

There will be many firsts

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by [teeheeticklez](#)

Summary

The first time Shane goes through something it's Yuna's first time parenting it.
5 + 1 parenting moments when Shane goes through some of his firsts.

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Yuna could tell that she would most likely be spending a lot of time in hockey rinks in the future. She watched David and Shane compete for fastest lap from her spot at the edge of the outdoor rink. Shane's enthusiasm for the ice was already obvious. Only the first week of winter break and he had already forced Yuna to take him to the outdoor rink every day to practice skating. He asked David continuously to really against race him. Shane's skates flew across the ice as he tried to beat David in at least one race when his dad was really trying.

"Ok Buddy, last race I think." David was not quite panting but definitely expending more energy than anticipated from trying to out skate his son.

"Alright Dad. Winner takes all this time. Maybe Mom should time me so I can keep track of my speed," Shane looked over at her from the ice. "Mom! Make sure to time me." Even at age six, Yuna was still sometimes shocked at how driven Shane was.

Yuna nodded and waved at him, adjusting her mug of hot coffee in her mittened hands. David and Shane lined up on the blue line.

"Mom! Do the voice and the countdown please!"

"Alright, skaters take your marks. Get ready, three, two, one, Go!"

Immediately David and Shane pushed off, skates chopping up the ice. Yuna started a lazy count in her head to be able to give Shane a reasonable time. Shane pumped his arms in time with his legs trying hard to get farther in front of David. They crossed the half way point and when she thought Shane would start to slow down, he was unable to get the proper footing for a complete stop. She felt her heart fly up her throat as she watched in slow motion as Shane caught a rut in the ice. He fell hard, his hands trying to stop his fall but his face jammed into the ice.

"Shane!" Yuna jumped from her spot and started shuffling across the ice in her winter boots. David started towards Shane, waiting for him to get up on his own. Shane started to turn over on the ice and she caught a glimpse of blood from his mouth.

“You ok buddy?” David asked as Yuna finally reached her son lying on the ice. Yuna shot a dirty look to her husband as she tried to fight off the helicopter parenting instincts. There was a small bit of blood at the corner of Shane’s mouth and Yuna started wiping at it, trying to pry open his mouth to assess for injuries. The panic she felt started to subside as she noticed a new empty space in Shane’s mouth. It was his first lost tooth.

“Uh oh. I think Shane looks like a hockey player. Missing teeth and everything.” Said David. Shane started patting his mouth feeling for his teeth.

“It’s gone! I lost my first tooth! I’m like a real hockey player now!” Shane poked his tongue through the new space in his teeth. It was adorable. Yuna started searching the ice trying to find the lost tooth. Her baby was growing up.

“You better keep those teeth a little bit longer. I can’t have a full grown hockey player in the house quite yet.” Yuna found the tooth and handed it over to Shane to hold. He took off his tiny hockey glove to hold it between two pudgy fingers

“It’s ok, I’m not like Gretzky yet. I gotta get faster first.” David and Yuna shared a look. She worried about how often Shane was going to make the family come back to the rink for skating practice.

“Mom? How many seconds was I? To get across the ice?”

Yuna could not believe him.

“I think 20 seconds.” She helped Shane back onto his skates, and tucked the tooth into her jacket pocket. She tried to corral David and Shane towards the bench to start removing their skates.

“Cool. Can we come back tomorrow? I wanna get to 15 seconds.”

Oh yeah. She would definitely need to invest in better winter gear if she was going to have to stand around outside watching Shane skate. Maybe she should also get a stop watch.

Chapter 2

Yuna woke up to a loud ding followed by a deep thunk from downstairs. She checked on David and saw him sprawled out beside her on their bed. Nothing would wake this man up short of a fire alarm. The alarm clock on her nightstand glowed bright- 2:15 AM. She eased out of bed and put on her robe to follow the sounds down stairs. It was much too early for anything to be happening in the house.

Last night had been the awards ceremony for the OHL. There had been significant networking and gushing about her son to as many important white men in the league as she could. She would be getting Shane into the NHL through bribery if she had to. Though she doubted she would have to resort to that. Everyone had been saying Shane was a promising young player, most likely to go top of his draft in the next few years. Probably even a top prospect for Team Canada at the world juniors.

