

Mother Yuna

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Mother Yuna

by [Lynnereads](#)

Summary

Ilya isn't used to having someone worrying about him. His mother died when he was so young and his father was... his father. He doesn't know how to handle someone suddenly showing up for him and checking up on him.

Aka : Yuna Hollander takes Ilya under her mothering wing and mothers him, whether he likes it or not.

Notes

This was supposed to be more angsty than it is, but I just love Yuna so much, so it's just a very fluffy fic with bits and pieces of Ilya being angsty and sad about his shitty childhood

Ilya wasn't used to someone worrying about him. His mother had died when he was so young, and she had always been so depressed that it had felt like Ilya was taking care of her more than she was taking care of him. Then he met Shane.

Shane would text him occasionally after a game, seeing if he was okay or how his bruises were healing after a physically rough game. It drove him crazy at first. He would ignore his texts, blow him off and hope that he would just forget about it. He never did.

Did you eat today? I heard there is a new restaurant opening up down by your place, you should try it for me.

How are your ribs feeling? Still bruised?

That was a tough game, I'm here to cheer you up if you need me!

It was nice. It was sweet. It took him a long time to get used to it, to start answering and checking back up on him. It took him even longer to start being honest about how he was really feeling. Shane was nothing but patient with him though. Shane was always understanding about how open Ilya could be at any point in time. He was grateful for him.

Since Shane and Ilya had come out to his parents and made things "official", he had been doing it more and more every day. Always making sure that Ilya was doing okay, asking how he felt before and after a game, if he was missing him as badly as he was too. Ilya had never known that he needed it before Shane started doing it. It made him feel so... secure? Loved? Safe? He wasn't sure if any of those words were what he was feeling. None of them felt big enough to explain how it made him feel. It was all just so much. Sometimes, he felt like it was overwhelming, knowing that someone out there cared enough to check on him.

Ilya was getting ready for his game, checking his padding was secure before pulling his jersey over his head when he heard his phone vibrate in the shelf above him. Thinking it was Shane, he grabbed it quickly, excited to see what Shane had to say to him before the game. But it wasn't Shane. It wasn't anybody. It was an unknown number.

UN : Good luck tonight! Kick their asses! Rooting for you from our couch :)

What the fuck? Ilya texted back quickly.

Ilya : How did you get this number.

UN : Shane gave it to me, did he not tell you that he gave me your number?

Why is Shane giving his number out to people? Who would Shane even trust to give his number out to? Who did Shane even know that he wanted to know he had his phone number? The list of possibilities dwindled lower and lower until it clicked. His parents. David didn't seem like the type to text him encouragingly before a game. Shane's mother though...

An image was sent shortly after of Yuna and David on their couch, smiling with the TV playing in the background with announcers sitting at their table, probably talking about how

they thought this game was going to go and pointing out points and weaknesses of each team.

Ilya : Hello Mrs. Hollander. He did not tell me.

*Yuna : Please do not call me that, you will make me feel old. Keep your head in the game!
They have nothing on you!*

Ilya chuckled, feeling his phone vibrate again. This time it was Shane telling him just about the same thing, but that he was going to watch his game after practice so he "didn't want any spoilers". He sent him a quick text before going back to Yuna's message.

Ilya : Thank you, that is very kind.

Ilya put his phone down. Despite his confusion, he played great. They won easily, the other team not nearly up to Ilya's skill. When he got back to the locker room, his phone had a new text waiting for him.

Yuna : Wow! Great shots all night kid, good job!

Ilya didn't know how to respond, so he didn't. If she had any complaints, she didn't express them to him through another text message.

Ilya thought that was the end of it, but at his next game he found his phone buzzing more than usual. Shane asked him how he was feeling after the game the night before and wished him good luck, and Yuna Hollander's name was right next to his.

Yuna : Keep up that streak!

Ilya didn't answer this time. Or the next. Not really, just a quick 'thank you' here and there or a quick response, nothing serious. He wanted to ask Shane about it, but he was afraid of what he would say.

