

Kind Of A Dick

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Kind Of A Dick

by [jsMika2](#)

Summary

The first thing Shane Hollander tells his parents about the man he will marry one day is that he's kind of a dick.

Or, five times Yuna asked Shane about Ilya Rozanov (and one time she asked David about them).

Notes

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

1. December 2008 – Saskatchewan

Yuna Hollander, much like her son, liked to be excellent at everything. This included, but was not limited to, attentive parenting and generally being an expert on Shane and encouraging his interests. That last part wasn't hard, because they shared an obsession with hockey that was miles past fanatic.

Which was why Yuna was sitting at a dumpy rink in Saskatchewan a few days before Christmas, watching her 17-year-old son run drills with the Canadian National Team in preparation for the World Junior Hockey Championships. She felt so much pride burning in her chest that it must have been radiating off her in waves.

Because Yuna was a fantastic parent, her love for her child did not depend on his skill as a hockey player. But she was still only human, so she could freely admit that Shane being a superstar, excelling at levels that had Canadian media whipped up in a frenzy, was much more fun.

Shane came trotting out of the locker room after his practice ended, wearing his Team Canada jacket and cap, his cheeks flushed. Yuna waved to him where she sat with David on the bleachers.

"Can we stay for a bit?" Shane asked. "I want to watch the Russian team practice."

David smiled at him. "Sure thing."

Shane was excited about this tournament, had talked about nothing else for the past few weeks. Well, nothing else except for a certain 17-year-old phenom from Moscow. According to hockey blogs and sports analysts, Ilya Rozanov was some type of prodigy — *Not Even Old Enough To Drink And Already A World-Class Showman*, one headline proclaimed. The rest of the article had been just as adulatory: *There are exciting players, and then there are players who are so thrilling that they yank you right out of your seat. Ilya Rozanov is one of them.*

But Yuna didn't pay it too much mind. *Her* son was a prodigy, and she had never seen another player come close to his level of talent. This Russian boy, bless his heart, wouldn't change that. They were already slated to be the number one and two overall picks in the upcoming NHL draft. While the expected order of those two picks depended on who you asked, Yuna knew her answer, and she was rarely ever wrong about hockey.

When the Russian team filed out onto the ice, she scanned the two dozen or so young men for the boy who was supposed to be Shane's rival. They didn't have names on the backs of their jerseys, so she wasn't sure at first. Not until the coaches set up a breakaway drill.

A tall boy with curly hair poking out from under his helmet took off after a loose puck, hurtling down the ice. A defenseman tried to snag it, but the boy pulled a quick little move and flicked the puck out of his reach, sending the other player tumbling. A laugh echoed up from the ice — a *laugh*. This boy was about to play on the world stage in front of millions of people and NHL scouts and God knew who else, and he was laughing at practice.

The boy skated toward the net, but instead of shooting as he approached, he flew past the goalie. He dropped the puck and his stick between his legs and then, behind his back, flipped a shot over the helpless goaltender, who was sprawled on the ice. It was one of the most beautiful things Yuna had ever seen. Next to her, she heard David and Shane suck in a shocked breath in unison.

But because Yuna was overcompetitive and petty, she thought to herself, *Shane could do it better.*

Later, Shane insisted they head out to the car without him. He wanted to meet Rozanov. And, after that little display at practice, Yuna could understand the impulse.

After about 15 minutes, Shane let in a burst of frigid winter air as he opened the car door and slid into the backseat.

“What’s he like?” Yuna asked.

“Kind of a dick,” Shane said, frowning.

2. October 2010 – Montreal

Yuna still felt comfortable in her assessment of Ilya Rozanov throughout Shane’s rookie season. Shane was the better player, fuck what the draft order said. The Bears had obviously made a mistake not choosing him first – and she knew being picked second stung for Shane – but it would hardly be the first time Boston had fucked up when it came to hockey. Having grown up a Montreal fan, Yuna knew this very well.

The first time the Voyageurs played against the Bears that year, Shane was as on edge as she’d ever seen him. They were out to lunch at a restaurant in Montreal, eating their meal on the patio and chatting. Shane was also trying to be humble, but Yuna and David weren’t buying it.

“I’m just another guy on the team,” Shane said, rolling his eyes.

Yuna and David looked at each other, sharing a knowing glance, but they didn’t say anything. They were so proud of him that words seemed inadequate at this point.

“Anyway,” David said, “what were we talking about? Rozanov? We’re not worried about Rozanov, right?”

