

cross my heart, won't tell no other

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by [CountingRaindrops](#)

Summary

During a normal day in Ottawa Yuna Hollander has a brief health scare when she almost faints on the street. Thankfully a kind stranger offers her help and stays by her side until her family can reach her.

That kind stranger was none other than her son's rival; Ilya Rozanov

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Just a short fic about an Ilya and Yuna encounter before Ilya and Shane get official

Notes

hi!

this is just a short fic for a plot bunny that wouldn't leave my brain.

takes place about a month before the 'tuna melt' moment and is just Ilya meeting Yuna

randomly one day in Ottawa

hope you like it! :)

As one would expect, being the manager—or ‘mom-ager’ if you prefer—to one of the top players in the MLH was practically a full-time job. The phone calls were endless, the navigation of schedules was a headache, the overview of contracts and deals required meticulous detail, and making sure everything lined up exactly as it needed to was sometimes a miracle in itself.

Still, despite the difficulties it was a job that Yuna Hollander loved and valued greatly. It felt less like a job and more of a way to ensure her baby—her only child—was well taken care of and would have a secure future. It was something she took great pride in and, although she knew sometimes it grated on Shane when she had to hover too close, she knew Shane was grateful for her efforts. He was one of the most successfully promoted athletes in hockey and the sponsorships and endorsements he had would keep Shane living a comfortable life long after he retired.

One of the last projects she helped set up for Shane had just gone public and it was a short but eventful documentary on the cottage Shane had built himself not far from their family cottage. Shane had been a bit reluctant at first, the place being his retreat from the hectic world he has been a part of since approaching the professional hockey world, but in the end he was fine with the whole experience. Of course the location of the cottage wasn’t given away and because of its remoteness there wouldn’t be a way for people to find the cottage itself simply by watching the documentary.

When it aired on ESPN Yuna had been sure to watch it all, despite seeing the final cut before it was released. She was pleased with how well it portrayed Shane and she felt it would draw in more sponsorships or at the very least drum up some positive press for him. David and Shane had watched it alongside her though they were both decidedly less interested since they also saw the final cut before it aired. It was after Shane had a game in Ottawa, he had spent the night at home and the three of them had a nice family evening before Shane had to head back to Montreal.

Shane had a couple of days to himself before he’d have to start traveling again for a set of away games and while normally Yuna would jump at the chance to spend some time with him, her duties as Shane’s manager kept her in Ottawa. David was able to get some time away though so he made the trip to Montreal as he and Shane made some plans to look over some local real estate since Shane has been debating over buying some property.

“Trust me, Shane is very committed to upholding the standards of your brand,” Yuna said confidently into her phone as she walked down a street. It was brisk out, a bit expected for October in Ottawa, but it was far from cold. At least by Canadian standards.

She had just left a meeting with some future endorsement ventures and almost immediately after Yuna had to take a call with an on-going brand deal. The call was simply a check-in and they were almost always quick things, the representative of the company calling to affirm the details of their contract. Despite the simpleness of the call, and the meeting before that, Yuna still felt a headache pounding in her temples.

“Yes, he is aware of the expectations and values them greatly,” she added as she turned down another street in downtown Ottawa, making her way to the annoyingly far parking spot she had been forced to use.

The call wrapped up after that and Yuna was thankful for that, it meant she could scout around for a place to eat. She had only been able to have a quick breakfast, consisting of a coffee and a small croissant, and it hadn’t been nearly as filling as it should have been. Then her meetings ran through lunch which meant she had been forced to skip the meal. Now it was almost four and her hunger was determinedly making itself known.

It wasn’t terribly busy outside but there was a drum in traffic. Yuna was well aware that Boston was in the city, they had a game against the Centaurs tonight that Yuna knew would end with an embarrassing loss for her home city team. It was a bit expected for the people in Ottawa and while most— with the exception of the most loyal— opted out of going to watch the games in person there were still plenty of fans of the *away* teams that would come to see their teams dominate.

