

my ilya, my shane

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

Summary

Yuna thought she understood her son. She thought she understood Ilya Rozanov, too. She was wrong about both. As she watches the boy who loves her son navigate fear, love, and impossible choices, she realizes that acceptance isn't loud, it's in the way people stay.

Or, Yuna reevaluates everything she thought she knew about Ilya, Shane, and love itself. As fear gives way to honesty, Ilya and Shane finally speak the words they've been carrying for years.

Notes

this is part 2 of my prev fic, i highly recommend you read it if you havent.

as for the first fic, thank you so so much for all the hits and kudos and love and feedback and everything in between that i have gotten, i truly appreciate it <3 i wrote this with the intention of exploring more of ilya and yuna but also yuna and david (and ofc hollanov confession im just a girl)

and again, 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

Boston traffic is something else. If you told Yuna that she would be sitting in Ilya Rozanov's car, on the way to the hospital to visit her son, who also happens to be Ilya's lover, she wouldn't believe you.

Yet, it's her reality.

Ilya is quiet, but visibly tense.

She notices the way his fingers tap nervously against the steering wheel every time they come to a stop. Without meaning to, she starts studying him, recognising how much he resembles Shane whenever her son has to drive for more than two hours. The same faraway look. The same way he seems to think out loud, like there's something he wants to say but is holding back.

She wants to tell him that he can, that no judgment will come his way.

Instead, she keeps watching him.

In this Boston traffic, he's just Ilya. Not Rozanov, the hockey player.

Just Ilya, a boy who's in a car with the mother of the love of his life, on the way to see the same love lying in a hospital bed.

He looks small. His eyes keep shifting, filled with so much love and anticipation.

It's difficult to comprehend how much Yuna's perspective of Ilya Rozanov has changed over the last few hours. She's never thought of him as anything more than being Shane's only competition in the league. Sure, she's indulged in gossip about his rendezvous with women and his flashy lifestyle. But she's never tried to look past the mask. Never even considered that he might be wearing one.

Now, sitting in this car, she's slowly accepting how wrong she's been. She's been wrong about so many things. About her son, and about the man next to her.

She's surprised by how calm she feels. The anxiety that should be clawing at her chest is gone.

Although Yuna is now filled with more questions than answers, she's content.

"You can ask me anything, Mrs Hollander," Ilya suddenly says. His voice is sincere, nervous, but determined. "I'll try to answer what I can without speaking for Shane."

"Please, call me Yuna," she replies, shuddering. "Mrs Hollander reminds me of my mother-in-law." She pauses, then adds, "And I think it's better if I hear things from the both of you, after you guys have talked."

“Are you sure?” he asks gently. “Because right now, you look like Shane when he wants to tell me something, but his beautiful head is getting too loud.”

He chuckles softly, like he’s reminiscing.

Yuna’s heart tugs. *He really knows my son.*

“He gets that from me,” she says, smiling. “Along with my amazing looks and incredible hockey skills.”

They both laugh.

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As they make their way up to Shane’s room, Yuna can’t help but notice how carefully Ilya tries to disappear, to keep his head down, to make sure no one recognises him.

He must feel her staring, because he looks at her with a sad smile. She returns it with the same quiet understanding.

She thinks about what this could mean for him. She knows and understands the implications of being queer in their world; she feels for them. And she knows that for Ilya, there may be even more at stake.

That’s why she can’t help but grow fond of him.

He loves so bravely, in his own way.

She imagines a Shane-shaped hole in his heart, a space carved out and reserved entirely for her son.

They reach Shane’s room without being noticed by any overly observant Bostonians.

Yuna enters first. Ilya follows suit.

David, who is sitting next to Shane with his head on the bed, looks up immediately, relief washing over his face, then his gaze shifts to the Russian man behind her, confusion settling in.

Shane is asleep.

Or he was asleep.

He must have felt Ilya’s presence, Yuna thinks.

