everything i have is yours

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everything i have is yours

by goldenish

Summary

Ilya had not expected the way Shane's parents' cared for Shane to ever extend to him. Except, they kept trying to do exactly that. Shane said it was just them. Being them. So when they casually mentioned that he was family now… Ilya wanted to believe them.

He did not know how to be in a family, though. He didn't think his was ever functional enough to count as an experience of a real family. Could he count the years with just his mother? Were the two of them enough to make up a family? He wasn't sure.

Ilya just knew, he did not want to get it wrong with Shane. Or Shane's family. And so he had to go when they called.

Notes

This is post the cottage (I'm still there), and takes place in about October/November 2017. I don't know if there is a confirmed death date for Ilya's mother, so I made it up.

Please forgive any hockey lingo mistakes. Enjoy!

Shane has never known what it was like to not have all of his attention focused on winning a game before.

Never has hockey not been his first priority. But today, during the morning skate, Shane can't help but be completely dazed, wishing he could just leave to check his phone once.

He stumbles on the play of a shooting drill, and his coach yells, asking what the hell is going on in his head today. Shane has not been doing a good job covering up his distractions, passing poorly, missing easy shots, and not even bothering to respond to his coach's harsh words.

"Shane, what's up, buddy? You okay?" Hayden comes to a quick stop in front of Shane, who's moved aside to let the next person take aim.

"I'm fine." Hayden looks like he wants to say more, but a whistle blows, and they're off to the next drill.

Shane's performance gets worse if it's possible.

He knows tonight will likely go the same way. The part of him that still cares deeply about hockey, even if it's not enough to override the worry in his heart right now, hopes he can play well enough to, at the very least, not create the conditions for them to lose.

Hayden tries to catch him again in the locker room, but Shane sidesteps him quickly, making the excuse that his mom had called and he needed to talk to her, only a partial lie.

"Shane? Is everything okay?" She picks up on the first try of course, but sounds confused. Shane understands.

His normal gameday routine involves no distractions. Nothing crosses his mind except hockey, if he can help it. Ignoring the games he played against Ilya of course, and found himself waiting for the pre-game text that would get him riled up in more ways than one. Even on those days, hockey was all he tried to allow in his mind.

Today, all he can think of is Ilya, all alone in Ottawa.

"Hey, Mom. I'm fine. Sorry are you- are you busy today?" She doesn't say anything for a moment.

"No- not really. Why?" Shane sighs in relief.

"Could you do me a favor and invite Ilya over?" Silence.

"Shane- I don't know if-"

"Please, Mom. I can't get a hold of him, and he's alone, and he really, really shouldn't be today. Please. I would have driven home if I could, but I have the game and-"

“Okay! Okay, Shane, please take a breath.” She interrupts him, and Shane lets out a shaky breath at her behest.

“Is this like- I need to go over there? Why can’t you get a hold of him?” Shane sighs.

Shane loves Ilya so much. He loves being with him so much. It’s been a new experience, challenging at times, since they got together. Conversations they hadn’t had, and figuring out how to act with each other. There were also, unfortunately, so many that they hadn’t had.

And Shane didn’t know what the limits were here. How much he could divulge without betraying Ilya’s trust. But there were worse things than Ilya being mad at him for this. Shane knew him enough that he knew this wouldn’t be a dealbreaker. He isn’t sure what is at this point.

“Shane?” He winces.

“It’s- it’s the anniversary of the day his mom died,” Shane says quietly. A pause.

“Oh, Shane.” Her voice sounds so heartbroken, and Shane feels tears well up in his eyes. He presses his palms to them, to try and stop completely breaking down.

“I just- he won’t answer. I talked to him last night, and he said he was just going to be home. And he’s - I just hate thinking about him all alone at home. You know?”

“You’re absolutely right, he shouldn’t be alone. I’ll make sure he comes over.” Yuna says firmly.

“Really?”

“Of course, honey. You know we want him to feel like family. I know it will take a while, but he loves you, Shane. And that means we love him too.” Shane can’t help but sob at the words.

It’s been so hard. So much harder than it was before they said it out loud. Made it real. To be a part.

