

home is not a place

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by [casdoms \(moffwithhishead\)](#)

Summary

Yuna remembers the first time she met Ilya Rozanov very clearly.

Or: the first time(s) Ilya met the parents, and the one they actually met Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

title from "I won't quit on you" by hayley williams

after I watched the last episode for the second time I was like "hey wait a minute. ilya knew their names. and yuna knew that ilya visited him in the hospital. I'm sure they've met before, but what if..." and that sparked the whole thing.

Yuna remembers the first time she met Ilya Rozanov very clearly.

It was the day of the draft, right after he & Shane had gotten their pictures taken on stage. Shane had gotten off stage and made a beeline for their table, not knowing that Ilya was a couple steps behind him.

“Ugh,” Shane grumbled, dropping into the chair across from her, “Can I go to the room yet?”

“This is a celebration,” Ilya shot back immediately, disappointment on his face. It made Yuna smile a little bit, despite herself. Mostly, the immediate and righteous indignation on Shane’s face made her smile.

“**What**,” Shane spat, “Do you *want*, Rozanov?”

In another world, if this kid wasn’t her son’s immediate competition, she would say that the look on his face is cute.

“Congratulations, Hollander,” Ilya says after a moment and fixes his face so Shane doesn’t see him almost-but-not-quite pouting. “Is not often someone is almost as good as me at hockey.”

Yuna has to bite her tongue so she doesn’t curse this kid out, and she offers him a smile when she feels David’s hand squeezing her knee under the table, “That’s very nice, Mr. Rozanov. I think.”

Shane is looking at him with something unrecognizable on his face, and he finally stands up to offer Ilya a hand. “I’m looking forward to playing against you this year.”

Ilya takes his hand and grins, big and a little menacing, “Da -”

“And I’m especially looking forward to beating you,” Shane offers with the most polite “fuck you” smile Yuna’s ever seen from her son. She almost chokes a little when Ilya yanks his hand away and says something in Russian under his breath.

There have been other times over the years where their paths have crossed, and they’ve exchanged words. Yuna is very familiar with his team, given how many times they’ve encountered each other when pitching the boys for brand deals. She doesn’t care for his manager, but his PR person is lovely, and frankly, deserves better than Ilya Rozanov.

One that sticks out though, is the year that Shane won Rookie of the Year.

She’d been in an elevator on her way down to the lobby the morning after the awards when the elevator stopped at a floor, and the doors opened to a very hungover, very miserable

looking Ilya Rozanov.

He was on the phone with someone and arguing in Russian, his bag thrown over his shoulder carelessly, like he'd left in a hurry, and not against his will. She'd heard enough people argue in slavic languages to know that it wasn't a happy, enthusiastic conversation, but rather a hostile, vaguely threatening one. It made the mom part of her brain stand on edge to see a kid the same age as Shane, so clearly visibly upset.

"Do svidaniya," Ilya mumbled, looking anywhere but at her, and after a moment he snapped, "GOODBYE, ANDREI" before hanging up the phone.

The elevator was silent, except for his frustrated, angry murmuring under his breath.

She looked at her phone out of habit and smiled when the picture she took of herself and Shane last night came up as her wallpaper. What would she want someone to say, if Shane were in Ilya's shoes? What would she hope that Ilya's mother would say to Shane?

"You should delete that guy's number," she offers after a moment, and smiles sympathetically when Ilya looks at her, sheepish. "He sounds like a dick."

That gets Ilya to bark out a surprised laugh, some of that smug sparkle in his eyes coming back, "Da. He is. You are very smart woman."

"Your english is better than that," Yuna says without thinking, standing up straight to shift her feet. They're two floors away from the lobby.

"Too early," Ilya supplies after a beat, shrugging. "Not enough sleep."

The doors open to a lively, busy lobby, and Ilya waves her forward first, somehow also guiding the crowd of people coming in away from invading her personal space. She smiles a little bit in acknowledgement, and stops when they're by the front desks to look at him, "Well. Have a good summer, Mr. Rozanov."

Ilya smiles a little bit and ducks his head, and it's immediately unnerving how *young* he looks in that moment. He looks, for the first time in all the years she has been aware of Ilya Rozanov, like his age.

"Yes," Ilya says after a moment, visibly trying to find the words in a language she can understand, "Tell Shane congratulations, yes?"

"I will," she promises, and has to stop herself from squeezing his wrist. "Take care."

David remembers the first time he met Ilya Rozanov. Not that he knew it was Ilya Rozanov, anyways.

Shane & Yuna were still at the car, and David had run ahead to make sure that the doors were unlocked. There was a kid standing out front of the doors smoking, and David frowned to himself, slowing his pace. “Ah hell,” he grumbled and gestured to the door when he was close enough, “They’re not open yet?”

