

Foolishly and Confidently Blind

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76945026) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76945026>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M , M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander/Yuna Hollander , Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Yuna Hollander , David Hollander & Shane Hollander
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Parent-Child Relationship , Grief/Mourning , Coming Out , What if both David and Yuna had gone to the cottage , A slightly-to-the-left rewrite of them being discovered , Not better or worse than canon but a secret third thing , Invented backstory for Yuna
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 2,892 Chapters: 1/1

Foolishly and Confidently Blind

by [Qais](#)

Summary

Yuna goes with David to Shane's cottage, worried after he misses all of David's calls.

"*They're both just boys*, she thinks, and then she thinks about what she knows about Rozanov, his brash attitude, his dead father, his Russian passport, and nearly feels sick."

Notes

This fic is a re-imagining of the scene where David walks in on them at the cottage, but altered slightly so Yuna is there too. Because Yuna is there, the don't turn tail and leave, and this changes how the conversation goes.

Happy New Year everyone! With thanks to Jacob Tierney, Connor Storrie, and Hudson Williams for coming in clutch and saving 2025 with just a month to spare. And thank you to Rachel Reid, whose books I have not read, but whom we all owe a hundred flowers for starting it all.

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

Yuna goes with David to grab his charger, claiming she's also running out of dishwasher pods and gamely ignoring the knowing tilt of David's eyebrow.

It's when they're standing in the kitchen, watching their son perched on a rock while his biggest rival playfully splashes him with water and then goes from kissing Shane's calf to his lips, that they both think they maybe should've just managed the anxiety until Shane saw his phone and called them back.

She feels slightly nauseous with the whirlwind of thoughts spinning in her mind, all the while unable to tear her gaze away from Ilya fucking Rozanov splashing around with her kid.

"Yuna," David's voice is slightly breathy in his shock, something pained in his face when she looks over. She tilts her head, still speechless. "Yuna, do you think he thought that we wouldn't-" David's throat closes with tears before he can finish, and it makes the heavy weight in her own chest balloon.

She looks back through the windows, this time zeroing in on Shane's face. He hasn't looked this relaxed in front of her in years. The thought makes tears spring to her eyes, a surge of self-loathing snatching the air from her lungs. Her baby, her only baby, the best child she could have ever asked for, and he couldn't tell them this. Yuna had thought she knew everything about her son, foolishly and confidently blind.

"Should we leave," David whispers in her ear as they watch both Rozanov and Shane climb out of the lake and grab their towels.

"No, they'll hear the car," Yuna whispers, throat tight. She can't imagine how upset Shane is going to be that he didn't get to tell them at his own pace, but leaving seems impossible to her, her feet refusing to move even as they both get closer.

David and her watch with almost morbid fascination as Rozanov presses their son against the glass, smiling and relaxed until he catches sight of them first, his entire body locking tight as he takes half a step back from Shane.

She's holding David's hand tight enough that she knows it must hurt, but he's clutching back just as tightly when their son turns around and catches sight of them. His face transforms first into shock, then horror, then that deep-seated upset that he hasn't openly shown to them in years. When had he stopped showing them how he felt, Yuna wondered, heart in her throat as she watched them both discuss what to do, Rozanov's eyes flickering between them and Shane as they spoke. Shane had turned his back to them, eyes screwing tightly shut and hands trembling.

She felt David let go of her hand and held in the childish urge to pull him back when he stepped forward. He would know what to say to their son. David always knew when Yuna pushed too hard, asked too much, always put their son first.

And Shane hadn't told him either, that much she knew. David was many things, but he had never been a good actor.

David slowly slid the glass door open, and both Rozanov and Shane went abruptly silent, staring wide-eyed at David with fear in their eyes. For the first time this morning Yuna considered that she'd also never seen Rozanov like this. Unfettered and relaxed, and now afraid and helpless, hands fluttering anxiously over Shane's shoulders as Shane looked up at his father with teary eyes.