Yuna spotted one shop that looked promising but the line that led all the way out the door had her frowning and dismissing the choice. Her eyes flickered to the various shops around her and while they lingered on the few spots that offered food none seemed appealing to her. She was already coming to the decision of simply driving to a spot she knew she would like as her phone buzzed.

DAVID: You are entirely to blame for Shane’s perfectionist qualities.

A fond smile grew on her face and she was quick to type out a response.

YUNA: My son and I do not settle. Only the best for us.

DAVID: Doesn’t that make me feel special.

Letting out a soft laugh Yuna simply sent back a heart, pocketing her for as she decided she’d call David whenever she got her hands on some food and was more settled. She much preferred talking than simply text back and forth and when the sign for the parking lot Yuna used appeared in the distance she almost sighed with relief.

As Yuna moved forward a wave of dizziness washed over her that she dismissed as simply her hunger trying to be more known. She moved further down the street and was mildly happy that she didn’t have to brush elbows with the few people she passed by. Her mind was already going over her possible restaurant options when her vision swam again and, almost instinctively, her hand reached out to brace herself on the wall of a nearby building. Her feet froze in place and Yuna tried to push the feeling away with the same determination she gave to all the obstacles in her life.

She was not successful, Yuna was forced to admit as she leaned more heavily into the building while her vision alarmingly grew a bit dark at the edges.

“Do you need help?” a voice suddenly asked close by, a man she faintly registered.

Yuna was shaking her head already stubbornly but the simple action had the dizziness already swarming her growing even more and as Yuna tried to gather herself she felt her knees buckle.

A hand caught onto her arm, curling around her elbow, and it was the only reason she remained upright. Yuna was quick to use her other hand to cling to the stranger who offered her help.

“I call for help,” the man said again and it was only then that the accent registered, thick and clinging to his already deep voice.

Forcing her eyes open Yuna glanced towards the man who so kindly offered a stranger some aid and she was surprised to see none other than Ilya Rozanov standing in front of her. His brows were furrowed and he had a phone pressed to his ear as he watched her intently.

Ilya Rozanov was a boy— man now— who has been on Yuna’s radar since he and Shane were seventeen. The young hockey prodigy was the only one people would put on the same level as her son and as such she kept a close eye on him. He was responsible for Shane’s first big loss in hockey— his first International Prospect Cup— and he was also the one who beat Shane out for first pick in the draft when he and Shane entered the MLH.

Despite being on different teams Shane and Rozanov were still closely linked, the two of them having a rivalry that was talked about far more than any others. They were two sides of the same coin in many ways, different countries, different personalities, different reputations, and yet they were similar in many ways as well, ages, careers, skills. It was good press, the manager side of Yuna had to admit, but it also brought some competition that never failed to have Yuna feeling protective of Shane.

Shane was known as a good Canadian boy, much to Yuna’s pride. He was polite and respectable, never started fights on or off the ice— with the exception of the incident with Scott Hunter that Yuna still didn’t know the story behind— and he was always humble.

Rozanov on the other hand was smug, arrogant even, and was known as a party boy. He was flashy and prideful, bragging about his successes and flaunting his lavish lifestyle. On the ice he was a fighter— a good player Yuna was forced to admit— but a dirty player at times too. He was known for chirping to anyone and everyone who would listen and probably was responsible for more fights than most players— and it wasn’t always him who fought the fights he started.

It was jarring to suddenly see him on the street in front of her. Yuna doesn’t think she has spoken to him before, not really, barring a very brief encounter back when he and Shane were involved in a joint ad campaign with CCM when they were nineteen. Even then she never introduced herself and the conversation only consisted of which direction the elevator they were both trying to use was going.

Rozanov glanced towards the street as he pocketed his phone, reaching out with the same hand to help brace her a bit better. “Help is coming,” he told her surely as he looked back at her. “Phone lady said... hospital car is coming.”

