

## hand me a pen and i'll rewrite the pain

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77281281) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77281281>.

|                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rating:          | <a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                      |
| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Yuna Hollander &amp; Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                              |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Yuna Hollander</a> , <a href="#">David Hollander</a>                                                                                                             |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Found Family</a> , <a href="#">Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">very minor spoilers for The Long Game</a> , <a href="#">Good Parent Yuna Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Gifts as a Love Language</a> , <a href="#">POV Outsider</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 4,352 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                              |

# hand me a pen and i'll rewrite the pain

by [poppypickle](#)

## Summary

“What are these?” Yuna hears Ilya ask. He’s standing with his back to her in front of the armoire next to the couch, looking up at the shelves. She’d been on her way back into the living room with after-dinner coffee when she’d paused at the threshold.

Shane steps toward the armoire, coming up behind Ilya and curling both arms around his waist. “Um, trophies from when I was a kid. Like, minor hockey leagues and tournaments and stuff.”

Ilya moves his head from left to right slowly, scanning the array of trophies and medals on the shelf. “Is big business? Making meaningless awards for tiny hockey players?”

“They aren’t meaningless,” Shane protests, but he sounds a little sheepish.

“Yes, I’m sure the...” Ilya leans in close to read the plaque on one trophy, “‘Sportsmanship Award’ for the U7 Snowflake Classic was very prestigious.”

Shane rolls his eyes, but he’s laughing. “They don’t have awards like this in Russia?”

Or: Yuna bonds with Ilya, one plastic trophy at a time.

## Notes

Takes place in the year when Ilya is still playing in Boston.

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

“What are these?” Yuna hears Ilya ask. He’s standing with his back to her in front of the armoire next to the couch, looking up at the shelves.

David is doing the dishes in the kitchen and Yuna had been on her way back into the living room with two steaming cups of after-dinner coffee when she’d paused at the threshold. Not to snoop, exactly. But it was no secret she reveled in these kinds of private glimpses of Shane and Ilya. The partners. The boyfriends. The *lovers*, she smirks to herself.

*They* may have been doing this for ten years, but it was brand new to Yuna, watching her son love and be loved so fiercely in return. Every family dinner, every inside joke, every gentle touch and soft kiss and hopeful plan for the future felt like miracles. So, sometimes she stands hidden in the doorway for a moment and lets herself make up for lost time.

Shane steps toward the armoire, coming up behind Ilya and curling both arms around his waist. He lifts his chin up onto Ilya’s shoulder so he can see what the other man is looking at. “Um, trophies?”

Ilya jabs an elbow backward into Shane’s ribs. “Yes, I have eyes. But from what?”

Shane winces through a laugh. “From when I was a kid. Like, from minor hockey leagues and tournaments and stuff.”

Ilya moves his head from left to right slowly, scanning the vast array of trophies and medals on the shelf. “Is big business? Making meaningless awards for tiny hockey players?”

“They aren’t meaningless,” Shane protests, but he sounds a little sheepish.

“Yes, I’m sure the...” Ilya leans in close to read the plaque on one trophy, “‘Sportsmanship Award’ for the U7 Snowflake Classic was great honor. Very prestigious.”

“I should have won MVP,” Shane grumbles, and that gets a hearty laugh out of Ilya. He turns his head to press a kiss to Shane’s temple and Shane nuzzles into it with a contented sigh.

“They don’t have awards like this in Russia?” Shane asks after a moment.

“You think Russia is giving out sportsmanship awards?” Ilya shakes his head with a scoff. “*Shane*, maybe you have been hit on head too many times.”

“Asshole,” Shane shoots back, but it sounds unbearably fond. “No, I just mean, like, were there trophies for tournaments or things like that when you were a kid? You must have won as many as me.”

“More, obviously,” Ilya snarks back without missing a beat. But then he seems to sober, still staring at the trophies thoughtfully. “I did have some,” he says after a while. “Only for important tournaments. No ‘Most Special Skater’ awards like weak Canadians.”