No matter how much or how little he responded, she always texted him before his games. What had started first as quick encouragements had developed into something more. She had started asking about how he was feeling physically after certain games. She had begun to point out his weaknesses, but not like when his father had.

Before his father had died, and before he had lost his mind to his illness, if he had seen Ilya showing any sign of weakness, he would berate him and tell him how poor of a job he was doing. He would call him weak, or stupid, or lazy. Or all of the above. Anything he could think of to tear Ilya down.

But when Yuna texted him, pointing out that he seemed to be favoring one side over the other, it was not out of despise over his weaknesses. It was something deeper. Because she actually, truly worried for Ilya. She would ask him how he was feeling and then send videos on stretches he could try to ease the muscle to promote faster healing. Or she would send him recipes or teas that gave calming effects or helped soothe aching. He wasn't sure how, and he would never admit to Shane that he had tried one of her stretching videos or that it worked.

At some point, he let his guard down. Just a little. He let himself open up, started telling her how he was feeling. How he had accidentally hurt himself most recently, if he felt he was pushing himself too hard, or a new plan for his diet he wanted to try. How his team had worked well in their practice together, or his plans for the rest of the season. He hadn't even meant to, it had just happened.

The only thing was, was that he hadn't told Shane at all. He had no intention to tell Shane that his mother was checking up on him. He didn't want to upset Shane. He didn't know why it felt like he was doing something wrong. It wasn't like Shane would leave him just because he was sharing his mom with him... it's just something that had started happening. He didn't want Shane to be upset, and he didn't want it to end either. It was nice having people care. More than just Shane.

Ilya had started looking forward to it. He itched for his phone before every game, a new scratch calling to him that wasn't just his desire to talk to Shane. He couldn't place the feeling, but he knew it was something he had not felt in a very long time. If ever. It was almost embarrassing. Like a part of him was ashamed of it, the guilt eating at him. What kind of person looked forward to texting his boyfriend's mother?

Years ago, he would have let the guilt consume him. Let it eat away at him and force himself to shove it as far away as possible and never give himself the satisfaction of having something good. But this wasn't then. This was now. Now, he had Shane. They had made a pact at the cottage to start being more honest with their feelings with each other. Shane had started picking, like he did, and found that Ilya very rarely let himself actually have things. Like he was always punishing himself of protecting himself from the pain of losing that thing. Now Shane never let him do it, never even given him the opportunity to. That's why he told himself he could have this. That's what made this okay. Shane would want him to have this. To have someone who made him feel good outside of him.

That's what he had to tell himself at least. Constantly reminding himself that this was not weird, that all kinds of people had good relationships with their boyfriend's family. In fact, most hated their in-laws. Shane had no idea how lucky he was that Ilya had no family for Shane to put up with. Not any that Ilya would force him to put up with.

Ilya was back in his locker room, as always. Waiting for that text. That text he had begun to expect before every game. This was a big one, so he didn't know what to expect. Criticism? Well-wishes? More pictures from their couch with wine and popcorn wearing matching jerseys of Shane's team because that is all that they owned? Ilya bounced his leg nervously, already dressed and just waiting. Waiting for the text.

What if she just didn't text at all? What if she decided that she had more important things to do? What if-

"Roz, buddy, calm down. We got this game in the bag. Get your head in the game." Marleau patted him on the shoulder, knocking Ilya out of his own head.

"I know this. My head is fine." Ilya snapped back, checking his phone again.

"Your leg is bouncing a million miles an hour. Take that energy out on the ice." He nodded towards his leg, which was still bouncing. Ilya pushed his hand down on his knee, urging it to rest. Instead, he retied his laces, making sure that they were tight again.

"Worry about yourself, Marleau." Ilya sighed.

He checked his phone one more time. Nothing. He took a deep breath and decided to text Shane instead. He knew he would not answer. Shane told him that he was exhausted the last time they had talked. He said that he had been up for a few days running on little to no sleep. His team had lost enough games that they were no longer in line to get the cup, so Shane's mother had set up some commercials and interviews to keep him busy.

