

we haven't spoke (since you went away)

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by [beyondinfinity](#)

Summary

Ilya was down again.

This happened every year, every month even - Shane knew this. He expected it.

Sometimes, he saw it coming beforehand. He'd notice a vacant look in Ilya's eyes, dishes left unwashed, little lapses in Ilya's daily routine that most people would brush aside but that Shane knew meant he'd need to be a little more "on" than he normally was. Sometimes, though, Shane didn't see it coming. Sometimes, out of nowhere, he'd interact with Ilya and Ilya would just be - well, he'd be there, but he'd be gone.

Yuna and David are in Moscow when they stumble upon Ilya's mother's grave.

Notes

A little baby depressing oneshot. TWs/Translations in end notes.

All inspired by Tiktok comments, specific commenter is @kaitlia777 on @1_ezclipseee_1's pinned video!

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

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That morning was one of those times. Shane had woken up early, like he always did, and Ilya had stayed in bed, like he always did. He'd even kissed Shane goodbye as he left for his run, wrapped up in their duvet. Anya had been antsy than normal, so Shane took a long route. He called his parents, who were off on a tour of Europe for their 35th wedding anniversary and who were six hours ahead.

By the time he was home an hour and a half later, Ilya was off.

It was like it always was, when Ilya was down. He pretended it wasn't happening. He plastered a smile on his face when Shane walked in, hugged and kissed Anya and whispered how she was his precious, his Солнышко, his everything, and then jokingly assured Shane that he was almost as important to him. Shane knew, though. He could see it in Ilya's eyes, in his mouth, in the way he moved and the rasp of his voice.

"Morning practice today," Shane blurted. "It'll be nice to see everyone." With this, he headed to the kitchen, trying to release some of the tension that had filled his muscles at the sight of his husband. He wanted to help, to carry the pain that Ilya was feeling and let him be all light and humor and love, but Shane knew how it went. He had to wait until Ilya broke to talk about it, and if he didn't break, then he wouldn't push. The one time Shane pushed, Ilya had retreated to a guest room for two days, barely eating or speaking or even sleeping, just staring and thinking. Shane couldn't do that again. So he went to the kitchen.

Ilya stood, following him.

"Yes. Is good way to wake up."

"Mhm. Have you had breakfast?" With his question, Shane turned to face Ilya. Ilya was looking at him, but his focus was somewhere else. Shane waited two whole breaths before repeating his question.

"What?" Ilya replied, eyes snapping back to reality. Or, as back to reality as they ever got on a bad day.

"Have you had breakfast?"

"No. Sorry, I didn't-" Ilya cut himself off, eyes wide and searching. "I wasn't-"

"I know. It's fine."

“I would like breakfast,” Ilya replied. “Yes.”

“Okay.” Shane grabbed a carton of eggs, a container of frozen veggie sausage, and his favorite 7-grain bread, before putting the bread back and grabbing two english muffins instead. He busied himself with the food, stealing glances at Ilya when the worry weighed him down too much. Ilya was sitting at the kitchen table, now, scratching Anya’s head where it lay on his knee.

Anya was the only other person who could *really* tell when Ilya was off. Often, she was the reason Shane realized it at all. When her dad was down, Anya became antsy and obsessed - honestly, she was a lot like Shane that way. She’d bring all of her toys to the door of their room, creating a pile of garish colors and drool that was impossible for them to miss. She’d eat her food, then offer the last bits to Ilya. She’d snuggle up to him whenever he sat down, refusing to leave their room and sometimes even convincing Shane to let her sleep in their bed, because Shane could deal with dog hair if Ilya needed the dog with him. Toys, and food, and cuddles, because how could you be sad if you had all three?

She refused to move when Shane brought over their breakfast, and Ilya ate around her. Shane refrained from commenting on the hygiene of the situation. Maybe a different day.

* * * * *

Ilya was down again.

He knew it, and he knew Shane knew it, and he knew even Anya knew it. Hell, by the time they got to practice, he was sure that everyone would know it.

He’d told the team’s doctor about his depression when he started medication, and he’d told everyone else the first time it got really bad and Shane was there and his therapist knew. It was his mom’s birthday, about eight months ago.