Yuna used to worry about raising a son who was so dedicated to one aspect of his life. Other kids would be playing video games and snapping at their parents, but Shane wasn't like that. He had such focus on hockey that she still had yet to see him interested in girls or anything else 15-year-olds seemed excited by. She wondered if it had to do with Shane being younger than his teammates, if he felt like he had to prove himself that much more than the older kids.

Yuna wished she had brought her slippers with her as her feet stung from the cold basement stairs. She tucked her robe close around her, sat on the middle of the staircase and watched her son from his spot on the basement floor. He handled the puck back and forth and then let a shot fly towards the dangling targets. One, two three shots, then Shane walked to the net, pulled the pucks out and went back to his shooting position. Three more shots in quick succession.

"Hi Mom." Shane started towards the net to pick up his pucks and started lining them up for his next round of shots.

Many years ago, David had set up a hockey net with foam targets when Shane had expressed more than a common interest in hockey. He spent more time than he probably should shooting at the net. Through the years Yuna had learned to do laundry while dodging pucks and decided to live with the damage to the drywall. There was only so much protection a few blankets would provide.

"You know it's either too early or very late enough that this is not the best idea." She gestured to his stick. "I'm pretty sure after tonight you should be exhausted from so much praise." Shane shrugged and let out three more quick shots.

"Sorry if I woke you up. I hit the support post a couple times. I couldn't sleep after tonight. There were a lot of people telling me congratulations on my award and how excited everyone was for the next steps of my career and all I could think about while I was trying to sleep was the last game when I missed the net on my breakaway against Erie."

This was her overachiever son. He had just won the league MVP award and here he was worrying about a missed shot from a game that was months ago?

“How long have you been down here?” She asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe twenty minutes?” Shane leaned on his stick. “I set a timer for an hour. I’ll try and go to sleep then. And if that doesn’t happen, I’ll start my morning workout.” Yuna stood up and started to walk back upstairs.

“I’ll start the coffee and make you a smoothie. We both know you won’t be able to get anymore sleep.” If she was lucky, she might be able to convince him to take a nap later in the afternoon. Maybe she would do the same. But for now, she would keep her son company while sleep eluded him. She would make sure he didn’t ruminate all night over a game that no longer meant anything. She would protect him from whatever she could even if it was from himself.

Chapter 3

Ever since the draft Yuna had been worried about Shane. He wasn't quite what she would call listless but he was definitely spending more time lazing on the couch in recent days. He had clearly been upset at being drafted second but after a couple days to get over the shock he did express his happiness at being signed on with a Canadian team in the East coast. He was happy to still be close to home.

Shane had been working on his dryland training with usual focus. It wasn't the lack of training then as Shane usually went through small depression periods without his hockey routine. There had been a few companies that had reached out about possible sponsorship deals recently. Was it possible the pressure of achieving the life long goal of joining the NHL and all of the circus that came with it was significantly more daunting than Shane had anticipated?

Shane lay on the couch, fully cocooned in his hoodie even though it was almost July and the humid heat was getting to everyone. The living room TV was on mute, showing highlights from the draft interspaced with talking heads of analysts. The lack of action from Shane was unlike him.

"What's your plan for today?" Yuna leaned over the back of the couch, trying to catch Shane's eyes but his hood was pulled down low over his brow. "We should probably shoot for more than laying on the couch all day."

Shane shrugged.

"Ok, Mr. Talkative. I'll bring you some fruit. Start thinking about what you want to complete today." Yuna moved towards the kitchen and set about chopping up a fruit tray. Maybe she was thinking about this all wrong. Shane seemed fine on the hockey front but was it possible he was having normal teenager problems? His high school graduation had happened a few weekends ago. That sort of change was difficult for even normal high school kids. Maybe too many changes lately left Shane feeling unsettled, even if he didn't have the stress of an unknown future. She picked up the fruit tray and walked back to the living room.

"Here, eat. Have you been hydrating?" She placed the tray right on top of Shane's chest. He held on to the plate, grabbing a strawberry and popped it into his mouth.

"Sort of." Shane said.

"I want more than sort of. Drink up. And take your hood off, you aren't a hip hop singer." Shane rolled his eyes as he followed her request.