He started to type something, but he didn't know what to say. Nothing felt worth waking Shane up for. He could tell him he loved him and he missed him, but Shane already knew that. And he would much rather call him to tell him those things when he woke up.

He stared at the conversation with Shane's mom he had last. She had wished him good luck in practice and told him to watch his ankle. He had almost twisted it during his last game and had been regularly icing and resting it as she had suggested immediately seeing it on screen. Her ability to catch those little details from all the way in Canada on her TV always threw him off. It was impressive. One day, eventually, probably in many years, long after he and Shane had come out, he wanted to introduce her to Svetlana and watch them discuss hockey. Svetlana's ability to predict an entire season simply based on what little information she had and Yuna's ability to see even the smallest of details during a game would make an interesting conversation. An even more interesting show, at that.

Their coach came in, signaling that it was time to go out. Ilya swallowed his disappointment and headed out onto the ice. Ilya never liked to look out into the stands, always imagining that his father was sitting there, shaking his head in disappointment. Even if he was dead, it felt like he haunted every game. This time felt different though. So he did. And he was glad that he did.

Yuna was here. David was by her side. And so was Shane.

The three of them were sitting together, wearing Montreal jerseys, of course, and sitting a few rows above the glass. Ilya knew Shane probably pulled some strings to get those seats and he would have needed to buy them weeks or even months in advance. Shane's dad was sipping a beer and Yuna was texting on her phone, glancing up every few seconds. Seeing Ilya looking towards them, Yuna gave a quick and cheery wave.

"AND AS WE LOOK INTO THE STANDS TONIGHT, WE HAVE SOME CELEBRITIES IN THE CROWD JOINING US TONIGHT. NONE OTHER THAN THE MONTREAL CAPTAIN SHANE HOLLANDER IS WITH US TONIGHT, SHARING IN OUR EXCITEMENT ON WHO WILL WIN THIS GAME TONIGHT AND HAVE A REAL SHOT AT WINNING THE CUP AT THE END OF THIS SEASON!"

Shane's face lights up as he is plastered on the jumbotron with his parents. He quickly stands and flashes the back of his jersey, showing his clear support for his own team.

"OH WELL ISN'T THAT SWEET. IT SEEMS THE HOLLANDER'S ARE HERE JUST FOR THE LOVE OF THE GAME! I'M SURE WE CAN ALL SHARE IN THAT SENTIMENT."

Shane settled back in his seat, waving as the camera left him to focus back on the teams lining up on the ice. Ilya played hard that night, harder than he ever had as he rode the high knowing that Shane and Yuna were there to support him. He scored three goals that game, his teammates scoring another two, slaughtering the other team. They won the game 5 to 2. Every time he scored, he would look back at the stands to see Yuna clapping her hands together, saying something to David or Shane, and nodding toward Ilya. Shane would make small expressions, concealing his excitement. Ilya could still see it though. The way he beamed at Ilya from the stands, the way he bit his lip to hide his smile after a good pass, Ilya didn't miss any of it.

Ilya rushed back to the locker room after the game, reaching for his phone quickly. He had a ton of texts waiting for him. Some from Shane, weird fuzzy pictures with snide and flirty comments attached to them of zoomed in photos of Ilya out on the ice or waiting on the bench, some congratulatory texts, and quick awkward selfies with his parents. He noticed that Yuna had tagged him in an instagram post.

Attached were pictures of the game. The final scoreboard, pictures of the teams lined up on the ice, pictures of his team sitting on the bench while Ilya talked to the coach, and finally a picture of the three of them sitting in their seats. David had his beer lifted, like he was toasting, Yuna was smiling and holding the camera, and Shane was staring down at the ice.

Went to see what this Rozanov kid was all about finally... not bad! Congratulations to the Boston Raiders for their well deserved win. It was a great game!

Ilya didn't even try to fight the smile on his face. His phone buzzed in his hands.

Yuna : Wow!! What a game!!! Good job out there! So so proud!

Ilya stared at his phone. No one had told him that they were proud of him in... ever. He couldn't think of one time someone had told him they were proud of him. If his mother had, the memory had probably been long forgotten, pushed down and drowned in his own grief and buried under his father's.