“Where are they now?” Shane asks softly, not taking the bait. “Still back in Russia?”

“I...” Ilya trails off, his voice suddenly catching. He doesn’t speak for a few long moments, then finally murmurs, “My mother kept them on the dresser in her bedroom. She was very proud of me.”

Shane drops his forehead down to Ilya’s shoulder and wraps his arms around him even tighter. “What happened to them? After...”

“My father packed away all her things when she died. Took every part of her from house, like it would take away his shame.” Ilya’s voice is tight, colder than it’s been all evening. “I have not seen them since.”

Shane is quiet for a few moments. “I’m sorry, Ilya,” he finally says. Then, with aching tenderness, “I love you.”

“I love you too, *moya lyubov*,” Ilya murmurs faintly. After a moment, he squares his shoulders, like he’s trying to physically shake off the ghosts of the past. He reaches out and picks up one of the trophies. “But you must tell me about Ottawa Juniors U13 Stickhandling Award. I have on great authority you are excellent at handling a very big stick...” Ilya turns around in Shane’s arms to face him and lifts up both eyebrows with leering playfulness. “But I did not know you were *award winning*.”

Yuna has seen enough of flirty Shane and Ilya by now to know that’s her cue to enter the living room before things get too out of hand.

“Coffee is served!”

Shane makes a move to step away from Ilya, but Ilya wraps his arms around his back to hold him in place. “Shane was just telling me of his many impressive accomplishments as greatest Canadian hockey child ever,” he teases, still clasping the Stickhandling trophy between his fingers.

Shane rolls his eyes, but he’s laughing. “I absolutely was not.”

Yuna sets the two cups of coffee down onto the table in front of the couch and widens her eyes with interest, like she hasn’t just been eavesdropping for the last few minutes. “I have *lots* of photos of him playing hockey as a kid, if you’re interested.”

Ilya gasps in delight. “Baby Shane Hollander on tiny skates? Teenage Shane Hollander with pimples and bad haircut? Yes, I am very interested.”

“I’m going to go help dad with the dishes,” Shane grouches, his cheeks rapidly flushing pink. He lifts up onto his toes to give Ilya a quick kiss, then reaches down to take one coffee mug off the table. “Try not to embarrass me too much, Mom.”

“I will cook dinner next time if you embarrass him more than usual amount,” Ilya quips to Yuna with a cheeky grin.

Shane heaves out a groaning laugh as he walks out of the room, and Yuna busies herself with pulling the photo albums from the drawers under the coffee table as Ilya turns back toward the armoire. He lifts up the trophy to place it back on the shelf, and she steals a glance over at him, watching as he keeps his fingers on the trophy for a few seconds longer than necessary, his expression pensive.

By the time Ilya looks away from the shelf, Yuna's gaze is back on the photo albums now spread out on the table. She takes a seat on the couch and pats the spot next to her. "Shane also had braces when he was twelve."

Ilya grins and plops himself down next to her. "This is best day of my life."

She laughs and squeezes his arm affectionately with one hand as she flips open an album with her other. Ilya leans forward eagerly, his eyes poring over the faded photos of a tiny Shane, all bundled up and posing proudly on the ice.

Meanwhile, Yuna's attention drifts back over to the trophy shelf. She can't help thinking about what Ilya had said—about his mother. *Irina*, he'd shared, while he and Shane were laying out their idea for the foundation. Yuna wishes Irina could be here right now. She wonders what she would think, if she could see her beautiful boy all grown up. Wonders how she'd show him how proud she is of him now.

Just then, Ilya lets out an enamored sigh at a particularly darling photo. Yuna flicks her eyes away from the shelf then, and scoots in closer so she can enjoy adorable little Shane with him.