“The ambulance,” Yuna offered faintly when she saw his uncertainty over his words and he nodded instantly.

She wasn’t sure she wanted to deal with a trip to the hospital, and felt certain she was just hungry, but one was already on the way and Yuna had to admit she didn’t trust herself to get behind the wheel. Logically she should just grab something from any of the nearby shops but then again came the fact that an ambulance was coming. Plus, she thought as she eyed Rozanov, she got the distinct feeling that her helpful company wasn’t going to let the topic go.

Still, she tried to tell him he could leave. “I can wait for the ambulance on my own. You can go back to what you were doing.”

Almost at once Rozanov was frowning, shaking his head as he said. “No. I will stay with you. You should not be by your own.”

“It will not take long for the ambulance to get here,” Yuna said, feeling like her attempts to wave him away were a bit undermined by the fact that he was still mostly supporting her so she wasn’t sitting completely on the ground.

“Can you call your husband?” Rozanov asked after a second, his brows still furrowed in a way that felt like concern but Yuna’s current perception of the man contradicted that fact. “He can meet you, yes?”

Yuna shook her head briefly in a way that made her vision turn and her hand clenched around where it was hanging onto the sleeve of Rozanov’s jacket. She felt Rozanov’s hand on her elbow squeeze briefly in response as she told him. “David is visiting Shane in Montreal.”

“Then I stay,” Rozanov told her firmly. “I go with you to hospital until Hollanders can get here.”

There was a brief moment where Yuna was surprised that Rozanov knew of her as Shane’s mother. Sure she said his name but there were plenty of Shane’s in the world and Yuna herself had never really spoken to Rozanov, hadn’t even gotten the chance to introduce herself to him in that elevator years ago. But then again, if Shane kept an eye on Rozanov then she supposed it made sense for him to keep an eye on Shane which would have him familiar with her and David since they maintained such a close relationship with their son.

She was also surprised that Rozanov intended to go with her to the hospital and Yuna was speaking before she knew what she planned to say. “Oh, you do not have to come with me. I will be fine on my own.”

Rozanov frowned. “You are having trouble standing. Is not fine.” When he saw Yuna’s protesting face he went on. “I would not leave anyone on their own for something like this. Especially not Hollander’s mother. I will stay until your family can come.”

There was no more time for Yuna to offer any other rebuttals as the sound of sirens approached and soon an ambulance turned down their street. Rozanov tightened his hold on her elbow and raised his other hand to wave them down. The process was quick, the

ambulance parking and paramedics rushing out to approach her as questions flew from their mouths. Before Yuna knew it she was being ushered into the ambulance, the doors were shut, and they were heading off in the direction of the nearest hospital.

And true to his word Rozanov never left her side.

He stepped out when it came time for her to see the doctor of course but not before quietly promising he would wait for her.

Yuna went through the needed tests and questions and then was put in a room as they waited for the results. Yuna thought it was a bit much as they set her up in a bed but the doctor stressed how important it was to be through especially at her age. The reminder of her increasing age was not appreciated that much but not exactly untrue either so she let the moment go.

Rozanov politely knocked on the door and she made a quiet noise that was part amusement and part concession as she waved him in and gestured to a nearby chair.

“Still waiting for these doctors,” she told him quietly as she watched him perch on the chair.

She got a slow nod. “Is good they are taking this serious,” he said seriously.

Yuna eyed him quietly and couldn't help but analyze his behaviour since he decided to help her. It was not what she expected and a part of her felt guilty for thinking such things. She did not know this man, despite being aware of him since he was still a teenager, but Yuna also felt that the way he portrayed himself to the public certainly didn't paint the picture of a man who would help and hover over a stranger who needed aid on the street.

Then again, she wasn't a complete stranger to him.

