Take Me Home

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Take Me Home

by ItsMayBiTheWay

Summary

When Roz starts speaking, frantically letting out Russian words from his hospital bed, Troy jumps in fear. "*Ty emu uzhe pozvonila? Gde mama?*"

While Troy might not know Russian, or any other Slavic language that might have offered him some sort of context, he understands the word for mother. His heart clenches in his chest. Calling for your mom, especially when you're hurt and confused feels instinctive. Troy is pretty sure he'd do the same thing. But the thought of coming out of your dazed state while desperately wanting your mom, and the loss of your mom coming crashing down on you must be a different type of agony.

Roz starts speaking again, Russian coming to him easier than English must. "*Mama? Gde moya mama?*"

Notes

Y'all I know fuck all about hockey, and I couldn't be assed to do more research about it. This also applies to medicine beyond personal experience! Let's all pretend everything I wrote makes sense.

If you guys want compensation for your therapy, lmk in the comments!!!!

This takes place during the events of The Role Model and The Long Game but don't look too closely at it.

AMAZING THANK YOU TO MY SAVIOR FOR THE RUSSIAN IN THIS FIC!!!! EVERYONE GO THANK HER Seriously, I appreciate all your help so so so much!!!

This was supposed to be a 1-2k-ish warmup, turned into this. Started writing. Had a break-down. Bon appetite.

ALSO if you're waiting for the third chapter of Scotty Doesn't Know (Lily and Me Do It), it's coming on Sunday!!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Especially in his last few years, playing in Toronto had stopped being fun for Troy. It became draining and miserable. But playing against Toronto is, impossibly, an even worse experience. He is tired and frustrated, playing more reckless than he normally would. He just wants to score, win this fucking game, go out with his team to celebrate and let the now-familiar buzz of their conversation lull him into a false sense of security. The other shoe will surely drop, but for now, this is good enough. He can dwell on the feeling of impending doom more when he's back at the hotel they're staying for the night.

Coach Wiebe calls them for their next shift, and standing on the ice with Roz by his side, Bood on Roz's other side, at least settles something in Troy. The antsy tingling sensation under his skin dims into something he can manage. The familiarity of the ice under his blades grounds him, even on skates, he feels like standing on solid ground. This arena that he once called home feels foreign to every inch of him. His mind, his body, his soul. But this sport, something he can channel every frustration and disappointment, something that'll protect him against everything, will always be familiar.

When he's on ice Troy doesn't think beyond his jersey. The number 17 on his back acts as a shield, as a barrier. The masculinity of the jersey, the padding around his shoulders, they shield him; his insecurities, his fears, and all the questions about his sexuality, all perfectly hidden under the cheap polyester. He just focuses on the smell of the ice, the adrenaline rushing through his veins, and the puck that has found its way to his stick.

As he whips his head towards where he knows Roz will be, ready to receive his pass, time slows down. While he's sure everything happens in quick succession, Troy watches in slow motion as a Toronto player he doesn't know, someone they must have just transferred, or a rookie, slams into Roz at an awful angle, sending him flying for the boards. A sickening cracking sound fills Troy's ear, and the entire arena goes silent save for Roz's limp body ricocheting on the ice.

The game stops and medics rush to Roz's side. Troy is there as well, along with Hayes and Chouinard. They all wait for Roz to open his eyes, mutter something, anything, but he just lays on the ice unmoving. Bile rises in Troy's through, but he swallows, ignoring the disgusting taste on his tongue. As they're carrying him off the ice, Troy hears Roz mutter something in Russian, and his mind cannot categorize the sign neither as good nor as bad.

The next hour of the games goes in a blur. They play harder, more ruthless. Ottawa Centaurs are brutal on ice now with something to prove, something to avenge. They win the game, 2-1, barely. And they take out at least two Toronto players. Troy is pretty sure he broke someone's nose, but doesn't even care to remember who. He at least knows Bood got to the one who took Roz down.

Everyone trickles into the locker room silently, and with the corner of his eye, Troy catches the rookie, Haas, wiping a tear before it runs down his cheek. The game is won, but it feels like a fucking funeral. Just as Troy thinks it can't get worse, Hayes opens his fucking mouth. "Do you guys think someone's with Roz at the hospital?"