---

The package arrives on Ilya's doorstep one Sunday morning in early November. Yuna had bought the gift in September—had it all wrapped up in a nice box with black and gold ribbon and a note—but she'd had to wait impatiently for the right moment. And then, finally, the right moment had come and she'd rushed to the nearest Fed Ex. She's been refreshing the tracking page on her phone, so she can see that the package was delivered five minutes ago. She doesn't know why she feels so nervous.

The phone suddenly vibrates in her hand with an incoming FaceTime call. Yuna takes a deep breath and answers.

"Ilya, hello..."

But the camera isn't on his face. It's on the shiny plastic trophy sitting on his kitchen island in Boston. It's got a little gold hockey player skating atop a pedestal with flames on it, and it says *Hat Trick Award*.

The camera flips back around so Yuna can see Ilya's face. There's a twinkle of curiosity in his blue eyes and a bemused smile tugging at his lips.

“This is one of strangest gifts I have ever gotten.”

Yuna smiles a little self-consciously. Yes, it probably is. But she just says, “You had an incredible game yesterday. I thought it needed to be commemorated.”

Ilya seems to take that in for a moment. “You watched my game?”

“Of course. We watch all your games now.”

Ilya’s eyes soften. He looks—there’s no other word for it—*moved*. “But you hate Boston.”

“Not so much, anymore. I even bought a Raiders shirt.”

Ilya lifts a dubious brow.

“I mean, just for this season. I’m obviously burning it as soon as you sign with Ottawa next year.”

That gets a big, bright laugh out of Ilya. Then he looks like he’s considering something for a moment, his expression taking on an uncharacteristic sort of shyness. “My third goal was on *SportsCenter* Top 10,” he finally says.

Yuna smiles. It occurs to her that he’s had millions of people watching him for nearly a decade. But maybe he hasn’t had all that many people he truly cares about watching him. “That’s very cool.”

He nods, then wrinkles his nose in disgust. “Was only number four, but hosts of show are idiots, so.”

“Obviously,” Yuna agrees without hesitation.

His gaze drifts down, like he’s looking at the little trophy on his countertop again. “Is very nice gift,” he says after a while, a delicate sort of twist to his smile. “I like it very much.”

Yuna feels relief wash over her. And something else—something tender and protective that makes a lump suddenly rise in her throat. But she manages to keep her voice steady as she smiles and replies, “I’m so glad, Ilya.”

---

The next time Ilya FaceTimes her, he looks genuinely surprised.

“You sent me another trophy.”

Yuna tilts her head to one side and gives him a look. “You’ve won the Conn Smythe and the Art Ross Trophy, Ilya. I know you know you can win multiple awards.”

He barks out a startled laugh, like he always does when she's said something funny he wasn't quite expecting.

"Best Chirper Award," he says then with a pleased snort.

"You should have won it years ago," she replies, deadpan. This time the little plastic trophy is a grinning gold puck with legs. It's absurdly ugly and Yuna had been delighted when she'd seen it on the shelf at the trophy shop.

"What finally tipped award committee in my favor?"

She laughs. "You were running your mouth so much in the game against Toronto on Wednesday that they almost ejected you for unsportsmanlike conduct."

Ilya rolls his eyes with an unconcerned shrug. "People pay to see me, not Toronto goblins. They never eject me."

Yuna can't disagree. Ilya chirps relentlessly and with brutal precision, but he always knows when to back off. She's gotten to know him well enough by now to recognize that it's because he's had a lot of practice staying in control of his emotions. Except when it comes to Shane.

"So, what had you all riled up?" she asks, keeping her tone light. She's aware she might be overstepping.

Ilya sets the phone up against something on the table, then reaches for the trophy. He turns it around in his hand, examining the ridiculous grinning puck and its silly little arms and legs. "Dallas Kent was talking shit," he finally says.

"Dallas Kent always talks shit, doesn't he?"

"Yes," Ilya nods. He's still fiddling with the trophy, like doing something with his hands helps him get the words out. "But he was talking shit about Scott Hunter. About people who are like him. Using those words people like *Kent* use."

