

Leave It With Me

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Leave It With Me

by [Signsofsam](#)

Summary

In a surprising twist in what she assumes everyone thinks about Yuna Hollander, she does not care for Instagram. She understands its usefulness, and she does have one, but it's all simply posts about Shane's latest accolades, his brand deals and advertisements, a few sprinkled posts about the Metros, and posts from the Irina Foundations—so perfectly bland and impersonal.

That is, of course, until the FanMail leak takes a wrecking ball to her boys' lives (fuck you very much, Brad). After that, she decides she's not going to let the rest of the world dictate the love that Ilya and Shane share. She's not going to let them get beaten down by the assholes out there who see anything but two people in love.

AKA: Five times Yuna shows the world Ilya's her son, too, and one time he calls her mom.

Notes

Did I call it this so it could be in parallel with I'll be Your Father Figure? Yes. The title is clearly from Father Figure by Taylor Swift

Did I consider the alternate titles of 'You Want a Fight (You Found It)' and 'Leave It With Me (I Protect the Family)'? Also yes.

Please enjoy my (probably) last entry into this series.

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

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And yes, Yuna was shocked when Shane fell in love with Ilya Rozanov, but very quickly, she got it. Ilya was so easy to love, and what's more, it's so incredibly easy to tell how much he loves Shane in return, and that's all Yuna's ever wanted for her son.

And now, Ilya's also her son, living in Ottawa and having dinners with her and David and watching hockey and trashy television with them, and she's decided that maybe the little world she's created with them deserves to be seen.

They deserve to be seen.

one.

The first photo goes up at the same time as David's. They'd talked about it after Shane and Ilya had laid out the strategy they'd decided on with Farah (and talked Yuna down from driving to Montreal and ripping Roger Crowell a new one because what do you mean that little measly man told them that they should say it was a prank?), and she and David had decided that this would be the way they'd show their support. There would be no comment from them—there didn't need to be—but there would be photos that showed their love.

It's from one of their many family dinner nights that winter, one where Ilya was clearly exhausted, having just gotten back from a road trip but not wanting to miss any time with Shane, and he'd passed out soon after they'd eaten on the couch, his head resting in Shane's lap. Yuna had smiled at them sweetly as she laid a blanket over Ilya, leaning to press a kiss against his forehead, then Shane's.

"I love you," Shane had whispered as he ran his fingers through Ilya's hair, and the way he looked at Ilya...she couldn't help but take the photo. He'd rolled his eyes at her after she'd done it, reminded her they couldn't take risks like that (which hurt her heart. They were going to wake up one day and realize that photos of their years together really didn't exist, and it wasn't fair), but then went back to running his fingers through Ilya's curls, and so the picture was forgotten until she posts it with two simple words to accompany it: **my sons**.

two.

There's something about watching David and Ilya interact that fills Yuna with such joy. It's the way David seems to have taken on the personal mission of being the father that Ilya

deserved when he was growing up, and the way Ilya completely leans in to it, the way he's fine doing puzzles with David and even helping with the crossword (*It helps my English*, Ilya had explained once with a rueful grin when Shane commented about what a **boring** activity it was).

It's the way that she feels herself melt as she watches them from the kitchen while she and Shane finish up the ramen they'd been making, watching David repeat the Russian words slowly, looking at Ilya for confirmation that he's pronouncing them right. She pulls out her phone, which catches Shane's attention, and they both watch as Ilya grins when David finishes whatever Ilya's taught him. "Nearly there!" he praises, and David laughs, rolling his eyes. "What? Was very good!"

"You're a very good son, Ilya, but not a good liar," David answers, shaking his head. And Ilya pauses in his laugh, taken aback at David's words. And then he just smiles, his big, easy, *real* smile that seems to be coming out more and more, as if he's lighter.

"I...I would never lie to you, David," he finally says, grinning over to Yuna and Shane. "Again! We'll have you trash talking in Russian before too long!"

It goes on for a few seconds longer, David once again stumbling over whatever curse word Ilya is teaching him, and Yuna posts the video the next day, captioned **I am just going to assume he's teaching David how to say good game.**

three.

Even though Yuna's promised herself to post more of her life, she's busy and most days, she doesn't get to it.

But not today.

Today is Shane's first game as an Ottawa Centaur. It's the first game that she and David are going to get to cheer on both their boys. They have seats with Lisa Hayes and Cassie Boodram and Caitlin Dykstra and she can't wait to be part of this little family that's been so good for Ilya (and, she's hoping, will be just as good for Shane).

The arena is electric, and the Centaurs put on a show. Yuna takes several photos, and this time she posts them all, every last blurry and pixelated photo. A photo of them and Lisa and Cassie and Caitlin, all mugging it up for the camera. A photo of the team celebrating Shane's first goal. A photo of the fries David had gotten her. And, finally, one of Shane and Ilya hugging at the end of the game, ignoring the entire world but each other as they check in.

They all go in a carousel with the caption **I love that this is going to be our new normal.**

four.

