Everyone Needs Ilya

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Everyone Needs Ilya

by frizzyanya

Summary

In the Cottage (episode 6), after David sees Shane and Ilya, Ilya offers to accompany Shane to talk to his parents. We know that having him there helps Shane through it. But it also probably helped Yuna.

If Shane showed up alone to have that conversation, it might have been a little bit harder for Yuna to believe it was all real. This is that AU.

Notes

I dunno, this started as a joke but then I took it seriously. I looooooove outsider POV. Previously I've posted Hayden, Svetlana (x2), and Scott. Today I'm posting David, Yuna, Cliff, and Jackie. It's an addiction. I can't be stopped. Anyway fanfiction is FUN when you don't take it overly seriously. I love these characters and this world and this fandom.

The world isn't mine, but the mistakes are.

See the end of the work for more notes

Yuna was just stirring the sauce for the spaghetti when David came back from Shane's. He'd popped over just for a minute to grab his phone charger. It was an old apple lighting cable. Yuna had tried to convince him to upgrade to a newer phone, but he liked his old phone and didn't want to trade it in.

Unfortunately he had two chargers back in Ottawa, but only one at the cottage, and he'd left it at Shane's when they'd visited a couple of days ago. They'd called him a few times throughout the morning to try to ask if David could stop in to pick it up, but Shane hadn't picked up. It was probably on do not disturb for his "silent retreat."

Yuna hadn't thought much about it when David had left, she'd just worked on timing the food so that it would all be ready except for the pasta when he got back, but the expression on his face when he was walking from the car back to the house made her turn the heat on the sauce all the way off and go find him in the living room. He walked at a snail's pace, as though the movement took a lot of effort, though he didn't appear to be in pain.

"What happened, honey?" she asked, looking at how pale he was, "Did you hit a deer? Are you okay?"

He shook his head and sat down on the couch.

"I- He- Well-" He started and stopped a few times.

Yuna was just getting ready to prompt him again when he heard a car pull up the driveway.

She looked from Shane, as he stepped out of the car, to David, as he watched silently from the couch, and back again.

"What happened?" she asked quietly, "Are you okay? Is he?"

"Everything's okay," he told her, making an effort to sound more like himself. "He's okay. We're all okay."

Yuna didn't have time to reply before Shane walked into the house alone.

"Hey, it's me…Shane," Shane called from the doorway. "Hi."

He was standing awkwardly, looking decidedly uncomfortable. This was supposed to be one of the places he felt the most comfortable in the world, but he looked like he'd rather be anywhere else. Still, whatever had happened had to be big enough that he'd come over.

"I left my charger at your place and it's the only one that fits into my phone and all the other charges we have are newer, so-" David said, without really ending his sentence. He sounded shell shocked.

"It's okay, dad," Shane said, "I'm sorry, you shouldn't have found out that way."

Yuna looked between them, still with absolutely no context to go on.

“Found out what, exactly?” she asked. She tried to sound pleasant, but she was unsettled by their demeanors.

“I’m gay,” Shane said firmly, like he’d been steeling himself for this moment the entire drive over, which he probably had. “Which I was going to tell you soon. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner.”

Was that all this was? Yuna and David had thought that might be true for a long time, she couldn’t imagine why David would seem so upset about that. He’d never seemed that way in the past when they’d discussed it. He’d always been such a supportive father.

“And I was at my cottage with-“ he released a deep breath, “Ilya Rozanov. And I’m sorry you saw that.”

Yuna tried to shake the shock out of her head.

Ilya Rozanov?

Was at Shane’s cottage?

And Shane was gay?

Were they both gay?

Were they both gay together?

This didn’t make any sense.

Was it a prank?

Neither of them seemed like the pranking types, and their faces certainly didn’t suggest anything of the type, but it seemed even less believable that any of this was true.

“You’re joking?” she tried out, but the words fell flat even to her own ears.

“He is not joking,” David confirmed.

“I’m not,” Shane agreed.

“But you hate him,” Yuna said, still unable to reconcile this.

“I don’t. I actually love him.”

Yuna looked around, searching for a single sane person, but she found none.

“But he hates you,” she finally said, “We know that.”

“He doesn’t,” Shane disagreed, “He loves me.”

Yuna closed her eyes and shook her head.

“No, that’s not possible. He’s hated you for nine years. Just like we’ve all hated him. He can’t be… he doesn’t…”

When she opened her eyes, Shane looked helpless. He looked so young and lost.

“Rozanov doesn’t hate him,” David said, “I can tell you that.”

“But-“ Yuna began, looking back and forth for something to stabilize her, but remaining unmoored.

“Can we just sit down?” Shane asked.

They sat down at the table, Yuna and David on one side, Shane on the other. That was a mistake, Yuna realized immediately, because it looked like Shane was alone against them. This wasn’t that kind of conversation, but he looked helpless and young sitting alone.

“He was here?” she tried again, “At your cottage?”

“Yes, he’s here,” Shane said, “He’s staying with me.”

Yuna tried to nod her head, but ended up shaking it instead.

“No, he can’t be,” she went back to, “you’ve always hated each other.”

“No, we haven’t, not really,” Shane said.

“When did this happen?” David asked, “Was it the all star game?”

Yuna had a crystal clear memory of how David had used the word “chemistry” talking about Shane and Ilya on the ice together. It had been such a strange word for a hockey game, but it had been the only way to describe it, both the way they played and their celebrations after the four goals that they’d combined to score.

“It was before that,” Shane said. When Yuna started to ask when, Shane added, “Since our rookie season.”

“*Since your rookie season?*” Yuna echoed in shock.

“Yeah,” Shane said.

“I don’t understand! But you hated each other that whole time!”

“We didn’t, not really,” Shane told her, “Mostly it’s manufactured by the league, you know that.”

“But I thought- I thought-“ Yuna began, before she stopped. *I thought we were together on that. I thought I understood you. I thought we hated Rozanov together. Why didn’t you tell me?*

She had to stay strong. She was his mom.

“I’m sorry, I’m just having a hard time believing this,” she said, “Wasn’t there a nice man in Montreal?”

“I’m sure there was,” Shane said, maybe a little bitter.

“A friend of mine has a son who’s gay, and I think he’s single,“ she began, but David put a hand on her arm. Shane was almost smiling, almost looking relieved. Almost, but not quite.

“Ilya Rozanov is really here,” David said gently, bringing her back down to earth.

Right. Ilya Rozanov. Is here, at Shane’s cottage.

“I told him not to come,” Shane said, “He offered to come with me, but I told him not to. Maybe it would have helped.”

“*Maybe it would have helped*,” Yuna echoed. And then she laughed. And then Shane laughed.

“Do you want to meet him?” Shane asked hopefully.

“Do I want to meet him!” Yuna echoed. Any other day, the answer would have been a resounding “No,” but today, Yuna wanted to meet him. Maybe it would help all of this make sense.

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Two hours later, as Yuna waived goodbye to Shane, Ilya, and her leftover pot of pasta, it all did make sense. Way more than she ever would have thought possible. Meeting Ilya made it all feel real, and made her believe it.

And, despite herself, she actually really did like Ilya Rozanov. After all that, after years of hating him, he seemed like a nice kid, and he seemed to treat Shane very well. And by the time she heard Ilya say that he was in love with her son, she was already primed and ready to believe it.

Shane was gay: Easy to believe

Shane was gay with Ilya Rozanov: You had to see it to believe it, but once she saw it, she couldn’t unsee it. And it was actually kind of beautiful. Who would have thought.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Please leave kudos and comments to let me know what you thought!

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