

Mother's Day

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Mother's Day

by [southedge](#)

Summary

When Ilya shows up to David and Yuna's to watch Shane's game, Yuna notices something is up with him. Finally Ilya reveals that it's Mother's Day.

A short story about Ilya who misses his mom, and Shane who is there for him.

Set somewhere during The Long Game.

Notes

Here I am, with my first Hollanov fic. I honestly never suspected I would write for another fandom but these boys have stolen my heart, and my brain. I hope this is the first of many. Now for disclaimers, I know nothing of hockey, I don't speak Russian, English is not my first language, and if you believe it this is the first time writing a fic that has no smut. I hope you enjoy!

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

Yuna went down her mental checklist one more time. The salad stood in the fridge; there was enough Parmesan cheese, and the bottle of red wine was already opened to let the wine breathe.

“I think I hear a car,” David said, getting up from the chair to open the front door.

It didn't take long before Yuna could hear them walking past the dining table towards the kitchen.

“Hi Ilya,” she said, not taking her eyes off the pot where she was stirring the sauce. “Dinner is almost ready.”

“I'll stir that sauce,” David offered, stepping up beside her and holding out a hand to take over the spoon.

Frowning, Yuna let him take the spoon and she turned around to face Ilya. His dark blond curls were messy atop his head, and he was wearing one of Shane's hoodies.

There was really nothing strange about Ilya showing up at their house on his own, wearing Shane's clothes, but it was unusual that he came bearing gifts. Not that Ilya didn't give gifts but there was usually an occasion. Tonight, he was holding a massive bouquet of flowers in one arm, and a bottle of very expensive wine in the other.

For a second, Yuna was reminded of the first time Ilya had showed up at their house. Then he'd been together with Shane, but he had the same tension in his shoulders that night as he carried now.

“These are for you,” Ilya said, presenting the flowers and wine.

“Oh Ilya,” Yuna exclaimed, warmth filling her heart for the man she'd come to love as a second son, “those flowers are gorgeous.”

She stepped forward to take over the flowers and the bottle of wine. “What's the occasion?”

Ilya shrugged. “Just because,” he replied, but there was something about the way he said it that made Yuna doubt his words.

Still, she said nothing but pressed a soft kiss on his cheek. “Thank you, honey.”

Ilya didn't respond.

“Let me get a vase for these,” Yuna said, placing the bottle and the bouquet gently on the kitchen counter.

Five minutes later, dinner was served as the flowers stood proudly in a vase on the dining table and the bottle of wine was stored in the wine cabinet. David talked about something that happened at work; Ilya mentioned the rookie that had been part of his team for a few months

now and Yuna explained about a new sponsor that was interested in doing a sponsorship with Shane.

Normally, Ilya talked a lot, not afraid to voice his opinion, even if he sometimes can't find the correct English words, but tonight he seemed more subdued. Yuna noticed him not finishing his plate of food, even though she knows this is one of his favorites. Before she had time to ask him about it though, the game started and they settled in the living room to watch Shane.

During the game, Yuna couldn't help but glance at Ilya. He seemed to be doing a little better than during dinner, sitting on the edge of his seat when the puck came close to the goals, celebrating when one of Shane's teammates scored and groaning when the other team scored. At the end of the game, Shane and his team won and Yuna analyzed Shane's goal with Ilya. He told her he was going to teach Shane one of his moves.

But at the end of the night, Ilya turned quiet again, checking his phone and just staring at the post-game interviews.

"Are you okay, Ilya?" Yuna asked when David was in the bathroom.

From where he was slumped against the couch cushions, Ilya turned his head to look at her. "I'm fine."

"You know you can tell me anything," Yuna assured him, "even if I have to keep it secret from Shane."

Ilya shrugged, looking back at the flickering tv screen. "Is nothing," he said. He grabbed the golden crucifix that hung from his neck and tapped it absentmindedly against his lower lip.

Yuna wanted to protest because she was sure that something was bothering Ilya, but she didn't want to make him uncomfortable.

"I brought the gifts for Mother's Day," Ilya revealed without looking at her.

Yuna frowned. "It's November, today is not Mother's Day."

Ilya looked at her from the corner of his eyes, as if he was checking she wasn't making a joke, and when he was convinced, she wasn't, he shrugged again. "Russian Mother's Day then," he corrected. "Is not normal to bring gifts?"

"It's customary," Yuna confirmed.

Ilya had his gaze back to the tv, and David appeared from the bathroom.

"Does anybody want anything to drink?" he asked.

After he'd gotten everybody a drink and sat down, Yuna grabbed her phone. She looked up Russian Mother's Day dates and saw that it was indeed today. Her heart sank a little as she realized that Ilya must be missing his own mother today.

Ilya had never told them what happened to his mother, but he'd told them she'd died when he was twelve. He'd been very clinical about it at the time, and she didn't want force him to go into details.

From the corners of her eyes, she looked at Ilya, and she wanted to be there for him, but she was also very careful of not trying to replace Ilya's mother. She and David just wanted to give both the boys a home to come back to. To help and support them in whatever way they want. But she wasn't sure what to do here. Was her presence soothing, or just reminding Ilya of what he didn't have?

