the momager problem

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the momager problem

by goldengalaxies

Summary

This is the final straw, Shane thought, staring up at the enormous wall to wall billboard of Ilya in nothing but tight white Calvin Kleins.

(yuna adopts ilya as her second son via brand deals. shane suffers.)

Notes

i am on a MOTHERFUCKIN roll today… this has been in my drafts for agesss but i couldn't finish it. things took an unexpected turn but it's completed and so yes this is my third post of the day because i am clinically insane and terminally obsessed with hollanov

enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more notes

In the beginning, Shane had been so proud of his parents for the way they'd welcomed Ilya into their family.

Especially with how awkward the whole 'Cottage Incident' had been for everyone involved. Shane was still tortured with flashbacks of knowing his father had witnessed his boyfriend grab his ass and push him up against the window to kiss him like a starving man.

The word '*lovers*' haunted him.

This meant that Shane was grateful that, rather than focusing on those horrifically embarrassing moments, his parents had decided to do everything in their power to make his boyfriend feel welcome. He knew it made Ilya happy, even if the man refused to admit it properly.

Especially now knowing what Shane knew about Ilya's family situation, Shane was determined that Ilya would get a chance to experience a normal, loving family. His parents had not disappointed, with his dad immediately forcing Ilya to help him with his puzzles, and his mom teaching Ilya how to cook Shane's favourite foods.

Unfortunately, this pride in his parents had not lasted long. Well, actually it was one parent in particular who Shane had begun to take issue with. His father was, in fact, an innocent party in this whole debacle.

Specifically, Shane was not happy with his mom.

Like all things with Yuna Hollander, it had begun seemingly innocently enough, before spiralling into a fully fledged business plan that required the entire family’s time and energy.

Shane had been sat on the sofa with Ilya in his Montreal Condo when his phone had rang, the screen displaying '*Mom*' with a picture of him and Yuna flashing up behind it.

Though he loved his mom, he contemplated not picking it up and muting his phone.

Ilya only had another day before he had to be in Boston to begin training for the next season. The off-season was almost officially over and Shane, for once in his life, was actually upset at the prospect.

Usually he was foaming at the mouth to return to the rink, but it was different now. He knew this was the last time he'd be seeing Ilya for a few weeks at the least, and so he was determined to soak up the last days they could spend together.

He'd been planning on having a nice dinner with his boyfriend and then spending the evening in bed with said boyfriend. So when he saw it was his mother calling, he hesitated; whatever,

fucking sue him!

However, he was nothing if not a good son, and so he picked up the phone. "Hey, mom."

"Hey, baby." Yuna's voice filtered through the speaker.

"Everything okay?"

"Yes, fine, look I've been thinking-"

Uh oh.

Shane knew this tone.

This was the very official and not a little intimidating 'Yuna-The-Manager' tone.

Shane suppressed a sigh. "Yes?"

Ilya could clearly hear the hesitation in his tone because he shifted where he was resting his head on Shane's chest, craning his neck to scan Shane's face.

"Actually, can you pass the phone to Roza- *Ilya*, I mean - please?"

Well, that was probably the last thing he'd expected her to ask.

"*Okay*?"

She ignored the clear question in his voice. "Thanks, baby. Love you."

"Er- okay. Love you too?"

Frowning, he passed the phone to Ilya.

"Mom wants to speak to you."

A brief expression of uncertainty passed across Ilya's face before being replaced by a shit eating grin. "I told you I will be favourite son soon. You are old news, Hollander."

Shane shoved Ilya's chest in retaliation but only succeeded in reminding him how fucking ripped his boyfriend was.

Ugh. Asshole.

Ilya gestured for the phone to be passed over. "Gimme."

Shane passed the phone over, shifting so he could lean on Ilya's shoulder to hear their conversation. He listened as his mom went through all her plans she now apparently had in regards to Ilya's 'branding' in the run up to Ilya's announcement next year that he would be traded to Ottawa.