"I was wondering, where is Jenna? I haven't seen her since weeks before the draft. I thought with school being finished the two of you would be joined at the hip before you leave for Montreal." Shane sighed loud enough for her to raise her eyebrows.

“We broke up.” Shane said through a mouthful of grapes. Yuna felt her eyebrows climb even further up her forehead.

“Broken up! Since when? Why didn’t you tell me?” Yuna cut herself off as she remembered all of the parenting blogs dedicated to having teenagers. Let them come to you with information was the one she tried hardest to abide by but it was nagging at her to not ask more questions.

She moved to sit on the armchair across from Shane, trailing her hand over his shoulder as she passed. She tried to not stare at him while he continued to nonchalantly eat from the fruit tray. Clearly, she missed something these past few days. Her baby’s first heartbreak and he didn’t even want to tell her. Either he was torn up about it or something was worse than she had thought. She couldn’t help herself.

“Are you feeling ok about the break up?” She watched his face intently. He avoided her gaze, watching the TV replay a clip of Ilya Rozanov called out as the first draft pick. Shane’s face got incredibly red, a blush across almost his entire face. She knew it. Shane was struggling to handle this break up alone. She would have to call Jenna’s mom and see how she was doing.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Jenna just said that she was too young to be a WAG. She thought that with me going to Montreal and her going to U of T that it would be too much distance. I was kind of thinking the same. The draft put it all into perspective. There’s no way that I have any time for a girlfriend this summer with all of the media obligations I have coming up.” Shane continued to watch himself on the TV, called out as second pick.

“What a little hussy.”

“Mom! You definitely can’t call people that!” Shane sat up on the couch and placed the fruit tray on the coffee table. He hunched over his knees trying to hide his face. He looked so much younger like this, all curled up.

“I don’t care, I never liked her much anyway.” That was a lie. Yuna had liked Jenna as her son’s girlfriend. Jenna used to force Shane to go out for non-hockey related activities. Something Yuna had been trying to do for years with her son.

“It’s fine. Being together for the summer would have made it harder to break up when we started long distance. I’m not upset about it. I have to have a first ex-girlfriend at some point.” She watched Shane all curled up, no longer watching the TV screen as the program changed to a fluffy golf story.

“You are sure? You let me know if we need comfort food. Or a dart board with Jenna’s face on it.” Yuna started to stand up. She needed to find David immediately. There was no way Shane was this unconcerned with this breakup after being so listless for days.

“If you aren’t worried about the break up then why have you been parked on the couch for hours on end? This isn’t like you at all.” Yeah, she was nailing this ‘parenting a teenager thing’. Shane started up from the couch and made his way towards the stairs.

“I dunno, just a lot happening lately. And I feel like I’m waiting for hockey preseason training to start. I’m ready to start now.”

Her heart panged in her chest. She knew this was the goal, getting Shane to the NHL. She had worked just as hard as him to make that dream a reality, but she had forgot that this was essentially the last summer she had a full home. She and David were going to be empty nesters soon. The house was going to feel empty without Shane.

“If you’re sure. I’ll be in the kitchen if you need me.” Yuna needed to plan, starting with making a schedule for all of the Montreal home games. She wouldn’t let herself miss even one. Maybe she could convince David to get another house in Montreal for when they drove to Shane’s games. It would be nice to have a place to stay, or maybe they could stay in Shane’s new apartment. It was nice, lots of bedrooms and natural light. It would save them some money. She would mention it to Shane and David to see if what they thought, though she was sure Shane would be fine with it.

Chapter 4

Yuna couldn't hear anything over the ringing cheering of the arena. She saw David's lips moving but couldn't tell what he was saying. The elation in the stands was thick with tension. When she looked down at the seats below her there was a sea of Hollander jerseys. Nobody was sitting anymore. The crowd was on their feet making more noise than humanly possible. The anticipation was going to kill her.

It was game number 6 of the Stanley cup finals. Montreal Voyagers were one win away from their first Stanley Cup since the 90's. They just had to get through the final two minutes of a 1-0 game. Yuna could barely feel her hands from how tightly she was holding onto David's sleeve. This was her emotional support sleeve now. She couldn't believe that she had ever thought Shane's previous games were stressful. If she didn't die of a heart attack tonight then that would be a small win.