It had been decades since he lost his mom. Logically, Ilya knew there was no time limit on grief, that it wouldn’t just expire and leave him be. But most of the time, he could ignore it. Most of the time, the ache in his chest and the deep need for motherly love, for love from his mother, would be tolerable. Most of the time.

On her birthday, it was all-consuming.

Today was another one of those days. He supposed that the grief wasn’t actually the thing making him feel so bad. The grief mad him sad, made him ache in places he didn’t know existed, tore into his being and his soul. It was those tears, though, that opened him up to the void inside him. On days like today, he felt utterly empty.

Shane, his Shane, was trying so hard to act normal. Trying so hard to make Ilya feel normal again. There was nothing he could do, though. Ilya just had to feel it, let it happen so he could slowly put himself back together.

Ilya was startled out of his stupor by a ringtone. Shane put down his sandwich - on an english muffin, like Ilya’s, why had he done that? - and picked up, talking in rapid English. Ilya

didn't know if he could handle translating right now. He heard snippets, something about European trains (so it was Yuna, then), but his attention was grabbed by one word.

“Novodevichy?”

He leaned forward, grabbing Shane's arm right under the phone.

“Что ты сказал?”

“Novodevichy,” Shane responded. “Mom's there. She- um, she wants to know-”

Ilya's heart pounded.

“She is there. As near to convent as we could get.”

“She is?”

“Da. I repeat for Yuna?”

“No, she heard you.” Shane stared at Ilya with wide eyes that were already wet, a flush coming to his cheeks below his freckles. “She said her and Dad are- did you-” Shane gasped and placed his hand on top of Ilya's, anchored him to his arm.

“She sees her?”

“Yes. Do you- yes, we should-”

Ilya grabbed the phone right out of Shane's hand. He'd apologize later, when he wasn't so empty and so hopeful and so gone. Frantically, he pressed the video camera, waiting for Yuna's face to appear.

And- yes. She was there, in a puffy coat and a toque, her scarf wrapped haphazardly around her neck. She was already crying, asking Ilya something or everything and Ilya loved her but he did not care. He needed her to flip the camera, to show him what he needed to see.

His mother.

She was there.

Still.

A concrete angel stood proud over her. Ilya couldn't see her, really, but he knew she was there.

“Мамочка,” he breathed. “I can- I can talk to her, yes?”

“Of course, yes. Of course.” Yuna's voice filled the speakers, but thankfully, she let Ilya keep looking at his mother.

“Мама. Мамочка.” He stopped, glancing at Shane. His husband stared back at him, eyes wide and glassy. He nodded, *keep going*, so Ilya did.

“Мне так жаль,” Ilya whispered. *“I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry that you... I wish I could... I would’ve... I’m so sorry. I miss you. So much. More than words can say.”* Ilya’s voice was weak, he was sure, but he had to keep going.

“I wish you were here with me. I play hockey now. Real hockey, but in America. I’m sorry I can’t be there, Mama. I can’t come back. There are things about me, things I am not sure you know. So much has changed.” There were tears streaming down Ilya’s face now. He felt the squeeze of a hand, Shane comforting him, Shane telling him he understands what he’s saying and he’s here for him.

“I’m married to a man. His name is Shane. He is the kindest, most beautiful man I have ever met. He’s also better at hockey than I am, if you can believe that.” Shane bit back a smile at that, but shook his head. *“I love him very much. I think you would have loved Shane, too. I think you would have adored him. I’m sorry you’ll never get to meet him.”*

Shane was crying now, too, and he got up, coming to Ilya. He sat on the floor, placing a hand on Ilya’s knee. He pulled Ilya’s free hand to him and started peppering it with kisses. Anya shifted angrily, but stayed put.

Ilya closed his eyes, letting the kisses and the dog and the hand on his knee ground him.

“I love you, Mama. I hate that you left me, but I’m okay now.” Ilya swallowed harshly. *“I hate that you left without saying goodbye.”*

Shane’s grip on him tightened, and he abandoned the kissing to lean his forehead on Ilya’s knee.

“Goodbye, Mama. I love you.”

