

Yuna Finds Out

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Yuna Finds Out

by [AurorMist](#)

Summary

Yuna thought nothing would beat Shane's love of hockey. Come to find out, she couldn't have been more wrong.

A 5+1 where Yuna thinks that Hockey will always be Shane's number one love. And the 1 time she figured out she was wrong

Notes

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

Yuna thought nothing would beat Shane's love of hockey. Come to find out, she couldn't have been more wrong.

When Shane was a little 'Mini Mite' on the rink at 5 years old, he was skating with the best of them. When other kids would stop to pick their nose, or wobble on their skates, Shane was scoring real goals.

This might have had something to do with Yuna's and David's love of hockey that Shane had grown up surrounded by. The games were always on tv and Yuna had Shane in skates since he could toddle. This passion stayed with Shane through the Squirt and PeeWee teams, all the way to his time at Juniors and his Prospect Cups.

Of course, Shane wasn't just focused on hockey completely. He did have a girlfriend in high school. But it never felt like anything serious. His free time was spent at the rink, or reading books about hockey, watching the pros like Scott Hunter cruise around rinks at their games, and doing homework reluctantly.

And Shane loved it.

Yuna recalled his focus on continuous improvement, he always took on the Captain role in any and all of his teams. Nothing came close to his love and dedication that he showed the sport.

And Yuna loved it.

She got to watch her son live out his dreams, and nothing fueled her and her husband more than going to all of his games, shouting "You can do it, honey," and watching him *win*.

And she thought nothing else would come close to Shane's love for hockey.

After Shane's first Prospect Cup, when Canada lost to Russia and *that Rozanov boy*, he had come back with a single minded focus to improve. He broke up with his girlfriend, and trained for hours on the ice. He did as much as he felt like he could get away with and by the next Cup, he was faster and smarter on the ice.

And he *won*.

*****1*****

Yuna thought nothing would beat Shane's love of hockey. Shane got drafted second, to *that Rozanov boy*, by her favorite team, the Montreal Metros.

"We couldn't be more thrilled about Shane going to the Metros," Yuna said to the Metros staff. "I don't know if he said that, but it's actually my favorite team."

Shane gave a little snort, but seemed lost in thought or perhaps even overwhelmed with the evening. She knew events like this could quickly become overstimulating to him. She put her hand on his shoulder, and it seemed to jolt him out of his stupor.

“Yeah.” Shane said. “She’ll be reppin’ our jersey and being the loudest in the stadium for sure.”

“We’re excited to see where you go, kid. And Mrs. Hollander, we’ll be sure to send you a full get up so you can support our new star center.”

Yuna and David smiled wide at the man, “and my husband too, right?”

“Yes, of course. We can’t be leaving one half of his support system out of the fun.” He reached out to give everyone a handshake before walking off to go socialize with the rest of the party.

“This is so exciting, Shane!” Yuna turned to Shane who again seemed to be lost in thought and staring at the Rosanov boy. “Shane? Shane, are you excited?”

“Hmm? Oh... yes. Of course I am. This is going to be great. Everything we’ve ever dreamed of. Right mom?”

“Right! Your dad and I are so proud of you.” She turned to David only to find him, no longer at her side but at the bar getting another drink and talking to some of the other patrons. “I’m so proud of you,” she amended.

*****2*****

Yuna would have thought nothing could beat Shane’s love of Hockey. As a young professional he was focused and driven. It made managing him such a dream job. Brands loved to work with Shane and as his rookie years came to a close, he had a reputation of being an easy guy to work with and he never had any scandals.

This is something that Yuna couldn’t say about *all* of the young hockey players.

“Rolex signed the deal Shane!” Yuna exclaimed. She was sitting with Shane at a small cafe for lunch after one of his morning practices. “They said ‘Shane is exactly the kind of guy we want representing our brand, and we can’t wait to work with him. We think he might be our most promising brand ambassador in the hockey arena.’ And I certainly think the same. Some of these other players just can’t seem to stop partying. Like Rozanov. He’s always getting into some sort of scandal. It’s surprising Boston keeps putting up with him.”