Play was going on the ice below. Choppy plays as LA Dynamos tried every possible way to tie up this never ending game. Finally a stoppage in play as Montreal's goalie held onto a wrist shot from the hashmarks and LA's coach called for a timeout.

"LA is going to pull the goalie." Yuna stated.

"Of course they are. You don't accept a loss until it's over." Someone's wife beside her agreed.

Yuna watched Montreal's coach yelling and gesturing to the whiteboard in the middle of the team huddle. Shane stood at the edge, close in with his linemates. Yuna wondered what it was like- to be so close to your dream, but needing to hold on for another minute and thirty three seconds.

The whistle blew- calling a return to play. The players started towards the linesman to set up for puck drop. The noise in the stands got impossibly louder as the Dynamos goalie stayed on the bench, six LA skaters on the ice for the last chance at tying the game. Shane skated towards the face off dot, intensely focused face projected onto the jumbotron. She prayed to a god she didn't believe in for this game to go the way she wanted.

"I don't know if I can look." Yuna covered her eyes with one hand, listening to the whistle blow and the unmistakable sounds of hockey going on. She kept her grip on the emotional support sleeve though.

"Last minute of play in game six of the stanley cup playoffs." The announcer's voice boomed through the stadium. Then impossible screaming came from the stands.

"Oh my god Yuna look!" David's voice yelled from right next to her ear. She drew away the hand covering her eyes to see Shane all alone at centre ice moving towards the empty net. Pike sent a long stretch pass towards him directly connecting to his stick. Shane skated towards the net, all alone with the two Dynamos defensemen trying their hardest to catch up with him. Oh my god, Yuna thought, do not miss this right now.

It was almost slow motion watching the puck glide into the net. The sea of Voyager fans jumped up and down in elation. Less than thirty seconds left in the game and it was looking like the Voyagers would be the 2015 Stanley Cup champions. Yuna's heart felt like it was in her throat and she could not get a handle on the tears that sprung to her eyes. Her boy was a champion. Something she had known would happen some day but she couldn't believe it was happening right now. She looked at David. When their eyes met she saw so much love brimming in them.

The fanfare of sparklers and indoor pyrotechnics would never get old. Yuna knew she would be able to watch this on youtube for hours if she wanted to. Could relive this moment when her baby became a champion. She watched Shane raise the cup over his head, the biggest smile on his face. She stood beside David on the opponents bench waiting for the family and friends to be allowed on the ice. Shane passed the cup off to Hayden, tapping his shoulder as Pike started his victory lap around the ice.

Shane skated towards his parents, resting against the boards as he spread his arms wide.

"I can't believe this." He pulled both Yuna and David in close to his sweaty face. Yuna pulled back, grabbed Shane's face and looked directly into his eyes.

"I can. I have never been prouder of you, Shane. You are the hero of Montreal right now. The hero of Montreal forever probably." Shane ducked his head trying to pull away and mask his face from the brimming emotion below the surface. She snuck a kiss to his cheek. Shane started to skate away, but turned quickly to return to his parents.

"We need to get all the pictures with the cup. Come on mom, I'll help you on the ice." He offered Yuna his arm, skating slowly as he brought them to centre ice. "Dad, we need to start thinking about what to do with my day with the cup."

"You could always drink your favourite smoothie out of it. I'm sure you'll think of something fun." Families started pouring on the ice, crowding around the team as a photographer started directing the team for a team plus family group photo.

"I think I'll take it to Ottawa. Maybe to the Children's hospital." Shane stated before leaving to be in the centre of the photo.

"We raised a good one I think." David said. Yuna was inclined to agree, but wasn't sure she could talk without crying. They had raised a good one. A champion too.

Chapter 5

The fact that Yuna's phone was blowing up with text messages wasn't all together a new experience. She tried to leave any work related messages till after she had her first coffee of the day though, so she left her phone in her home office as she went to start breakfast for her and David. She was thinking of how playoffs were right around the corner. A possible match up between Ottawa and Montreal in the first round. It was difficult when both her boys were going head to head. But she knew that Shane would come out on top.

