

Lover you should've come over by Jeff Buckley

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by [WifeOfGojo](#)

Summary

Shane's eyes widen and his smile freezes as he stares at a face he hasn't seen in 5 years. At least not in person. He's looked at pictures almost every day, crying at night while staring at gorgeous blue-green eyes, cherry red full lips and high cheekbones.

"ILYA ROZANOV, SON OF THE LATE RUSSIAN MAFIA BOSS GRIGORI ROZANOV, HAS BEEN RELEASED FROM CANADIAN PRISON TODAY ON EARLY RELEASE"

Ilya. Oh god, Ilya.

His Ilya.

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AU where Shane gets reunited with his first love, mafia heir Ilya Rozanov, and finally reveals the secret he's kept for 5 years.

Notes

Hiiii I'm back. Yes this is directly inspired by my other dojae fic but I added like 1.5k extra words in here. I just cant get mafia boss Ilya out of my head, so I wrote this small thing.

Shane still became a player for the Montreal Metros, Ilya just never became a hockey player himself.

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

Shane Hollander and his daughter, Irina, are sitting in front of the tv watching cartoons. It's a normal Saturday morning and Irina is eating her cereal while Shane checks his emails on his phone, drinking his tea. His 5 year old daughter was surfing through the channels, alternating between *Masha and the Bear*, playing in Russian, and the Canadian news. Her current favourite cereal, Rice Krispies, was down to its final dredges while her current favourite cereal bowl rested in her lap. It is a blue ceramic... creation handmade by uncle Hayden and it is lumpy with uneven sides but managed to keep the contents inside.

Shane could already see she's inherited her hyper fixation and recent OCD tendencies from him. Everything else...

"Look, daddy! That man has the same love mark as me!" Irina suddenly exclaims, pointing at the screen and Shane smiles at his child before glancing up at the tv, which was currently showing the on-the-hour breaking news.

Shane's eyes widen and his smile freezes he stares at a face he hasn't seen in 5 years.

At least not in person. He's looked at pictures almost every day, crying at night while staring at gorgeous blue/green eyes, cherry red full lips and high cheekbones.

The "love mark" Irina was talking about is a mole on her left cheek. Shane loves to press his good morning kisses there, and Irina always preened whenever someone complimented her on it. Shane swallows hard, his mouth opening and closing wordlessly. He reads the headline below the picture still flashing on the screen, the words of the news anchor lost on him.

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And as Irina continues eating her cereal, already bored of the man on the tv screen and now watching *Prostokvashino*, Shane blinks away the tears as he stares ahead blindly.

Ilya was out.

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He hasn't seen Ilya since that horrible day in court when the Russian and his father were sentenced to 15 years each for a dozen cases of fraud, money laundering, weapon possession and drug smuggling. They were sentenced to prison in Canada since that's where the father and son primarily ran their business, and the Russian government did not fight hard to bring them back to their motherland for their sentencing.

"Don't visit me in prison, *moya lyubov* " Ilya told Shane desperately after kissing the crying man for the last time when they were allowed to see each other after court was adjourned, Ilya having bribed the guard, "Please, don't see what that place turns me into".

"No, no! I'll die without you, Ilya" Shane remembers sobbing as he clutched onto Ilya's hands, probably stopping his blood flow as he held onto the love of his life for the last time in a long while, "Please don't"

"Sweetheart" Ilya interrupted, sounding firm and harsh, that blank, cold mask he used to wear around everyone except Shane slipping onto his face. He still couldn't hide his red rimmed eyes, "I will die if you see me at my weakest. Remember me as I am now. When I'm out I'll find you, I promise"

They shared one long kiss before the guard had to drag them apart. Hayden is the one who found Shane sitting in the hallway, staring blankly at the walls.

Ignoring Ilya at first, Shane tried to visit and call the Russian a few times, but he was never allowed through. Eventually he stopped, especially after finding out he was pregnant.

Shane would not have gotten this far without his parents, his friends and Irina keeping him strong. He gave up his professional career as a hockey player once he became pregnant, unable to bear the idea of traveling and working so much and barely seeing his daughter growing up. He now works part-time as a celebrity commentator at hockey games, and writes analyses of games leading up to championship finales and predicting future stars from the annual batches of rookies.

He's been happy. He's content. His daughter was a polyglot who could already alternate between Russian and English with ease; he's started writing articles for the New Yorker; Shane's in the process of buying an entire floor of apartments in Ottawa to rent out which would earn him a pretty penny; his mom was planning a family vacation to Japan in July; he'd been asked to partake in a celebrity hockey match for charity, and he'd get to play in a team with Hayden again.

But now, Ilya is out.

His love. His daughter's father.

Shane looks at Irina, oblivious to what was happening.

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That very evening Shane has his bimonthly dinner with his friends at his apartment in Montreal. He's still in a state of shock that Ilya has been released 9 years earlier than he was sentenced to, and Shane certainly wasn't in the right headspace to have people over.

