

All the changes came about my ways

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75419526) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75419526>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Yuna Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Sickfic , Protective Parents , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Parenthood
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Heated Rivalry AUs
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-08 Words: 3,733 Chapters: 1/1

All the changes came about my ways

by [WhimperSoldier](#)

Summary

“Do you know one of the players?” One of the girls asked around her friend. “That's cool.”

Before she could think too much about it, Yuna had already said, “He's family.”

“Cool!” The other girl asked pointedly, “You don't look alike.”

“Cassie, you can't just say that!” The other girl hissed and Yuna smiled.

“He's my son.” She said to stop the conversation there.

or

Ilya takes a hit and the (many) times Yuna Hollander calls Ilya her son.

Notes

I just love Ilya and feel like Yuna has so much love to give to him. I did give Yuna have a few more quirks but I know Shane "I leave my socks on during sex" Hollander didn't get it from nowhere. That being said if anyone else has fic recs about Ilya being included into the Hollander family, please comment them, I need to directly shoot them into my bloodstream, thanks.

I'm powered by Diet Dr. Pepper, Kudos, and comments, so thanks for anyone who left comments on my other works, I think I'm obsessed now.

Enjoy!

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

Yuna pulled her custom Centaurs embroidered seat cushion out of the tote bag Ilya had gotten her for Christmas with his face printed all over it. The chairs in the stadium were uncomfortable and being an hour early so she could keep an eye on the ice meant she wanted to be comfortable.

She'd just set up her mounted cup holder when her phone rang. David's face flashed, young and with a tiny Shane over his shoulders, and she was smiling even before she heard his voice. "How's our boy?"

"Fever's down to 98 but he keeps trying to get down to the living room to watch the game. I set him up in the tub with a laptop." David huffed. She knew he was in Shane and Ilya's kitchen, there was a strange reverb it always gave off. "Said Ilya was in good shape for the game tonight."

"God hoping, nothing else was keeping Shane off the ice." Yuna picked at the lint on her Centaurs jersey. It was massive, two jerseys she'd bought, cut in half, and then stitched together so one shoulder had Shane's number and the other, Ilya's. David had the other half. "Did he say anything else?"

"Just more about the other team. Wanted me to call Ilya and tell him Schneider was leaning to the left, whatever the fuck that means."

"Had a recent shoulder injury, he'll be passing left." Yuna hummed. "I'll let him know."

"Leave the boy alone, Yuna," David laughed good-naturedly. "He was so shaken about this game it's a wonder he could stay on his skates."

"Really? He didn't say anything to me." Yuna thought back through their conversations leading up to the game against Boston. With Shane out for recovery, most of the scoring fell on his shoulders in a way it hadn't the last two years they'd been centers for the Centaurs. That it was against his old team was probably weighing on him too. Yet, Ilya had seemed more determined than anything when they'd talked briefly.

"He wants you to like him, he wouldn't admit he's nervous about letting his team down. Letting you down." Then quieter, "Letting down Shane."

"Oh." Yuna said softly. As always, David cleared away the snow so she could see the ice. "I didn't think about that."

"He's a sensitive boy, our Ilya." David murmured.

"I know." She whispered. "Good thing without him, Boston sucks."

"Yuna!" David laughed. "Call me when the game ends. Or when someone makes a play Shane won't like so he can bitch at you and not me. Whichever comes first."

Yuna hung up right as people started to trickle in. Most were pass holders and more than once she got some side eyes from the more casual spectators but Yuna had not gotten to where she

was by being average at anything.

“Those are our seats!” A cheery voice called behind her and Yuna stood so two girls could slip past and into the chairs beside her. “Thanks!”

“No problem!” Yuna sat back down and rubbed her hands over her pants. The team had made their way out to the ice and she watched Ilya's eyes roam over the ice and then slip up to where she'd told him she'd be sitting. He raised a glove and waved. Even from the distance she could see his smile under his visor.

“Do you know one of the players?” One of the girls, short and round with a black bob and long fingernails, asked around her friend. “That's cool.”

Before she could think too much about it, Yuna had already said, “He's family.”

“Cool!” The other girl, a brunette with legs so long she had to fold them up on top of the seat in front of her, asked pointedly, “You don't look alike.”

“Cassie, you can't just say that!” The other girl hissed and Yuna smiled.

“He's my son.” She said to stop the conversation there. Too many people had opinions on her son's marriage, she didn't need to hear them during what should be a good game.

“Cool, cool.” The other girl, who Yuna learned through a loud whisper was named Naomi, leaned back and said the phrase that David hated to hear during a game: “So, what does that mean?”

“You've never been to a game?” Yuna demanded and when both girls shook their heads, Yuna turned her whole body to better explain it. The pair was smiling, but they kept shooting each other looks. “—Ilya's a center, that means he mostly tries to make goals to raise their score.”

