

Keep Pace

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Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	David Hollander , Yuna Hollander , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	episode 6 missing scene , POV David Hollander , Justice for boring dads everywhere , Justice for moms who need a private weep , I need one million fics of Ilya being parented by David and Yuna with varying degrees of success , the T rating is purely because David saw Ilya Rozanov grabbing his son's ass , Oblique mention of raising an autistic kid , Good Parent David Hollander , mention of asexuality , Mention of coming out to parents
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Keep Pace

by [toomuchplor](#)

Summary

If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. ~

Thoreau

Or;

What happened when Yuna and Shane were talking.

Notes

Thanks to Citrusses for light beta duties, and lately and phoenix for alpha reading; all remaining mistakes are mine.

Yuna had gone outside to cry.

Not that she'd said as much, of course; she'd said something about wanting to water the planters before she completely forgot in all the excitement. She said the word *excitement* with a particular vigour, an intensity, that let David know that she was actually going outside to cry. It was there in the corners of her mouth as she rose, collecting cooling full mugs of tea.

David knew she wanted to be alone, and also knew his job was to distract Shane long enough to give her that moment of solitude.

Usually, this was easy: Shane would always respond at length if you prompted him to talk about a specific game, or player, or even how he liked to lace his skates.

"You still doing that yoga thing?" David asked, reaching across the table to refill Rozanov's vodka. "It's making a difference? Keeping you limber?"

Rozanov's — Ilya's — eyes went round, his lips curling in, working against a smile, and David was hit with another wave of *oh good god, he's having sex with my son. He's bending my son in half.*

It wasn't quite as overwhelming as the last few waves had been, and nowhere near as devastating as the first one (through the window at Shane's cottage, Ilya Rozanov squeezing Shane's butt — David's *son's butt* — like he *owned* it) but it still took David a few blinks to force the mental images from his horrified brain.

"Uh, yeah," said Shane, oblivious. He cleared his throat and redirected his attention from the sound of the back door closing behind Yuna. "Yeah, I've been, uh. It's helping, I think. Coach thinks it's helping."

"Hayden still giving you a hard time about it?" David asked, because Shane had mentioned that once, in the same tight quiet tone he used to relate stories of school bullies. When he was little, he used to need David or Yuna to confirm his instinct that someone was being mean to him. He didn't do it very often anymore, and mostly seemed to trust that Hayden Pike was a real friend, but once in a while —

"No, no," said Shane, glancing at the back door again, a line appearing between his brows. "He actually asked me to show him some of the poses." He looked at Rozanov — Ilya — with a little frown still on his face, not distracted away from Yuna's departure.

"Will not help him," said Ilya coolly. "Pike is mediocre player, and no fancy stretching will change this."

David didn't have time to get his dander up — Hayden had been so good for Shane, he was such a solid guy, where did Rozanov get off chirping him — before he saw Shane's face cracking open in a huge grin. "I'd like to see you try, smart ass, Hayden's actually really good at handstands now."

"I can do handstand," said Ilya, affronted. "You have seen this."

"Yeah, in the lake," said Shane, scoffing, delighted. "It doesn't count if it's not on dry land."

David sat back and took a sip of his vodka. Something was slowly unclenching in his stomach as he watched Ilya and Shane continue to argue good-naturedly. Lovingly.

God. *In love*. Shane.

David only realized they'd stopped talking when he looked up and saw Ilya ticking his chin to the back door, saw Shane's eyebrows furrow in answer, Ilya's little nod and blink.

Seven years. Okay. Okay.

"I'm just gonna," said Shane, standing up. "Mom forgot her sweater, she gets cold."

"Good idea," said Ilya, playing along like he hadn't just silently told Shane to go.

"You're good here?" Shane asked.

"We have good vodka," said Ilya solemnly.

"Yeah, okay," said Shane, and went, but not before squeezing Ilya's shoulder.

David and Ilya watched him leave, and then sat in a moment's silence after the door closed behind him.