The kid looked up at him, confusion written across his face, “Is open. Is no smoking inside.”

“Well,” David shrugged, looking the kid up and down and biting his tongue to not comment on the fact that he is absolutely too young to be smoking anyways. “You’re about 20 years too late for smoking in public places, kid.”

He scoffed and took another drag of his cigarette, “In Russia, we smoke anywhere. Is very good for morale.”

David opened his mouth to say something, but Yuna put a hand on his shoulder before he got the chance. “Honey, can you grab the cooler for Shane? It’s a little hard to carry that and his gym bag.”

The kid disappeared in the two seconds it took for him to look at his wife. He didn’t think anything of it.

The first game Shane plays against Boston, David gets to the arena before Yuna or Shane, and decides to take the opportunity of free time to catch up on his work emails. He ignores it when the Boston guys come out onto the ice to start practicing. He’s used to the sound of chirping and skates gliding across the ice after years of taking Shane to games, anyways.

That is, until he feels eyes on him from the penalty box.

David looks up and meets Ilya Rozanov’s eyes, and he’s only a little bit startled by how intensely he’s watching him.

“Is closed practice,” Rozanov says very simply, with a small frown. “Hollander send you to spy, yes?”

“Uh,” David says somewhat eloquently, taking off his readers so that Ilya isn’t quite so fuzzy when he’s looking at him. “No. Just catching up on work emails.” He turns his laptop around so that Ilya can see the screen, and smiles despite himself when he leans forward to confirm that it is actually *just* emails.

“Shane doesn’t need to cheat to beat you,” he adds with a small grin that only gets bigger when Ilya seems to puff up like a bird in front of him. “But I can leave if I’m making you uncomfortable. Wouldn’t want to effect your game.”

Ilya opens his mouth and shuts it just as quickly, having realized that if he agreed that having David there was distracting, it would be admitting some sort of weakness. He scowls finally,

stepping back onto the ice and pointing at David with his glove, “No. Stay. Watch some good hockey. Will be new for you.”

David snorts, unable to help himself, and shakes his head somewhat fondly, “Whatever you say, Mr. Rozanov.” He looks back at his laptop and ignores the indignant mumbling from the kid as he skates back over to his teammates.

Ilya shoves his hands in his pockets, and watches the number on the elevator change. His foot is tapping absently, and it’s hard to say if it’s out of nerves or anticipation, or both. It’s been a long night of no sleep, and no updates on how Shane is doing, and Ilya feels like a live wire. He’s so tired and so full of pent up... *something*.

When the doors open, there’s two people sitting in chairs outside of the hospital room the nurse pointed him to. It shouldn’t surprise him as much as it does to see Shane Hollander’s parents sitting in the hallway outside their only son’s hospital room, but. Well. It *does*.

David had looked up when he heard the elevator open, and now they’re making awkward eye contact across the hallway. The elevator doors start to shut on him, and Ilya holds a hand out to stop them from closing. “Um,” he says awkwardly, stepping out once the doors are fully opened again. “Nurse did not mention Hollander’s parents were here.”

“The nurse shouldn’t have told you what room my son is in, Mr. Rozanov,” Yuna Hollander says almost blandly, without looking up from her phone or stopping typing. “Perhaps she’s having an off morning.”

Ilya is suddenly sweating, and he has no idea why. He’s met Shane’s parents before. Dozens of times over the years, actually, they’ve run into each other at events and games. His PR manager is good friends with Yuna.

He runs a hand over his hair and looks over his shoulder for a second, “Perhaps I should leave.”

“Now, hold on,” David interrupts him before he can, and holds out a hand. “What can we do for you, Mr. Rozanov?”

“Ilya, please,” he says reflexively, and the hand that was in his hair settles over his mouth. “I, ah -” English is so hard on such little sleep. “Need to see Shane.” He catches himself and corrects, “Hollander. No one will say how bad he is.”

Yuna’s watching him now, and her eyes narrow a little bit, “He’s stable. Good, all things considered.” She raises her eyebrows when a noticeable amount of tension drains from Ilya’s body at that news, and she decides to take pity on him. Just for a moment, “It’s very nice of you to come check on him, Ilya. That’s what good captains do.”

Ilya's ears turn a little bit pink, and he offers her a somewhat helpless smile that's supposed to be one of his cocky smiles, but it falls a little short. "Yes," he says, "That is me. A good captain." His eyes flick to David, who's smiling a little bit and looks far too amused for Ilya's liking.

"He should be awake, if you want to see him," David offers, and ignores the blink-and-you'll-miss-it elbow in his ribs.

There's a moment where Ilya considers abandoning this whole thing, and running for the hills. He's being too obvious. They probably know why he's really here.