David, now next to Yuna, is looking at her with questioning eyes. She gives him a look he knows well, telling him to trust her and she will fill him in with everything later.

Ilya remains frozen near the door. He looks like he wants to rush to Shane’s side but is holding himself back, afraid of being seen. Afraid of overstepping.

“Hi, honey,” Yuna says softly, moving closer to the bed. “I’m back. Look who I brought.”

Shane stirs, still half-asleep, still dizzy.

Yuna gestures gently for Ilya to come closer.

Now aware of the tall figure at the door slowly making his way to him, Shane whispers.

“Ilya.. you came back.”

“Hi, I heard you were looking for me. Missed me already, Hollander?” Ilya teases, but Yuna can see the tears forming in his eyes.

Shane blinks, looking around the room, at his parents and Ilya, slowly grasping the weight of the moment. Before panic can set in, Yuna takes his hand.

“You don’t remember telling me about Ilya?” she says softly. “You said you wished he didn’t have to leave. So here he is.”

‘Mom, I– he, how–,’ Shane tries to talk, but his sobs are taking over him.

Yuna leans in, hugging him gently, careful not to hurt him even more.

“Hey, honey. It’s okay,” she murmurs. “I know now. I’m sorry, baby. You don’t have to say anything right now. But I need you to know that your dad and I, we love you. No matter what. You don’t have to hide anymore, my love. I see you now.”

She pulls apart from the hug to caress Shane’s face, then his hands.

“We will talk,” she continues, then reaches for Ilya’s hand. “But right now, I think you and Ilya should talk first,” Yuna says as she replaces her hand on top of Shane’s hand with Ilya’s hand.

Still in tears, all Shane could do is nod. Yuna kisses her son’s forehead before heading out, taking David with her.

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Ilya

As soon as Shane’s parents step outside, Ilya feels a sense of relief. Releasing the tension he didn’t know he’s holding back.

He pulls the chair next to Shane’s bed so he can be nearer him, without removing his other hand that’s holding Shane’s hand.

Before Ilya can speak, Shane wipes his tears and starts talking.

“I’m sorry, Ilya,” Shane says quickly. “I shouldn’t have said anything to my mom. I was loopy, and I felt like I was invincible. I didn’t think about what I was saying. I just remember

talking about you, and then I couldn't stop. I don't quite remember everything that I said, but I know it was all about you."

He laughs weakly, surprised by his own honesty now that the drugs have mostly worn off.

"And I'm sorry if I said anything weird when you first came. I wasn't thinking. I'll understand if you're mad at me. I'm sure you didn't even want to be here. My mom probably forced you to come, so I'm sorry if she pulled a Yuna Hollander on you," he says, now avoiding Ilya's eyes.

"Who said I didn't want to be here?" Ilya says gently. "Not me, is just your head, Shane."

Shane looks at him for a moment, then shifts his eyes away again.

"You asked me earlier not to leave you. I didn't want to go. I should have stayed. And I could never be mad at you, you should know this by now,"

"Why?" Shane asks, voice breaking. "I basically outed us to my mom, and then she dragged you here. You should be mad at me. Why aren't you mad at me?"

"Because," Ilya says, lifting his free hand to cup Shane's face, "as much as I am your Ilya, you are my Shane."

Shane's breath stutters.

"When you fell," Ilya continues, his voice shaking, "I could not move. My whole world collapsed, and if I lost you, no one would have known. There were thousands of people there, and they did not know how important you are to me, that you are the most important thing in my life." his tears spill freely now, but Ilya wipes the ones falling down Shane's cheeks.

"I love you, Shane. More than anything I've ever loved before. That's why I pushed you away, because I was scared. Because I feel so much for you, and you and I, we were never supposed to be possible."

He swallows.

"But that was before, before I saw what my life would be like if you weren't in it. I can't live like that. So, I will take what you can give me, because I cannot lose you, Shane."

He presses his forehead briefly to Shane's.

"You have my heart, so please, keep it."