"Ah," Yuna says. She thought maybe it might have been something like that.

"His insults are not even creative," Ilya grumbles, clearly offended. "Just mean, nasty words. That awful man has no—what's that word?—no *whimsy*."

Yuna can't help chuckling. If you told her a year ago that Ilya Rozanov's whimsy would turn out to be one of her favorite things about him, she'd have laughed in your face.

"Well, you obviously got the better of him," she says instead. Kent had tried to throw a punch at Ilya during the third period and ended up in the box. The Raiders had scored on the power play.

"Yes." Ilya grins proudly. "And now I am official Best Chirper in whole league. Finally!"

"Better than another MVP Award, right?" Yuna teases.

Ilya doesn't disagree with her.

---

A month goes by before Yuna sends Ilya another package.

"It was Shane's idea—" she says as soon as she picks up the FaceTime call, before Ilya can even get a word in.

"Sexiest Butt Award," he reads from the plaque on the latest trophy. He turns it toward the camera like Yuna hasn't already seen it. Like she hadn't blushed furiously when she picked it up from the trophy store where she was now a regular customer.

"Yuna, you are beautiful woman, but I must let you down gently."

"Ilya—"

"It is too bad, but I am taken. Madly in love with boring Canadian."

"So am I!" she snorts, starting to laugh so hard she's having trouble catching her breath.

"Maybe in another life my sexiest butt could have been yours—"

"Okay, this is getting weird now, guys!" Yuna hears Shane call out from off camera. The Metros had a few days off, so he'd flown to Boston to surprise Ilya.

"But in *this* life," Ilya continues with an exaggerated sigh, "I must accept my fate as Shane Hollander's funnier, hotter, more-talented-at-hockey better half."

"Ilya is getting off the phone now, Mom!" Shane says this time, even louder.

The picture on Yuna's screen gets blurry as it jiggles around for a few seconds, like the two men are jostling for control of Ilya's phone. Then it seems to clatter to the floor. A second later, the call ends.

"Where's my sexiest butt award?" David says suddenly from behind her. Yuna whips her head around to find him smiling at her with that same mild-mannered, adorable expression he always has. God, she really does love her boring Canadian.

"I'll go down to the shop and order you one tomorrow."

---

The opportunity for a new gift doesn't present itself again for another six weeks or so.

But it comes, eventually. Ilya calls her while she's reading a scouting report about this year's potential draft picks. Some decent prospects, but no game changers. Not like Shane's year. She'd been so mad when he'd lost out on the number one pick to some cocky Russian. But God is a comedian, it turns out.

"Best Captain Award," he muses contemplatively, as soon as she picks up the call.

He flips the camera around to show her the award, like she hadn't gone down to the local trophy shop again, picked it out, and paid for them to engrave it. It's a bronze-colored goal and two sticks atop a pewter gray stand this time.

Yuna had thought long and hard about this one. The Raiders were down 4-0 after the second period against the Red Wings last week. They'd been listless and defeated going into the locker room but had somehow emerged from the tunnel after the intermission looking like a completely different team and had scored five goals in twenty minutes to win the game. It was one of the most impressive last-period rallies Yuna had ever seen, and she'd seen *a lot* of hockey over the years.

"That was quite the comeback you had against Detroit," she says when he flips the phone back around and she can see his face again. "You must have delivered a really motivating speech."

Ilya shrugs, looking a little embarrassed. An unusual thing for him. "Was—was nothing. I just told team that hard battle made for sweeter victory. I saw it on bumper sticker once. And I said I would buy sports car for everyone who scored. I hope Shane will still love me even though I am now poor because I owe many sports cars."

He's deflecting, Yuna can tell. But she'd watched the game with her own two eyes—had seen the complete and total 180 from the Raiders. She'd also seen the way Ilya had been so unselfish with the puck, making all the right passes to let Hammersmith and Marleau and Sebbin score while taking none of the glory for himself.