Ilya couldn’t look at her anymore. He couldn’t take his eyes off of the phone, but he couldn’t look at her, so he put it on the table. Yuna’s voice came through, and Shane shifted to grab the phone, but Ilya couldn’t move. He just stared at his hand, at his mom, at where his mom used to be. He felt the emptiness fill him, swallowing him whole. He didn’t know where he was, what he was, didn’t know anything except for his hand and an angel and his mom and Shane, Shane was holding his crucifix, Shane was pressing it into his hand, Shane was talking to him about practice and calling Coach Wiebe but he couldn’t hear him over the ringing in his ears, couldn’t hear anything anymore and-

And he was moving. Somehow his legs were moving and he was on the couch now and Shane was holding him. He could feel his shoulders shaking and he assumed he was crying, but he wasn’t sure of anything. All he felt was empty.

Dark.

He let himself give into it, after a while, there in Shane’s arms.

Dark.

* * * * *

Yuna Hollander didn't believe in fate. She believed in planning, and science, and hockey superstitions.

But she and David happened to book a UNESCO world heritage tour, and that tour happened to stop in Russia, and the site they were supposed to go to happened to fall through, and the Novodevichy Convent and Cemetery happened to have a tour opening, and they happened to spot a Rozanov jersey leaning against a plot sign, and so she happened to call Shane to ask about it, and then Ilya's mom happened to - well. She was buried here.

So yeah, Yuna Hollander didn't believe in fate, but this seemed like a one-in-a-million situation.

After Shane hung up on her - rightly, she's sure, based on the labored breathing she heard from her son-in-law in the background - she felt unmoored. There must've been something she could do, something she *should* do. She'd known that Ilya couldn't come here, at least for the foreseeable future, but she hadn't actually considered what that would mean for Ilya. She supposed that in her own anxiety over Shane, she'd neglected to see everything that Ilya had given up. He'd given up everything, really. She felt her eyes fill with tears again at the thought of her son, her beautiful son, being loved that deeply.

Ilya really was a miracle.

She couldn't imagine anyone ever willingly leaving him. She turned to his mother's grave, taking in the cherubic angel watching over her and the ornate Orthodox crucifix adorning her actual gravestone.

Ирина Розанова, it read. *Irina Rozanova*. No mention of who she was, who she left behind. Only her name and the dates she entered and left this world.

Staring at the grave, Yuna felt a wave of anger rise in her, bile hitting the back of her throat. She glanced at David, who was crying quietly on a bench, watching the grave.

Wrong, she thought. *Wrong*. Why should she mourn the woman who took away Ilya's mother? Why should she mourn a woman who left Ilya alone, alone to deal with his father and his brother and himself? She thought bitter, ugly thoughts at the angel, glaring at it.

But- no. This woman went through terrible, terrible things. What could have happened to make her willingly leave her son? Her son, who was a beautiful, loving soul. She broke him, yes, but she must have been so broken herself.

Yuna knelt, knees in the icy snow, and placed her hand on the etching. *Irina Rozanova*.

"I'm sorry, Irina." Yuna took in a shaky breath, but she kept going. "I'm so sorry. I wish you could see him now. He's perfect." After a moment's deliberation, she added to her statement. "Thank you for making him."

Yuna felt kind of dumb, talking to a gravestone, but she had to say this. If there was any chance Irina could hear her, she had to get it out.

“I’ll look after him. I’ve got him. I hope you know that.” Yuna knelt there for a while, just looking at Irina, before she stood.

“Come on, David. Let’s get you inside before your face freezes off. We have a bus to catch.”

* * * * *

Ilya Rozanov was still down, but at least he was back.

It had been five days since the phone call, five days since he’d lost himself completely. Shane had been there with him through it all, holding him as he cried more than he thought was physically possible, enduring his periods of silence and letting him be when he needed to lay alone in their room, staring at the ceiling.

It had been five days, though, and Ilya felt a little better. Not good. But better.

Anya was the first to notice the car in the driveway. She perked up from her spot on Ilya’s lap, distracting him from the film of yesterday’s game. Shane had been more than hesitant to go, practically begging Ilya to let him stay home, but it was a home game and they’d already missed one. Ilya never wanted to be the reason Shane missed hockey. Shane loved hockey more than anything - anything but, as he was coming to understand, Ilya.

