

the acres of the walls, the prairies of the floors

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by [violet_pencil](#)

Summary

"Rozanov went to see Shane in the hospital..."

One sunny afternoon, after an awkward encounter in the gift shop of Montreal General Hospital, Yuna Hollander decides she hates Ilya Rozanov just a bit less.

- Translation into Русский available: [Семейные узы](#) by [chouchoute](#), [silksosoft](#), [WTF Heated rivalry 2026 \(fandomHeatedRivalry\)](#).

David goes to the hospital immediately, of course, but visiting hours are over before Shane gets moved into the observation unit, and eventually he has to leave to get a couple of hours' sleep before heading into work. Yuna wanted to be there; she should have been. She hardly ever misses one of Shane's home games, but there was a major Rolex product launch event in Toronto and she thought it would be good for someone from Shane's camp to make an appearance. Which means she's not there the one time something happens—the one time Shane really needs her.

When Yuna finally lands in Montreal, head aching and jaw set, she's running on coffee and fumes, her phone battery at seventeen percent. Of course they've lost her hurried rental car reservation and the only thing left is a huge, unwieldy Lincoln town car. She usually spends a minute walking around any rental with her phone, documenting pre-existing scratches or dings, but she has the feeling she's probably going to scrape this thing along a bollard in the hospital parking garage anyway and quite honestly, at this point, she doesn't give a damn.

When she arrives at the hospital, she ducks into a restroom for a moment to practice an encouraging smile in the mirror. It looks unconvincing and terrible. She can't even blame the fluorescent lights. She splashes her face with icy cold water, then folds up a cold wet paper towel and holds it against her eyes for twenty seconds, counting methodically. It helps, a little.

The volunteer at the front desk gets flustered when asked for Shane's room number. Luckily for her, not too flustered to request the patient privacy password that Coach Theriault established before she acknowledges that Shane has been admitted and giving Yuna directions to his room. On the way to the elevators, Yuna passes the hospital gift shop, its doors flanked by a display of bouquets and a huge stuffed giraffe with balloons tied around its neck.

She pauses. There are things Shane likes when he's in the hospital. Lip balm. Sugarless mints. A nice, solid coffee mug to drink from instead of those fiddly plastic cups. Maybe some gentle cleansing wipes for his face. He hates being gross and sweaty.

She steps inside, eyes scanning over the tchotchkes, get-well cards and magazines, candy and gum, and blinks. Is that...? It is. The terror and the bad boy of the league, Ilya Rozanov, in a black suede jacket and fashionably straight-legged jeans. He looks thoughtful and tired, heavy-lidded eyes almost shut as he uses one finger to idly rotate a spinner rack overflowing with small stuffed animals. She doesn't say anything, but he seems to sense her gaze and looks up, startled. "Oh. Mrs. Hollander."

"Rozanov," she says coolly.

"Uh." He looks her up and down. "You just get in?" She nods, and he pulls his hand away from the spinner rack, oddly tense. "I was just up to see him. He, uh... he seems in good spirits. You know. He's okay."

He is not okay. A concussion and a cracked collarbone is not *okay*. It's weeks of painful recovery and physical therapy, weeks of trying to keep Shane from pushing himself too hard without smothering him— and, as they both know very well, he's out of the playoffs. Yuna takes a deep breath. She knows that none of that is what Rozanov meant, and anyway snapping at him won't do anything to make Shane feel better.

Then, of course, because it's Ilya fucking Rozanov, he has to keep pushing. "I should have brought him a Raiders bear, maybe," he says, gesturing at the stuffed toys with a little smirk. "They don't have one, so."

"Oh. You think that's funny?" Yuna says, seeing red. "You think this is funny?"

"No!" Rozanov says immediately. "No, Mrs. Hollander. I don't think that. I don't."

Yuna presses her lips together. She is upset and worried and furious, but not at Rozanov, not really. "Sorry."

"No," he says, just as quickly. "I understand. You're good mother. You worry. It's fine."

