

An Interview with the Hollanders

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An Interview with the Hollanders

by [aurora_chiroptera](#)

Summary

It's time to refresh the fluff pieces about NHL players to fill out sports programming. A new spin has added in interviews with the player's family. Ilya doesn't have many options, but decides maybe Shane wouldn't mind sharing.

Set a couple years into Ilya playing for Ottawa.

“We want to make a new video for you, now that you’ve moved to the Centaurs,” the sports media producer was addressing Ilya, but was looking at his agent. “Something a little more grown up, though still keeping your brand.”

Ilya was sick of his brand. He wished desperately that he could bring Yuna to these meetings; he'd begun to trust her opinions at least as much as his agent's. But he wouldn't know how to explain her presence, so he muddled through.

“-capture the work you do with your charity, as well as your new house, your fewer cars...” the producer's eyes flicked to him briefly, as if some part of him didn't believe those were Ilya's choices. They certainly weren't “on brand.”

“I think it's a great idea,” his agent said, her professional smile in place as always. “We don't want anyone to forget about Ilya Rozanov.”

Ilya gave a short laugh, crossing his arms. “I am not going to let them.”

“Wonderful! Now there is one part I wanted to run by you right away, because it might take some doing to line up.” The producer passed a few papers over. Ilya barely glanced at them. “We've been doing some snippets with player's families in our recent profiles. And I was hoping we could do the same for you?” Now the man was staring intently at Ilya.

Under those eyes, Ilya locked down anything his face wanted to do. Better to keep it blank, as his heart ached. What family could he offer? His mother was dead. He was doing a great job at never speaking to his brother again. He couldn't share Shane, the only person who felt like home. Svetlana wouldn't want the attention, given the assumptions that would be made and her experiences with her father's fame.

He had to look away from the producer, blinking at the big windows that looked out onto more tall buildings. He wished for Yuna again, the way that Shane described how she could see through bullshit and get what was best. To stand up to these people who just wanted to make money off him so that at least he got the same back in return.

An idea started to form: Yuna, and David too with his quiet supportive presence. Ilya started to smile, turning back to the fancy business man. He straightened, leaning his elbows against the table. “I don't believe it will be as hard as you think. Can get two things done at once, in fact.”

The puzzled look that grew into surprise was something Ilya enjoyed greatly. He loved to be able to surprise and shock - even in a business meeting.

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“You told them to interview my parents for your family segment?” Shane's face scrunched in confusion in the light from his phone screen, but showed none of the panic Ilya had been afraid of.

“Yes, and it’s fine because I would know them. Yuna runs the foundation named after my mother. Is sweet story,” Ilya said, needing Shane to know he’d thought this through, he wasn’t going to endanger the plan. “I got to know her, she took me under her wing, invited me home for dinner so I met David. I am like second son.” Ilya grinned his wickedest smile. “Favorite son even.”

“Stop trying to steal my parents,” Shane scolded, but his face was split with its own smile. “Very rude behavior, you need to do better if you want to be Canadian.”

“Yes, yes.” Ilya gazed at his phone screen and then sighed dramatically. “I wish you were here.”

“Same. Very rude of you being told to come to Montreal while I’m away,” Shane said, shifting against hotel room pillows.

“Ah, rude, rude, I am being so rude,” Ilya rolled his eyes. He leaned against the headboard in Shane’s bedroom, wearing one of Shane’s sweatshirts. He’d probably sleep with Shane’s pillow tonight once the call was over. “You cannot train me not to be asshole, so you must still like it.”

“Mhm,” was Shane’s response to that. It was really unfair that the light from the screen seemed to highlight his freckles.

Ily slid down in the bed, getting more comfortable. “You have room to yourself, yes?”

Shane shifted as well, propping himself up now. “I sure do. Do you have some suggestions of what I should do with that privacy?”

“A couple. Let us start with you taking shirt off.”

The camera crew had set up in the living room, as Yuna had directed them. With David in the kitchen making coffee and tea for everyone, Yuna approached the producer. “You want to do just the piece about Ilya today?”

The man, Jake, nodded. “We want a different background between this and the one for Shane. Somewhere in Montreal is what we’re currently thinking.”

“That makes sense,” Yuna said, and it sort of did. The man had a vision and he wasn’t going to let this hiccup stop that. She wondered if he would have really traveled to Russia if that’s what it took to get Ilya’s story. “What format are we working with?”

Jake gave a half smile she didn’t believe. “That’s right, you’re probably old hat at things like this.”

“When your son is as talented as mine, you get used to it.” Yuna knew her pride for Shane came through without her trying.

Jake hummed. “It’s going to be an interview style. We’ll film a lot more than we’ll use, that sort of thing.”

Yuna nodded. “And then edit clips to make whatever narrative comes out of your other shoots?”

Jake pointed a finger gun at her. “You got it!”

Yuna huffed a laugh. She could see why the man got on Ilya’s nerves. They’d have to compare notes once this was done.

David appeared at her side, passing her a mug of tea exactly how she liked it. “I think we’re ready, everyone has provisions,” he said, eyeing Jake and his cup of Starbucks. “Shall we get started?”

It wasn’t Jake who asked the questions, instead it was a young woman named Mai whose voice would be edited out in post, but Yuna bet Jake was the one to write them. At least Yuna knew that Ilya’s agent had reviewed and approved them first.

She and David sat side by side on their couch, facing the professional lighting that had been set up and ignoring the boom mic. Their mugs were on the coffee table, adding to whatever homey vibe Jake seemed to be looking for.

Jake’s silent but dramatic “action” had Mai straightening her back and glancing at her list of questions.

“Our first question is what led us here today. What was your reaction when you heard that Ilya Rozanov wanted you to do the family interview for him?”