And fuck if that question doesn't entirely eviscerate the whole visitors locker room. Everyone on the team knows Roz doesn't have any family in Canada, or even in the US. It's public knowledge that both of his parents are deceased, and not even one person on their team knows if Roz's seeing someone or not. And the thought of their captain laying in the hospital room all alone just sucks the air out of the room. "I'll go," he volunteers. "I'll wait at the hospital by him until a friend or family comes." He doesn't dare say if. Someone has to come.

By the time Troy gets to the hospital, and finds someone to inform him about Roz's state, over two hours have already passed. He learns the room number they're keeping him from the same nurse who informs him that Roz has a mild concussion and some family on their way. Troy lets the knowledge that at least some family members are on their way wash over him, his steps becoming steadier on their way to the appointed room.

Ilya Rozanov in a hospital bed is somehow the definition of *wrong*. The six feet three beast of a player, scariest Russian in history including fucking Rasputin should not be drawfed by hospital beds and beeping machines. The picture in front of Troy creates a devastating juxtaposition with the image of Rozanov he has in his mind. Loud, brash, unabashed, that's how Rozanov is in his mind. Scary but determined, a leader who'd get people to follow him into the jaws of hell, let alone to an ice rink. This person who's in a hospital bed seems so small, so human in an unfair way.

The steady beeping of the machine offers Troy something to focus on. He sits down on the chair next to the bed Roz is laying in, and tries to match his racing heart-beat to the machine. His mind keeps repeating that his family is on their way, but the air of loneliness that seems to surround his captain haunts the room. Why wasn't anyone there watching him play? Why wasn't anyone here, sitting by his side, occupying the chair Troy is unrightfully filling? Where did Roz go when everyone from their team gathered together? And how similar it would have been if it were Troy who got hurt?

Troy's eyes lock on Rozanov's face, as if his unmoving eyelashes or the gash on his cheek hold the answers to every question. He watches Rozanov for five minutes, maybe ten, maybe thirty. Then Roz's eyelashes flutter, a few unrecognizable words get muttered in the space between them. Before Troy can process what's happening, Roz is back under.

Eventually a nurse comes back in, informing Troy of what's happening. He explains everything in such a monotonous tone, Troy wonders what he witnesses every single day. "Mr. Rozanov has suffered a mild concussion. We will run some additional tests once he is awake and conscious, but his initial checks did not show signs of extensive damage. When he first arrived he had a dislocated shoulder and a dislocated knee, both on his left side where he sustained the most of the damage. He might be confused when he initially wakes up, if you'll be here, you should be aware. Once his family arrives, we'll inform them more on how to proceed."

Troy thanks the nurse before sitting down, unaware when he even stood up. Unsure what to do, or how to spend the time, he grabs his phone and shoots a few texts to the Centaurs groupchat' letting them know about Roz's condition. Before he can talk himself out of it, he

sends a similar text to Harris as well who immediately responds with his own concerned texts. He offers to pick Troy up from the hospital, or come up there to wait for Roz's family, even though he is over four hours away in Ottawa. The soothing presence of Harris, even through texting, must completely pull Troy into another dimension because when Roz starts speaking again, frantically letting out Russian words, he jumps in fear. "*On budet tak sil'no volnovat'sya. Gde mama*"

Fuck. The first words are so unintelligible, Troy is not sure if Roz was speaking Russian or English, but the second half is clear and simple in Russian. While Troy might not know Russian, or any other Slavic language that might have offered him some sort of context, he understands the word for mother. His heart clenches in his chest. Calling for your mom, especially when you're hurt and confused feels instinctive. Troy is pretty sure he'd do the same thing. But the thought of coming out of your dazed state while desperately wanting your mom, and the loss of your mom coming crashing down on you must be a different type of agony.

