

Thanks, Mom

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/73265791) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/73265791>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Domestic Fluff , Hurt/Comfort , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-28 Words: 1,878 Chapters: 1/1

Thanks, Mom

by [breaktheice9607](#)

Summary

Around midnight, Shane's phone buzzed in the cupholder. He glanced at the screen.

Mom: "Ilya's asleep, fever down a bit. Don't worry about him, he's our son too."

Notes

this little story is based of the prompt that belongs to [midpollo](#)

thank you for this cute idea that resulted in my very first hollanov fic 💕

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



On early Sunday morning the gym smelled of rubber and bleached metal. The city lights were still mostly off, nothing but the sound of a powered treadmill and clanking of weights. Shane liked mornings like this because nobody was around, no excessive noise except labored breaths and music spilling from earbuds.

Ilya jogged on the treadmill beside him, his workout shirt already drenched with sweat that dripped down the spine. He always ran like stopping wasn't an option, like he chased after something that might disappear. But today his pace kept breaking, and his tempo seemed off. Shane noticed it in the way his hands brushed the front console at least twice.

"You okay?" He asked between biceps sets.

"Fine," Ilya nodded, flushed from the heat. "Just tired."

Shane wasn't convinced, but he dropped it, keeping his eyes on him. The guy could take a puck between his ribs and shrug it off. "Fine" didn't mean much coming from him. Besides, it was the middle of the season, and they both had important games coming up. Everyone was tired.

Later in the shower, they didn't talk much. Ilya slumped against the tile wall, eyes half-closed as water streamed over his collarbones. Shane traced his fingers along the tight knots of his shoulders, working soap into pale skin. Normally, Ilya would grin and make a dirty comment, immediately turning the air electric between. Today, he just exhaled a heavy breath.

Back at the house, they ended up in bed anyway, and yet it wasn't as wild as usual. More likely a lazy and sensual morning lovemaking—just two lovers trying to stretch a rare weekend thin. Shane rocked on Ilya's cock slowly, enjoying every bit of the stretch and pressing kisses down his chest that was a bit too warm to touch. When Ilya came, Shane felt a tremor in him—not from pleasure exactly, something else buzzed under his skin.

“You're flushed.”

“Still fine,” Ilya murmured, eyes already too heavy to keep open.

He was asleep before Shane could clean them up—mouth parted, breaths shallow. Shane watched him for a few minutes, tracing the sharp line of his jaw, a faint drop of sweat on his temple. Ilya looked peaceful enough to let him rest, but something just didn't feel right.

By noon, the house had grown more alive with ESPN reruns of last week's games; the reporters were debating stats and goal counts while Shane stood in the kitchen, making coffee he didn't really need. Ilya sat at the table shirtless despite the winter chill coming from the cracked window, muttering scoffs at every reporter he thought was full of shit.

Shane's phone buzzed.

Mom: *“Dad is making a beef roast for lunch. You two better show up hungry.”*

“We've been summoned,” Shane smiled, showing Ilya the text message.

The other man lifted his droopy eyes, a lazy grin spreading on his face. “I like your dad's roast.”

“I bet he made it extra savory just for you.”

That got a small chuckle out of Rozanov, but when he reached for his mug, his hand trembled. Shane noticed and said nothing.

They drove to the suburbs with icy rain streaking down the windshield. Ilya leaned against the seat, humming along to the radio in that low voice that never quite hit the right notes, but still made Shane's chest flutter. By the time they pulled into the driveway of Shane's parents' house, Ilya's head was lolling slightly, eyes half-shut, looking more asleep than awake.

Yuna opened the front door before they even knocked. "There's my boys!" she sang, pulling each of them for hugs that smelled like spices and fresh laundry detergent. A mix that always whispered home, warmth, loved. "You're just in time for the good stuff!"

Ilya grinned and kissed her cheek. "Wouldn't miss it."

Inside, the lunch unfolded into an easy, familiar routine. The dining room came alive with talks of upcoming games, trade rumors, and David's rant about the wobbly backyard fence he swore he'd fix by spring. Ilya smiled when he was supposed to, ate a few bites, then just pushed his food around, carving little trails through the gravy.

Yuna noticed first, her eyes narrowed when his fork slipped and clicked against the plate. "Sweetheart," she called him gently. "Are you feeling alright?"

Ilya blinked like he had just come back from somewhere far away. "Yeah, just tired. Didn't sleep great, that's all." His voice was almost convincing, but it lacked its usual spark.

Yuna leaned over the table and pressed her petite palm to his forehead before he could brush her off. Her hand stayed there for a second too long. "Shane," she said, not looking away from Ilya, "he's burning up."

Shane's chair scraped against the floor as he shot to his feet, heart lurching. "What? He wasn't complaining—" He cut himself off, glancing at Ilya, whose drooping eyes and flushed cheeks suddenly looked less like exhaustion and more like something to worry about.

"I'm fine," Ilya tried again, but his voice cracked halfway through. "Really—"

Yuna stood up, shaking her head. "Sweetheart, you're not fine," she said softly but firmly. After all, she was a mother who had been through too many flimsy excuses. "Come on, let's get you to the couch."

Shane saw it now too—the glassy sheen in Ilya's eyes, the feverish red creeping up his neck. His stomach twisted. How had he missed this?