Either way, Anya’s jump up distracted him from a beautiful play Barrett and Shane were pulling off. Annoyed, he glanced up at where she was barking, and he felt a grin spread over his face for the first time in five days.

“David! Yuna!” he exclaimed, rushing towards the door. “Hello, hello. Shane is out getting more food, I am sorry. He will be home soon!”

“Don’t be silly, sweetheart,” Yuna said, wrapping him in a hug. “We come here for you just as much as we come here for Shane.”

And- yes, Ilya supposed that was true. His smile grew wider at the thought.

“I’m going to bring these in,” David said, gesturing to the stack of gift bags at their feet. “I don’t know if you can tell, but Yuna went a little crazy on the souvenirs.”

“Excuse me!” she exclaimed, whipping her head towards her husband and letting Ilya go. “You bought at least 75% of those presents!”

“Yeah, yeah,” David laughed, raising his eyebrows at Ilya as he passed him.

“I am so glad you are home, Yuna.”

“I am too. You know, Ilya, I’ll drop it after this, but I just- I need you to know something, okay?”

Ilya raised his eyebrows. He could feel his heart go a little faster, and he hoped his mother-in-law wasn’t about to say something about his depression. He loved her, but he couldn’t deal with that.

“Okay?”

Sighing, Yuna placed her hands on Ilya’s cheeks. He could feel himself melt a little into them, into their motherly comfort.

“I never got to meet your mom, but I- well, I feel connected with her. After the graveyard.” Yuna’s voice cracked, and Ilya knew his eyes were already filled with tears. “I know I’m not your mom, but I am a mother. And I can tell you, any mother would be proud of the man you’ve become.”

Ilya felt tears fall, but Yuna wiped them away. Using her hands, she brought him to eye level with her.

“I’m proud of you, Ilya. I know your mother is, too.”

Ilya broke down. He buried his face in Yuna’s hair, let himself be comforted and held as he cried, and he stayed like that after there were no more tears left in him. At some point, David came in and joined the hug, then Shane, and soon it was a family hug and everyone was laughing and they were together again.

Ilya watched them as they went into the kitchen, Shane and David carrying grocery bags, Yuna carrying even more souvenirs, and he felt a little more full.

End Notes

TW: Depression, Anxiety, Mentions of Suicide, Death by Suicide (off-page) - basically, canon-compliant discussions of Ilya's mom's death and Ilya's mental health.

Thank you so much for reading! I wrote this in a daze over the span of two hours so I apologize if anything is weird. I love these characters so much that they inspired me to get back into writing after YEARS and 5 whole abandoned fics (sorry). I may or may not be working on a full length jegulus HR fic so watch out for that if you're interested and lmk because it will motivate me to actually finish it and not leave it at chapter 6. Love ya!

Ilya's Monologue in Russian (to the best of my roommate who took Russian in highschool and Google Translate's very limited ability):

Мама.

Мамочка.

Мне так жаль. Мне так жаль, что ты... Я бы хотела... Я бы... Мне так жаль. Я скучаю по тебе. Очень сильно. Больше, чем можно выразить словами.

Я бы хотела, чтобы ты была здесь со мной. Я теперь играю в хоккей. Настоящий хоккей, но в Америке. Прости, что я не могу быть там, мамочка. Я не могу вернуться.

Есть кое-что обо мне, кое-что, чего ты, наверное, не знаешь, так много изменилось.

Я замужем за мужчиной. Его зовут Шейн. Он самый добрый, самый прекрасный мужчина, которого я когда-либо встречала. Он также играет в хоккей лучше меня, если ты можешь в это поверить. Я очень его люблю.

Думаю, ты бы тоже полюбила Шейна. Думаю, ты бы его обожала. Мне жаль, что ты никогда не сможешь с ним познакомиться.

Я люблю тебя, мамочка. Я ненавижу, что ты оставила меня, но теперь я в порядке. Я ненавижу, что ты ушла, не попрощавшись.

Прощай, мамочка.

Я люблю тебя.

Other:

Солнышко - sunshine

Что ты сказал? - What did you say?

Мама - Mom

Мамочка - Mama/Mommy

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