“I can tell he scores.” Cassie was leaning forward as Ilya swung back around the boards closer to where they were sitting.

Yuna realized it was flirty because Naomi gave her a shocked gasp and a smack on her arm. “You can't say shit like that, his mom's right there!”

“Do you want any new in-laws?” Cassie joked and Yuna laughed. Always the charmer, she wished she could say she was surprised. She would be more worried if she didn't know the level of devotion with which Ilya loved her son.

“He's taken girls, sorry.”

“Married?” Cassie asked, then with a sly smile, “Happily?”

“Very happily.” She reiterated and Cassie seemed to understand because she dropped it in favor of rating how nice of an ass each player must have under all that padding.

When they were getting close to Ilya's number, Yuna excused herself to go down by the boards. Intermission had just started and many people were milling around near the players

who came over to talk through the rink glass.

“Good defense against Carlov, he has a good hook.” Yuna opened with and Ilya nodded. “You doing alright without Shane?”

“Makes me do all the work.” He said with a smile, then with a jerk of his chin, “Making new friends?”

“A couple co-eds who don't know a puck from a stick, but at least they listen. David always just reads his New Yorker with headphones on.” She reached out to fix the collar of his jersey and then realized the glass blocked it. Ilya smiled and fixed it himself. “I always thought the trick to a happy marriage was to each have a thing, but you and Shane disprove that.”

Ilya shrugged and seemed to be hyper-focused on her shoulder, avoiding her eyes.

“Hockey is Shane's thing.”

“Not yours?” She asked. He looked up right as his coach's whistle ripped through the air. He gave her a small smile and joined his team. Abruptly, she called out, “Ilya!”

He turned and she made a gesture to her hand, the number 34, and then, “Leaning left!”

Ilya smiled, sly and crooked, and nodded, pulling one of his wingers over to figure out a plan.

The girls were tittering by the time she came back and Yuna just pulled out her phone and called her husband. She was unsurprised when Shane picked up. He sounded horrible, nose all stuffed up and the sound of the bath running in the background. “Did you tell him? He's pulling Ryder who can't aim for shit.”

“Ryder doesn't need to aim, he needs to hit. Don't need much skill for that.” Yuna hummed. The girls were looking at her but the game had started and it had been years since she and Shane had just sat and watched a game like this. Usually he was playing in them, or was busy with Ilya, so Ignoring the massive fever he was fighting, it was almost exciting, even if with all the yelling it was hard to hear him. “Watch him, watch him, watch—yes!”

“What? Did he... Yes! That's it, Ryder!” Shane echoed, a few moments behind. “Tell me Ilya's got the puck.”

“He's got the puck!” She cheered, so focused on the absolutely beautiful slap shot Ilya took right up to the net that she almost entirely missed when Schneider turned and slammed into Ilya with so much force that the whole wall of plexiglass rattled. She yelled before she realized, over and over again, “Turn off the laptop. David, turn it off, shut it off!”

“What happened? Mom, what happened?” Shane demanded but her whole body was stiff as she watched Ilya lay unmoving on the ice. The girls next to her had gone quiet, the whole audience was silent as paramedics ran out. “Mom!”

“Ilya got hit, I think I see him moving, I'm going down to be with him, I'll call when I have news, I love you, alright?” She thought Shane said something but her eyes and focus were on the little Centaurs logo on Ilya's chest, looking for breathing.

“Here!” The girls were shoving her things into her bag, handing her the straps and her mug. It had Shane and Ilya's numbers all over it.

She was down the stairs by the time the game was called. Centaurs won but not one of the players seemed happy about it; they waited off in the wings as they lifted Ilya off the ice.

“Ilya! Ilya, let me through!” She pushed past the crowds all shoving to watch him be carted down the hallway. When he passed under her, she called out, “Coach!”

He stopped, saw her, face all tense and tight, and waved to two men to help her down. In any other situation she would have been absolutely shame-faced at being lifted up over the railing like a kid, but not when Ilya was ahead and unmoving.

They were talking, but she had already pulled his glove off to take his hand. It was warm and sticky with sweat, but when she squeezed it, Ilya squeezed back and she knew she was crying.

"Boston got very bad. I blame poor leadership." He said snarked, then said softly as they were escorted down the hall to where Yuna knew an ambulance waited, “Shane will be mad.”

“Screw Shane, you should be worried about me!” Yuna huffed, rubbing at her eyes. “To Schneider of all people!”

“With a broken fucking knee.” Ilya commiserated. “Not even my amazing goal will make that better.”

“It was a really good goal.” Yuna offered and that got a smile out of him right before the doors were thrown open and the paramedics lifted the board up into the ambulance. She'd had a hand on the door before someone stopped her, one of the paramedics.

