

His smile comes from you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76390491) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76390491>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander/Yuna Hollander
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	ilya spends some time with yuna before christmas , yuna is a mother ilya deserves , it's all warm and happy , Fluff , Christmas Fluff , Found Family
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-25 Words: 1,623 Chapters: 1/1

His smile comes from you

by [mahixa](#)

Summary

“Ilya!” Yuna smiled and spread her arms wide open, waiting by her car. She went on her tip toes to kiss his cheek when he approached, and gave him a warm look. “Perfect. Let’s go!”

She drove nothing like Shane. She was a fast, confident driver, overtaking cars at the most unexpected moments. Ilya found himself unknowingly white-knuckling the door handle and his seatbelt, eyes wide.

“We need the essentials for dinner, obviously,” she began, barely glancing at the road as she merged aggressively. “But then we need new plates and a tablecloth. Last year, David tripped over our cousin’s dog – it’s a Newfoundland, a huge beast – and well, there went the wine, the food, and my favorite linens. You should have seen it! Absolute chaos. Anyway, the boys are at home decorating the tree, and I’ve tasked Shane with deep-cleaning the bathroom, so...”

She spoke with such rapid-fire energy that Ilya could only stare at her, puzzled and impressed. Then, she laughed, and for a split second, her face transformed into the exact expression Shane would wear in moments like this. It was the first real confirmation that she was, indeed, his mother.

Notes

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

Throughout his life, Ilya had gotten many phone calls. And he'd never been particularly anxious to pick up an unknown call.

So when, one day before Christmas, his phone lit up and a new number popped up, he shrugged and answered, his eyes and hand continuing searching through his wardrobe. He was getting ready for a date with Shane, and since he knew Shane was going to spend Christmas with his family, he wanted as much time with him as he could get.

"Yeah?" he said simply, his voice deep.

"Ilya? Hi, it's me, Yuna."

Ilya dropped the shirt and cleared his throat. "Mrs. Hollander?"

"Come on, I told you to call me Yuna," she said, her voice a kind mix of confident and warm. "Listen, I'm heading to the shops today. David needs Shane at the house with all the decorating, and I can't stand their shenanigans in moments like these. Nor can I listen to Last Christmas one more time. Especially them singing it," she rambled on, to which Ilya closed his eyes and smiled, completely enamoured by the image forming in his head. "Anyway, I'm going shopping. And you're coming with me."

"I am?"

"You are."

He didn't say anything more. He blinked quickly and then realised dumbly she could not see him, but Yuna rushed for help, saying that she needs a strong pair of arms, that she:

"...can't do it alone. Also, I've been told that I should be limited to buying only certain amount of things. I can get carried away. I buy too much stuff. Oh, well. And Shane's informed me you are good at saying when enough is enough."

Ilya had to sit down.

"I'll be at your hotel in 20 minutes. If you don't have any other plans?"

"No, I-" he was meeting Shane in 4 hours. Did she know this? "I'm free now."

"Perfect. 19 minutes!"

And with that, she hung up, leaving Ilya with an unsettling feeling. And then with excitement spreading across his chest.

His screen lit up again and a message from Shane appeared.

Jane: I couldn't stop her. I tried. She really is coming. Have fun!

Choosing an outfit for a date with Shane was an easy task. Wanting to not disappoint his mother was another. Was the leather jacket too much? Did he put on too much perfume? What would she think of his hair?

He quickly gathered himself, smiled at himself in the mirror for confidence and locked the hotel room, heading down to where she was about to arrive in a few minutes. It was going to be okay. It's not like she was going to use this whole shopping thing as an excuse to meet with him face to face and then tell him she hated him and wanted to break things off with her beloved, precious son. Right?

"Ilya!" Yuna smiled and spread her arms wide open, waiting by her car. She went on her tip toes to kiss his cheek when he approached, and gave him a warm look. "Perfect. Let's go!"

She drove nothing like Shane. She was a fast, confident driver, overtaking cars at the most unexpected moments. Ilya found himself unknowingly white-knuckling the door handle and his seatbelt, eyes wide.

"We need the essentials for dinner, obviously," she began, barely glancing at the road as she merged aggressively. "But then we need new plates and a tablecloth. Last year, David tripped over our cousin's dog – it's a Newfoundland, a huge beast – and well, there went the wine, the food, and my favorite linens. You should have seen it! Absolute chaos. Anyway, the boys are at home decorating the tree, and I've tasked Shane with deep-cleaning the bathroom, so..."

She spoke with such rapid-fire energy that Ilya could only stare at her, puzzled and impressed. Then, she laughed, and for a split second, her face transformed into the exact expression Shane would wear in moments like this. It was the first real confirmation that she was, indeed, his mother.