Specifically, the fact that she'd already spoken to Rolex regarding a joint campaign. When she'd been asked by Rolex why she was now apparently taking over Ilya Rozanov's management, she'd simply cited the fact that it would be a huge marketing opportunity to have both sides of the rivalry doing a campaign seemingly working together. Apparently that had been enough for Rolex.

Shane wasn't sure if Rolex had actually been satisfied with that or it had simply been that some poor intern had been harangued by Yuna Hollander into agreeing.

Whatever the case, it was a done deal, and now she was sending them the shoot information.

And it was tomorrow. Which meant that instead of being together doing whatever they wanted for their last day together before the season - preferably not leaving his bed for 24 hours - they were going to be shooting some watch commercial wearing ridiculous clothes and being made up under unbearably hot, too-bright lights.

As his mom hang up, Shane ground his teeth, but Ilya - for some reason - looked happy.

"You do not look happy?"

"It's fine."

It was not fine.

Shane could admit he might, possibly be sulking a little.

"Tell me truth, Hollander."

"I just didn't want to spend our last day together doing this."

"I know how you wanted to spend it. Pervert." Ilya teased, a shit-eating grin covering his face.

Shane glared at him and Ilya laughed.

"You are so cute when you are angry. I think is nice, yes. She is accepting me, you know?"

Shane's heart melted at how pleased Ilya seemed at the fact that Yuna was now getting herself involved in his life.

So, he'd let it go. Little did he know things were about to spiral out of control.

Then, it had happened a second time.

He'd texted Ilya to confirm they were on for two days in Boston, as they were playing a match on the first day and Shane's team flight didn't leave for Nashville until a few days later.

Ilya
Your mother is both scary and impressive.

Shane
What??

Ilya
She sent calendar invite…

Shane groaned.

Oh, God.

Shane
How bad is it?

Ilya
I am scared

Ilya
Also I cannot see you on Thursday now because I have photoshoot :(

For fuck's sake.

Then, things got much, much worse.

Not only was his mother fucking cockblocking him, but apparently she was actively trying to fucking *kill him*.

It had been a normal day in the locker room. They'd finished their training for the day, and Shane was feeling good.

When he exited the showers, he'd noticed a group of the guys crowded around one phone. At first, Shane had ignored it, assuming it was some dumb video or a picture of a half-naked model.

Then, he heard the sound of Ilya's name.

"Rozanov thinks he's hot shit."

"Oh, what a fucking poser."

"Cocky asshole."

Shane frowned, his heart rate skyrocketing. “What are you guys talking about?”

Drapeau turned his phone around to show an Instagram post by **Speedo** and **Ilya Rozanov**.

Shane suddenly felt like he was going to pass out.

"Ugh!" Hayden shouted, covering his eyes. "I did not want to see that!"

J.J made a face of disgust and fake gagged. “I’m blinded! I’m blinded!”

Shane, on the other hand, couldn't tear his eyes away from the post.

His chest felt tight.

On the screen was Ilya, naked except from boxer shorts style Speedos, posing with his arms above his head, one forearm draped over his curls as he looked into the camera with a smoulder.

His expression was borderline ridiculous: the over dramatic pouting and smouldering gaze, but it was so Ilya that Shane loved it.

He flushed just looking at it. Ilya’s biceps were huge in the photo and his abs were oiled up and dripping with water, so it looked like he was sweating. The liquid had darkened his happy trail.

Shane was *dying*.

And his boyfriend was currently across the country from him.

And it was all his mother’s fault.

Then his mother got Ilya a brand deal with Harley Davidson, and Shane had immediately contemplated hacking into Ilya's phone and blocking his mother’s phone number.

It was bad enough that this deal came with a brand new motorcyle that Shane absolutely hated and loved in equal measure. The things were fucking death traps. But he had to admit Ilya looked *good*.

Then, the ad came out. A two minute long clip that Shane had watched so many times he could probably write a play-by-play of every single moment.