“He’s a dirty player,” Yuna growled.

“He’s a good player is what he is,” Shane said, sighing.

“Not as good as you. Not in any category,” Yuna said with certainty.

“He’s bigger than me.”

“You’re faster than him.”

“Maybe.”

“And you’re a leader,” Yuna insisted. “A nice young man. Rozanov is a jerk.” This Yuna knew for a fact. She had watched Rozanov’s interviews, seen his teasing and trash-talking and smug grin.

Shane laughed and agreed, nodding a little.

But then something flickered across Shane’s face, just for a moment, and he grabbed for his water glass, nearly knocking it over. This wasn’t just typical pre-game anxiety. Shane was *flustered*.

Yuna narrowed her eyes. “What’s wrong with you, Shane? Is it Rozanov? You aren’t usually this nervous.”

“Nothing! I just want to win tonight. That’s all.”

Yuna smiled. Her son was nothing if not competitive. “You will. Screw Ilya Rozanov, right? That can be your mantra tonight.”

Shane smiled back, but it seemed a little forced. Yuna wondered if the stress of playing in the NHL was starting to wear on him. She felt concern build up in her chest.

“Sure,” Shane said, his voice tight. “Screw him.”

Yuna nodded and patted his hand where it was resting on the table. Ilya Rozanov was shaping up to be more trouble than she’d anticipated.

3. April 2017 – Montreal

Yuna had spent all night trying to forget how Shane’s body had looked crumpled on the ice after Cliff Marlow had collided with him. He had seemed so small and fragile, and the fear blooming in her chest had made it hard to breathe.

She had tried to swallow down the acrid taste of her fury like bile in the back of her throat and knew her rage had to be clear as day. As she had watched the medics load Shane – her *baby* – onto a spinal board, she had caught a dark blur of movement out of the corner of her eye. Somehow, the panic and worry and *distress* whirring in her head had been reflected on Ilya Rozanov’s face, who had been looming over Shane in his Boston uniform. One of the trainers had pushed him away as they tried to get Shane off the ice, but Rozanov’s eyes had never left Shane, his dismay obvious even from the stands.

Maybe Ilya Rozanov does have a heart, Yuna had thought.

Her suspicion was confirmed the next day when one of the nurses at the hospital informed her that Rozanov had stopped by earlier that morning to see Shane.

“Really?” Yuna asked, her eyebrows shooting up.

“Sure did,” the nurse said conspiratorially. “Stayed in his room for about twenty minutes and left when I came in with another dose of medication.”

Yuna considered this for a moment. It wasn’t unheard of for one team captain to visit another after an injury. It was a show of good sportsmanship, just not something she’d expect from Ilya Rozanov.

The nurse tilted her head toward Shane’s room. “He seemed happier than he has been since he got here,” she said. “He was all smiles.”

And sure enough, when Yuna walked in, Shane was sitting upright in the bed, grinning like a maniac.

“Hi, honey,” she said, smoothing a hand over his hair.

“Mom!” Shane’s eyes were big and bright. He must have been on some good drugs.

“So Rozanov stopped by?” Yuna prompted. Subtlety had never been one of her strengths.

“Yeah, Ilya was—” Shane cut himself off and tried to press his lips together to stop his grin from getting any wider, but the color rushing to his cheeks gave him away.

“*Rozanov* wanted to see how I was doing,” Shane amended. He fiddled with the sling holding his left arm in place.

Interesting, Yuna thought.

Yuna knew rationally that Shane, being 25 and about to turn 26, had been smitten before. Hell, he’d had relationships before — a girlfriend in high school and most recently his fling with Rose Landry. But he’d never seemed that interested – or maybe infatuated was the better word? – with them.

She’d asked before, trying to understand why Shane had never been all that keen on dating in general, trying to help, but he said it was tough to find someone when you were a famous hockey player. Shane was a private person, and Yuna understood that as much as he loved being a professional athlete, the fame that came with it was something he would rather do without.

But Yuna wondered if that was the whole story. She had poured her heart into raising Shane, and she knew him inside and out. So she had noticed when he made cow eyes at the guy at the airport Starbucks or blatantly checked out another boy in the cereal aisle of the grocery store. But she hadn’t said a word about it. If Shane wanted to tell her – *if* he even had anything to tell her – she would let him do it on his own terms. She had, however, downloaded an e-book from the library about how to be a supportive parent to queer children, and joined the email listserv of the local PFLAG chapter.