Yuna loves the relationship that she and David have with Shane, but now that Ilya's a part of their life, she sees just how lucky they are to have that relationship, and how hard she and David worked to cultivate it. Ilya rarely talks about his family, and if he does, it's the happy memories he has from his mother, but every single piece they learn about Ilya's family, the

more she and David learn just how much they've shaped the man Shane became, and they see themselves in how he acts with Ilya, how he runs a hand through Ilya's hair to comfort him, how he never makes fun or teases Ilya about his English, and is always willing to guess whatever word Ilya needs, how he always encourages whatever activity Ilya's found endless joy in now.

Currently, it's a telescope. She and Shane are in the kitchen of the boys' cottage, and Ilya has David out on the dock under the star-filled night sky, gesticulating wildly as he shows off the telescope he's got at the edge. "That's new," she murmurs, and Shane glances up, smiling softly when he catches Ilya.

"He told me about this memory he has of his mom taking him to the Museum of Cosmonautics for his birthday when he was eight or nine, and just how obsessed he was with space. It was something they both enjoyed, and she surprised him with a telescope one day, and how they got to enjoy it for a whole week before his father came home angry and drunk, he thinks, and he screamed at them both, and he woke up the next morning and the telescope was gone."

"That's...that's awful," she murmured, and Shane nodded.

"But he still has that special memory with his mom, so for his birthday this year we went to the space museum here and I got him a telescope so we could watch the stars sometimes. He's been so excited to show you guys; I see he's got his claws in Dad first. I think it may be important that it's Dad first." Shane made the comment off-handedly, but Yuna got it. It's making new memories with a father figure who actually cares to replace the ones of the man who didn't.

Shane gives her a soft smile and squeezes her hand, grabbing the ginger ale and Coke from the bar before heading out to the dock. She watches him go, watches Ilya smile widely as Shane walks towards them, and she can't help but snap a photo before she joins them. Later, Shane will ask her for a copy, and it'll join their gallery wall, but tonight, she posts it on Instagram with the caption **our family's exploring the skies with you, Irina.**

five.

When the Centaurs win the Stanley Cup the first time, Yuna and David are, of course, in the stands.

When they win their second, they're there, too.

On their third win, Yuna's crying as the last seconds tick down, because it's Ilya's last, but the team has pushed through for this, made it their mission to send him out in style.

On their fourth, Ilya's in the stands with her and David, wearing a number 24 jersey just like them, and he's cheering as he watches his husband lead the team to victory in Ottawa. She and David and Ilya have had an absolute *blast* together this season, and if someone had asked her if Ilya misses being on ice, Yuna would probably say yes, but not as much as one would think. He loves hockey, but he also loves Shane, and supporting Shane, and supporting Shane doing his favorite thing.

She posts the photos the next morning, the first of Ilya and David clutching one another, both of them focused on the ice. The second is of the celebration afterwards, Ilya's hands on either side of Shane's sweaty face, their foreheads pressed together as Ilya says over and over *I'm so proud of you*.

My boys <3

+ one

The second Mother's Day after Shane and Ilya get to be Shane and Ilya to the world, Ilya tags her in an Instagram post early in the morning. There are so many photos of them, at games, at the cottage, at houses and dinners and the All-Star game, but her favorite is a selfie she took with him at the Tulip Festival, both of them smiling brightly with the many colors of tulips as the backdrop. Shane and David hadn't wanted to go with them, so she and Ilya had made a day of it, exploring the exhibits and tulips and the artists at the festival. She'd bought a painting from one, and Ilya had gotten too many things (*I can't just not buy something from all of them, Yuna*, he'd said when she eyed his fifth or sixth purchase, and it was so typical, caring, kind-hearted Ilya that she couldn't help but smile) and it was an amazing day for just the two of them. She'd taken photos during it, too, photos that ended up on her walls and as backgrounds in her phone, and she was glad to see that Ilya loved and enjoyed that day just as much as she had.

Yuna, I did not have a mom for a very long time before you came into my life. But the moment we met, you stepped into that role without a second thought, and now I've been blessed with a second mother. I hope I make you both proud to be your son. Спасибо за то, что любишь меня.

End Notes

I've had this mostly complete for two weeks, but Individual Tax Accounting is kinda kicking my butt so I had actual work to do and didn't get this finished until earlier this week.

I am fully convinced Ilya is one of those people who heals his inner child as an adult. Telescopes, Lego, museums, anything he didn't get to enjoy as a child--he wants to do it now. And not only does Shane love it, he always obliges.

Russian translation (courtesy of my friend Google Translate):
Спасибо за то, что любишь меня: Thank you for loving me.

You guys are all absolutely amazing. Reading your comments throughout this entire series have given me such joy and life since December and you'll never know how much each comment and kudos means to me. And again, while I haven't commented back to anyone, I've read every comment. I'm so glad you all love soft and schmoopy as much as I do. Thanks in advance for all the comments/kudos, and if you want, come follow me [here](#) on tumblr.

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