“Hmm?” Shane put down his phone and seemed to perk up at the news. “Rolex, that’s... that’s great mom.”

“Yes. So great. I’ll be sending you the details later so we can all get on the same page. I know they’re itching to get some photos of you for Social Media and maybe a billboard or two to start. This could be so great, even better than your Reebok deal. If you keep playing like you have been and continue to be such a great role model I think we won’t have any issues getting other brands to jump at the chance to partner with us.”

Shane’s phone buzzed and he glanced at the message becoming distracted once again.

“Who’s texting?”

“Uh, Hayden. Yeah Hayden.”

Yuna loved Hayden. Him and his wife, Jackie, had worked hard to get Shane to come over for dinner and to hang out beyond team mandated events. She was so happy that he finally had some friends on his team. When you love hockey as much as Shane does, making friends can be hard.

“Great! Tell him hello.” Shane nodded and grabbed his phone to text Hayden back. And at that moment Yuna’s phone went off. “Excuse me Shane, I got to take this. Hello, you’ve reached Yuna Hollander. Uh hu, yeah. Hold on.” ‘It’s Rolex,’ she mouthed at Shane.

As Yuna was talking on the phone she thought she saw another text come in on Shane's phone but not from Hayden but *Lily*. Maybe a friend of Jackie’s? Putting it out of her mind she continued to get some potential dates on the calendar between Shane and Rolex for their first, of many, photo shoot.

*****3*****

Yuna would have thought nothing could beat Shane’s love of Hockey. So when she found out he was dating again, she was shocked. To her knowledge Shane hadn’t dated anyone since his girlfriend in high school.

“David, Shane is dating Rose Landry.”

“Is he now? That’s new. Where have I heard that name before, has Shane ever mentioned her before? Maybe she was one of Hayden’s wife's friends.” David said.

Yuna sighed. “No, honey. She’s an actress. She’s been in movies. We literally just saw one of her movies the other month, remember?” David shook his head. “She was the one who got kidnapped? In the back of that black car in that weird action movie.”

“Ohhhhhh... Nope doesn't ring a bell but I believe you.”

Yuna sighed. “You’re impossible. We’ll have to watch it again, and her other movies. Especially if Shane is going to be bringing her over at any point.” She sighed again. “I just can’t believe he didn’t tell us himself though. I had to find out on Instagram. Of course, I called Shane to confirm it. I don’t need to be believing any fake rumors.”

“Of course not.” David agreed.

“I’m just so excited that Shane has a girlfriend. And she’s upstanding and very unproblematic. This could lead to some great brand deals or collaboration pieces between the two of them. And we have to meet her soon. We should set up a diner in Montreal and visit him. Shane said she’ll be shooting her new X Squad movie for at least another month.”

“Yuna. Breath.” David said, stopping her mid-rant. “Let’s focus on one thing at a time. Shane has his first relationship since starting hockey, let’s just set up a time to meet for dinner

before jumping into brand deals.”

“You’re right David. I’m just so excited. Let me call Shane and get this dinner on the calendar.” As she pulled up her phone to call Shane it opened to Twitter, and of course her feed was filled with the 3 clips of a fight that *that boy Rozanov* had seemed to have gotten into during his last game. Taking a breath, she navigated to her contacts and called Shane.

*****4*****

Yuna would have thought nothing could beat Shane’s love of Hockey. Which is why when he confirmed that Rose and him had broken up, she wasn’t surprised. “Ah honey, I’m sorry,” she said on the phone. She had just put down a bag of groceries and went into the living room to take the call. It was the week before his All-Star game in Florida.

“Don’t be. It was mutual.” Shane said.

“Are you okay? Rose seemed great. We loved getting to meet her. She was great with you, you guys really seemed to have connected.” Yuna said.

She heard Shane take a deep breath before he responded. “I’m fine. Really. We’re still friends. You can’t get rid of her that easily. Just. We’re not. Not. Not dating.” Shane took another breath. “Anymore.”

