

Supermarket Flowers

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76415536) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76415536>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov & Irina Rozanova , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , Anya , Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Mentioned Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , POV Yuna Hollander , POV Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Depressed Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Soft , Fluffy Ending , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Minor Injuries
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-25 Words: 2,296 Chapters: 1/1

Supermarket Flowers

by [stargazingstormtrooper92](#)

Summary

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"So, if that means motherly cuddling sessions, watching some cheesy cartoons or Hallmark movies let be it. If that means you calling us in the middle of the night because you had a panic attack and didn't want to bother Shane we'll be fine with that either. I just don't want you to be all alone when something like this happens."

Or: Ilya has a nightmare about his mom while Shane is playing a game in New York. Yuna is there to take care of her favourite son 🥺💛

Notes

Everyone who expected another Buddie fic I'm not going anywhere, I just had to have this conversation with my close personal friend Ilya Rozanov. Share some personal experiences, traumas, nightmares - those kinds of things. Love me some Yuna/Ilya dynamics, hope you enjoy 💛

Timeline wise, set after the events of 'The Long Game' - two years give or take. They both play for the Centaurs.

Title from 'Supermarket Flowers' by Ed Sheeran. Bonus points if you play this song while reading the fic so you can be equally heartbroken like me and Ilya 💙

Kind reminder that English is not my first language and that typos are my worst enemy ✨

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

It's been almost a year since the last time Ilya had this kind of nightmare. The one where his mother haunts him from the brink of the Universe. Where he is trapped in some wicked version of Groundhog Day repeating the day he found her lifeless body over and over again, trying to change the outcome but never succeeding. The kind of dream when you know you're dreaming but your body is paralyzed and you can't wake up. You just feel like you're floating between subconscious and conscious part of your mind and everything feels too much leading you into a panic attack because you have no control what so ever over your physical body.

The last time this happened Shane was on an overnight stay at the hospital after a minor injury in one of their games and even though Ilya objected and wanted to stay with him the entire night he was coaxed into going home by Yuna because he had captain obligations early in the morning. And Shane was basically fine, no concussion or broken bones. They just needed him overnight for observation, he would be home way before Ilya even finished all the things back with the team.

That nightmare was bad but Anya managed to calm him down so he was half awake and ready for the press tour and basically forgot all about it when he saw Shane's freckles later that day.

This one though was violent and so real that after he managed to actually wake up he gasped for air for almost ten minutes straight - looking at his hands trying to see if he's actually real or some kind of fluid moving motionlessly in the air.

'Don't be stupid Rozanov. If this happens again call me, immediately,' Shane's voice even though heated came soft in Ilya's mind. But, he couldn't do it. Not right now.

It was four in the morning. Snow storm outside. Shane was in New York with the Centaurs waiting for a game that afternoon and he knew how Shane's sleep was important to him. Even though Shane would disagree and smack him on the head for even thinking something trivial like that.

Ilya hated this. Hated that he broke his arm two weeks ago and that the break was so bad it caused bloodclots so he needed to be on blood thinners. Which meant no hockey for weeks and preventively no air travel for some time. This was the first night since that day a year ago when he was sleeping all alone in their bed and he felt like a complete failure.

He felt like a child again, crying for his mother when monsters chased him in his dreams. But this time monsters were far worse. Monsters in adulthood had claws of your departed ones, words you hoped you'd hear some day or worse, words that you never wanted to hear again. Nightmares in adulthood are haunted with self doubt and harm and every bad decision you ever made over the years.

He still dreamt of Shane getting hurt or someone stealing Anya from their arms but those kinds of dreams were usually packed like a rom com with cute little pink bow on top, where at the end of it all everything worked out. Ilya knew that Shane was always next to him, warm and breathing and wearing those annoying socks in their bed.

He could just cuddle up by his husband and breathe him in and calm immediately. These kinds of dreams were volatile. They made Ilya wanting to peel of his skin, bleach out his eyes or take a bat to the wall and destroy everything they own in their house.

And that thought terrified him. He was managing his depression with pills and therapy for years now and it was manageable. He wanted to be better for his mom, Shane and himself. They really led happy life right now and he hated how these sudden moments of energy drop could burst his bubble out of nowhere.

And now he is sitting on top of his bed, all tangled in sweat drenched sheets and trying to calm himself enough so he can go to the kitchen and wake up properly. He glanced around the room trying to find Anya but the door of his bedroom was slightly ajar and he presumed she was sleeping in her bed in the living room.

Ilya carefully got out of bed and changed his shirt even though his hair was still wet from the sweat and quietly tip toed to the living room, stopping half way through by the guest bedroom.

Yuna was sleeping in their guestroom because she didn't want to leave Ilya all alone in case something happened. And Shane didn't even have to coax her into staying, she offered herself because Ilya was her favourite son (Shane's own words and all). She genuinely loved him as her own.

Ilya stood for a beat in front of her room trying to hear her breathe. He didn't want to wake her up, but he needed to hear that she's still alive. He hated his brain making him imagine everything bad that could ever happen.

There were times where his brain tricked him into thinking that his dreams would come true because all he does is bring bad luck to people close to him. It took Shane a week in the cottage with both Hollander parents and numerous home cooked meals to bring him back to them.

Ilya places the palm of his uninjured hand on top of Yuna's door and breathes out.

When he steps into the living room Anya is out cold by the fireplace and there is a soft light coming from under the kitchen elements. It was still dark outside and so cold. He didn't even realize that he was barefoot until he found himself staring for five minutes straight into the fridge on the cold floor tiles.

He takes out a can of coca-cola and pats to the couch. The coldness of the can seeps through his fingers while, trying to ground himself and alert his body that he's in fact awake and not dreaming anymore.

"Hey, you okay?"