Rozanov didn't seem like one to let a pause in the conversation last long, so David hastened to speak first.

"He didn't talk until he was nearly three," he said.

"Sorry?" said Ilya, all polite confusion.

"Shane," said David. "We were — at first, it was just, oh, he's going at his own pace, all kids are different. Then we thought — maybe we're confusing him. Yuna wanted him to know Japanese, I wanted him to have French, and so we were just speaking all these languages at him. Maybe it was overwhelming for him."

"Ah," said Ilya, then frowned. "Shane speaks Japanese?"

"Badly, according to Yuna, but yes," said David. "Anyway, he had a few words in each language, and the doctor said it was fine so long as he was using some of them, the rest would come."

Ilya nodded slowly.

"There was no question he was bright," David said. "We tried not to worry. But the other kids his age were talking circles around him, you know?"

"Hm," said Ilya, sipping at his drink.

"Then, one day, I was putting him to bed. Just finished reading a story to him. Tucked him in. And he looked up at me and said *Daddy, can we read that one again tomorrow?*"

Ilya's eyebrows went up.

"I think he just didn't want to say anything until he knew he could say it exactly how he wanted to say it," David said. "He was always like that. Full of surprises. By his third birthday, he was talking in full paragraphs, English and French both. Before he was four, he could read chapter books. He just — did it on his own time."

Ilya nodded again, seemingly unaware of the little smile that was curving over his mouth. "Yes," he said. "This is like him. Exactly like him."

"Yeah," said David. "Yeah."

The back door opened. Shane and Yuna came in with red noses and eyes, but they were smiling.

Shane squeezed Ilya's shoulder again as he sat back down. David saw Ilya scanning Shane's face assiduously, his hand covering Shane's, squeezing back.

David and Yuna watched the Range Rover until it was nearly out of sight: two heads in silhouette, sunset limning them through the windshield.

"Well," said Yuna. "I have some books to donate."

"New books to get," David agreed, thinking of the stack on Yuna's bedside table in Ottawa: *The Invisible Orientation*, and *Radio Silence* and *Understanding Asexuality*. She'd been ready to bring it up this summer. She'd been so eager to let Shane know that it was okay, how he was.

They need to hear you say it, Yuna had told David. *It's not enough to just tell them you love them no matter what, you have to acknowledge this part of them out loud.*

David hadn't been sure about that; he felt that Shane knew they loved him just as he was, and all they really needed to do was stop bringing up Swedish princesses and A-list movie stars and who was he going to bring to the cottage this summer.

Shane was himself, exactly himself, and always had been. David didn't feel the need that Yuna seemed to feel, the compulsion to worry at every little edge of Shane, every corner. If Shane was happy with his life, with hockey and friendship and routine, that was good enough for David.

"We should have tried to find more gay friends," said Yuna, still looking down the road, hugging her cardigan tighter around herself. "God, I was so worried about him having racial mirrors. We had to find a Japanese doctor, a piano teacher, someone mixed race to give him skating lessons. I forgot all about — he should have felt like he could *tell us*."

"He did tell us," David reminded her. "Today."

"Since rookie season," said Yuna, and sniffed hard, fighting it for a second before turning in to rest her head on his shoulder. "Over seven *years*, David."

There was plenty to worry about; Yuna would never stop worrying.

But there was also this: Shane could read Ilya's facial expressions seemingly effortlessly; he took Ilya's teasing not just calmly, but with overt delight; he paused to check in on Ilya before leaving him alone with David; and Ilya talked Shane out of his dinnertime panic in under half a minute.

David put his palm on Yuna's back, slid it up to cup the nape of her neck. "Isn't it good," he said. "Isn't it so good to know he's got someone."

She exhaled, slow and warm against his chest. "Yeah," she said, then, "I can't believe Rozanov is going to join the *Centaurs*."

David laughed in spite of himself. "He must kinda like our kid, huh?"

Yuna straightened up and swiped at her eyes. "God, he must really."

They went inside.

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