Yuna was a very attractive woman, with a mischievous spark in her eyes and a hidden joke with herself, dancing at the tip of her mind whenever she observed or interacted with others. So that was another thing they had in common. She was also kind to the employees of the shops they went to and grabbed Ilya's bicep every time she saw a dog, pointing at it. Shane didn't do it publicly, but Ilya had the privilege of knowing how he reacted to dogs when they were alone or not noticed by others.

She sneezed the same way Shane did. Tipped generously and smiled charmingly.

But she was clumsy in a way Shane never was, and she talked so much, and pointed at things and then wasn't afraid to ask for help. Shane would find it difficult to do it, but she unashamedly made him carry bags and boxes and continued her monologue happily.

"Let's stop here for some coffee. My treat. Choose something for yourself," she said suddenly, and Ilya had to hit the brakes not to crash into her tiny body.

He protested, saying he would gladly buy *her* coffee, but she shushed him and looked at him with that zero-bullshit stern gaze and before he knew it, they were sitting in a cosy cafe shop, looking at the snow through the window.

Ilya had carefully placed the boxes and bags next to their chairs, making sure they were not in the way for other customers, and Yuna smiled at this. She didn't say anything, just observed, and it made Ilya smile back.

"You are really helpful. Thank you," she took a sip of her coffee.

"You're welcome," he smiled at her, relaxing into the chair. He felt his shoulders drop and his breath becoming even. It was easy to relax with her and Ilya quickly realised it was the first time in his life when he felt *that* calm with a person older than him.

There was his mother, of course, but whenever she was, there had always been the shadow of her burden and all the connotations to his father. There was the unwanted anticipation for those nice moments with her to end abruptly. And they always did.

Yuna's eyebrows furrowed gently, her gaze lingering on him as if she could sense the shift in his internal weather. She looked like she wanted to ask, then thought better of it, turning her eyes back to the snow.

"What else is on the list today?" he asked, hoping to steer away from his own transparency.

She turned back to him, her eyes sparkling. "Actually, we need to buy something for you. What do you like to eat for Christmas dinner? Any special dishes? Shane mentioned you're quite the cook – we can handle the kitchen together. And I was- what?" She stopped, tilting her head at his stunned expression.

"Dinner? Which dinner?"

"Christmas dinner."

"When?"

"Christmas dinner, sweetheart. Keep up!" she chuckled. "You're coming. I've decided."

"You've decided?" Ilya laughed quietly, his heart beating fast. "What about Mr. Hollander-"

"David."

"-David and, Shane?"

"Oh, they'll be there too, unfortunately," she teased, leaning in with a giggle. "I know, it would be much nicer with just the two of us, but I don't think they'd forgive me. Especially Shane. He's quite fond of you, you know. And I'd miss my David. As much as his singing can drive me crazy, I love this man with all my heart." She reached across the table, covering his hand with hers. "That is... if you want to spend the day with us?"

He beamed at her completely uncontrollably, taking her small hand. "Yes, I want."

“We want, too,” she grinned at him, her beautiful face, and placed her other hand on his. “You’re a good boy, Ilya. I can see what Shane means when he tells us how happy he is with you.”

He felt a lump forming in his throat, so Ilya laughed and broke the contact by leaning back in his chair. He tilted his face to the side, observing Yuna for a second, before saying that he’d like to try and bake that Mince Pie, since he’d never done so, to which Yuna clapped her hands and threw her head back, saying “yes, finally someone I can bake with!” and they started talking about the difference in their cuisines and what they could try together and what they would never recommend the other.

“Excuse me,” Ilya pointed at his buzzing phone, when they were standing in a queue for fresh fruit and vegetables.

Yuna nodded and kept searching for perfect oranges.

Jane: what’s taking you guys so long? Are you okay?

Lily: all good. Your mum is lovely. I think I will run away with her. She knows more about hockey than you and she smells better

Jane: funny

Jane: did she ask you? About christmas? She forbid me to tell

Jane: she wanted to tell you herself

Lily: she did

Jane: and what did you say?

Lily: that I will come

Jane: is it normal I’m smiling like an idiot right now?

Lily: for you it is

Lily: <3

Lily: I am smiling too

Jane: our date has to be postponed :/

Lily: pity. I’m sorry but I have to get ready for christmas with some people

Jane: oh okay!

“Sweetie?” Yuna came closer and let him take a sniff of the oranges. “Good enough?”

“Yes,” he said, because she looked at him like a dream mother would, and should, and his heart melted.

Her smile reached his soul and one of the walls came down.

Jane: come here already

Ilya smiled widely. Merry Christmas, he thought. And it was.

End Notes

Merry Christmas, people!

I woke up today and had to write it. I hope it makes some of you smile <3 it's a tooth rotting fluffy, this fic doesn't pretend to be anything else than this! ❤️ mmmmuuuuaahhhh

Vicky, thank you for goinf crazy with me about them!! You inspire me so much! Merry Christmas!

SEE YOU ALL AT THE COTTAGE! aaaa!

come scream at me on tumblr at: @mahixa

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