Oh, god, both Rozanov's parents have passed, haven't they? He lost his father a few weeks ago. Maybe that's another reason he looks so hollow and worn out around the eyes. "Really, I... didn't mean to fly off the handle."

"No, no," Rozanov mutters, looking down, as if he were more comfortable when she was snapping at him, and less comfortable with a conversation between two adults just talking to each other like humans. There are so many feral hockey boys like Rozanov— on their own in foreign countries since they were teenagers, treating the world like one big locker room, where the biggest dick-swinger always wins. The silence stretches on. She doesn't think she's ever seen Rozanov this quiet for this long, at least not since he made captain and his English started improving enough to give good snappy soundbites.

"Well," she says. "It was good of you to stop by." And it was. He didn't have to. No one would have made him.

"Well," Rozanov says, "I'm the captain. So." He glances back at the stuffed animals. "I don't mean to make fun. He's just very high right now, you know. You'll see. Everything is funny." He reaches for a little golf-ball sized round bird, practically spherical with a little felt beak and wings. "Maybe this one, eh? To chirp at him."

Okay, maybe it's the sleep deprivation, but Yuna has to admit: it's sort of funny. She stifles a half-laugh. His mouth twitches, and she nods and turns away awkwardly to her own shopping... and then somehow, by the time she's done collecting everything Shane needs, Rozanov has actually spent fourteen Canadian dollars on a stupid stuffed bird. He reaches out and drops it gently into her shopping bag without asking. He's still smiling faintly in that half-mocking way that is always so infuriating in interviews.

"Thanks," Yuna says flatly, and turns to make her way to the elevator bank. Well, what is she going to do, dig it out and throw it on the ground just because Ilya Rozanov bought it?

And who knows, maybe Shane *will* think it's funny.

Strangely enough, he does. She can tell he's holding himself tightly, the way he tries to sit up straight and focus on her as soon as she walks into the room. Forcing a quick, pained grimace of a smile, doing everything he can to make *her* feel better— oh, her sweet boy. He delivers his lines as clearly as he can: he is fine, his head doesn't hurt, his collarbone isn't even broken, just fractured; the doctors say all good things, and so on and so forth, squinting through a massive headache the whole time, then trailing off into a woozy ramble.

She gives him a gentle kiss on top of the head and starts unpacking her gift shop bag. Shane *does* seem like he's in good spirits, actually. Maybe tomorrow he'll be up for an interview, or at least for giving a few quotes over the phone. She can hold it, so he won't have to look at the screen.

She looks down into the bottom of the bag. "Oh, and Ilya Rozanov stopped by?"

"Huh?" Shane says, blinking. "What?"

"I saw him in the gift shop on my way in," she says. "He wanted to buy you a Boston Raiders bear and I told him to go to hell."

"Oh, mom." Shane puts his free hand over his face, covering his eyes. Maybe it's too bright in here. Maybe she should pull those blinds. "Did you really?"

"No, no, I'm kidding! He was actually, sort of... fine. Not so bad." She pulls out the bird, holding it up. "He wanted me to give you this. Chirp chirp," Yuna says sarcastically.

Slowly, Shane lowers his hand, peering at the little round bird. Even more slowly, he rolls his eyes, a grin spreading over his face. He tips his head back on his pillow, eyes fluttering shut as he beams disbelievingly at the ceiling tiles. "Oh my god," he says haltingly. "What... an asshole." He drags his hand over his eyes again.

"Do you want me to pull the blinds, honey?" Yuna says, putting the bird down by the water pitcher on the counter. "Is the sun in your eyes?"

"Sure. Please," Shane says, so she does. By the time she turns back around he's rubbing his temples, not smiling any more, and has clearly forgotten he's pretending not to have a headache. But he did smile for a moment, a *real* smile, and she'll count that as a win. She'll even acknowledge the assist.

From Ilya Rozanov, of all people. Who knew?

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