Shane hadn’t known what it would be like to leave Ilya, knowing that he loved him, knowing that Ilya was waiting for him so close, but still not close enough. It wasn’t agony. It was something different. Less painful, but present all the same. All the time.

And more so, not being able to talk about it was excruciating. Shane was still terrified of the future. He didn’t know how they could handle it. If anyone else knew. But sometimes he wished desperately that he could say these things out loud. Just put words to the odd sense of loneliness and missing Ilya that felt like a bone-deep ache.

Not that he couldn’t with his parents, but… he just didn’t do that kind of thing.

“Thanks, Mom. I- I appreciate it.”

“You don’t have to thank me, silly. Now go get ready and don’t worry, alright? I’ll let you know when I get a hold of him.”

“Okay. I love you.”

“Love you too, honey.”

Ilya has been lying in bed all day.

Shane has called many times. And Ilya has thought about picking up every single time. His phone automatically gravitates towards it, picking it up. But his thumb will only hover over the green circle until the call goes to voicemail. Unable to pick up, even though about half of him badly wants to.

The phone rings again, and he prepares for the same feeling of despair.

But this time, it is not Shane’s smiling face, hand up half blocking that comes up on the screen. But Yuna Hollander’s name.

Ilya picks up.

“Yuna? Is everything okay? Shane is-”

“*He’s fine, Ilya! He’s fine. I’m just calling to ask a favor.*” Ilya’s heart takes a second to register the words he hears.

“Oh. Um- yes of course. What can I do?”

“*We’ve got these boxes that I’ve been wanting to clear out of the basement for ages, it’s so hard to get by them and access the breaker box. David can’t lift with his back, you know. Shane said you wouldn’t mind?*” And well, Ilya can’t exactly say no to that.

“Yes. I will come. Um- when do you think I should come?”

“*Thank you, Ilya. Please come over whenever! I don’t know what you are up to today.*” Ilya squeezes his eyes shut tightly.

“I am not- I can come soon.” He agrees.

“*Alright, see you soon, Ilya.*”

“See you soon.” He echoes her.

He lies in bed for a few more minutes, but it isn’t as restful as before. He knows he will have to get up and go to Shane’s parents’ home. There is not a world in which he would deny

helping them. Though having a conversation in any capacity right now feels impossible.

It is a slow process, with Ilya having to prompt himself at every next step. But he does it. He gets up, takes a shower, because he has not since practice yesterday, and makes himself a snack. It would not do to pass out from hunger while he is meant to be helping Shane's parents.

They have been so kind to him. At first, Ilya was not sure what to make of them. Of the way they treated him. It was always clear that they loved Shane. From the moment he stepped into their house, Ilya could sense that everything Shane had described about them was true. They were safe there.

But Ilya had not expected the way they cared for Shane to ever extend to him. Except, they kept trying to do exactly that. After the first awkward and tense moments, they wanted to know everything about Ilya. They asked about his childhood and family, how he found moving countries, how his teammates treated him, how he was healing from his injury.

Shane said it was just them. Being them. And when they casually mentioned that he was family now… Ilya wanted to believe them.

He did not know how to be in a family, though. He didn't think his was ever functional enough to count as an experience of a real family. Could he count the years with just his mother? Were the two of them enough to make up a family? He wasn't sure

Ilya just knew he did not want to get it wrong with Shane. Or Shane's family. And so he had to go when they called.

The shower is enough to wake him up, so while he heads out of the house, he does not feel completely as foggy as earlier. Enough to remind himself to at least text Shane something.

Ilya: I am okay. Going to help your parents with something. I will call you after.

Shane: Okay. I love you.

Ilya: Love you

The drive to Shane's parents' house is quick, so he shoots off a text to Yuna as well, that he is on his way over. Ilya had found it so satisfying the day he realized he had memorized the way to their house. That it had been enough times he had gone there, he knew it by heart. But he had still never gone to see them without Shane.

When Ilya knocks on the door, there's an uneasiness he cannot shake, holding on to him. Yuna opens the door, and he can see her face fall for a split second, before she covers with a huge smile. *Shane's smile*, he thinks fondly.

"Ilya! Thank you so much for coming. Come on in," She pulls the door open, and pats him gently on the shoulder as he walks in.