In the end, she decided to text Shane and let him know what was going on. Maybe he could call Ilya tonight. And when Ilya left their house that night, she hugged him a little longer and a little tighter. Ilya didn't comment on it, but he allowed it.

Anya greeted Ilya enthusiastically at the front door when he got back that night. The fact that there had been someone waiting for him should make him feel better, but it didn't. He wanted to curl up with Shane on the couch or in their bed, but he wasn't coming home until the following day. He grabbed Anya's leash and took her out for a nice long walk.

It had been an ordinary morning, and he hadn't even noticed that today was Mother's Day until he had opened Instagram. Even though he wasn't planning on going back to Russia any time soon, he still followed a bunch of Russian friends and celebrities. As he scrolled through his feed, he started to notice the posts dedicated to Russian mothers.

That day he just hadn't been able to get rid of the thought that today was Mother's Day, and the longer the day went on, the more he desperately wished he could call his own mother. So much had happened in his life since she passed. He'd gotten drafted, he'd won the Cup, he'd moved to another country, and then another again, he'd met the love of his life. And she would never know it.

Grabbing the golden crucifix, he wished for just another hour with his mother. To talk to her, to get another hug from her, to hear her voice. Fuck, he'd almost forgotten how she sounded, how she smelled. Back in Russia he would be reminded of her when he'd be on the street and someone walked past with the same kind of perfume that she used to wear. But the longer he'd lived on the opposite side of the world, the more he felt removed from all those memories.

After returning from the walk, Anya ate and drank before curling up on her dog bed. Ilya walked into the kitchen and grabbed the expensive bottle of Russian vodka. He needed a little taste of home tonight.

With the glass of vodka in his hand, he sat down on the couch and grabbed his phone. He didn't open Instagram but opened the folders filled with pictures. There was one with the selfies he took with Shane back when they had to present an award. But there was also a folder of pictures from the years he lived in Russia. He'd made sure to have the few pictures that existed of his mom and him to be stored there for safekeeping.

In the back of his mind Ilya knew he was falling into a pit, at least, that's what it felt like. He didn't feel the burn of the vodka after he took a sip. He didn't notice that he was sitting in the dark, and he didn't feel the coldness that crept underneath his skin.

The sound of the front door opening finally caught Ilya's attention. The house was still dark, and Anya wasn't on her dog bed anymore. He checked his phone for the time and saw that it was in the middle of the night. He'd been sitting here for hours.

Turning around, Ilya was just in time to see someone entering the living room. "Shane?"

Shane dropped his bag to the floor and bent over a little, petting Anya. "Ilya? Why are you sitting in the dark?"

"I didn't notice," Ilya explained. He pushed himself off the couch. "Why are you home?"

Shane circled the couch. "I missed you." He wrapped both arms around Ilya.

Ilya sank into the hug, wrapping his arms around Shane's waist and pushing his face into the crook of his neck. He inhaled, smelling the faint scent of Shane's shower gel. "I missed you too," he sighed.

"Are you okay?" Shane asked, voice soft.

Ilya hummed, not knowing himself how he was feeling. To his disappointment, Shane leaned back so they could look at each other.

"I got a text from my mom," Shane admitted. "She said that today is Russian Mother's Day."

Ilya nodded and then ducked forward to tuck his face back against Shane's neck. "I don't want to talk about it."

It took a long second before Shane hummed. "Alright, but let's go to bed, okay?"

Ilya hummed but held on for a few seconds longer.

The preparations before bed were done in near silence. They didn't talk and exchanged soft touches. When they got into bed, Ilya crawled on top of Shane and laid his head on his chest. He felt Shane's hand in his hair and closed his eyes. Shane's heartbeat was constant and soothing in his ear and he felt his body slowly warm to match Shane's body heat.

"I thought you were coming back tomorrow," Ilya finally said.

"You needed me home," Shane said, as if it was just a simple fact.

"You should rest, after the game."

"I'm fine." Shane's arm tightened around him. "Better now that I'm here with you," he added softly.

Ilya felt so much love in Shane's words that they seemed to land right inside his chest and he finally allowed himself to feel the pain he'd been pushing away. Tears gathered behind his eyelids and escaped to drop down on Shane's chest.

"I miss her," he admitted, voice breaking, "so much."

Shane pressed a soft kiss on top of Ilya's hair.

"I forget her face, and voice sometimes. I want to tell her about you."

"Oh Ilya," Shane whispered, voice shaky.

Ilya tightened his own hold on Shane, desperately for something tangible.

"I'm so sorry," Shane said softly.

More tears fell on Shane's chest, but the hurt didn't feel as strongly now. He had lost his mother, but he had gained a boyfriend, parents in law, and a lot of friends he wouldn't have had if he hadn't moved here. "Ya tebya lyublyu," he murmured.

"I love you too," Shane replied.

"Thank you for coming home."

"Always," Shane promised.

End Notes

I'd love to hear from you in the comments!

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