When she returned though she had multiple missed calls from Hayden Pike, followed by many messages from him asking her to call as soon as possible. Panic spiked through her as she thought about all the horrible things that could have happened to Shane. There could have been a car accident, or a hockey injury? Shane hadn't contacted her in a while and she pulled her phone close to her ear as she heard Hayden answer breathlessly.

"Mama Hollander. I'm so sorry." The words put her heart in her stomach, what had happened to Shane?

"Where is Shane?" She asked.

"He's fine, physically. I'm guessing you haven't been on twitter?" What kind of degenerate did Hayden think she was? She limited her social media time to twenty minutes before dinner time to make sure that nothing scandalous was being mentioned about Shane or the Irina Foundation. She didn't have time for memes or whatever the kids were calling it these days. Not even Shane spent much time on social media, there were better things to be doing with her time.

"No, obviously not. If Shane is fine then why are you calling me so early for a weekday?"

"There was a twitter incident. I think Shane might need you." Might need her? What even was considered an incident on twitter. Hayden began to explain something about a fan mail video, birthday messages for Brad and that twitter had seen her son and Ilya in the background in a 'compromising way'.

“What do you mean by compromising? She asked, hoping that there was no nudity involved. That would be infinitely more difficult to scrub from the internet.

“I mean PDA with mouth on mouth was witnessed. The guy who I sent it to shared it on twitter and all these hockey fans are tearing it apart. I went to Shane’s so I could tell him and Ilya about it in person. I feel horrible about it but I think Shane is going to need some support once Ilya leaves later today. I would normally stay but we have practice later.”

Yuna was going to drive faster than she ever had before to make it to Montreal. She would need the stable force of David to come with her first, otherwise her anger might make her tear the world apart.

Shane opened the door to his house with a blanket shawl around his shoulders. His face was pale and his eyes had dark circles under them.

“Oh baby, come here.” Yuna swooped in, bringing her arms around her son and holding on tight. “This is not how we had hoped this would get out but we will make it ok. How did Ilya seem about it? I wasn’t able to get him on the phone.”

She walked her son into the house and gestured for David to come in close.

“I feel like everything is spiraling out of control. We talked with Farah to draft a statement about our relationship but thinking about releasing it makes my head throb.”

They made their way into the living room. Shane sat in the centre of the couch with Yuan and David on either side, trying to block him from the world. The TV was playing old Loony Toons cartoons.

“I wasn’t able to focus on anything and I don’t feel like watching hockey right now. It still doesn’t feel real, but I got sent home from practice. I’m essentially benched right now.” Shane explained. Yuna remembered when Shane was small and cartoons were his favourite on Saturday mornings, before hockey took over their lives. She was sure that they had watched every since Bugs Bunny one.

“Have you eaten anything today?”

“I didn’t want to have any of my meals. The thought of rice and salmon right now...”

Yuna started her way to the kitchen, ready to rifle through the pantry to make some comfort food. Fuck Shane’s meal plan. Emotional turmoil called for more delicious calories than basic macros, and hiding in the kitchen would allow her to get her emotions under control. Her son, who had led his team to three Stanley cups, was benched. A generational player who was top tier level was benched. While she could understand where the coaching staff was coming from she was incensed at the unfairness.

She pulled snacks out of the pantry, and took them back to the living room as an offering. David immediately pulled the package of Oreos toward him.

“We are here for you Shane. If you want to be alone we will make ourselves scarce. But we will be here as long as you need. Have you been avoiding social media?” Yuna nudged the chocolate bars closer to Shane in hopes he might be tempted to eat something.

“I haven’t looked. Rose texted me and told me to basically throw my phone away. Max, from the hockey camps, reached out to let me know if I needed anything he’s got my back.”

That’s nice of him.” David said through a mouthful of Oreos. Yuna was pretty sure David wouldn’t be able to pick Max out of a line up if it came down to it but at least he was being supportive.

“It sucks that this happened right before we were going to announce our relationship in the summer but I think Ilya is handling it better than I am.” Shane started looking through the snacks, picking up a snickers.

“No point in spiraling when nothing is decided yet. I’m sure the coaches will be begging for you back after tomorrow’s game when New York beats them. They have no chance without

you.” Yuna rubbed Shane’s shoulder from her spot on the couch. Shane leaned into her and she stroked his hair. Shane fixed his blanket to cover both of them.

