

He called me Mom

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He called me Mom

by [Sweetxpenguin](#)

Summary

A warm feeling of joy washes over Yuna that Shane has chosen such a decent man, but it also has a bitter aftertaste. Of course, they know about Ilya's parents; they know about his family. As a mother, it breaks Yuna's heart to see this young man completely without support or security. Without knowing what it feels like to have a family that cares for you and is there for you. That's precisely why she has made it her mission to be a family for Ilya, to be someone he can turn to. Or simply someone who will hold him in his arms.

or: Post Episode 6: The Cottage. Ilya and Shane have another lunch date with Shane's parents.

Notes

English isn't my first language, so be aware of any mistakes or errors!

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

“Do you need any help with this?”

Yuna turns to Ilya, a pot in one hand and a plate in the other. The Russian stands in the doorway to the kitchen, looking at her expectantly.

Shane and Ilya accepted her invitation to lunch, and five days after the somewhat awkward revelation, the four of them were sitting together at the table again. This time, however, the atmosphere was much more relaxed. After the conversation with her son and the subsequent dinner at Shane's cottage, the mood was lighthearted and cheerful. Of course, it was still a bit of a shock that it was Ilya Rozanov, of all people, who had stolen her son's heart. They should have been enemies, hating each other. But the two of them were far from that. After observing them together over the past few days, Yuna couldn't imagine that they had ever been anything like rivals. At least not with the love they felt for each other.

"Just put the plate here, thank you honey. I'm just quickly loading the dishwasher, so there's not much you can help with."

With a smile, she gestures first to the plate Ilya is still holding and then to the kitchen island where the rest of the lunch dishes are still stacked. With a short, curt nod, Ilya complies with her request. However, he continues to linger, forcing Yuna to stifle a laugh.

She places the pot in the dishwasher basket and turns back to Ilya.

“Okay, if you’d like to help, could you wash the glasses? I can’t put them in here, unfortunately.”

Ilya immediately gets to work, confidently crosses the small kitchen, and runs warm water into the sink. Four days ago, when David and Yuna were invited to Shane and Ilya's for dinner, they had already noticed that the Boston player had taken over the household chores.

A warm feeling of joy washes over Yuna that Shane has chosen such a decent man, but it also has a bitter aftertaste. Of course, they know about Ilya's parents; they know about his family. As a mother, it breaks Yuna's heart to see this young man completely without support or security. Without knowing what it feels like to have a family that cares for you and is there for you. That's precisely why she has made it her mission to be a family for Ilya, to be someone he can turn to. Or simply someone who will hold him in his arms.

Yuna watches out of the corner of her eye how Ilya moves with a familiarity around her kitchen. Just a week ago, Yuna couldn't have imagined exchanging even a few words with Ilya beyond the bare minimum. After all, he's the one standing in her son's way to the top. But back then, Yuna also couldn't have imagined Shane coming out. Not because she objects or loves him any less. Her love for her son will never change. It's more that she hadn't expected Shane to find the courage to tell his parents the truth in the coming years. However, she also feels a little sick again when she thinks of Shane's face when he apologized for being the way he is. She never wanted to make Shane feel like he was wrong or couldn't talk to her. But they had that conversation, and they both opened up.

But the more time David and Yuna spend with Ilya, and especially the more they see how Ilya treats Shane, the more they both begin to love him. Rarely has there been anything in Shane's life that excites him as much and that he loves as much as hockey. Until Ilya came into his life.

It's so lovely to see the two of them together. At first glance, Ilya is this tall, rugged Russian, especially when you watch him on the ice. He's a great player with so much potential. It's almost impossible not to be fascinated by him. But when you see him with this family, chatting with David about trivial things or philosophizing with Yuna about hockey statistics, he's so relaxed and peaceful. Childish even. But you see it most clearly in the way he interacts with Shane. They whisper things to each other now and then. Exchanging little kisses and touches. One of them usually has a hand on the other; they always touch.

Yuna turns on the dishwasher. Just then, Ilya finishes washing the glasses. He dries his hands and carefully folds the towel. The glasses go back into the cupboard; everything looks clean, just the way Yuna usually likes it.

"Thanks for your help, Ilya. You didn't have to do that, but thank you."

She goes over to where he is standing and drops a hand on his broad shoulder. With a little squeeze and a genuine smile, she is looking at him.

"No problem, Mom. I like to help."

With that, he gives Yuna a crooked smile and disappears from the kitchen toward the living room, where she hears Shane and David talking excitedly. Yuna, however, can't help but stand rooted to the spot. She breathes heavily, her eyes filling with tears. Yuna has always been a strong woman. No matter what situation she faces or what problem she's confronted with, she can handle it. But these words from Ilya's mouth break her.

"Mom, everything ok?"

Shane appears in the kitchen, clutching an empty beer bottle, a can of ginger ale, and a can of Coke. He immediately places everything on the counter and closes the distance between them. She is pulled into Shane's arms. For a moment, she lets her head drop, her tough exterior slipping. Shane gently strokes her back.

"Mom, what's wrong? Why are you crying? Are you hurt?"

Yuna leans back slightly in Shane's arms, wipes the tears and probably the mascara from her cheeks, and smiles. She even laughs. A rather unpleasant, tear-smeared laugh.

"Ilya called me Mom."

"Oh, Mom."

Shane's face softens with understanding, and he hugs Yuna close again. They both linger in the kitchen for a while before returning to their men in the living room with fresh drinks.

End Notes

Hope you liked this little emotional fic♥

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