But if he cancelled that would raise questions, and Shane still needed time to process the news without getting bombarded on all sides. He's spoken to Ilya's sister in law, Yelena, who

moved to Paris after her husband died of a heart attack 6 months before Ilya joined his father's business as the new heir. She worked as a tailor and raised her and Alexei's beautiful daughter. They started talking when Ilya went to prison, Yelena reaching out first and Shane had been grateful to have her support. His family never quite understood how he remained with Ilya after he actively started taking part over as the Rozanov heir, but if someone understood the pressures of being Grigori's son and the manipulation he was capable of, it was Yelena.

"My heart has never healed losing Alexei. He was not perfect man or father, but he loved us. I was just... I just feel glad his father did not destroy him fully before his passing" she said during one of their earliest phone calls. Yelena cried when he informed her about Ilya's release, and he promised the older woman that he'd let her know if he spoke to Ilya. The Russian hadn't allowed anyone to see him in prison or call, wanting to spare everyone.

Shane has no way of contacting him, and he didn't know if Ilya would come to see him sooner or later. Because he knows he'll see Ilya soon, there was no doubt about *that*.

Irina is helping him in the kitchen, neatly folding the napkin cloths while chattering away to her daddy. Shane feels a sharp pang every time he looked at his child, a feeling that's never gone away in the 5 years since she's blessed his life.

She has Shane's large brown eyes, oval face and freckles, but everything else was her other father; she inherited his naturally curly hair (although hers was black like Shane's), his moles and his wide, cheeky smile. Shane could tell that she was going to be tall like Ilya, and she had his bright, unique sense of humour. What Ilya did in his father's business never changed the kind, funny and sassy personality he had that attracted Shane to him when they met at one of the Rozanov nightclubs all those nights ago. Ilya had worked the bar that night because one of the bartenders had called in sick.

Shane remembers going to order a ginger ale for himself and a glass of red wine for Rose, having been gently bullied by her and a few actor friends to go clubbing, and feeling awkward as he stood at the bar. He'd been surrounded by sexy people dressed to impress and there he was, looking out of place in his Montreal hoodie and faded denim jeans. They'd just won their Stanley cup and he could see some interested gazes on him, all of which he ignored.

Then a gorgeous set of ocean green eyes met his, followed by an intrigued, gorgeous smile and a smokey, deep and heavily accented voice asking him what he wanted to drink, and the rest was history.

Irina remains completely oblivious to how much their lives have changed in a single day.

She didn't know about Ilya. Ilya didn't know about his daughter.

Shane hoped that would change, but that was entirely up to Ilya. He sighs softly as he adds chillis to his Thai green curry as the recipe instructs.

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Hayden, Jackie and their kids arrive just after 6pm, hugging and kissing Shane and Irina as they entered the apartment. It was a spacious, comfortable piece of property he'd bought specially to raise Irina in. She has her own bedroom, decorated according to whichever latest interest she had. Currently the walls are covered in koala bears and leprechauns.

Rose would be late, still shooting her last scene of the day (another kidnapping movie they were filming in Montreal), and Shane feels tense, but it didn't seem like his Hayden knew about Ilya's release. Or they knew to not bring it up first.

Amber, Hayden and Jackie's 6 year old daughter, grabs Irina's hand and they go to the lounge area where she proudly shows off her brand new colouring book and pencils. The twins and Hayden's son go to the tv where the playstation waits for them, and with the kids occupied, the adults go to the kitchen where Jackie opens up a bottle of wine. Shane feels his mind easing a little, surrounded by his loved ones. He wouldn't bring up Ilya tonight, but he would soon.

There's a knock at the front door just as Shane finishes dishing up the curry. Everyone else was already seated at the dining table, Jackie having brought her homemade fried rice and springrolls, and she calls out "Got it!" before Shane could leave the kitchen.

Thinking that it's Rose arriving, Shane moves on to dishing up the freshly cooked white rice and side dishes he got from his mom for tonight's Thai theme. "Oh my fucking God!" He suddenly hears Jackie shout and Shane startles. He immediately heads to the front door, hearing everyone else get up from the table to join them.

"Jackie, what's-" the words die in Shane's throat when he sees who Jackie opened the front door for.

Ilya Rozanov stood there with a small smile on his face, patting Jackie's back while she seemed to be hugging the life out of him. She'd always been one of the few people who never judged their relationship and genuinely loved Ilya like a younger brother.

Their eyes meet over Jackie's head, and Shane takes a single step forward, a soft whimper escaping his mouth. Ilya has lost any residual roundness in his cheeks from his youth, his curly hair reaches his shoulders, and he's grown even taller. He's wearing a three piece suit, and Shane feels his legs weaken as he sees the titanium and black jewel ring he gave Ilya, still resting on his ring finger.