“I’m just hoping this isn’t the end of my career. Or the end of Ilya’s. I’m pretty sure his team is more accepting but Montreal is old school.”

“Old school is a nicer word for homophobic.” Yuna stated.

She would not let this be the end of Shane’s career. She would fight every single NHL lawyer personally. She would drown the association with discrimination lawsuits if she had to. But for now she would watch cartoons with her son so he wouldn’t be alone.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

Yuna woke to the sound of her phone ringing on her bedside table. Nothing good ever happened once she fell asleep and her groggy panic made her answer the phone without checking who was calling.

“What happened?” She asked, hoping it wasn’t Shane on the other end. She tried to be quiet, David probably had just fallen asleep but panic was overtaking her. Some things never changed. Even though Shane was in his mid thirties, she still worried about him all the time.

“Mom, I know it’s late but can you come over? It’s nothing bad but I need you.” Ilya’s voice came through the speaker. His voice was thick like maybe he hadn’t been sleeping.

Yuna knew that the start of this hockey season had been hard on him. It was his second year of retirement. The first year had gone well- Shane and the Centaurs had included him in so many events and games that it barely felt like Ilya was no longer an active member of the team. This second year though, Ilya had tried to step farther away from the team, to allow Shane more space to lead the team without Ilya’s influence.

Since October, Yuna had been spending more time with Ilya. They went bird watching, attended painting classes together and they had started on Ilya’s biography. She felt like he was trying hard to find activities that didn’t involve hockey. In their time together, Ilya had discussed that during Shane’s road trips he had a hard time with being alone and Shane had left two days ago for a week long road trip.

Yuna sat up and turned on her lamp.

“Of course honey. I’ll be over in twenty minutes. Do you need me to stay on the phone with you?” She would if he needed her to- she would do anything for her second son.

“No, get here safe. I’ll see you soon. Thanks.” Ilya said before he hung up the phone.

Yuna didn't even check if David was awake. She left bed and pulled on whatever clothes were on top of the laundry hamper. It was as she was locking the front door that she remembered she should send a message to her husband to make sure he didn't panic if he noticed she was gone.

As she pulled into the driveway of Ilya and Shane's house, she noticed that it seemed like every light was on in the entire building. Every window was lit up and while it wasn't entirely odd it did seem like overkill for only a single person to be home.

As soon as she raised a hand to knock on the door, it swung open and immediately she was hit with what sounded like a baby wailing its heart out. No- there was no way that her children acquired a baby without telling her. It was probably Anya yowling in the living room.

Ilya pulled her inside and hugged her tightly. She took a second to respond but wrapped her arms around him tightly. Hugs may not be something they did often but she cherished every one.

"Sorry for the cloak and dagger routine. For the record I wanted to tell you earlier but Shane didn't want to jinx it." Ilya said as he pulled her further into the house. The wailing got louder and as they entered the living room she didn't even know what to think.

The living room was covered in pink baby items. Yuna's brain was full of static as she tried to process. Ilya and Shane had vaguely mentioned adopting at some point but considering it had been years since they had mentioned it to her she figured they were waiting for both of them to retire before starting the adoption process.

Ilya picked up the wailing baby that was laying in a playpen area and started whispering shushing baby noises as he cradled the baby in his arms. The wailing decreased slightly but this baby was determined to make it known that it was not happy.

Yuna tried to come up with logical explanations. Ilya was babysitting. Hayden Pike had an extra baby and needed Shane to take care of it. There is a random baby in her son's arms. There is no logical reason for this to be happening.

“Mom, I would like you to meet your granddaughter, Olivia.” He tipped his arms so she could see the scrunched face, bundled up in a pink blanket. As soon as Olivia opened her eyes to see Yuna, she stopped crying and let out little huffy breaths.

“What. When?” Yuna wasn’t even sure what questions to ask. There were too many to even voice.

Ilya rocked back and forth slightly as he tried to keep Olivia calm. It was a good look on him. Even with the chaos around him, he seemed so calm. A type of calm Yuna rarely saw on him unless Shane was around.

“We got the call a few days ago about someone wanting to pick us to be potential adopters. Shane wanted to keep it secret until we were sure that the biological mother wasn’t going to take her back.”