Ilya almost snaps his neck in two how fast he turns around, only to see Yuna in her bathrobe leaning on the kitchen island.

"Um, bad dream. Why are you awake?" He tries to school his expression but the moment he saw her all the hopelessness and the feeling that he's still a child came back flooding in.

"I forgot to turn off my alarm. Yesterday I had some errands at five thirty so I had to be awake by four-ish. Hey, what's wrong?"

Ilya almost bursts into tears while she talked. And he gets it, she didn't say anything sad per se, he was just so exhausted and sad and he didn't know what to do right now.

Yuna almost runs to the couch and kneels in front of him placing her warm, steady palms on his knees.

"Talk to me. What is happening in that head of yours?"

"I've been having nightmares. For years. They are not this bad always. Because..."

"Because Shane is next to you?"

She finishes his sentence realizing the unspoken words. Ilya just nods his head and few tears drop from his eyes. He tries to wipe them off but realizes that his left hand is injured and that the right one is still holding the can.

Yuna takes the can out of his hands, leaves it on the coffee table and takes the edge of her bathrobe wiping the condensation out from Ilya's hand. His breath stutters from the gentleness of her touch and he almost erupts in full on sob.

"Do you want to talk about it? Do you want to call Shane?" She asks carefully, knowing very well what the answer will be when Ilya looks at her with wide glassy eyes.

"No. Don't call him. Please. He said... He told me to call him if this happens again but he has game. I don't want to wake him up."

"Okay. Okay. I won't call him. I promise."

She gently wipes few tears from his cheek and then cradles the back of his head.

"Oh baby, you are all drenched. That must've been one hell of a nightmare."

"Mom... I was like, doing the same day over and over... Finding her... Trying to..."

Yuna almost gasps when she realizes what he's talking about. Ilya closes his eyes because he couldn't find proper words in English to explain how devastating the nightmare was.

"Okay, stay here. I have an idea."

She abruptly stands from the floor, knees cracking and leaves the room. She comes back not a minute later with a comforter and some pillows from her room. She drops them unceremoniously on the armchair near the fireplace awaking Anya from her sleep and pointing at Ilya with her fingers.

"Up."

"What?" Ilya rubs his eyes with the one hand looking at her like she said something in another language.

"Up, up. This couch folds out right? It can be bigger?"

Ilya stands up almost swaying by exhaustion.

"Yes. There is a thing you pull and..."

"Got it..."

In less than five seconds she opens up the couch while bewildered Ilya just stands there like a scolded child with his arm in the sling. His hair all ruffled and his sweats all twisted around his ankles.

He watches Yuna take the pillows and comforter from the chair and arranges it on the couch. She then takes the tv remote and crawls into the bedding.

"Come," she waves her hand to Ilya who is still looking at her like he sees her for the first time in this lifetime.

"What?"

"Come to bed. We'll watch some stupid Christmas movie or binge watch Simpsons."

"I, uh..."

He scratches his neck suddenly blushing trying to say how he's not a small child and doesn't need someone else's mother to cuddle him after a bad dream. But the thing is, he really needs that. Yuna has her stern, one eyebrow lifted 'I dare you to challenge me' look on her face and he caves. He goes willingly next to her and she tucks him in, carefully folding the comforter around his injured hand.

He's on his back while Yuna is angled on her elbow flicking through their streaming services with focused look on her face.

"Ugh, they really don't make any more good Christmas movies. Okay, Simpsons it is," she puts on a random season and lowers the volume almost all the way down before leaning on her pillow watching Ilya's face in the dimly lit living room. His eyes sparkling with tears illuminated by the light on the tv. She takes his hand under the comforter and tangles their fingers together leaning her head on his shoulder.

Ilya swallows up a lump in his throat then leans back his head on top of hers and squeezes the palm of her hand back.

"I know I'm not technically your mother and I don't want to overstep here but I need you to know that I'm so insanely proud of you and that both me and David are here for you forever."

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"I might've met you few years ago after almost a decade of hating you on ice but I know you Ilya. I know how fiercely you love people around you. How much you sacrificed for Shane and for your life here in Canada. Everyone thinks that you're this cold Russian detached from emotions but we know who you are.

"And you're not alone. The worst thing you can do for yourself when these thoughts invade your brilliant mind is to isolate. So, I won't let you do it. Hell, neither David nor Shane will. We'll protect you no matter what. Okay? Promise me."

Ilya tries speaking up but every time his eyes get wetter and wetter and the next thing he knows is he's crying. Yuna gets up and cradles his head into a hug, Ilya's cheek pressed tightly on top of her warm and fluffy bathrobe smelling faintly of that apple cinnamon spice mix shower gel he insisted on stocking her bathroom with because of an inside joke from the last time when they spectacularly failed making apple pies in the Hollander household.

Yuna keeps rocking him back and forth in the hug until he fully melts into her body and all that left are muffled gasps for air.

"I promise. Thank you."

Yuna kisses his forehead and leans back so Ilya can rest easily on her body. He falls asleep in the matter of seconds after that. Yuna keeps drawing circles with her fingers on the back of his t-shirt, just like she used to do with Shane when he was a baby to calm him down. Her heart breaks at how long it must've been since Ilya was held like this, by a motherly figure - letting him be his own vulnerable self without any fear or judgement. She drops another kiss on his forehead and makes a mental note to make Ilya syrniki for breakfast.

End Notes

Eddie Diaz and Ilya Rozanov, your trauma is so dear to me 🥺 If you never tried syrniki this is your sign to make them asap, there are tons of recipes online (in Russian they are also called tvorozhniki but they are basically the same thing, just with different names across various Slavic languages - the most common one being syrniki) 🥞

Comments and kudos appreciated ✨ you can find me on twt /@strgzngstorm92 or: stargazingstormtrooper92

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