Shane is wearing a matching one. They exchanged it on their 2nd anniversary as a pre-engagement ring and promise to one another. Shane once lost it for an hour after misplacing it at the spa and his panic attack that followed freaked out his poor masseuse.

Ilya's eyes visibly soften and he gently extracts Jackie from him. Shane watches as the Russian opens his mouth, about to say something when his eyes move to the spot next to Shane and his face slackens in shock.

Shane follows his gaze and sees Irina hiding behind him, head peeking out to look at Ilya with bright, curious eyes. He hears Hayden tell everyone else to go back to the dining area but Shane couldn't care less at that moment where anyone else went as he picks up his daughter, *their* daughter, who easily wraps her arms and legs around her daddy. Jackie pats Shane on the shoulder as she passes him and then Shane is alone with Ilya for the first time in half a decade.

"Hi" Ilya says softly, his wide and disbelieving eyes flitting between Shane and Irina.

"Ilya" Shane responds, tears already starting to fall down his cheeks, and he presses a kiss against Irina's chubby cheek before tilting his body so his child would be in fuller view, "This is Irina Kimiko Hollander-Rozanov. Our daughter"

"Oh" Ilya says, English seeming to escape him as he finally steps into the apartment, and Shane stays quiet, silently watching as Ilya and Irina study each other.

He and Ilya could talk later, but right now it was about him and their daughter.

"Irina" Ilya says with awed reverence in his voice, tentatively holding out his hand and after a few seconds of hesitance, Irina places her hand in Ilya's. Shane watches with a dreamlike state of amazement as Ilya's hand engulfs their daughter's and they shake twice, "Lovely to meet you, my sweet girl"

"Daddy and I saw you on our tv" Irina says seriously and Shane feels himself blush as Ilya's eyes flit to him, eyes soft and warm, "We have the same love mark"

"Yes we do" Ilya says as he gently touches the mole on Irina's cheek for a second before brushing his fingers against Shane's where he was holding his child up against his hip.

Shane gasps softly at the touch, his skin *burning* after years of deprivation, and Ilya's eyes soften even further, a sheen of tears further brightening them.

"My daughter" Ilya says, his voice thickening and full of wonder, and Shane nods once, his own throat aching from the tears. He reaches out with his free hand and feels the aching in his heart again as Ilya takes it in his own, interlocking their fingers in a tight hold, so familiar to that horrible moment 5 years ago.

"I've missed you" Shane says softly and Ilya lifts his hand, kissing the knuckles softly.

"I've missed you too, sweetheart" Ilya says before leaning forward and pressing a kiss against Shane's lips, forcing them apart as his tongue enters Shane's mouth. They don't pull apart for a long time, and only do so when Irina whines that she wants to eat so that she can get back to her unicorn drawing.

"Let's eat, or Jackie will come fetch you herself" Shane says, smiling as he savours the sound of Ilya's laughter. Irina has the exact same laugh. They'd talk later after their friends left (who knew when they'd leave with Ilya showing up), and after getting Irina to bed. Maybe Ilya would read the bedtime story.

Shane would sit Irina down tomorrow morning and properly explain to her who Ilya was. He would hope that Ilya and Irina could bond this late but by the way Irina took to Ilya already, talking excitedly about her collection of hockey player cards, that didn't seem like it would be a problem. Shane would call Yelena and Svetlana later, or simply have Ilya call them. He already knows Ilya wouldn't have spoken to anyone before seeing him. And by how Ilya found them so quickly, Shane could only guess that he contacted his mom first, hoping she'd tell him where to find Shane. His parents have always disliked Ilya, but they also knew that they wouldn't be able to keep them apart, and Yuna would want Irina to know both her fathers.

He and Ilya would have to figure out what their futures holds and work through their past. It would be hard, it would be painful. Shane still felt that sharp pain from Ilya shutting him out when he was imprisoned.

He saw the deep shadows in Ilya's eyes, so familiar from the photos he saw of Irina Rozanov.

There was the... family business that has passed onto Ilya now that his father was dead, and they'd have to deal with that as well.

But.

But his Ilya was here and for right now, they would have dinner with their friends.

A family completed.

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A year later, Ilya has completely shirked the mafia world, making many enemies and burning dangerous bridges because of it. But the number of allies he gained was substantial as well.

He opened up the first legitimate Rozanov nightclub in June.

And during an August summer storm, Shane gave birth to Aleksandr Samuel Hollander-Rozanov.

End Notes

All kudos and comments are appreciated. This should be longer, but I don't have the capacity to write it. If you'd like to write using this premise, feel free to reach out!!

PS: Dunno what Alexei's wife's name was. If it's mentioned in the book, let me know. Kimiko is the name I made up for Yuna's mom, and Samuel is made up for David's dad! I didn't wanna give their son Grigori's name ew.

Also Shane would totally be fluent in Russian by the time Ilya left prison.

I shall be back with more HR fics uwu

xxMals

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