Yuna stepped closer to her- Grandbaby? She was a grandma now? She choked a bit on her next breath. It seemed like something that was too good to be true. She could feel her composure start to break.

She reached out a hand to stroke at Olivia’s cheek. Her gaze was locked on Yuna’s with that bland stare that all babies had. She was adorable, big blue eyes and chubby cheeks. For a newborn she was large.

“When does the mother have to make her decision?” Yuna asked. She wasn’t sure how her boys would survive if this baby was taken back. She wasn’t even sure how she would survive if the mother wanted her baby back.

“She has until midnight.” Ilya snorted. “Shane didn’t want to go on his road trip but we figured if he didn’t go the media would find out about Olivia faster than we wanted. I didn’t want to be alone if I do get that call. Only 20 minutes left and I’m freaking out. Shane said he would call once he got back to the hotel.”

Ilya sat down on the couch and Anya jumped up to curl up beside him. The picture the three of them made tugged at her heart strings. She would try and get them through the next 20 minutes. She busied herself in the kitchen. She made tea for both of them and started cutting up fruit. She wanted to ask so many questions- if Olivia had been good at sleeping, if she was colicky, how Anya was doing with the transition, if Shane was handling the change to routine. But those questions could wait until after midnight. No reason to ask unnecessary questions if it didn't go their way.

The living room was loud with rerun highlights of the night's hockey games. She placed Ilya's mug on the coffee table. She could feel her heart squeeze tight at the sight of him trying to slowly shift Olivia into one arm to freely pick up his mug without waking her up.

"Thank you for calling me. I wouldn't have wanted you to be alone either." Yuna said as they both continued watching the Centaurs game highlights. Shane on the TV was clearly playing distracted. Not enough for all the hockey analysts out there to comment on it but enough for his husband and mother to notice.

"I didn't know how full my heart could be. I thought after gaining Shane that my heart was full but it made space for her. Even in such a short period of time." Ilya said

It was Ilya's phone buzzing face down on the coffee table that got their hackles up. Only a few minutes left and it seemed like the start of a nightmare. Yuna could see the color drain from Ilya's face. She knew that she probably didn't look much better, she didn't know she could want something so desperately.

"I'll check it." Yuna said as she hauled herself from the armchair. Ilya gave one short nod as he wrapped both arms tight around Olivia. One deep breath and exhale and she forced herself to look at the screen.

She huffed out a little laugh and swiped to answer the facetime call from Shane. A fuzzy video of Shane's face as it tried to connect and load properly.

"Hi my baby. You and I will be having words about what is acceptable to keep secret or not in the future but right now I love you a lot. Here's Ilya." She said as she handed the phone to her second son.

She listened as Shane asked all the questions. How was Olivia sleeping? And pooping? How was Ilya? Had he eaten? Ilya answered everything quietly as he cuddled Olivia.

She heard Ilya say “it’s past midnight now. I think she’s ours now. Forever.” She could hear Shane’s sigh of relief. Ilya had the biggest grin on his face as he gazed down at his daughter.

“I’ll make myself scarce. Thank you for calling. Congratulations dads. I’m proud of you both.” Yuna said as she started to make her way out of the house. She would let her two boys process. Maybe she could come by later today with celebratory coffee and donuts. She would be able to hold her granddaughter. She would be able to fill David in. She would text Ilya later to let him know she was available if he needed any help, it wouldn’t be easy when Shane was away.

“Wait, don’t you want to hold your grandbaby?” Ilya asked. Oh, she wanted that so badly but she could wait until the new parents had processed their new life changes. “She’s been waiting for her grandma.”

Yuna could feel her face doing weird things as she tried to keep the tears at bay but that was all she wanted. She held out her arms and accepted the tiny bundle that Ilya passed to her. Her heart felt settled as she watched Olivia’s bottom lip tremble in her sleep. It was similar to how she felt when Shane had been put into her arms all those years ago, but different because now her baby had a baby.

“Hi baby. I’m your grandma. I love you so much.”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know if you catch any typos.

Probably will go back and rewrite the first few chapters at some point. Clearly it was my first time writing in a long time and they could use a rework.

Thanks for reading! <3

End Notes

First fic because these two boys will not leave my brain alone. And Yuna is iconic. I don't know how fic authors do this on the regular.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!