Yuna Hollander Figures It Out

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Yuna Hollander Figures It Out

by beautifulduckweed

Summary

Yuna is waiting for her son to finally come out and tell the truth: that he's in love with his teammate and best friend of the last eight years, Hayden Pike.

Notes

An extremely silly fic based on this Tumblr post. The spirit of shitposting overcame me and I knew no rest until I finished this.

See the end of the work for more notes

Lanaudière, June 2017

"Hey, is it okay if I have the cottage for the next couple of weeks? Like, completely to myself."

Shane tries to say this like it's no big deal. He's planned this entire conversation out: ideal timing (breakfast), ideal location (dining nook in the kitchen), ideal tone (casual).

He's pretty sure he's nailed it. Ninety percent certain. Bare minimum eighty percent.

Probably he nailed it.

"Of course," his dad says from the waffle iron he's watching like a hawk. "All right, this one's ready! Shane, come get it while it's hot."

Mom, on the other hand, doesn't say anything; she just looks up from her iPad, cup of coffee held halfway to her lips, and gives Shane a weirdly piercing look.

Shane suppresses a squirm and gets up from the table with his plate. His mom watches him while Dad pops a whole wheat waffle onto his plate and then loads it up with the strawberries from the farmstand down the road.

"Uh, mom, that cool with you?" Shane asks as he sits back down at the table. He hopes he's not sweating visibly. He picks up a fork and tries to remember how to eat a waffle in a totally normal way. He can't. Waffles are too complicated right now. He stabs a strawberry instead.

"Of course," Mom says. "It's your cottage, too. You know you can always use it whenever you need to, no need to check in with us."

"Oh yeah, of course," Shane says. "I just…you know, need the privacy. The doctors said something about, um. Total quiet and isolation to complete my recovery. Exercises, brain rest, stuff like that."

He's so bad at this. He's going to die. He imagines Ilya standing beside him, that enraging smirk on his face as he mocks him. *Hollander, you cannot even tell boring lie to boring parents? What is wrong with you?*

The thought is weirdly steadying. He takes a breath and pops the strawberry in his mouth, then cuts out a tidy little bite of waffle.

"Whatever you need, Shane," Dad calls out from the waffle iron, which is emitting a small plume of steam. Shane is lowkey shocked that his ears aren't doing the same.

"Yes, absolutely, honey," says Mom. She's still looking at him. "So…nobody for two weeks? Not even Hayden?"

Shane is so startled he says "What?" mid-chew before he remembers his manners and swallows. "Hayden? Why would Hayden come over?"

“Oh, I don’t know. You’re best friends, and you’ve been texting a bunch. Two weeks without seeing anyone…”

“Mom, I’m surrounded by people all the time,” says Shane. “I feel really good about this. And besides, Hayden has the new baby, remember? I think Jacki would kill him if he ditches her with the kids.”

“That’s a good point.” Mom’s eyes narrow even further. Shane is pretty sure sweat is pouring off his brow, but he refuses to crack, and takes a bite of waffle. Yuna Hollander should’ve been recruited by the FBI. They recruit Canadians, right?

“So, it’s cool, yeah?” he asks. “Starting Thursday.”

“Any time, Shane. Just tell us when you’re done,” says Dad. “Yuna, come get your waffle! This one’s extra crispy, just the way you like it.”

Mom gets up with one last unnerving look at Shane. Shane eats his waffle, trying to remember how to chew and swallow the entire time.

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The cottage, ten days later…

It’s amazing how the best moment of your life can turn into the worst in the span of two seconds.

It started innocuously enough. Pretty sexily, actually. Ilya has Shane pinned on the couch in the living room, hand down Shane’s swim shorts, huge hand lightly wrapped around his dick, when Shane’s phone buzzes on the coffee table.

Shane looks over, sees “Mom” on the caller ID, and groans.

“You want to take this?” Ilya asks, and tightens his grip, an evil smile on his face.

“*No*.” Shane leans over and hits the Decline button, and then sets the phone to Silent and puts it face-down. Ilya has bent down and is kissing his neck, hard, aggressive, biting kisses on the blissful side of pain, but he’s lightened his hold on Shane’s dick again, barely any pressure there to speak of.