"I think you probably did more than that," Yuna says, but she doesn't push. She's still sorting through the differences between the Rozanov she thought she knew and the real Ilya she's beginning to understand. Part of her has the strangest urge to go back and review his old games. She thinks it would be a lot like seeing something in black and white for the first time and then watching it again in color. A revelation of everything she'd missed, before she really knew what to look for.

"I have always liked being Captain," Ilya says then. His voice is still a little quiet, but he's smiling down at the trophy in his hands, and Yuna feels a surge of pride wash over her. Pride that she'd sensed how much this mattered to Ilya—being the leader his team needed when it counted. Pride that he now had something to remind him just how good he was at it.

"They'll make you Captain in Ottawa, I know it."

"But LaPointe—"

"Has been looking for a reason to retire. When you sign, that'll give him one."

Ilya looks at her for a moment with an unreadable expression on his face, then shakes his head with a wry chuckle. “You are real hockey expert in family. Don’t tell Shane.”

“Never,” Yuna says with a laugh. “Are you guys still planning to come over for dinner after the game in Montreal this weekend?”

Ilya nods. “Da. Should we bring red wine or white wine?”

“Red. David is making lamb.”

“We are looking forward to it,” he says. Then he gets a flash of that trademark boyish mischief in his eyes before adding, “Will be good game... Go Metros!”

Yuna rolls her eyes, because dammit, he’s got her trapped. “Go Raiders!” she counters with an overly bright, fake smile.

His face splits into a gleeful grin, and Yuna’s own smile melts into a real one before they end the call.

---

The year feels like it passes by slowly to Yuna. It must feel interminable to Shane and Ilya.

But Ilya finally becomes a free agent. Finally signs with Ottawa. Finally gets to call Canada home, almost a year to the day after the boys first laid out their plans over an impromptu pasta dinner. They’d been a little tentative about it then, like they weren’t quite ready to believe it could happen—that they could actually find a way to make this work.

But it has worked. And standing here in the living room of Ilya’s new home, Shane is happier than Yuna has ever seen him. He seems lit from within, pure sunshine in the form of her sweet boy who has become the bravest of men.

“Your new place is beautiful, Ilya,” David says, looking around at the high ceilings and tall expanse of windows that line almost every wall.

“Yes,” Ilya says with a nod. “Is lucky I have Mr. Real Estate to look at every house in Ottawa and help me find right one.”

“Your agent was missing some really good options,” Shane protests, like they’ve had this argument before.

“Too bad she got commission and not you.” Ilya leans in close to Shane and lowers his voice to a sultry whisper. “Will have to think of other way to repay you.”

“Stop it,” Shane says, swatting at Ilya’s chest with the back of his hand. But there’s no real heat in the chastisement.

“Why don’t you give us the grand tour,” Yuna suggests, “and then we can sit down for lunch.” She’d offered to bring over takeout from one of the farm-to-table restaurants in town that Shane loves, but the boys had declined and said they would make lunch. Apparently they’d started cooking together as a form of date nights. Yuna was trying very hard not to get teary-eyed about how romantic that was. How romantic all of this was.

Ilya nods and dutifully leads them around the house. He keeps it simple, naming the room and pointing at it like *well, there it is*, but Shane jumps in again and again to provide more color. Did they notice the details on the wood paneling? What did they think of the new light fixtures? Maybe someday it might make sense to knock out that wall, right? Ilya gives Shane a smitten smile every time Shane interrupts his overly basic tour, so Yuna suspects this was his plan all along.

They eventually come to a small office-type space near the back patio that Ilya has turned into a trophy room. The bookshelves are packed with trophies, plaques, commemorative pucks, and various awards from over the years. They’ll need a bigger space for all of Shane’s awards when they eventually live together, Yuna can’t help thinking. But one step at a time.

David and Shane leave the trophy room to step outside onto the patio—probably so Shane can point out some nuance about the backyard foliage and how it’s perfectly positioned for privacy—but Yuna lingers for a moment, sweeping her gaze over the crowded shelves.