“Sorry, no non-family. Protocol.” She moved to shut the door and Yuna slammed her hand against it.

“I'm his mother, I'm riding with him!” She demanded and the other paramedic gave her a shrug and a hand down to help her up. She resolutely did not take it, instead throwing herself down into the seat to Ilya's side.

With his neck stable and him up and talking, they mostly left him alone, sitting in the airway seat to give the illusion of privacy. Still, Yuna used it to lean in and whisper, “Sorry about the...mother comment. I just didn't want you in here alone.”

“Is okay.” He said softly. They'd dimmed the lights so as not to hurt his eyes and the only light was the flashes of streetlights as they passed under them. Without thinking, she reached out and ran her hand through his hair.

They'd taken off his helmet after steadying his neck and his curls were damp and plastered to his scalp. She was leaning in, hand over her mouth to hide the way she was biting her lip so hard it hurt. To distract herself, she scratched at his hair like she always did for Shane when he was young.

“Shane bites lip like you, when nervous.” Ilya said softly. His voice was slurring slightly but that also happened when he got tired. She almost waved a paramedic over, but he leaned into her hand and in the faint flash of the streetlight she saw that there were tears in his eyes. “I worried you. I’m sorry.”

“No sorrys, not your fault.” She promised. “None of this is your fault, you played great and got hurt but you’ll be fine.”

“We go home and eat soup and kiss Shane?” He asked and Yuna nodded but glanced up at the paramedic who was leaning over and adjusting something.

“Just some pain medicine to keep him comfortable.” She explained and then smiled a bit. “I think it’s kicking in. Keep talking to him.”

“What kind of soup?” Yuna asked. She’d started rubbing his forehead now to help release the little line of tension he still had between his brows. His eyes were fuzzy and distant.

“Solyanka, with onions. Shane makes it for me.” He said and then leaned into her hand again. Eventually English failed him and he slipped into long, winding sentences of Russian she with her only twelve month Duolingo streak had no hope of keeping up with.

Then again, she didn’t need it when they stopped outside the hospital and she’d had to lean back to allow the bed to be moved because he’d flailed a bit, hands reaching for her and calling in a frantic, small voice, “*mama?*”

“It’s alright, Ilya. I’m here.” She said instead. Then, “She’s with you too.”

She placed a soft hand on his chest, over his cross, and Ilya beamed, the kind of smile he never seemed to have on camera and always had around her son.

“You’re mom?” One doctor asked when they’d settled him into a room and lowered the dose of whatever they’d given him when he passed all their checks.

“One of them.” She said, shifting her bag so Ilya’s printed face wasn’t glaring out at the doctor. “How’s our boy?”

“Good. Mild concussion but nothing needing more help than a few nights of rest.” He handed her the information. “He’ll need someone to stay up with him, just to be safe.”

“My husband and I are staying with them, I’ll make sure he gets woken up.” She promised and when the doctor left she was alone with an Ilya who was anxiously spinning his silicone wedding ring around on his finger. “Hope you don’t mind us invading your home like this, I just don’t like the thought of you alone.”

“Is fine.” He said, then softly, “Is good.”

“Good.” She nodded and spun her own wedding ring. She hadn’t noticed she did that until David had pointed out that Ilya had picked it up. Now she froze and rubbed her hands down her pants again. “I’m going to call the boys, alright?”

“Don't let Shane yell at me,” Ilya moaned, grabbing at his head with a faux-whine. “I'm hurt.”

“That's never stopped him before but I'll see what I can do.” She opened her phone to nearly thirty missed calls and the line only rang for a few seconds before it picked up and she was talking before they could get a word out. “He's fine, up and talking. On concussion watch but nothing that a few good hours of sleep won't fix.”

“You're sure?” Shane said and she nearly sighed at how fragile his voice sounded over the line. “It was a bad hit.”

“And your husband has trained for nearly two decades on how to take them.” She reminded him. “We're trying to get him cleared to fly but if not, I'll rent a car. Either way, we'll be home by tomorrow.”

“It's a seven hour drive from Boston.” David spoke up over speakerphone. “I'm not sure I feel comfortable with you driving that in your condition.”

“What condition?” She demanded. “Ilya's the one who's hurt.”

“There was a video of you jumping the stairs to get to him.” Shane said softly. “It was all they were showing.”

“I hardly call being lifted over, jumping the stairs!” Yuna argued. “I just didn't like the idea of him being all alone like that. In Boston of all places!”

“Thanks, mom.” Shane whispered.

When they eventually disconnected because Shane had almost fallen asleep in his bathtub, she turned to see that Ilya was talking to the doctor. She came in and pulled her chair up so that she could pat his arm. “How're you holding up?”