"Sweetheart," David started, low and soft and so kind. From her vantage point, this square of kitchen flooring that her feet felt they would never again leave, she could see the word hit both boys like a shot. "Shane, honey, we're not mad, I promise we're not mad." It was like hearing someone soothe a skittish horse, David holding his hand out, open and with no expectations, just pure kindness.

Yuna always knew she'd married the right person for her, and even more than that had known since the moment Shane was born and David held him for the first time, that she'd married the right person to be her son's father, but it felt like her chest was cracking open with that knowledge now. She was grateful for David now in a way she never had been before, as Shane launched himself into his father's arms, tears spilling and shoulders still shaking, Rozanov's hand smoothing up and down his back the whole while.

Finally, finally, her own feet move.

She comes up and presses her hand into the small of David's back, trying to communicate with just the press of her fingers how much she loves him. She knows he's understood from the look on David's tear-soaked face as he lifts it from where he'd been pressing kisses into the crown of Shane's head, like he used to do when Shane was so small that they could lift him without breaking a sweat.

"Shane," she murmurs, voice thick with tears as she reaches out to run her fingers through his hair. "Shane, buddy, we love you so much, this doesn't change that at all, okay?" Her son freezes in his father's arms, face still pressed into David's chest.

"I lied," he croaks, sounding devastated and guilty and so like her beautiful son that Yuna feels her stomach swoop with nausea at the fear in his voice. "I'm sorry I- I'm really sorry that I-" he cuts off with a ragged sob, more air than sound, and then both Yuna and David are folding him into their arms, whispering that they love him and have always loved him and will always love him, no matter what.

"Don't apologize, sweetie, I'm-" her voice fails her here and she lets out a short, broken sob. "I'm sorry we made you feel like you couldn't tell us," she breathes into his shoulder, her baby who is now taller and stronger than her. It's crazy to think, because she's been there for all of it, but she's suddenly hit by a sense that he's gone and grown up without her, her sweet boy.

They cry in each other's arms for another minute or so before Yuna starts feeling that familiar itch - to do something, to solve a puzzle, to push forward. It's then that she remembers the other boy that was here, but when she looks up, Rozanov is gone. She sweeps her eyes around, only to find him coming down Shane's stairs having changed clothes and holding a folded pile of fabric that includes what she recognizes as one of Shane's flannels.

He looks over at the three of them, clearly not expecting for anyone to be watching him, because his expression twists with such a severe expression of pain that it nearly takes Yuna's breath away.

They're both just boys, she thinks, and then she thinks about what she knows about Rozanov, his brash attitude, his dead father, his Russian passport, and nearly feels sick.

Slowly and carefully, she extracts herself from where Shane and David are still crying into each other's arms, gesturing towards Rozanov with her chin when David raises a questioning eyebrow at her. She watches as his whole face softens, the sides of his mouth twitching into a smile.

"I love you both, so much," she whispers, staring into her husband's face and scratching her nails at the base of Shane's scalp. Her boys.

Shane takes an audible breath, winded from crying, and croaks "I love you too, Mom." She's never going to stop thinking about his voice as he says it, relieved and bursting with love and pain. She gives him a kiss on his temple as she steps away, stepping into the cottage where Rozanov is still standing in her son's kitchen, hand clutching a pile of her son's clothes.

"Rozanov," she says, clearing her throat from the rasp of tears. He jerks slightly, wide eyes going from her to Shane and David who probably won't move for at least another five minutes, slightly panicked. "It's okay, we- we're not mad."

He nods, eyes still struggling to leave Shane. "Yes, you said this to him." His accent is almost as strong as it used to be, when he'd first been a rookie, and Yuna thinks of her father's own Japanese vowels, always coming out stronger when he was upset at the hockey game they were watching. The realization hits her like a lightning bolt, that her heart is going to ache for years when she thinks about this day, and not just because of Shane and David.