Yuna had a feeling this would be where they’d start, so she reached out to take David’s hand. “We weren’t surprised, but we are very honored. We’ve gotten to know Ilya over the past several years, since he and Shane began working together.”

“He’s a nice young man, under his bravado,” David added. “We’re glad to call him family, if informally.”

Yuna didn’t look at Jake, but had a feeling he was unhappy about the lack of drama in their response. Good.

“He and Shane Hollander had many years of rivalry. It must have been hard to reconcile this.” Mai prompted.

“It didn’t take us that long,” David said, in his easy way. “A little surprising they’d been friendly longer than we thought, but we trust Shane’s judgement.”

“We do.” Yuna smiled briefly at one of the cameras, before focusing back on Mai. “We’re here to talk about Ilya though, we can’t give away too much about Shane. Folks will have to tune into both pieces.”

“Oh, of course,” Mai looked through the list in her hands, blushing slightly. Jake leaned over her and pointed to one. “Rozanov is estranged from his family back in Russia. Why do you think that is?”

Yuna raised a brow while David leaned forward to grab his mug. He knew she'd want to take this answer. “I think that it's his personal business, but I also think they are missing out on a lot. Ilya's always ready to help, especially the people he cares about. Sometimes we have to build new families so that help like that isn't one sided.

“But also, as a mother, I know that Irina would be very proud of her son. I think about her a lot.” Yuna blinked, and picked up her tea, so her voice wouldn't crack.

Mai let them sit in silence, clearly looking for more, or sensing that Jake wanted more. With nothing coming, she coughed and looked down. “Is there something about Rozanov you think it would surprise people to know?”

“He's a really good cook, when he doesn't get distracted,” David said, completely banal and straight faced. Yuna had to swallow back a laugh: the boiled over sauce incident was not something she and David would let the boys forget anytime soon. But that wasn't a story to be shared... at least not yet.

“He's great with kids,” Yuna said. “He is certainly a favorite coach at camp.”

“We're really destroying his bad boy image,” David chuckled. “He's going to take away our Centaur's tickets.”

“He wouldn't dare,” Yuna huffed dramatically. “Not if he wants my feedback.” Hopefully that was a juicy enough back and forth for what the producer was looking for.

The questions that followed were largely boring, clearly getting some additional b-roll and trying to get a few more details they would probably follow up with Ilya on. Yuna hoped that what came through was that Ilya had people who loved him and saw him - even if they couldn't be fully honest about how and why he was so dear to them.

At the end, as the team packed up and David chatted at Jake, Yuna slipped Mai her business card, after writing a note about upcoming paid internships with the Irina Foundation.

Ilya didn't pay a lot of attention to the final product of the fluff piece because it was boring even when it was about him, though his agent was taking careful notes. They hadn't kept much of Yuna and David in, just a small portion about things that might surprise people about Ilya. He smiled at that and drafted a quick text to thank them both.

As they were leaving, a young woman approached them waiting at the elevator. She was focused on Ilya and there was a blush on her face. Ilya prepared for her to ask for an autograph.

“I thought you might be interested in seeing the full interview,” the young woman said instead. She passed over a USB stick.

“Full interview?” Ilya asked, taking it wearily.

“Of your family. They were very kind.” The woman fiddled with her hair, then jumped as someone shouted “Mai!” down the corridor. She said a quick, “Nice meeting you!” before running off.

“Thank you,” Ilya said, putting the USB drive in his pocket, but she was already out of sight.

“Final question, what would you say to Rozanov if he was here with us right now?”

In the video, Yuna and David glanced at each other - they did that a lot, all the years together meaning they could communicate so much in a single look. They both turned back towards the cameras with matching smiles. Ilya could just make them both out through the tears that had started after Yuna's answer to the second question.

“It would be too easy to say we're proud of him, though we very much are,” Yuna said and Ilya knew she meant it. He tried to remember the last time someone other than Shane told him that, and could only pull up a vague memory of his mother's face. Maybe a coach here and there, but it didn't mean the same thing. “I'd remind him of all the good he is doing. But mostly tell him that he is loved, that we're here, whatever he needs.”

Ilya covered his mouth with his hand as he tried to muffle the sob crawling up his throat. Even alone at home, it felt wrong to cry about this.

David was nodding along as Yuna spoke, before adding, “He's had to be on his own for a long time now, but he doesn't have to be anymore. We love him like he's our own.”

The video ended there, and the sudden dimness of his living room settled around him. Ilya wiped at his eyes with his sleeves and just tried to breathe. He felt as if his world had been upended and in that upending it finally made more sense.

He stuck his hand into his couch, where his phone always ended up. Yuna and David's house phone number was near the top of recent callers. Clearing his throat, Ilya did something he hadn't been able to since his father passed.

He called his parents.

[some years later]

r u seeing this? @#2RozanovFan:

In light of recent events, I would like us all to rewatch this clip:

[25 second video of Yuna and David Hollander speaking about Ilya Rozanov]

-> @anotherhockeystanaccount: omggggg they fucking love their son in law

-> @KorraL: oh so they knew, knew huh. well at least shane didn't get outed to his parents this way.

--> @gayhockeymemes: and whoever leaked that video is going to answer to fucking yuna hollander. rest in fucking piss to that asshole.

---> @KorraL: fr!!!!!!!!!!

-> @hollandermybeloved: WHO ELSE IS UP CRYING ABOUT HOCKEY PLAYER CHOSEN FAMILY

--> @#2RozanovFan: 🖐 ME!!!!!!!!!!

-> @centaurs&bears: Wait so if they know Roz can cook are you telling me. Are you telling me Hollander and Roz have cooked for Hollander's parents together? I'm. I'm going to need a moment. I need to call out of work sick actually. I need to spend a whole day thinking about this.

--> @hollandermybeloved: right there with you brother

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