The first and largest organization dedicated to supporting, educating, and advocating for LGBTQ+ people and their families, PFLAG stands for “Parents, Families, and Friends of

Lesbians and Gays,” the website had informed her. Help us create a caring, just, and affirming world for LGBTQ+ people and those who love them.

Yuna had hit the “subscribe” button so quickly that she thought for a second that she’d broken her laptop.

Standing in the hospital room, Yuna just nodded and politely ignored Shane’s blush. She knew Shane had gone through a bit of a phase involving Rozanov before they were both drafted. It had been after Shane’s first World Junior Championships, when Canada lost to Russia in the gold medal match. Shane had spent his whole life coming in first, so being challenged like that was new for him. He’d fixated on Rozanov, following his team in Moscow, watching his games in Russia – Yuna had no idea where Shane got the footage – and reading analysis of his stats and style of play online. She even found a Russian sports blog translated into English on Shane’s computer when she borrowed it once.

Is Ilya Rozanov the answer to the National Hockey League’s lack of personality? the article asked. While Russia and the KHL will certainly feel Rozanov’s absence, perhaps he could be the solution to the NHL’s marketing woes. The league is in desperate need of some charismatic players to help sell the game, and Rozanov is a rockstar in the making.

Yuna remembered rolling her eyes, thinking that it was maybe a bit too glowing a review (After years of watching Rozanov play, though, she could grudgingly acknowledge that the blog had been right).

But it had been years since Shane had obsessed over Rozanov, as far as Yuna knew. Maybe his display of chivalry in visiting Shane at the hospital had sparked some of those old feelings. Rozanov was certainly handsome, and – as much as Yuna hated to admit it as a loyal Montreal fan – very charming. That, combined with the hefty dose of painkillers flooding Shane with good feelings would be more than enough to give him a case of the butterflies. So it wasn’t too surprising to see Shane looking giddy at the attention from Rozanov, even if the man was undoubtedly straight.

“Well, that was nice of him,” Yuna said, then changed the subject. Shane looked relieved.

He’ll say something when he’s ready, she thought.

4. May 2017 – Yuna and David’s House, Ottawa

Because parenthood had equipped her with an almost divine level of patience, Yuna waited to bring up Shane’s potential attraction to men until she thought she would die if she didn’t say anything.

“Rozanov is hurt,” Yuna said while they were watching the playoff series between New York and Boston from their living room in Ottawa. Shane had been staying with her and David for the past few weeks as he healed from his injuries. They had been slowly increasing his exposure to screens since the concussion, but he still got frequent headaches.

Shane turned his head from where he was lying on the couch to look at her. “What makes you say that?” he asked.

“He’s protecting his ribs. You can tell by the way he was angled. Look,” Yuna said, pointing at a slo-mo replay on their television. “Right there. He turns away from the hit. He could have taken Hunter off the puck there, but he chickened out.”

Shane frowned and ran a hand over his own ribs, an absent-minded show of sympathy.

“I think New York is going to win the Cup,” Yuna added.

“New York, eh?”

“Yes. Scott Hunter is determined,” Yuna said. “You can see it. Nine seasons without a cup! He’ll make sure he gets this one.”

“Well,” David said cheerfully, “at least we won’t have to watch Rozanov lift the cup.”

Yuna observed Shane closely, cataloging his reaction. His lips turned down and his nose scrunched up in distaste. Whether that was at the idea of Rozanov winning the Stanley Cup or Rozanov *not* winning the Stanley Cup, she wasn’t sure.

“But it was nice of him to visit you in the hospital, wasn’t it, Shane?” Yuna asked, waiting to see how Shane would respond. David hummed in agreement.

Shane’s expression turned fond for a moment, then pensive. Yuna frowned. Was Shane having sentimental thoughts about *Ilya Rozanov*?

Was there something deeper going on here than a fleeting bout of giddiness? Yuna had just assumed Shane’s joy that morning in the hospital had had more to do with the painkillers than with the captain of the Voyageurs’ longtime foes.

Shane looked over at Yuna. His gaze seemed heavy, like he wanted to admit something but was afraid to.

Yuna wasn’t sure what the proper venue for coming out to your parents was, but she imagined watching a hockey game together was more than adequate. It was something they all enjoyed, and it made them feel close as a family.

You can tell us anything, Yuna thought at him, willing him to understand. *We will love you no matter what, Shane.*

But Shane just blinked and the moment passed.

“Have you heard from Rose Landry lately?” Yuna asked, not quite willing to let it go.

“Yeah, she texted me when I was in the hospital,” Shane said. “She saw that I got hurt.”