Roz starts speaking again, Russian coming to him easier than English must. "*Mama? Gde moya mama?*"

Troy manages to get his body to cooperate, finally finding himself on his feet. Just as he's about to reach out for Roz and calm him down, a panic-stricken Asian woman enters the room. "*Ya tut dorogoj, ne bojsya..*" She doesn't even throw Troy a second glance before settling herself on the side of Roz's bed, her lithe fingers combing through sweat-matted blond curls. "I'm here, Ilyusha."

And Troy understands, family and genetics don't always come hand in hand. Troy himself knows family extends beyond blood, and blood doesn't always equate to family. But that woman is not Roz's mother. He thinks back on the press conference where Roz talked about his mother, how he lost her to suicide and depression. But the way she cradles his face in her gentle, manicured hands screams mother, her demeanor tells a different story. Maybe she is his step mother, he idly thinks, his eyes taking in her features. He watches them exchange soft words in Russian, Roz completely calmed, back on his pillow now with his eyes closed. The intimacy feels too painful to watch, too much like intruding on a moment. But the weird familiarity of this woman who acts like, maybe is Roz's mom, nags the back of Troy's mind.

A few moments later a middle-aged man enters the room, his hands immediately settling on Roz's mother's shoulders, rubbing them with soothing motions. "How's our boy doing?" he asks, his Canadian accent crisp.

"He was asking for his mother when I entered. And immediately asked about him when he realized I was here," the woman responds, punctuating her sentence with a relieved laughter.

Eventually the man acknowledges Troy's existence in the room, offering a hand to him. "Hi. You must be one of Ilya's teammates."

"Troy Barrett," the woman supplies. "Ilya's right wing."

Hearing his name in her voice unlocks a memory. A photoshoot from a few years back when Troy was announced as one of the most handsome hockey players by Cosomplitan, second

handsomest to Shane Hollander. He remembers walking into the shoot, seeing a woman heatedly argue with the photographer about the lighting situation and how her son would require constant breaks if he insisted on keeping the lights so bright. "*My son was named the most handsome by the magazine you work with,*" she had pressed. "*I think you can bend to his needs a little better*."

"Yuna Hollander," he keeps his hand out to her in a daring move. "Shane Hollander's mom, right? And apparently Ilya Rozanov's."

A protective glare settles on her face immediately. A momma bear look Troy is all too familiar from his own mother. "I run Shane and Ilya's charity," she responds, ice cold. "Ilya is family." There is a certainty in her voice that'll allow no objections. This woman is Roz's mom through and through.

Right on cue, Rozanov speaks. "*Ty emu uzhe pozvonila? On budet tak sil'no volnovat'sya.*"

"*Da moj dorogoj. On uzhe edet syuda.*" Yuna responds, her attention turning towards Rozanov, eyes softening. "Did they give you anything for the pain yet?"

Troy has never thought himself a smart man, but it doesn't take a genius to decipher what is clearly happening here. Nobody learns another language for a person they're helping run a charity. There is no doubt in Troy's mind that Rozanov belongs to this family through strong ties. And Troy knows soon the nurses and doctors will come inside, run some tests on Roz and inform his family, the Hollanders, about his status. Possibly Hollander will come here too, if his schedule allows it, and Roz will be back to his shadows. Admittedly he'll be less alone than Troy thought, but still in the shadows.

Lately Troy's life's been about taking calculated and not-so-calculated risks. So he throws caution to the wind once more, taking a chance and trying to prove himself. "It was so nice meeting you Mr and Mrs. Hollander. I'm glad you're awake and coherent, Roz. No doubt you'll be in good hands." He waits for a reaction before continuing. An affirming nod from them all gives him power to continue. "Give Hollander my best. I'll just let everyone on the team know you're still kicking it. Might grab Harris and drop by once you're out of the hospital."

"Thanks, Barrett. Give Harris my best." And the fucking asshole has the audacity to wink. He's alive and well, Troy thinks. Our Roz is back.

As Troy walks out of the hospital room, mind exploding with everything he's just found out, he faintly hears Yuna Hollander ask Ilya Rozanov who Harris is in a tone that resembles a teenager asking for gossip.