“We're good to discharge now if we want to get the paperwork all signed. Mom, you're here and Ilya, you'll sign here.” The doctor handed it over and Yuna ignored the way Ilya's eyes flashed up at her and then down to where she'd put her name. He wrote his own name out carefully.

He'd told her once that he was still self-conscious of his English handwriting, too different from Cyrillic for him to remember all the shapes quickly. To get the doctor's eyes off him, Yuna asked, “So about the flight...”

“I'd always recommend rest with this kind of injury before flying, but I can clear him if I know he won't be traveling alone.” He looked at her and she gave him a nod. He waited as Ilya handed back the completed form. “Ilya, get to feeling better, the nurse will be in to unhook you and help discharge you. You both a good night.”

They were quiet for a moment but it wasn't uncomfortable. “Wanna get out of here?”

“I think I can take nurse if you take doctor.” Ilya murmured, jerking his chin to where the doctor had stopped to chat with one of the young nurses down the hall. “He looks like he has weak bones.”

They didn't have to take anyone, it turned out. They were discharged without much fuss, Ilya spent the time waiting for their Uber responding to all the well-wishers and scrolling through Twitter. Yuna spent it on the phone with the airlines, getting their seats moved together. It was a good distraction and an even better use of her minor in law.

"No, you listen to me, Jared, do you know what kind of hell I can bring down on your company if something happens to one of the paramount stars of Men's Hockey?" She demanded once she'd made it up to the highest brass she could in thirty minutes. Ilya had looked up from his phone and she shot him a smile to reassure him, coving the speaker and whispering to him, "We're both upgraded, I'm trying to get use those nice seats with all the leg room so you don't have to scrunch." She brought the phone back up. "Jared, are you still there Jared? Listen, I just want to make sure if something terrible happens that you can say you did all you could. Front row seats, yes Jared, I think that would be best, thank you-"

The flight attendants were polite and more than one must have been a hockey fan because they made eyes at Ilya who, for his part, was not helping it by trying to distract the kids stuck in line. He still wore his sunglasses, but the sedatives must have worn off because he lifted one kid over his shoulder and then pretended he lost him, much to the joy of the other three.

"Brayden? Where did he go?" Ilya asked, spinning around and causing who Yuna could only guess was Brayden, to scream wildly, reaching out to his parents who watched with wide smiles. More than one person had their phones out recording but Yuna figured this good press might do more good to help Ilya stop doom scrolling any time she left the boy alone with his thoughts.

When they boarded, Ilya sat in their seats and stretched out his legs. Because they were by the cabin, he could fully extend and he wiggled his shoes a bit and then smiled at her. "Good seats. Should teach me that."

Yuna smiled. As they waited, Yuna felt her finger start tapping on her armrest. She wanted to do something, move a bit, but the seatbelt sign was still firmly on. She had the urge to do what she'd used to do for Shane; she'd packed snacks and it had been second nature to raid the duty-free shops for granola and juice. Without thinking, she dug into her bag and pulled out her haul.

"Ok, so Shane always hated when I did this, said I was babying him, but I always stocked up in case he'd need anything on the flights." She laid them out on the little fold-down table to give her hands something to do. "So I have some granola bars, kale chips, some smoothie thing, and I think this is a passionfruit juice?"

"Flight is hour and half." Ilya said but reached out to take one of the drinks. She quickly handed him a granola bar too. Like the good boy he was, he took it.

"I know." She said. Twisting her ring, she looked over at him. "Let me baby you, Shane won't even let me fix his hair anymore."

Yuna hadn't meant for that to come out as sad as it did. She laughed and then patted his arm. "Drink your juice."

By the time they'd landed, Ilya had worked his way through all her snacks except the kale chips which he called an "affront to God" and refused to touch. They went first, and Yuna was unsurprised to see David waiting at the doors but she was surprised to see Shane leaning up next to him. Her son was pale and had dark bags under his eyes, but the moment he saw them, he perked up, some color rushing to his face. Ilya was off and she watched him crash into Shane, wrapping his arms around him until they seemed to merge into one big mass of athletic shirts and sweatpants.

"Hey, honey." David smiled and kissed her cheek. "Exciting weekend?"

"Always with boys like ours." She smiled and took his arm, following her son and Ilya as they walked back to the car. Once, when he was helping Shane get settled in the backseat, Ilya looked at her and smiled.

It was that rare smile, open and bright and it made him look so painfully young. She thought not for the first time that weekend of Irina Rozanov, of the picture of the pale blonde woman the pair had hung in their hallway, and sent up a prayer to an afterlife she wasn't sure she believed in.

I've got him, she thought, I'll make sure our boy'll be just fine.

End Notes

If you wanna come talk all things Heated Rivalry, hit me up on tumblr @whimper-soldier

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