Yuna gave Shane what she thought was her most encouraging and unconditionally loving smile.

Shane sighed. “We’re not...we’re just friends, Mom.”

“I know,” Yuna said. “Your schedules would make a relationship very difficult. But other players do it. Look at Carter Vaughan and that Gloria what’s-her-name from TV.”

Unless there’s another reason you don’t want to date her. Which you can talk to me about. If you want to.

“No, it’s...” Shane trailed off as he tried to sit up properly, grunting a little. “It’s not our schedules. I mean, yeah, that would make it hard, but that’s not the reason.”

Shane rubbed nervously at the back of his head, clearly uncomfortable with the topic.

“When the right one comes along, you’ll know,” Yuna said.

And you can tell us about him, Yuna thought. We’d want to know. We’d want to meet him.

Shane mumbled some half-hearted agreement and turned back to the TV. Rozanov was on the screen, looking pissed off as he headed to the penalty box.

And then something in Yuna’s brain clicked. Because Shane being pleased by a visit from a good-looking man like Rozanov wasn’t shocking. She was sure lots of people were attracted to Rozanov, given his rather infamous track record as a ladies’ man.

But looking *wistfully* at Rozanov was different. Shane having a full-on crush on him was not something she had anticipated, and she felt her heart lurch. She was sure it had to hurt, having feelings for a straight man.

And Yuna knew the look on Shane’s face – she was certain of it – but she had never seen it outside of hockey. The longing, kicked-puppy expression of someone hoping for impossible things.

She remembered taking Shane to his first skating lesson as a kid, his eyes going wide with fascination when he saw the signed jerseys hanging in frames on the wall of the equipment shop.

“I want one,” he’d said, tugging on Yuna’s sleeve.

Because those jerseys were goddamn expensive, and you only make so much money working for the Canadian government, Yuna had blanched and said something noncommittal like “maybe for Christmas.”

“No,” Shane had said, his little four-year-old face twisted into a frown because his mother didn’t understand. “I want people to do that to my jersey. When I’m a hockey player.”

And Yuna had laughed because no matter how serious they are, pouting preschoolers are always cute. But then Shane had laced up his skates – with Yuna’s help, of course, because he didn’t know how to tie knots yet – and stepped onto the ice for the first time, taking off like a rocket. To this day, Yuna could still recall exactly how it felt to have her jaw drop open like a cartoon character.

When the lesson had ended, Yuna had nearly been forced to throw Shane over her shoulder, he had wanted to stay at the rink so badly. Yuna had known instantly that if Shane could have his way, he'd *live* at the rink. He'd eat, sleep, and breathe hockey. But at that moment, he needed to get home so he could eat dinner and have a bath and get ready for school tomorrow.

Shane had just pressed his face to the glass, watching the Zamboni wipe away the marks left by the other preschoolers over the last hour. The longing had never left his eyes, not since he'd looked at the framed jerseys.

Because Shane always wanted things that were unimaginable to other people, things they knew better than to even think about wanting. The difference, though, was that he was usually dogged enough to get them.

His eyes had that same look now, deep and intent and *yearning*, as he sat on Yuna's couch and watched Ilya Rozanov squirt Gatorade into his mouth on their television.

Oh fuck, Yuna thought.

The two moments were clear in her mind, parallel lines mirroring each other.

Shane, barely more than a toddler, staring longingly at champions' jerseys, wanting his to be one of them someday, convinced he could defy the odds.

Shane, now 26 and an NHL All-Star, directing that same gaze at his archival, aching for something Yuna couldn't fathom, again undeterred by the impossibility of it.

5. July 2017 – Yuna and David's Cottage

David came back from getting dishwasher tablets looking like he had seen a ghost. He wandered into the kitchen with a shell-shocked expression reminiscent of the World War I documentary they'd watched the night before.

Yuna felt her stomach drop.

"What's wrong?" she asked, twisting the hand towel in her hands. "What happened? Is Shane ___"

"I—" David started, clearly overwhelmed. "I went to go get the dishwasher pods, and I — he, uh, Shane was — there was another ..."

He raked a hand through his hair and paced back and forth a bit.

Yuna took his arm and pulled him into the living room. Once they were seated on the couch, she took his hands in hers. "Tell me what happened," she said in her most authoritative mom voice.

David inhaled deeply, and then said, "Does Shane have a boyfriend?"

“What.” Yuna didn’t phrase it like a question. She was too busy trying to sort through the 10 million thoughts bouncing off each other inside her skull.