In the video Ilya was on motorcyle in all leather outfit. The screen showed him driving through a series of shots, and then pulling his helmet off, sticking a cigarette in his mouth

while he leant on the side of the bike looking absolutely fucking *sinful*. Then it cuts to the title screen of ‘all for freedom. freedom for all’ with their stupid ass slogan that made no sense and which Shane hated simply because it meant the video was over.

Shane needed to put a stop to this before he went fucking crazy.

This is the final straw, Shane thought, staring up at the enormous wall to wall billboard of Ilya in nothing but tight white Calvin Kleins.

The billboard that was right round the corner from his apartment.

Which meant whenever he left his apartment, he will see it.

He immediately sprinted back into his apartment on seeing it. He hit the call button on Ilya’s contact, his face flushed and his breathing rapid.

When Ilya didn’t respond, Shane sent him a flurry of texts.

Shane
Why didn't you tell me about this?????????

Shane
[Photo attached].

Shane
Ilya!

Shane
Did you get the fucking company to put these billboards up near my house just to fuck with me??

Shane
How the hell did you get Calvin Klein to do this?

Shane
This is ridiculous.

Ilya
You like?

Ilya
;)

Shane
Call me back.

Ilya
I'm at training :(

Ilya
Later we facetime, yes? ;)

The torture-via-Calvin-Klein continued through out the day as Ilya sent him multiple outtakes of the behind the scenes, and photos and videos that hadn't made the cut. There were billboards all over Montreal, which Shane is sure Ilya made a part of the deal just to fuck with Shane because it was ridicuous how many there were! But it wasn't just Montreal. The ads were everywhere, in almost all the cities they played in over the following months. When Shane opened his instagram, there it was.

Even worse where the comments.

@81mrsrozy
i'm literally pregnant just from this photo

@marrymeilya
FUCKING HELL I CANNOT TAKE IT

@hockeyroz1999
i'm so happy that ilya rozanov is still single and i live in boston… maybe it will be my chance soon

@katieeex
Hey Roz, remember me? Let's catch up soon ;)

@rozanovrozanov
i literally died witnessing this

It was at this point that Shane knew he had to talk to his mother and put a stop to this madness.

Shane was already furious with his mother for the numerous and horribly sexy ads she had Ilya doing, when she'd clearly decided that wasn't torture enough.

No, she had to go a step further, because of course she did. Yuna Hollander never did anything by halves.

This had to be on purpose by now, he thought, regretting the day his boyfriend ever met his mother.

Ilya
[*Photo attached]*.

It was a selfie of him in the make up chair.

They'd given him eyeliner.

Shane was about to pass away.

Shane zoomed into the background where a gorgeous woman with long blonde hair is laughing at something.

Shane's eyes narrowed.

Shane
Very nice.

Shane
Who's that behind you?

Ilya
She does make up

Ilya
Make me look pretty

Ilya
Not as pretty as you though ;)

Ilya
Is impossible

Shane sent a heart emoji even though he was secretly ridiculously jealous.

Even Shane could tell she was good looking, and he was gay! Not to mention his boyfriend was half naked around her for hours, making her laugh, while Shane was still a whole plane ride away.

And yet again, this was all his mother's fucking fault.

He hated that he felt that way but he just couldn't help it. He knew he should be grateful that his mother was getting so involved with Ilya, but Shane felt ridiculously possessive; there were parts of Ilya that Shane wanted to be kept for him. He knew that this was impossible, Ilya's sexual history had not exactly been similar to Shane's only one night stand, but now they were together things were different.

Simply put, he was jealous and turned on and annoyed and it was making for a terrible combination but he just couldn't help it.

But he could help whether or not Ilya knew about it, and Shane sure as hell wasn't going to give him the satisfaction.

His mother, however, was going to hear from him.

Shane
Can you please stop book Ilya into so many campaigns. I love you mom but it's a bit much don't you think?

Mom
What?

Mom
Does he not like doing them?

Mom
He never said anything.

Mom
I'm sorry honey!