“Is there anyone else you have your eye on then?” She vaguely remembers the times when Shane’s phone would light up with texts from another flower, *from a Lily*, but Shane has never even said her name to Yuna.

“What? No, mom. We’re just friends. There’s no one else. It was just hard to make our schedules work for anything long term. That’s all.”

“Okay. But you’ll let me know if you need anything right?”

“Of course, I will.” Shane said. “Are you excited to go on your trip soon?”

Yuna hid a small laugh behind a cough at Shane’s attempt to smoothly change the subject. “Yes. We’re excited. But first we have to watch you win your All-Stars game. It should be exciting. You’ll have *that Rozanov boy* on your team this year. That should be interesting, as much as I don’t like the guy, you can’t admit he’s a bad hockey player. He’ll be playing as your right winger, right? I can’t imagine you giving up the center position. Will you be okay? I know he’s been picked as your Assistant Captain.”

“Yes mom. He’ll be playing on my line. We’ll be fine. I think we can work together for one game.” Shane gave a little laugh, making Yuna smile. “We’re both professionals, we can figure out how to play nice for one week.”

“Yuna! Do we have any extra dishwasher pods anywhere? I can’t find them under the sink!” David called from the kitchen.

“Shane honey, I have to go. Your father needs help finding things that are right in front of his

face.” Pulling away from the phone she yelled back into the direction of the kitchen, “They’re in the grocery bag on the counter. We didn’t put them away yet!” Turning her attention back to her phone she hung up with a quick ‘I love you’ on both ends of the call.

“Found them!”

Rolling her eyes Yuna went to help David unpack the rest of their groceries.

*****5*****

Yuna would have thought nothing could beat Shane’s love of Hockey. Which is why in the Boston v. Montreal game when she saw Cliff Marlow knock Shane onto the ice, her heart stopped.

Shane had taken hard hits before. Plenty of them. A broken arm in Juniors, and the odd strain or bruised rib since becoming a pro, but he had always gotten back up. This time he wasn’t getting back up.

“David, we need to go. David, we need to go to Shane. We need to make sure he’s okay.” Her eyes were still glued to the screen and through her panic she could vaguely hear David answering a phone call from Shane’s coach, or team, or someone from the Metros.

“What are they saying David, how is he?”

On the screen, medical professionals have swarmed Shane. They were placing a neck brace on him but his eyes seemed to be fluttering. She vaguely noticed the fact Hayden had duked it out with Marlow in Shane’s honor, and even made note of how *that Rozanov boy* seemed to be as close to Shane as he was physically able. But none of that mattered, her baby was hurt.

“They’re going to take him to the Montreal General Hospital. He’s alert but they’re worried about a concussion and want to make sure he didn’t damage his spine or his neck in the hit.” Yuna nodded and stood to grab her shoes once Shane was fully wheeled off of the ice.

“Let’s go,” she said. She took a deep breath, found David’s keys and prayed for all that she was worth.

At the hospital Yuna rushed up to the front desk, “We’re here to see Shane Hollander. We’re his parents, David and Yuna.” She fumbled through her purse pulling out her ID card.

“He’s in room c157. We have him in a private room, but you can go up and visit.” The reception lady directed them to the elevator and floor needed.

In the room, they could make out Hayden Pike standing by his bed. Shane was asleep, and hopefully on some good pain meds.

“Hayden,” Yuna started. “How is he?”

“Conussion. And a fractured collarbone. He’s gonna be off the ice for the rest of the season, but he should be able to fully recover.”

The news was amazing. Yuna sagged into David who was ready to catch her with his own sigh of relief. “Oh thank God.”

The next morning, Shane woke up a little loopy, but mostly in good spirits. Hayden had gone home once visiting hours were over and Shane’s emergency contacts, i.e. his parents had arrived.

“You should go get something to eat, Yuna.” David said. “Coffee at least.”