Ilya : Thank you for coming. It was nice having someone with me tonight.

Ilya quickly showered and changed. He knew that the interviewers would be bloodthirsty over his rival showing up to his game wearing his own jersey with his parents, wanting to know what he thought and if it changed how he played. He would lie, tell them it just made him play harder and how he wanted to give them a better show. He wouldn't tell them the truth. That he had played harder to impress his boyfriend's parents. That was... ridiculous. It sounded ridiculous. Even in his own mind. But it was the truth.

As he spoke to the reporters outside, he could feel his phone vibrating in his pocket. Someone, or multiple someone's, were texting him right now. And he was talking to reporters. He rocked on his feet as he answered the last of their questions before rushing out and back to the locker room to get his bag. He just wanted to go to the hotel, where Shane

was probably waiting for him. He finally slid his phone out of his pocket and looked at the screen.

Jane : Come to my hotel tonight. I have a surprise for you.

The message that had followed quickly after was the address and his room number. Ilya took a shaky breath as it all came crashing down on him. Shane and his parents had flown down here, bought tickets, showed up to and watched his entire game. Just because he was there. They weren't in the area. Shane had most definitely lied about his mom setting up commercials and interviews for him. This was all about Ilya.

Ilya pushed it down and headed to the address that Shane sent. It wasn't far. All he could do in the cab on the way there was think. Panic. Overthink. Why him? Why did they care? Why did they do all of this? What did they want Ilya to do in return?

He slipped in the back entrance to the hotel, snuck up the stairs and got to the fourth floor. He had gotten good at sneaking around hotels, gaining enough practice to last him the rest of his life. God he hoped that he wasn't sneaking around hotels with Shane for the rest of his life. He gave a quick knock to the door, like usual, and slipped in as Shane opened the door. Just like always.

"Hey." Shane greeted quickly. He had changed since the game, no longer wearing his jersey. Now he was in a nice light blue shirt that his stylist no doubt bought him and told him was his color. It definitely looked good on him, Ilya would give them credit for that. Ilya didn't greet him back, instead choosing to drag him by the front of his shirt into a kiss. Shane reciprocated immediately, sliding his hands up and around the back of Ilya's neck. Shane took a few steps back, leading Ilya to press Shane's back into a wall. Again. Just like always.

"Is this my surprise?" Ilya chuckled, kissing down Shane's jaw and down his neck. Shane wrapped a hand in his hair and pulled him closer, almost daring him to bite down like he knew that he wanted to.

"No, but if I'm going to get this kind of reaction every time I show up to one of your games then-" Shane hissed as Ilya bit down on his neck to shut him up. It wasn't hard enough to leave a mark, just enough to get him to stop talking.

"Why are you here? I thought you were sleeping. Tired from being Mr. Businessman all day." Ilya teased, raising his head to look Shane in the eyes.

"I lied. Sort of. My mom's been planning this trip for weeks now. I did have a commercial to film, but it was this morning for *another* sponsorship my mom is trying to get to for me. She thinks after it airs... actually that doesn't matter. What matters is that I am here, with you, and I got you dinner." Shane nodded over to the small kitchen. Ilya turned to see a bag sitting on the countertop, two plates set out next to it.

"I ordered it while you were doing your post-game wrap ups. It got here right before you did. It's your favorite, from that Russian place down the street you told me about." Shane admitted, kissing Ilya on the cheek as he started taking the food out of the bag. It was from a Russian restaurant Ilya had tried last time he had played at this rink. He had talked to the

owners for a while, opening up to them about being homesick and how comforting the food had been while he was traveling all over America.

"You got me dinner? Why?" Ilya asked before he could stop himself.

"Because you won?" Shane replied, like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"You got me dinner because I won the game tonight." Ilya repeated, processing the words as they came out of his mouth.

"Well, to be honest, this was a compromise. My mom wanted to take you out somewhere nice, all four of us, but then my dad reminded her that we aren't public yet and that we couldn't come out, and then she said well let's all go to Shane's place and order in and then my dad argued that maybe you and I should just celebrate alone since we barely see each other and..." Shane trailed off, realizing he had been rambling about his parents again.