The combination is driving Shane insane. All thoughts of phone calls and moms fall out of his head. He grabs hold of Ilya’s ass with both hands and thrusts upwards, greedy for more sensation.

Ilya shifts out of the way, denying Shane the satisfaction; he can feel the breath of Ilya’s laughter against his neck, and the vibrations against his naked chest.

“Do you want something?” Ilya says against Shane’s ear, flicking the tip of his tongue along the rim.

“You asshole,” Shane grits out. “Come *on*.”

“I’ll come,” says Ilya. “Maybe inside you. Again. But you…I don’t know. Maybe I’ll let you come. If you are nice to me.”

“Fuck off, I’m plenty nice to you.”

Ilya pulls away and tuts. Shane barely stops himself from whimpering at the loss of the weight and warmth. “That doesn’t sound very nice, Hollander.”

“I’m exactly as nice as you deserve, you asshole.” Shane squirms, and Ilya bears down in response, pinning Shane in place, his hand tightening on Shane’s dick. Shane *does* whimper then, an embarrassing high-pitched sound, needy and raw. Ilya’s eyes shine with an unholy glee, but there’s something new there, too—a softness, a tenderness, and it fills Shane with an unbearable ache that blooms from his chest.

“You’re so pretty when you want my dick,” Ilya says.

“Fuck you.” Shane huffs and pushes at Ilya. It’s about as effective as trying to shove a buffalo.

“If you want to,” Ilya says thoughtfully. “I enjoy it sometimes, but you like being hole. You said so.”

Shane starts laughing. “Fucking unbelievable. I tell you this—this *private* thing—”

“—that you say to fancy bigshot actress, in fancy bigshot restaurant, yes, yes, so private—”

“Rose was my *girlfriend*—I mean, kind of, I guess she’d technically broken up with me by then—but I still can’t believe you’re using this against me, you *dick*—”

Shane finally bucks up hard enough that he overturns Ilya, and the look of comical surprise on his face as he slides off the couch and onto his ass is almost worth losing the skin-to-skin contact.

“Oh.” Ilya gets on his knees and puts a forearm on the couch cushion. The look on his face is murderous. It makes Shane giggle. “Hollander. You are going to pay.”

Shane is laughing. He tries to make some kind of comeback but finds that he can’t; he’s laughing too much.

“Am I joke to you, Hollander?” Ilya asks, his voice menacing. Shane only laughs harder. He can’t stop laughing. Has he laughed this much, over anything? Or ever?

“You want to laugh? I give you something to laugh about!”

And with that, Ilya launches himself at Shane and begins tickling him.

It turns out, though, that Ilya is even more ticklish than Shane, especially right around his waist. They curse and shriek like little kids, kicking and wrestling and tickling each other, one of them occasionally gaining the upper hand but not for long.

Ilya finally resorts to the underhanded tactic of kissing Shane, which stops the battle cold. Winning is nice, but having Ilya Rozanov's tongue in his mouth is somehow, impossibly, better.

It's this sudden silence that allows Shane to hear, horrifyingly, the sound of his mother's voice going "*Shane?*"

They pop upright with the speed and suddenness of startled prairie dogs. Shane barely registers that he came within a hairsbreadth of smacking Ilya on the nose, who pulls his head back just in the nick of time.

"Blyat," Ilya breathes out. Shane knows what that means now. Ilya's been teaching him Russian curse words.

"Mom." Shane's entire body is going cold. For one moment, he thinks he might throw up.

"Shane?" mom says again. The bewilderment on her face is slowly turning into something else—disappointment? Anger? Ilya has gotten on his feet, and Shane belatedly scrambles to his, pulling his shorts up to make sure they're securely on his hips.

"We ran out of—" mom begins to say. "I mean, I called, and you didn't answer, so I thought you were out and I could just pop over, but now I see why you didn't—it's okay, it's okay, I'm clearly interrupting. I'm going to go now, I'm just going to—"

She turns on her heels and strides away.

"Wait," says Shane. "*Wait*. Mom!"