Does David know? Did Shane tell him?

How did Shane tell him? When? Why? Does Shane have a boyfriend?

Who is he dating? Is the boyfriend at Shane’s cottage? Is that why he didn’t want us to—

David coughed uncomfortably. His face was bright red.

“When I went to Shane’s, he had a man there with him. They were, um, well, they were kissing, rather passionately, I think—”

“You saw him kissing a man?” Yuna interrupted. She wanted to be sure about this. “That’s why you’re so upset?”

“Well, no, I’m not *upset*,” David said. “It’s more that I’m surprised —”

“David,” Yuna said softly, “we’ve talked about this. That it might be a possibility.”

And Yuna had discussed it with him, hinting as lightly as possible that maybe Shane wasn’t entirely straight. She hadn’t said anything too definitive, just suggested it, so David wouldn’t be blindsided when – *if* – Shane said something.

“That’s not—” David huffed. “You know me, I’m not a bigot. I don’t care if Shane’s gay. What was surprising was who he was kissing.”

“You know who he was with?” Yuna recoiled a bit in surprise. As much as she loved her husband, and she did, deeply and completely, in a gross Hallmark-movie-idyllic kind of way, he wasn’t the most observant. He didn’t really *notice* things. It was why she hadn’t added him to the PFLAG email list. She made a mental note to sign him up later that night.

“Most people would,” David said, a little offended. “I mean, anyone who watches hockey. The bear tattoo was a dead giveaway—”

“The WHAT?”

And at that moment, the front door opened and a hesitant voice called out, “Hello? It’s me. It’s... Shane.”

Yuna and David stood from where they had both been sitting on the couch.

“Shane?” Yuna said. She felt like the ground beneath her feet could open up and reveal a pit of lava and it would be less noteworthy than Ilya Rozanov standing in the foyer with her son.

“Mom. Dad. I — I think we should talk.” Shane was so nervous, and Yuna’s heart kicked in her chest. He shouldn’t be nervous, not around them, not ever.

“We forgot to buy dishwasher tablets,” David said. He still sounded dazed. “I just wanted to see if I could borrow some. I didn’t know you had... company.”

“Dad, it’s okay. I’m sorry. You... shouldn’t have found out that way.”

“Found out what, exactly?” Yuna asked. Her eyes were fixed over Shane’s shoulder, locked on his 6’3” shadow in a Boston Bears t-shirt.

“Well, I... I’m gay,” Shane said. “Which I was going to tell you. Soon. I just... sorry. I wish I’d told you.” He paused. “Um, and this is... Ilya. Rozanov. You probably know that.”

Yuna certainly fucking did know that.

“Hi,” Rozanov said. It was one word, but Yuna was surprised by how different his voice sounded in person compared to television interviews. His posture, too. Everything about him seemed warmer, gentler in real life. Less cocky.

“And he’s been... visiting,” Shane stuttered out. “He’s... we’re, um...”

“Lovers,” Rozanov finished. Shane’s face was frozen halfway between exasperated and mortified.

“But... you hate him,” Yuna said, which obviously was not her best moment. She noted distantly that the sink might still be running.

“No, I... I don’t. I mean. Sometimes I do, kinda. But mostly I... love him. Actually.”

“You... what?” If Shane were capable of pulling pranks, Yuna would have been sure this was one. But Shane, as always, was serious.

He and Rozanov – *Call me Ilya, please* – sat down across from them and explained how they had been sneaking around for seven years. How they had fallen in love. All of it would have been impossible, if it had been anyone other than Shane. When Shane set his sights on something, he was an unstoppable force, immovable objects be damned.

They talked and talked, until eventually, Shane ended up with his head between his knees, the gravity of everything he’d just confessed hitting him. Ilya placed a hand on Shane’s shoulder, crouching beside him.

“I’m okay,” Shane said, his voice thin. “I’m just freaking out. Don’t worry about me.”

Ilya took his hands and rubbed his thumbs over the backs of them. It was so sweet Yuna felt her heart clench.

“We are good here, yes?” Ilya spoke quietly, soothing Shane the way a trainer would a spooked horse. “Your family is here. And your boyfriend. And we are okay here.”

Shane looked up. “Boyfriend?”

It was clear they hadn't discussed a label before. Here they were, laying out a plan for Ilya to move to a new country for Shane, and they hadn't even agreed to be in a relationship yet. Yuna resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

Ilya shrugged and grinned, the same crooked smile Yuna had seen every time she watched a Boston Bears game. "I think, yes?"