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When darkness takes Ilya, his mind conjures up two figures on either side of him. Unlike Barrett and Bood, who are on either side of Ilya on ice, these two figures in the darkness come to him gentler. When he turns to his left, darkness still all-encompassing, he feels the need to look up. His small hand, enveloped in fair fingers feels foreign in the most familiar

way. His eyes find his mother's face, her soft blue eyes, and unruly blonde curls. "Mama?" he calls, waiting the smile that's reserved for him settle on her face

Just as he predicted, Irina smiles at him, the prettiest smile his young mind had ever seen. It's not her tight lipped one, a bright red lipstick slathered on to appease his father. It's big and gummy, her lips reaching her ears almost. "Yes, Ilyusha?" she asks, ready to give him the world.

And even in this darkness that's relieving Ilya from the crushing pain on his side and the throbbing in his head, Ilya knows the sadness that had taken a permanent residence in his mother's mind and heart overweighs the rest of the word. Even if the rest is where Ilya is left. Her mother had given him the world, but left him a world without her in it. He's not mad at her. Not in this darkness, and not elsewhere.

Then his head turns to his right. This time his gaze falls on his hand, big and strong and calloused. His fingers gently hold a much daintier, manicured one. The difference in their skin color stands out, but not enough to differentiate where his hand ends, and the other one starts. It's just as fierce of a grip.

He doesn't struggle to find the face, not even amidst all the darkness, and his mother looks at him with such an adoring smile, the wrinkles next to her eyes becoming more prominent with the brightness of it. "Yuna?" he calls, her fingers instinctively tightening their grip on his.

"Yes, Ilyusha?" she responds, the diminutive not sounding exactly right, but perfect.

"Can we go home?" he asks, unsure where exactly he means. The smell of honey cake and lamb fills his nostrils, only to be overtaken by the scent of a familiar pork broth. The scents wrap around him, soft and comforting, until he realizes it has been Shane's blanket all alone.

Finally home makes sense.

"You are home, my love." Because Shane is home. He's been home for a long time now. His beautiful Shane who must be so worried. Ilya has to reassure him, tell him that it's all going to be okay.

Suddenly and forcefully Ilya gets pulled out of the darkness. Thoughts of Shane and sharp stabbing pain invading the calm darkness of his. "*He must be so worried*," he wants to say to the women who are with him, but he can't find either on his side anymore. "*Where is mom?*" Ilya's not sure who he's asking for, Yuna or Irina. But he needs at least one of them to help him out of here and lead him back to Shane. With an anguishing certainty he realizes he wants Yuna to take him home. He wants to curl up on their deep burgundy couch with Shane, Yuna carding through his curls, watching whatever is playing on the TV with David's commentary in his ears.

"*Mom? Where is my mom?*" He asks again. Mama has always been Irina, mom, Yuan. But in this language that has taught him the love of a mother, they both come out the same. He knows he's not a child anymore. Even though in this darkness, he feels like one, when looking at Irina, he knows he has to find his older self, follow Yuna out of the darkness.

Slowly, painfully bright lights filter in, his head feeling unbelievably full. It is too much to take in, too much to process. Ilya feels so bereft without the protection he just had and feels so lost without gentle hands guiding him and feels so alone…

Until the unmistakable voice of Yuna cuts through. "*I'm here, dear. Don't worry.*" The pronunciation is still a little clumsy, even to Ilya's groggy consciousness, not that he'd ever say it out loud. But the warmth and calmness the words in his native language carry in Yuna's voice immediately settles something in Ilya. She repeats them once more, in English. "I'm here, Ilyusha." And she sounds just like she did in Ilya's dream.

His eyes close, a different darkness, one that doesn't pull him deep, but lingers in somewhere shallower, comes to him. He feels fingers pushing sweat-soaked curls away from his face, gently resting on his temple before settling on his jaw. Yuna's thumb caresses his cheek, brushing past what must be a gash the way it momentarily stings, ever so gently. "*I'm sorry I scared you.*"

"*Fear comes from worry. Worry comes from love,*" Yuna softly tells him. "*Rest a little my boy, you need it.*"

Ilya keeps his eyes closed, letting Yuna's half-broken Russian drape over him like a blanket. He keeps his own sentence simpler than he might have phrased it, wanting Yuna to understand every word. "*He will be worried and mad.*"

"*We were worried too,*" Yuna tells him. "*It's because you are loved.*" Her hands are still resting on his face, and Ilya can feel the dip of the bed from where she's sitting somewhere on his bed. His injuries must not be as bad as he thought if Yuna is willing to jostle him. Only the effects of a concussion are present if the pressure in his head is anything to go by.