“You are looking for most important awards, yes?” Ilya says from behind her.

She had been, which is a little ridiculous. The idea of her plastic trophies sitting right next to Ilya’s personal mini Stanley Cup is silly. But Ilya smiles kindly at her.

“They are somewhere different. Not here with all this junk.”

Then he turns around and motions for her to follow him, so Yuna does. They make their way back up the stairs to Ilya’s bedroom, which they’d peeked into briefly as part of the tour but didn’t enter. This time, though, Ilya opens the door wide and steps to the side so she can come in. Then he pads over to a bookshelf that is right next to the bed. Yuna steps across the plush carpet to join him and looks up at the shelves. There’s a traditional Russian nesting doll with chipped paint, a little ceramic figure of a loon, and a helmet from the All Stars game when he and Shane finally got to play on the same team. Yuna suspects he must have stolen it without asking.

And there, nestled among the mementos, are the trophies she’s given him. A few more have been added to the collection since the Best Captain Award but not too many. Ilya had teased Shane about meaningless awards, so Yuna was picky with the things she chose to honor him for.

“I wanted these to be just for me,” Ilya says softly, looking up at the chintzy little trophies like they’re made of solid gold. “You have been so kind to me. So welcoming. With these trophies, with the dinners, with watching my games. I feel—” Ilya stops short, overcome with emotion for a moment. “I feel very lucky.”

*I would do all that and more a thousand times over, Yuna thinks. Anything a mother would do. Anything your mother would do.*

“We are the lucky ones,” she says, and means it.

Yuna turns toward Ilya, and dammit, those tears she’s been trying to keep at bay all day are finally falling down her cheeks. Ilya’s not faring much better as he wipes the heels of his hand against his cheeks with a watery laugh. She opens her arms wide and Ilya eagerly does the same, his whole body almost collapsing into the hug. They hold onto each other tightly for a few moments before Ilya eventually pulls back a little.

“Now you will need to send me ‘Biggest Crybaby’ award,” he attempts to joke.

“I won’t have to send it, now I can just drive it over,” Yuna points out, and it’s a little overwhelming how much joy that brings her. For Shane, for Ilya, for herself and David. Then a thought suddenly occurs to her: “But what if you run out of space on this bookshelf?”

“Then I will make space in trophy room by throwing other trophies away,” Ilya says with complete sincerity.

Yuna has a feeling things will probably go a different way—that his trophy room will eventually get a lot more official hardware. Sure, Ottawa has been on a losing streak for as long as she can remember, but that was before they had Ilya Rozanov. And she’s lucky enough to know by now that Ilya Rozanov is something very, very special.

But she just smiles softly and replies, “That sounds like a plan, Ilya.” Then she wipes away the last bit of moisture from her eyes and hooks a thumb over her shoulder. “Should we go back downstairs and get lunch going?”

Ilya nods and starts to move toward the door. “Yes, Shane will want to talk about kitchen appliances. And granite counters. And cabinets that are shaker style.” He shakes his head with a fond laugh. “I don’t know what the fuck that is, but Shane is very excited about it.”

Yuna goes to follow him, then suddenly grabs his arm with a conspiratorial grin. “Hey, do you want me to make Shane a ‘Mr. Real Estate’ trophy for you to give to him?”

Ilya turns toward her and immediately replies, “No, he has too many tiny trophies already.” But then he thinks about it. After a moment, his face melts into a wicked smile. “Actually, yes. Will annoy him so much, the two of us teaming up to tease him. Is perfect.”

*Perfect indeed, Yuna thinks.*

## End Notes

Title comes from the song "Chosen Family" by Rina Sawayama. This fic can [reblogged](#) and [retweeted](#) if you'd like to share!

Thanks so much to [heatherwentwest](#) and [waterlanding](#) for the beta, as always. Queen shit, for real.

I'm poppypickle on [tumblr](#) and [twitter](#). Come say hello!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!