Shane agreed instantly. "Yes." He was clearly just as smitten as Yuna had suspected he had been all those months ago, watching hockey on her couch.

"Since their rookie season," Yuna said. She wasn't sure Shane and Ilya heard; they were off in their own world, just the two of them. "I can't believe it."

Even though she really could. That Shane, her determined, ambitious, over-achieving son, would see something he wanted and go get it, no matter what stood in his way. This apparently included ill-fated crushes on rival NHL players.

"Looking at them now, I kind of can," David said.

So Yuna wrestled her shock into a chokehold, focused on her son's plan to start a mental health charity as a cover for his secret boyfriend moving to Canada, and started rethinking everything she knew about Ilya Rozanov.

+1. June 2021 – Ilya (and Shane)'s House, Ottawa

Yuna didn't want to *brag* about how lovely Shane's wedding was, because that would be rude, but it had also been super fucking lovely, if she did say so herself. There were lights strung across Ilya's – now Shane's – backyard, casting everything in a soft glow, and there was a comically large white cake that was in the process of being decimated by a professional hockey team. And then there were wireless speakers placed carefully around the yard to create a surround-sound experience, playing a Rihanna song while Ilya held Shane and swayed back and forth.

"You can say it," David said, appearing at Yuna's side. He flicked his gaze toward the happy couple. Shane whispered something into Ilya's ear, while Ilya's expression turned fond and his grin got impossibly wider.

"Say what?" Yuna asked, knowing the answer already. But, again, it would be rude to brag.

"That you said so. That everything would turn out all right," David said. Yuna realized what he was thinking about: Shane calling her on FaceTime months ago, desperate and morose and convinced that he and Ilya were going to break up. Yuna had been in the middle of making dinner, while David poured them glasses of eggnog leftover from Christmas. David had listened while Yuna reassured Shane that *no, there was nothing he could have done to ruin things with Ilya*, and *yes, Ilya was happy in Ottawa*, and *of course, Ilya loved him, no doubt about it*. "That you were right about their relationship being strong enough to make it this far."

"It helps that they're both stubborn as mules," Yuna said, affectionate.

“And now you can finally boast about Shane and his impressive husband to all your friends,” David said with a teasing smile.

“I would *never*,” Yuna lied.

Ok, so maybe she would. But only with Jenny from her book club. And only because the woman was definitely part of a pyramid scheme and had some chronic need to talk about her daughter’s fiancé literally all the time. *Did Yuna know that Jason was an orthopedic surgeon? Did she know that he had a speed boat, and that he played in charity golf tournaments?* Yes, Yuna did know, because Jenny never stopped bringing it up.

And Yuna was allowed to be proud, anyway. Her only child had gotten married, and luckily for all of them, he hadn’t settled for some nice, boring man in Montreal. He’d found a complicated one in Boston – or Toronto, maybe? Or Los Angeles? Yuna still wasn’t sure about the exact timeline of their relationship, and she would be okay never knowing the details – and convinced him to move to Ottawa, giving the rest of the Hollander family the chance to love him, too.

The song ended, and Ilya dipped Shane back and kissed him, prompting cat calls from their teammates and a few of the more inebriated guests. Shane blushed a shade of red almost as dark as the burgundy of Ilya’s suit. Yuna, because she had taken a glass of wine or two – or four – from the open bar, stuck her fingers in her mouth and wolf-whistled. David snorted a surprised laugh and elbowed her.

“Stop it, you’re embarrassing him,” David said.

Anya, who thought the whistle was meant to summon her, trotted up to Yuna and David. The bow on her head was tilting precariously, probably a side effect of playing with Hayden Pike’s kids for hours on end. Yuna reached down and straightened it, scratching behind her ears.

“You spoil her,” David said as if he hadn’t been sneaking the dog food all night.

“Of course, I do,” Yuna said. “She’s our first grandchild.”

“Oh, God,” David said. “They’ve been married for like two hours. Don’t get your expectations up.”

Yuna watched as Shane took a piece of cake and held it out as if to hand-feed it to Ilya. Instead, he smeared it across Ilya’s face and laughed as his new husband tried to glare but just looked lovestruck.

“Since when,” Yuna said, “has Shane ever done what we expected him to?”

End Notes

if any of the dates are wrong that's not an editorial choice that's because I'm bad at math

also this counts for bingo if you ignore the fact that I missed the deadline by two weeks

GCU bingo prompt: 5+1

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