Ilya's internal train of thoughts gets interrupted by David's familiar soft hum. A constant low timbered voice he's come to associate with complete calmness. Ilya feels love pour out of him as David refers to him as "our boy," and contently listens to Yuna give him a quick run-down of their conversation.

A simmering sense of pain makes itself known around his temple, the backs of his eyes hurting. Ilya's about to ask them to call for the nurse when the conversation around him reveals another presence in his room. "Troy Barrett," Yuna supplies. Her tone of polite disdain reminds Ilya of Shane, and how gentle venom can lace through his words.

Ilya hears Barrett refer to Yuna as both Shane and his mother, and fuck, how much had he gave away when he was unconscious. His secret doesn't feel unsafe in Barrett's hands, not anymore at least, but Ilya has never been able to temper his protectiveness over Shane and their relationship. The worry only increases the throbbing pain in his head.

Yuna's voice gets raised a little, still polite, yet stern. Her politeness is a little different than David's, Ilya has come to realize. David is polite; gentle and understanding, kind to a fault. He is just as protective, but he will move away from anything that doesn't deserve his kindness. Yuna, on the other hand, is polite in her manners; fierce and relentless, her kindness is a grace one must earn. Her protectiveness means fight, a brutal mamma bear through and through. A fleeting thought of an alternate universe pops up in Ilya's already muddled, fuzzy

mind. Ilya still in the black and gold of the Boston Bears, Yuna clad in the same ones. She somehow fits in the same way he did.

Ilya catches the tail end of her response to Barrett. “Ilya is family.”

“*Did you call him?*” he asks. Because he is part of this family. *Shane* is his family. And the way his family protects him, he needs to protect them back. He has to make sure his Shane is comforted, and kept in the loop. “*He must be so worried.*”

Yuna’s attention immediately snaps back to him. “*Yes, my dear, he is on his way.*”

Ilya wants to respond, but the way Yuna has so effortlessly switched back to Russian for him lodges somewhere in his throat. It’s a different kind of pain from what he’s feeling on his body. He feels like he’s regrowing a bone, learning to be loved again.

Yuna must sense his discomfort, his pain, and misinterpret it—if only slightly—because she asks him if they’ve given him anything for the pain yet. Ilya can’t confess how much he loves it when her and David’s love hurts, a stark reminder that he’s alive, and he’s survived, and maybe he’ll someday even thrive, so he nods his head “no.” Maybe something for the pain might be a good idea, even just for his head.

“It was so nice meeting you Mr and Mrs. Hollander. I’m glad you’re awake and coherent, Roz. No doubt you’ll be in good hands.” Barrett’s deep voice disrupts the gentleness of the room, not necessarily in a bad way. Ilya feels his eyes on himself, then on the Hollanders. Their coordinated nods must give Barrett what he was looking for because he continues, his eyes directly on Ilya “Give Hollander my best. I’ll just let everyone on the team know you’re still kicking it. Might grab Harris and drop by once you’re out of the hospital.”

He hears what Barrett is not saying. *You guys are safe with me. Your secret is safe with me. We are in this together. I got you and your family.* “Thanks, Barrett,” he manages, letting his voice carry some of the gratitude he’s feeling. “Give Harris my best.” And because he can't help it, he gives Barrett a knowing wink.

Yuna is on him before Barrett is even out of their earshot. “So, who is Harris? Are they dating? Is he cute?”

“Yuna,” David admonishes. “Let the boy rest. He just got a concussion. You guys can gossip once he’s home.” But he’s also laughing, looking at Ilya with his own curious eyes.

“Fine,” Yuna relents. “You rest, Ilyusha. I’ll get the nurse. You can tell me all about Barrett and his possible-boyfriend Harris at home.”