Shane
It's fine, don't worry just please stop. Love you.

Unfortunately, when they saw each other the next week, Ilya immediately noticed that something was up with Shane and wouldn't let up until Shane admitted how he was feeling.

"Is this why I got a text from your mother last week?"

"What?"

Ilya turned the phone around:

Yuna Hollander
Hi Ilya, sorry for overstepping! Shane mentioned the ads were getting a little much. I do tend to get carried away! Hope to see you next weekend still?

Ilya
What?

Ilya
I am very grateful for it Yuna

Yuna Hollander
But Shane said to stop?

Shane looked at his feet, feeling his face flushing. He tried to burrow further into his hoodie, chewing on the strings nervously.

"Shane." Ilya needled him. "Talk to me, sweetheart."

Shane just shrugged. He didn't want to fully admit how he'd been feeling. It was ridiculous and selfish. Shane did these kinda of ads all the time, being hosed down with water and walking around just in his boxers.

"I just-"

Ilya took his hand and pulled him towards him. "Come here."

Shane let himself be manhandled into Ilya's lap.

"I don't care about the ads."

"Okay?"

"I just don't want you to have all your time scheduled, like me. Especially when we have such limited time together."

Ilya leaned in to kiss him. "You are very cute. But I am sensing this is not all?"

Shane groaned, burying his head in Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya huffed out a laugh. "You're so cute when you're jealous, sweetheart."

"I'm not jealous!"

"If you say so." Ilya teased.

"Okay, fine. I'm a bit jealous, okay?" He mumbled the words into Ilya's hoodie.

Ilya moved him backwards so they could look at each other. "What was that?"

Shane rolled his eyes. "You know what I said." Ilya's self satisfied smirk gave that away clearly.

Ilya pouted. "Maybe I want to hear you say it again. I like it when you get possessive."

"I bet." Shane rolled his eyes, not enjoying this half as much as Ilya seemed to be.

"Why are you jealous, moya lybov?"

"Just stupid comments on instagram. All these women think they have a chance with you because they think your single! And that make up artist, she-"

Ilya looked baffled. "Who?"

"The girl in that photo from the photoshoot last week. She's exactly your type and I just-" Shane tensed. "Do you ever.."

"What is it, sweetheart?"

”I know that obviously you still like women, as well… and I don’t want you to get bored. Maybe - if you ever want to be with a woman, I don't know, you can.” Even as he proposed the idea he felt sick to his stomach. “Not like, all the time-“ Shane added hurriedly. “Just once every so often. Not like, a - maybe like a 'hall pass'."

"*What*?"

"I'm just saying-"

"Shane, I do not understand at all. What is hall pass?"

"It's like where you get to name a person you’d like, sleep with, and I’d be okay with it.”

"*What*?" Ilya looked shocked. “Shane, what the fuck?”

Shane wanted to curl up into a ball. "I don't want you to get tired of just being with me -"

Ilya pulled him closer, gripping Shane’s waist possessively in the way that Shane loved. “Listen to me. I only want you. Ever. I could not even *think* of being with someone else."

Shane huffed. "Ilya, you don't have to lie."

"No, is true! Even when you were with Rose Landry, all that time ago, I was so desperate for you that I would only sleep with women who had freckles and dark hair. Because I wanted you so badly. I couldn’t look at anyone who didn’t even look like you.”

Shane stared.

"You - what?"

It felt like the tables had turned all of a sudden.

“Trust me, Shane.” Ilya said. “I love only you. I want only you. You are more than enough for me. I only hope I am the same for you.”

Shane felt his eyes prick with tears. “I love you so much.”

”Love you too. Now get rid of these stupid thoughts and let me text Yuna that her son is possessive, jealous boyfriend who wants my sexy body all to himself.”

Shane immediately tried to grab Ilya’s phone away from him. “Don’t you fucking dare, *Ilya*-“

End Notes

no one can convince me that my slavic millennial king wouldn't love rocking a speedo once or twice

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