Yuna wanted to argue but they hadn’t had anything to eat since dinner the night before. She nodded and stood up. “Shane, do you need anything before *we*,” she emphasised, not willing to go to the hospital food court alone, “go to get some breakfast? If you need anything you can press your call button and a nurse will be with you.” She couldn’t help her hands from fluffing his pillows and lightly petting his hair.

Shane giggled. “I’ll be fineee. I’ll be fine.”

“Okay.” Taking a deep breath she gathered her stuff and joined David at the door.

When they returned from eating the mediocre hospital food, she saw something that she never thought she’d see. *That Rozanov boy* leaving Shane’s room. He jumped a little when he spotted them after softly closing Shane’s door.

“Ah. Hello.” He offered straightening his spine up. Yuna noticed that his accent had gotten less harsh since his prospect and rookie years but what really took her by surprise was how ill he looked. His eyes were rimmed red and he looked like he hadn’t gotten any sleep between the game and now. Considering visiting hours opened at 8 and it was 8:20 she thought this could have been a real possibility.

“Hi.” Yuna was short. David offered a nod, his hand tightening slightly on her shoulder as they stood to the side to let Rozanov pass.

“I was here as Captain. Marlow feels bad. He did not intend to hurt Hollandar.” Rozanov offered in way of an explanation as he edged past Yuna and David. “Am glad he is okay.”

“Thank you,” David said. He started to lead Yuna into the room. Yuna turned to offer one last nod, but Rozanov was booking it down the hallway and back to the elevator.

Sighing, she entered her baby’s room. “Are you okay, honey?”

Shane looked better than he had all morning long. There was a small smile on his face and it seemed like 100 pounds had been lifted off of his chest. “Yeah Lily-” he cleared his throat, “I

mean Ilya-” another cough, “Rozanov. Yes, Rozanov came to visit. He wanted to make sure I was okay. Which I am! So...” Shane trailed off looking a little longly at the door.

“That was... *nice*... of him.” Yuna offered. Tucking away the slip in her brain, but attributing it to his meds, and maybe the game in Florida.

“Yes. Nice. That. He’s a fellow captain. So. Marlow feels bad. But it was a clean hit and everyone’s bell gets rung eventually, I guess it was my turn.Haha. What did you eat? How was the hospital food? I don’t suppose they have much for my macrobiotic diet?”

***** +1*****

Yuna would have thought nothing could beat Shane’s love of Hockey. Well she *did*. But then David came back from Shane’s cottage looking lost, and empty handed.

“Did you get your charger?” She asked.

“I saw. I saw Shane with someone?”

Yuna was confused. “With someone I thought he was on a silent retreat. No distractions.”

“He was kissing someone, Yuna. He was kissing a boy.”

“A boy?” This stopped Yuna short. There had been his high school girlfriend, and Rose, and maybe even Lily.

Lily.

Ilya.

Oh.

Oh.

“*Oh.*”

“Oh? What do you mean oh? Yuna, he was shocked, I was shocked, I ran out of there before I could see too much. I think I saw... well I don’t think you’ll believe me on who I think I saw, and honestly I don’t think I believe it myself.” David flopped to the sofa, putting his face in his hands.

Yuna heard a car pull up to their cottage. “Mom, it’s me Shane.” Standing and turning from the sofa she saw Shane, and *that Rozanov boy*. No. She saw Shane, and *Ilya*. In her living room.

“I didn’t want you guys to find out this way, I was going to tell you soon. I promise that I was.” Shane took a big breath before he said, “I’m gay. And this is Ilya. He’s my... he’s my...” Shane trailed off.

“His lover,” Ilya finished.

So no, Yuna would have thought nothing could beat Shane's love of Hockey, but Shane falling in love with Ilya was never in her copy of the playbook. But she's so happy Shane found his own rules.

End Notes

I have never written a fanfic before. Unless we count some old old shit on Wattpad years and years ago. But this series is made of drugs and I did this instead of sleeping after the cottage came out. Thanks for reading!

Edited 1-3-25 for formatting

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