"And here I am. With food." Shane said quickly, gesturing towards the bag.

Ilya wanted to cry.

He had celebrated his wins with other people before. His teammates had taken him to parties, bought him drinks at bars, maybe one time someone had gotten him dinner after he won the cup. But never this. This was not spontaneous. This wasn't a last minute idea. This had been planned, compromised, and was happening. Shane stared at him awkwardly as he processed.

"Are... are you not hungry? I should have asked. I'm sorry." Shane chewed on the inside of his cheek nervously.

"No, no I am starving. I am just not used to... to this." Ilya gestured towards Shane.

"Well, you should probably get used to it. If not from me, you can expect it from her. She told me that she's been texting you." Shane replied quickly, unpacking the food as he spoke.

"And?" Ilya asked carefully.

"And what?" Shane asked back.

"You are not mad?" Ilya asked, curiosity getting the better of him. Shane let out a loud chuckle.

"I am more than happy to share my mom with you. Since she's been bothering you, now she isn't breathing down my neck nearly as hard. I feel like I can actually breathe a little without being smothered in positivity and reminders about my sponsors or my schedule." Shane smiled and Ilya could see it a little, he looked well rested.

"I am happy to be smothered. It is nice. I am not used to it." Ilya admitted. Shane handed him a plate and watched as Ilya practically drooled over the food. Ilya instantly began scarfing down the food, always being hungry after a game.

"I'll let her know. She told me during the game that she was scared that she was scaring you off. I told her not to worry about it, that it took a lot more to scare you off than a little mothering." Shane chuckled. Ilya paused.

"Mothering? I do not know this word."

"Mothering isn't really a word I think. It means like... 'to mother' or like 'to act like someone's mother'? If that makes sense?"

Ilya nodded as he took in the word. Mothering. Is that what she was doing to him? Taking him in as one of her own? Taking care of him like he was her own son? Guilt panged in his chest, but he didn't let it take over his mood. He was allowed to have this. Shane was basically giving him permission.

"It feels weird. Being... mothered." Ilya admitted.

"That doesn't surprise me at all. Does it bother you? My mom mothering you?" Shane asked. Ilya thought for a second.

"No. It is nice." Ilya decided. Shane grinned at that, beaming at Ilya with those freckles again.

Shane watched as Ilya ate, finally eating his own entre. They talked for a while, Ilya opening up about his mom and how she used to take him to his games and was the only one who really cared about how he did in those games, and Shane opened up about how him and his mom grew closer as he was growing up about their love of the sport. Shane's eyes began drifting closed as Ilya talked.

"Are you going to stay the night?" Shane asked, taking Ilya's plate and putting it in the sink.

"We have a late flight, I have nowhere to be tomorrow morning." Ilya shrugged, waiting for his invite. He knew that he was always invited to stay the night, especially now that they were official, but he always liked to hear it. He liked the fluttery feeling in his chest that followed those simple words.

"Can you stay the night?"

Ilya pretended to think it over, even looked down at his watch and cocking his head, like he had to think about it. Shane grinned from the kitchen, watching as he put on his stupid show before Ilya shrugged his shoulders and sighed.

"I guess I can stay, traffic is just so terrible right now. Very annoying, it gives me such a terrible headache." Ilya sighed. There was no traffic, not at ten o'clock at night.

"Then *I guess* you can stay in my bed while I shower and enjoy your surprise all by myself." Shane smirked. Ilya stood quicker than he would ever admit.

"I thought dinner was my surprise?" Ilya asked, confused.

"Oh, no, that was my mother's surprise to you. No, my surprise is in the shower. But I understand, *I guess* you are just too tired from your game, my mistake! Get your beauty sleep

Rozanov, you're going to need it!" Shane sighed loudly, walking back towards the bedroom, calling over his shoulder. Ilya rushed very quickly in tow.

Ilya's phone vibrated alone in the now empty room.

Yuna : Get some sleep, don't let Shane keep you up all night. You'll need all the sleep you can get before you win the cup!

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