“I spoke to David,” she said to him, her hands fidgeting with the blanket on her bed, straightening them as she avoided Rozanov's piercing stare for a second. “He and Shane are already on their way, they should be here in about two hours.”

Rozanov looked pleased to hear it and he said. “I will stay until they get here.”

Yuna resisted the urge to smile at his reassurance that sounded so deadpanned in his accent. She took a moment to study him, the slight hunch of his shoulders as he leaned towards her in his chair, the way his blonde hair curled in a way that looked purposeful but still natural, the piercing way his blue eyes watched her, as though she might faint right there in the bed. She was surprised by the amount of concern he showed her and it made her undeniably curious.

“You don't have to stay,” she offered nonetheless.

He shook his head slowly. “I would not have wanted my mother to be alone for something like this and I do not think Hollander would want that either.”

There was a certain familiarity in the way he spoke of Shane but it wasn't too unusual. Shane would sometimes do the same thing when talking about Rozanov, mostly when he was

distractedly talking about him. Yuna was struck with the fact that despite their rivalry it wasn't often Shane talked negatively of Rozanov outside of the occasional comment of him being an 'asshole'. It was something that passed her mind before of course but she always put it down to Shane being a polite boy.

She wondered if the two of them ever spoke. At award shows or games or joint events. If they took the rivalry that their careers were built around seriously or if they saw it more as friendly competition or a media circus. Yuna felt faintly guilty for not ever asking Shane this before but she pushed the thought away for now.

"You are close with your mother?" Yuna half assumed and asked. She felt certain of it, his seemingly small comment told her that he valued his mother greatly and that it was likely knowing that Yuna herself was a mother that had him hovering so closely.

"I was," Rozanov told her solemnly.

And the tense alone told Yuna a lot more and she felt her chest tighten as she watched Rozanov. He lost his mother. It was only more of a reason for him to take this far more seriously than Yuna herself felt warranted and now that she knew she felt any lingering annoyance at this situation being made into— what she felt was— such a spectacle disappear entirely.

Nodding slowly Yuna then asked. "What about your father? Do you have any siblings?"

She was curious about him. Back during the Prospect Cup she had been surprised not to see Rozanov's parents around. Almost everyone spoke with her and David solely for being Shane's parents and she thought the same interest would surround Rozanov's parents, only most people said they hadn't met them. Now she knew why his mother wasn't there but it left her wondering about the rest of his family.

Rozanov made a face. "I am not close to my father. Or brother." His words were stiff and he looked uncomfortable with the topic of conversation.

So Yuna tactfully changed the subject. "How are you feeling about tonight's game?"

Almost instantly Rozanov's demeanor changed and she watched with fascination as the more familiar qualities of Rozanov that knew suddenly came to the surface. His face grew smug and cocky and his posture relaxed as he waved an absent hand.

"Ottawa games are easy. They are terrible."

The words could have been arrogant if it weren't for the fact that he was completely right. Ottawa's team was one of the worst in the league and everyone knew it. Still, Yuna had some lingering loyalty so she said. "This is my home team you're talking about."

Rozanov's expression grew wry and pointed. "You must know this already. Anyone who is even little bit understanding hockey knows this."

This sparked the two of them into talking a great deal about all the teams in the league, debating over the worst of the bunch and the best as well as making theories on which teams would make a new rise in success. It reminded Yuna a lot of her conversations with Shane but unlike Shane Rozanov had much more... colorful commentary. He also viewed hockey a bit differently than Shane did at times. Whereas Shane relied solely on facts and statistics Rozanov seemed to look at it with a more personal perspective. He spoke of the players and their attitudes as well as the coach and fans attitudes in regards to teams.

They were very important things to consider and Yuna knew Shane struggled with that perspective at times. Yuna was a big believer in the mentality of a team and fanbase went a long way and clearly Rozanov thought the same. If you believed you were a terrible team then you went into every game expecting to lose and more often than not you did lose. If your fans believed you would lose it was hard to find the drive that usually accompanied success.