Shane musters up all of his strength to lift himself just enough to kiss Ilya.

It's soft and careful. Different from all the times that they have kissed before. Still hungry, still full of longing, but gentle. Ilya kisses him back with the same restraint, mindful not to jostle or hurt Shane.

They pull back after a moment, resting their foreheads together.

“Fuck,” Shane breathes, smiling through tears. “I love you so much, Ilya. And I’m definitely still a little drugged, or that was just one hell of a kiss,”

They both laugh softly.

“Oh, it’s definitely the kiss,” Ilya teases, now caressing Shane’s hand.

“But I know that I love you,” Shane continues. “I have always loved you. Even when my brain tried to deny it, my heart knew that you were it for me. So I will keep your heart, only if you keep mine too.”

They kiss again, slower this time, savouring it even more.

All of their unspoken thoughts from over the years, finally being said. There’s still so much to talk about, so much to figure out.

But for now, it’s enough for them that they know how they feel for each other.

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Bonus scene:

The hallway is quiet in that strange, late-night hospital way. Too bright, too still.

David doesn’t speak right away. He waits until they’re a few steps from Shane’s room, until the door is safely closed behind them.

Then he exhales.

“Okay,” he says slowly. “You want to start explaining?”

Yuna leans back against the wall, crossing her arms, not defensively, just to ground herself.

“I’ll start with this,” she says. “Shane is okay. He’s safe. And he’s loved.”

David nods. “That part I’m with you on.”

He rubs a hand over his face. “The part I’m less clear about is why Ilya Rozanov is currently holding our son’s hand.”

Yuna huffs softly. “Because Shane asked for him. Repeatedly. While very, very drugged.”

David raises an eyebrow, sceptical, “Of course he did.”

She smiles faintly, “He called him *my Ilya*.”

David freezes.

“Oh.”

“Yes. *Oh*.”

They stand there for a moment, the hum of the hospital filling the space between them.

“I went to see him because I needed answers,” she says. “And I wasn’t going to get them from Shane while he was still high as a kite.”

David exhales slowly. “You really just... went.”

“I really did.”

“And?”

“And he opened the door, looking like his world had ended.”

David studies her face. “That bad?”

“That bad,” she confirms. “He thought Shane might die. He said it without saying it.”

David goes quiet.

Yuna continues, carefully. “He was going to end things with Shane. Not because he wanted to, but because he thought it was safer. For Shane. For his career.” She sighs, “He’s been carrying it alone. All of it. Loving him. Being terrified of it. Watching him get hurt.”

“And when Shane fell...” David trails off.

“It broke him,” Yuna says.

“He loves him,” she says again, quieter this time. “Deeply. Not casually. Not recklessly. He just loves him.”

They stand in silence for a moment.

“So,” David says eventually, “this isn’t just a thing.”

“No,” Yuna replies. “It’s definitely been going on for a while. Long enough to hurt.”

David sighs. “Of course it has,” he continues. “You knew?” David says quietly.

Yuna shakes her head. “I may have suspected something. But not this, definitely not this.”

They fall silent again.

After a moment, David asks, “Are you okay?”

Yuna considers it honestly. “I think I am. I’m scared for his career, for what this means. But I’m more scared of what would happen if he thought we didn’t love him exactly as he is.”

David nods, his voice steady. “Then we don’t let him think that. Ever.”

She looks at him. “You’re okay with this.”

He doesn't hesitate. "I'm okay with my son being loved."

That nearly breaks her.

"I was so afraid," Yuna admits, voice trembling just slightly, "that I failed him. Because he had to hide."

David reaches for her hand. "We didn't fail him entirely. We just need to get to know him again."

She squeezes his fingers. "I'm proud of him."

"Me too," David says.

They glance back toward the door, toward their son and the boy who loves him.

"We should give them some time," David says.

"Yes," Yuna agrees. "But not too much."

David smiles knowingly. "Of course not."

End Notes

thanks for reading! feedbacks/comments are appreciated <3

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