“She loves that she has someone to gossip with now.” David laughs. “Both me and Shane have never been interested. Not in the way she is. She finally has her person.” He gently taps Ilya’s good leg before settling into an empty chair.

When Ilya lets sleep take him again, after the nurse gives him a higher dose of pain meds, he falls asleep thinking about double dates and how less alone he feels.

Next time Ilya wakes up, the chair that was previously occupied by David is now where his boyfriend is sitting. “Hi,” Shane smiles when he realizes Ilya is awake now. For some reason, his smile reminds Ilya more of his own mother than Yuna. Lips pulled up, his gums exposed. If his head wasn’t feeling like elephants are trampling in there, he might have felt a little insane with how much he loves it. “How are you feeling?”

“Better,” he responds honestly. Amidst the smell of medicine and antiseptic, he can smell Shane now. Soap and ice and something inherently *home*. “Just a mild concussion.”

“You gave mom quite the scare.” Shane forces a smile, whatever Yuna has told him, haunting his features. “You spoke Russian when you woke up.”

“Yes,” Ilya confirms, confused as to why that scared Yuna. They ran all cognitive function tests on him when he arrived at the hospital. They should have told her it wasn’t due to his concussion but Ilya’s general dislike for speaking English when he first wakes up.

“But you asked for your mother. And she apparently responded in panic.” Shane chews his bottom lip. Ilya wants to reach over and rescue it from Shane’s worrying, but the IV hooked to his hand restricts his mobility.

“Yes,” he repeats again. “I was having a dream. Yuna was there. My mother was there. I asked Yuna to take me home. She disappeared in my dream. I woke up. I asked for Yuna. *Gde mama?*” Still struggling to see the issue, Ilya looks at his boyfriend and his glassy eyes.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” Shane whispers, love in Ilya’s mother tongue, a second nature to him.

“I love you too.” Ilya whispers back before sleep takes him again. He faintly hears Shane telling him he’ll let Yuna know when she comes back with their food, the steady feel of his fingers on Ilya’s wrist.

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“So, tell me.” Yuna pats his knee, her feet pulled towards her on the couch, a blanket covering both their legs. “What’s the deal with Barrettt and this Harris person?”

Delighted, Ilya grabs his herbal tea with both of his hands, the cookies David baked for them forgotten between them. “Harris is our social media person,” he starts explaining, waving his hand dismissively at Harris’s official title. “I don’t know anything. Not for sure. But I see the way Barrettt looks at him. I am very perceptive.”

“Oh my god.” They both turn towards the stairs where Shane was groaning from. “Not this again.”

“Shut up, *moy luyyibim*.” Ilya reaches for his boyfriend who gladly walks towards him to hold his hand. “I cannot look at screens because I got a concussion. Yuna is keeping me entertained. You are making fun of your poor, hurt boyfriend. It’s cruel.”

Slotting himself between Ilya and the couch, Shane pulls his boyfriend down until Ilya's fully resting on him. His hands gently massage Ilya's temples, eliciting a moan. "You are so annoying. Now continue telling us about Barrett and the apple boy." He steals one of their oatmeal cookies, looking very pleased with himself.

"How do you know about the apples?" Ilya asks, bewildered.

Both his and Yuna's attention turn towards Shane who recites his conversation with Barrett, explaining why he has a huge case filled with apples in the trunk of his car. Somewhere in the middle of the story Ilya watches David quietly settle into the armchair. His attention is clearly on Yuna who's watching her son animatedly tell the story of his cider acquisition from a gay social media manager's farmer family with rapt attention. When David's eyes find Ilya's, Ilya doesn't look away but accepts the warm smile.

End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading!! You guys' comments and kudos keep my Tinkerbell spirit alive <3 🧚‍♀️🧚‍♀️

And you all know the drill by now I hope

If you want to say hi this is me on twitter-> ItsMayBiTheWay

And if you wanna keep up to date to my upcoming fics, make sure to subscribe to my ao3 page!!!

ALSO if you're waiting for the third chapter of Scotty Doesn't Know (Lily and Me Do It), it's coming on Sunday!!!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!