She doesn't stop; if anything, she speeds up. He scrambles after her and catches up just as she gets to the front door. He grabs her upper arm to stop her; she swings around, and there are tears in her eyes. Shane's heart drops.

"Mom," he says again. He's not going to throw up, he's not. "Mom, I'm sorry. God, I'm so so sorry. I was going to tell you and dad soon. I never wanted you to find out this way."

"Oh, you don't need to apologize to me." The look on her face isn't anger, or not just anger, it's way, way worse. Sadness and disappointment. "Hayden, on the other hand—and Jacki, too—"

"I'm sorry, *what*?" Shane says at the same time Ilya says, directly behind Shane, "What you mean, Hayden?"

Mom visibly steels herself and blinks back her tears. "Oh please, Shane," she says. "I've known for a while now that you're gay and sleeping with Hayden."

Shane stares at his mother, his mouth all the way open. Behind him, Ilya makes a strangled sound that he promptly chokes off.

"I'm not—"

“Stop lying, Shane,” says his mom. “Please. Stop. Do you think your father and I are stupid? I’ve been telling your father for years that you’re probably gay, that he shouldn’t be surprised if you bring some nice boy home to meet us instead of a girl, but then you started dating Rose, and I thought well, maybe I was wrong, but then *that* ended, and then you’ve been texting Hayden non-stop since the breakup, and he’s the only friend of yours you ever talk about, and I. I just.”

She lets out a sharp breath, and dashes a hand under her eyes. “I just thought I’d raised you better than that. I know how hockey players can be. I know a lot of them are, are promiscuous, but I really thought you’d be better than that—”

Shane darts a panicked look at Ilya, but he’s no help—he’s covered the bottom of his face with his hand and is staring at the doorhinge with so much ferocity Shane is surprised it hasn’t melted.

“Hayden, mom? Really?” Shane couldn't believe it. His parents knew—suspected—that he was gay, but with Hayden? *Hayden*? He can feel his braincells dying as he tries to contemplate—but no. He can’t. It’s too horrible. “Mom, he’s *married*, he has four kids…”

“Oh, please, when has that stopped anyone? Children never think their parents know anything. Just the other day I was listening to *All Things Considered* and they were talking about ethical, ethical something, ethical monogamy—and I told myself, that’s what Shane and Hayden are doing, that has to be it, because I can’t imagine Hayden cheating on Jacki, and I can’t imagine you being a homewrecker, but now—”

She glares at Ilya then with so much fury that Shane half-expects him to fall over dead. Ilya doesn’t look back; he’s still locked in on that fucking doorhinge, just the slightest tremor rocking his shoulders.

“Mom,” Shane says, clinging onto his sanity by his fingernails, “Hayden and I aren’t fucking. Hayden and I have never fucked. Hayden and I will never—okay, I can’t keep saying “fuck” and “Hayden” in the same sentence. But we’ve never. I swear. I don’t know where you got this idea from.”

“So why did he call you right after Scott Hunter kissed his boyfriend?” His mother whips this out like someone calling checkmate.

Ilya clears his throat. “It was me.”

Mom swings to Ilya and opens her mouth, ready to unleash some patented killing-cold Yuna Hollander fury on him, but then pauses. “I'm sorry, what?”

“It was me. I called Shane. After that kiss.”

“Also,” Shane adds, “all the times I said I was texting Hayden? I was, uh. Texting Ilya.”

Mom’s look of confusion is heartbreaking. “But—you’re always talking about Hayden—”

“Because he’s my best friend! Nothing more. I haven’t told anyone about Ilya. What can I say? ‘Hi everyone, I’m sleeping with my worst rival, and by the way we’ve kind of fallen in love’?”

Now his mom is the one who looks like she might throw up. “Oh no. Oh my god.”

“I know, Mrs. Hollander,” says Ilya. He steps over and grabs Shane's hand. The touch helps anchor Shane. Even if he loses everything, he has this. He has Ilya. “You have different problem now. Probably worse one, sorry. But also much more handsome.”

End Notes

A few weeks later, Yuna Hollander will pop up in bed and whisper "son of a *bitch*" when she remembers running into Ilya in the elevator at ad shoot.

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Late Signaling by daisydiversions

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