"To you both," she corrects, trying to be kind about it. His eyes finally snap to her, something like disbelief in them. "Do you like tea?" She asks, needing a task to occupy her hands before she has this conversation.

He hesitates, before answering with almost childish honesty, "only when it is very sweet."

She smiles, reluctantly charmed. "Here, you can leave his clothes on the table for him, let's make some tea."

Rozanov nods, looking slightly dazed as he listens and walks over to the counter, pulling out the kettle as she reaches for the teabox, sorted by the type of tea. She reaches for a green tea with popped rice, their family go-to for comfort and calm.

"So," she begins, wondering what it might be appropriate to ask when Shane isn't here. She hadn't appreciated how difficult this must have been when David and her had brought each other home, but now she finally understood a bit of it. "Are you both..." She trailed off here, not knowing how to ask about the relationship. Rozanov wasn't looking at her, filling the kettle with water from the tap and glancing over at Shane and David every few seconds.

"I love him," he murmurs, quiet and still staring at Shane. "Ma'am," he tacks on at the end, making Yuna want to laugh in surprise before she realizes now was probably a bad moment.

"You can call me Yuna, Rozanov," she says, smiling. He loves her son, she can be nice. Shane deserves to be loved, to be adored, to get everything he ever wants, and Yuna knows she's biased as his mom but Shane is the best and he deserves the best. As she watches Rozanov's fingers twitch with anxiety, his gaze continuing to slip over to Shane as he quietly starts pulling out four mugs before she can tell him to, she's hopeful that he might have found someone who adores him the way he deserved to be.

"Yuna, then," he says, shoulders slightly dropping from where they'd been raised in tension. "And I am- I- you can call me Ilya," he stutters, sounding earnest and young as he finally makes eye contact with her, blue and hazel swimming with something like grief.

"Ilya, then," she nods, smiling.

They wait for the water to boil in silence for a few moments before Roz- Ilya speaks again.

"You are good parents," he says, sounding very far away. It reminds her of how David used to speak about her father, a hint of envy and loss seeping in every time he commented on how well Yuna and her dad got along.

She wonders if she should ask, and then decides that she may as well. "Do your parents know?" She remembers the news about his father just in time to wince at herself, but Ilya doesn't seem offended.

"Both are dead," he says, voice flat even as his hands shake slightly as he puts teabags into each of the mugs.

She doesn't say sorry, thinking that Ilya probably had heard it hundreds of times. She certainly had. "Would they have been okay with it?" She asks, curious.

To her surprise, Ilya laughs.

"Sorry, you don't have to answer that if you don't want to," she rambles out, hoping she hasn't misstepped.

"No, no," Ilya starts, still chuckling. "It is just- you sound so much like Shane," he murmurs, smiling softly and glancing back out to Shane and David, who have finally unwrapped themselves and are now murmuring quietly, facing the lake.

She hums, pleased. "He does take after me, but his heart's all David," she smiles at the familiar line, believing it more than ever as she notices that Shane is now trying to comfort David, who apparently can't stop crying. What a softie. She loves him so much.

She sees Ilya glance over at the two of them and then back to her, before he speaks up. "You too."

"Hm?" She asks, wondering if she's missed something while she was watching her husband cry in her son's arms.

“You are also his heart,” Ilya says, clarifying. It surprises her, the confidence with which he says it. “He is- he talks about you a lot,” he goes on, seemingly catching some momentum. “He loves you both. And he knows that you love him.” When he finishes, he seems almost embarrassed, eyes lowering to the kettle as it finally clicks off.

“He still didn’t tell us,” she can’t help but point out, the self-loathing making her tone sharper than she had meant it to be.

Ilya glances at her, wary, as he pours the hot water, now slightly cooled, into each mug carefully. “It is not- sometimes it is hard, even if you know it will be okay,” he says, soft and sad, mouth twisted into almost a grimace. “Shane was afraid because he knew he would have to tell you someday, because he loves you and knows you love him and he does not like to lie. I would have never told my father. Ever.”

