sees Shane nod in the corner of his eye but keeps looking at the passport.

He's not sure if it's minutes or hours he stays in the same position but he knows Shane would have kept standing there in both cases.

"No going back." He say, tracing the leaf on the cover with his thumb. "I get to stay."

Shane smiles, hugs him from behind.

"Where do you want to put it?" He asks.

"Next to yours." Ilya says. "They should be together, we can make the little pictures kiss. Although passport Hollander deserves a better version of me, this picture is ridiculous."

"I like it." Shane chuckles behind him.

"Me too." Ilya says with a smile. ***"I like it a lot."***

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