IF THEY KNOW, a voice in the back of his head shouts, *THEN JUST GO IN!*

"Okay," Ilya hears himself say and takes a step forward, gesturing to the door, "For a moment, and then I must get back. Captain things to do."

"Right," David says, smirking even wider, "Captain things. Sure."

When the door shuts behind him, Yuna smacks her husband's chest with her iPad and scowls when he starts laughing, "Will you knock it off?"

Later, after Ilya leaves and the doctor invites them back in for Shane's recheck and everyone's gone again, Yuna pulls a chair up next to Shane's bed. She brushes his hair off of his forehead, and smiles a little when Shane all-but purrs at the contact.

"That was very nice of Rozanov to visit you today," she murmurs, scratching over Shane's scalp carefully. "What did you guys talk about?"

"Ilya is nice boy," Shane mumbles, pouting and already drifting off. "Very nice."

The first time Yuna Hollander meets Ilya Rozanov - like really, properly meets him, he's standing in the entryway of their summer cottage, lurking behind her son. Her son, who just told them that he's gay, after getting caught doing... *something* with Rozanov.

After lunch when David asks Shane for help with something in the living room, it's just her and Ilya Rozanov in the kitchen. He's standing in the doorway this time, holding the plate that he just had three helpings of leftover spaghetti on, and smiling awkwardly. "Can I help?"

She huffs and takes the plate from him, "You're a guest, Ilya. Guests don't do dishes."

Yuna starts washing it out of habit, and is surprised when after a minute of silence she hears the large, incredibly nervous man in the doorway of her kitchen say, “Mrs. Hollander?”

She turns to look at him over her shoulder for a moment and smiles, “Yuna, please.”

Ilya nods, frowning a little, “Yuna, I love your son very much.” He opens his mouth like he’s going to say something else and shuts it again, his frown deepening, “I am better at English than I was, yes? But it... fails me, sometimes. I...” Ilya licks his lip, and looks nervous enough that Yuna sets the dish in the sink and dries her hands off so she can grab his hand in both of hers.

“It’s okay,” she promises him, and kind of wants to cry when she sees how much the contact helps him relax. “It’s not my first language either. Take your time.”

Ilya smiles, shy and oh so young, and has to think for a minute before he finally says, “Shane is... everything, yes?” He looks at her like he’s begging her to understand, “I love him. Since maybe the moment I met him. This -” Ilya looks down at their hands for a moment, “Is most important. I do not need, I think Americans call it, ‘Shovel Talk.’”

There’s a lot that he isn’t saying, she can already tell that much. A lot that’s left in between the lines, both because he doesn’t have the proper words to express them, and also because he’s probably still getting used to being able to say them to someone. So, she says the first thing that comes to her mind, because - it’s true.

“Your mother raised a good man,” she says after a couple beats of silence. “And I raised a good man, too. So if Shane loves you, that’s all I need to know.” Ilya looks like he’s going to cry, so Yuna puts a hand on his cheek to catch any tears that might fall, “I’m so, so happy to meet you finally, Ilya Rozanov.”

Ilya laughs and ducks his head a little bit so she can’t see the tears that do start to fall, “Da. Is nice to meet you as well, Yuna.”

David steps out onto the deck at Shane’s cottage and closes the sliding glass door behind him. He’s got a bottle of vodka and two glasses in his hands, and he graciously ignores the cigarette Ilya is smoking when he says, “Room for one more?”

Ilya’s face lights up when he sees the vodka and he scoots over, patting the sofa next to him, “A good man, David Hollander!” He makes grabby hands at David when he’s close enough, and steals the bottle of vodka before putting his cigarette out against the bottom of his shoe, “Is very good vodka!”

David smiles a little bit and sits next to him, “Imported from Russia. I was saving it for a special occasion.”

Ilya tuts and takes the glass when it's offered to him, but doesn't say anything else. David doesn't push him and pours himself a glass as well, and then the two of them are sitting there watching the sun set over the lake.

After a couple minutes David finally says, "God, it's really something isn't it?"

The sunset is so vibrant, so full of colors that you don't always get to see in nature, and it's honestly stunning. He thinks that if Shane ever sells this place, he's a fucking idiot. The view alone is priceless.

"I'm sorry about earlier," he adds after a beat, keeping his eyes at the water. "I don't make it a habit of using my key to this place, for what it's worth. I didn't know you were here."

Ilya smiles a little bit and looks at the glass in his hand before shrugging, "I'm not."

Yeah, David chuckles a little bit, he can see that.

"Well," he clears his throat and turns so he's facing Ilya before offering his glass up. "To you and Shane?"

"Da," Ilya says and then corrects himself as he holds his own glass up, "Yes. To me and Hollander."

Their glasses clink together, and David doesn't bother to fight the smile on his face.

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