The firmness catches her off-guard, her curiosity beating her rationality to her mouth. “Why not? What about your mother?”

The sigh that Ilya lets out is exhausted, and Yuna feels suddenly that she should stop interrogating this poor kid, but he answers before she can take any of her questions back.

“My father was not...” He trails off, gaze almost vacant as he seemingly slips back into old memories. “He was not a good man. He was a worse father.” Ilya’s voice is tight, and he’s looking resolutely down at his shoes. He’s tall enough that Yuna can still see the sheen of tears in his eyes, and she feels a sudden murderous anger rise in her at the thought of all the things that ‘worse’ could mean.

“And your mother?” She’s slightly afraid to ask, but in for a penny, in for a pound.

Ila shook his head, and Yuna was afraid she was going to give in to her urges and pull this giant hockey player that she’d spent the better part of 10 years insulting on her living room couch into a hug. Thankfully, he explains before the twitches in her fingers became a full-blown embrace.

“She died when I was 12,” Ilya said, voice gentle. “She was a very good mom.” He looked up again, eyes finding Shane like a tracking beacon with only one preset subject. “She would have loved Shane,” Ilya breathed out, sounding quietly wrecked. “Because he is lovely, yes, but also because I love him.”

Yuna needed to say something, quickly, but there were tears in her eyes and her throat was closed up.

Ilya looked at her when the silence stretched on too long, and jerked in surprise at whatever he saw on her face.

“I’m sorry, I did not mean to make you cry,” he said, hands fluttering anxiously around her.

“My mom passed when I was 10,” Yuna sniffled out, wiping her face. Ilya looked floored at the revelation, his whole body freezing. “I used to say it all the time too, that she would have

loved Shane.” Her voice broke on her son’s name, and it was Ilya who reached for her first, initially hesitant and then firm and confident when she reached back.

He was bigger and taller than her and could definitely pick Yuna up with one hand, but as she patted his head of curls she couldn’t help but feel that she was embracing a small child. She thought of Ilya’s mom, watching over him, and squeezed tighter, hoping that she knew her son wasn’t alone, that Yuna and David and Shane would all look after him, for as long as he let them.

She stepped away after a few seconds, one hand still patting the back of Ilya’s head as the other wiped her face.

“My mom would have loved you too,” Ilya said, almost too quietly for her to hear, and it nearly set her off again. She settled for giving him an affectionate pat on the head one last time, before she reached to hand him his cup of tea, two whole spoons of sugar and all.

She froze before she could finish handing it off, her eyes finally focussing on Ilya’s Raiders t-shirt.

“Really?” She couldn’t help but drawl, sardonic and reluctantly amused.

He followed her gaze to the logo across his chest and then grinned, boyish and light even with trembling hands and red eyes. “What, you did not know I play for Boston?”

They laughed together at that, a little hysterical, and that was how Shane and David found them when they finally walked into the cottage with splotchy faces and bloodshot eyes.

Ilya fucking Rozanov, huh.

End Notes

I, like all of you, cannot stop thinking about them.

To be clear, I loved how the show handled this (I haven't and likely won't read the books), but just wanted to try my hand at writing from Yuna's perspective and it was fun to think about how things might have changed just slightly if she was there. I also love the relationship between David and Shane, and am enamored at the thought of Ilya becoming closer to Yuna and David both (though this fic focuses more on Yuna and Ilya).

I've mixed in some of the lines from other scenes in the show as well, because Ilya being so supportive but still staying true to his need to shit-stir by wearing a Raiders t-shirt made me laugh out loud in delight. Ilya saying "she would have loved you, like I love you," just lives rent-free in my mind and that line (or some form of it) will probably make an appearance in most fics I write for HR because it made me insane in the best way possible.

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