“You are very knowledgeable about hockey,” Yuna couldn't help but tell Rozanov at one point and she watched as his face grew surprised.

He was quick to return to his smug expression as a crooked grin graced his face. “Is how I got to be best player in league,” he told her.

“Second best,” Yuna was quick to retort.

“You sound just like your son,” Rozanov told her and when Yuna laughed he grew visibly pleased.

As she watched him Yuna couldn't help but wonder how much of the Rozanov she knew him to be before today was really him. She wondered how much of it was an act and knew that if today hadn't happened she would have gone on believing Rozanov to be exactly like he depicted himself on tv.

Now though... Now she knows more. She watched how he hovered near her with open concern. She watched how he grew uncomfortable when speaking about his remaining family but seemed filled with emotion when he mentioned his mother. She witnessed the way he refused to leave her side despite her being the mother of his greatest rival and how he treated her with the utmost respect the entire time he was with her. She watched how he lit up at her positive reactions to the things he said and it made him seem so much younger than she knew he was.

Perhaps she would never really know *who* Ilya Rozanov was, their paths would never cross enough for her to really find out, but she was happy to have gotten this small peak behind the curtain.

When a small chime accompanied by a buzz sounded Yuna glanced towards her phone and reached out to pick it up. She made a soft noise as she read the text from David before looking over at Rozanov.

“David and Shane are parking the car,” she told him with a small smile.

Rozanov let out a relieved sounding breath at that and he nodded. He pushed himself to a stand as he said. "I will go then."

Yuna held out a hand that Rozanov was quick to grab after a brief hesitation and she squeezed his hand gently. "Thank you for staying with me."

"Is no trouble," he promised her solemnly, assuring her with the severity of someone far older than he was. "I hope you are okay."

"I'm sure I will be okay," she felt the need to assure him as they released each other's hands. "The doctors seemed to be leaning towards high-blood pressure, it was only my age that kept me here longer."

She was glad she went out of her way to reassure him because an almost unseen tension left Rozanov's shoulders as he nodded trustingly to her words. "I will go then," he said in the end and Yuna sent him a soft smile as she nodded.

As he left a part of her wondered if he was choosing to leave now to avoid crossing paths with Shane but maybe she was reading too much into that. He had spent around two hours at her side and he did have a game tonight so he must have other commitments. She hoped she hadn't kept him from anything important.

Her wonderings were interrupted as her very worried husband and son came rushing into the room and Yuna couldn't help but smile fondly at them both as they rushed to the bed.

"Are you okay?" They asked as one, David on one side of her while Shane was on the other, both simultaneously taking hold of each of her hands.

"I'm fine," she assured them firmly, a smile still on her face. "Probably just high-blood pressure that was made worse since I missed lunch and had a light breakfast. They're only keeping me here as a precautionary but I already feel a bit better. They gave me some food."

They had brought it in during her and Rozanov's hockey debate and despite hospital food being notoriously horribly Yuna had eaten every last bite. She was fairly certain that had she not finished it on her own then Rozanov would have insisted she finish the meal with that same concerned expression.

"I'm sorry you were alone," David said contritely despite his absence not being his fault in any way. This was far from the first time only one of them went to visit Shane while the other stayed home.

"I wasn't alone," Yuna couldn't help but say. "The young man who stopped to help me stayed with me until you got here."

They both looked surprised at that and Shane murmured. "I wish we could have thanked him."

Yuna made a quiet noise as she said. "Perhaps we will cross paths again eventually."

She wasn't sure why she didn't tell them *who* exactly stopped to help her, and who stayed at her bedside until they could make it to her, but something in Yuna felt like it was the right thing to do. If Rozanov wanted to mention this day to Shane at some point whenever he saw him again then Yuna would confirm that it was him but until that happened she would keep this encounter between her and Rozanov.

It was an encounter she knew she would ponder over a lot in the years to come.

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