Ilya was too exhausted to fight them on this. By the time they got him settled, he had stopped arguing, sinking his pounding head against the pillow. Shane crouched beside him, brushing a hand through his hair. "Why didn't you say something?"

"Didn't want to ruin our weekend," Ilya murmured, slurring into the cushion.

"You know what," Shane pressed a kiss to his temple, feeling the heat on his lips. "I'll call in and skip morning practice. I'll stay overnight."

"No," Ilya shook his head weakly. "You gotta go. Tomorrow's big."

Yuna reappeared from the kitchen with a damp towel. “We’ve got him, Shane,” her voice was steady as she pressed the cool cloth to Ilya’s forehead. “I’ll keep an eye on him, make sure he’s taken care of. You know I’ve handled worse.”

Shane nodded, but guilt already clawed at his heavy chest. He hated leaving on a good day, but tonight it felt so much worse...not with Ilya being like this. “Just... try to rest, okay?” he whispered, squeezing his hand.

Ilya murmured something that sounded like okay, already drifting away. Shane forced himself to stand. He had to drive back to the house to pack up his things.

When he returned, night had already sunk over the neighborhood. It was so quiet that every trivial sound like a zipper or a front door hinge felt too loud and irritating.

Shane found them in the living room. Yuna was there, sitting at the edge of the couch and stirring tea that had gone lukewarm. Ilya lay curled under one of her thick knitted blankets. The fever had softened him somehow, made him look younger, easier to break.

“Any change?” Shane asked, pausing in the doorway, keeping his voice low from disturbing the quiet.

“Still warm. I gave him medicine about an hour ago,” she said, setting the mug on the coffee table. “He’s sleeping deeper now, though. That’s a good sign.”

Ilya stirred at their voices, a low groaning slipping past his dry lips. He mumbled something in Russian, too slurred and rapid for Shane to catch on. His eyebrow twitched, like he was arguing with someone only he could see.

“Hey,” Shane crouched beside him. “I’ve got to head out now. I’ll text you as soon as I get to Montreal, okay?”

A faint smile ghosted across Ilya’s lips. “Don’t worry about me...too much.”

“Someone’s gotta.”

“Go win something for once,” Ilya chuckled roughly. “Drive safe.”

“Asshole,” Shane huffed, grinning as he leaned in to kiss the tip of Ilya’s nose, lingering just a second to memorize the warmth of him for the next couple of weeks that they would spend apart.

Then, he waited until his breathing evened out before standing up. Yuna met him at the door and pressed a hand to his cheek like he was a kid again, about to leave for a hockey camp.

“He’ll be alright,” she promised, seeing genuine worry in her son’s eyes. “He just needs rest and someone to fuss over him.”

“He’s in the right house then,” Shane quietly laughed as he turned toward the car, the night air freezing against his skin. He tossed his bag into the trunk and started the engine.

The drive to Montreal was empty-headed. Shane kept one hand on the wheel, the other drumming against his thigh. Every few miles, his thoughts drifted back to the heat of Ilya’s skin, to his mother’s soft voice calling him sweetheart and honey, to that stupid, adorable smile when he ordered him to drive safe.

Around midnight, Shane’s phone buzzed in the cupholder. He glanced at the screen.

Mom: *“Ilya’s asleep, fever down a bit. Don’t worry about him, he’s our son too.”*

Shane reread the text twice, feeling something twist and settle in his heart.

Back at the house, the fever kept pulling Ilya in and out of vivid dreams. The room smelled faintly of Vicks VapoRub and chicken broth. He woke up disoriented, shivering even under the heavy quilt. His head throbbed, and the room felt too small, too soft, like it might swallow him whole.

Yuna appeared in the doorway with a small bowl of soup. “You need to eat something.”

“Not hungry,” Ilya protested, shaking his head like a child.

“You’ll humor me,” she said in exactly the same authoritarian tone Shane had inherited.

Ilya managed a few spoonfuls before it drained him. Yuna eased him back against the pillows, his eyes already fluttering shut, too heavy to fight. “You’re too kind,” he murmured.

“It’s nothing,” she replied, settling the bowl aside. “You’re part of the family.”

That word made something long forgotten flicker back to life. Family. Ilya swallowed hard. “You know...when my mom died I was still very young,” the accent thickened, curling around each word. “She was amazing...but not soft like you.”

Yuna paused, her voice turned as gentle as a feather. “You must miss her terribly.”

Ilya nodded, his gaze distant, like he was chasing a memory he could barely hold. “Sometimes I think I forget her voice.”

Yuna moved closer, brushing a damp strand of hair from his forehead. “Then you can borrow mine for now. How’s that sound?”

Ilya’s lips twitched into a small laugh. “You sound like Shane...make me feel safe.”

“Good,” she chuckled softly, her voice wrapping around him like a blanket. “That means I’m doing something right.”

Ilya blinked at her for a moment, like the words didn’t quite compute. Then, drowsy, he whispered. “Thanks, mom...”

Yuna stilled. Her throat tightened with a small breath, and she couldn’t speak right away. Instead, she smoothed the blanket over his broad chest, fingers light against his messy curls, tucking it gently behind his ear. “You’re welcome, sweetheart. You’re at home.”

The fever broke sometime before dawn.

End Notes

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