“Of course, Mrs. Hollander.”

“How many times, Ilya- you call me Yuna.”

“Sorry, Yuna. Is… habit.” He says sheepishly.

“I know.” She chuckles. Ilya shoves his hands in his pockets.

“Where is the basement?” He asks almost immediately after she shuts the door. Her eyes widen for a moment.

“Oh, right through here- come on. David wants to say hi too- let’s just stop by the kitchen.”

She leads them past the living room into the kitchen, where they find David with his hands covered in some kind of crumbly mixture.

“Ilya! How are you?”

“I am good, Mr. Ho- um. David. “ David smiles kindly at him. Ilya's stomach turns.

“Thanks for helping us out, kiddo. It’s been on our to-do list for a while now.” Ilya nods solemnly.

“Is no problem. I am happy to help.” Yuna gestures then to a back hallway Ilya had always noticed, but never thought to ask about.

There are in fact, many boxes piled up along the hallway descending into the basement. Yuna shuffles inside, pointing out the breaker, and asks if he can possibly bring up the ones in the hallway and blocking the breaker up to the guest room upstairs. So Ilya gets to work.

No mandatory practice or games for the week, plus his mood for the day, meant Ilya hadn’t had any serious physical activity in a few days. He forgot how helpful it was in taking his mind out of his body. Temporarily, but in a good way.

It takes a while, moving the boxes up and into the guest room, and he doesn’t let Yuna help him, though she offers to hold the other ends. He waves her off, winking and reminding her he is a strong hockey player, almost as good as her son. She laughs and lets him get to it.

That small bit of masquerading feels like it drains all of the social energy he has left.

By the time Ilya is done, almost an hour and a half has passed. He climbs the stairs one last time and makes his way to the dining room, where he finds Yuna setting the table.

“Oh, Ilya, are you done, sweetheart?” Ilya does not know how to respond when they drop these nicknames on him every other sentence. It’s overwhelming.

“Yes- is there… anything else I can help with?” He asks, feeling guilty even as he hopes she says no. He wants to go back to his hole. And not think of anything. Or anyone.

“No -no. That was all. Thank you so much for doing that. Come, why don’t you stay for dinner?” She taps the back of the chair she’s standing behind. Ilya’s mind blanks.

“Oh, I should- I think is time I should go home-”

“Ilya, that wasn’t really a question, honey. I’m not taking no for an answer after you did all this work for us. Come sit down.” She comes around the table and guides him gently, and he lets her.

“Okay, I will maybe eat just a little bit.” He gives in. How can he not, when she is standing there smiling so intently at him, waiting for him to pull out the chair and sit down.

David comes out of the kitchen then, with a baking dish in hand. The aroma wafts up, and Ilya finds his mouth waters and, for the first time that day, hunger pangs in his stomach.

“I made chicken parmesan. I hope that’s okay with you, Ilya.” David chimes as he sets the dish down. It looks just as appetizing as it smells.

“I’ve heard great things from Shane about this dish,” Ilya replies, with a small smile.

The food is fantastic. As it always tends to be at the Hollander household. Ilya can’t fathom how Shane makes such boring, bland food sometimes. But that is another thing to worry about that Ilya can’t hold in his mind at the moment.

Ilya knows he is quieter than they are probably used to. It took some time, but usually Ilya felt comfortable talking with Yuna and David. Contributing to conversations when they came over for dinner. But Shane was always there then.

Perhaps that is why they don’t push, though he can sense them exchanging looks as he eats his food enthusiastically, but silently. They keep up conversation for him, talking about the season, how Shane’s been frustrated with the rookie on the Metros, and how they think the team is doing overall. Ilya lets himself take it in, not feel worried he is being a rude guest. He tries to remind him of what they have told him so many times, that he is welcome there.

Afterwards, as much as he had been ready to get out as soon as possible, Ilya- doesn’t want to.

The sting of today, he had thought, would be helped with his isolation. And yet, sitting with Yuna and David, eating a home-cooked meal, had brought a warmth back into his body that he wasn’t ready to let go of yet.

He lingered, offering to do the dishes, but Yuna shooed him out of the kitchen when he attempted to aid her.

David is clearing the table, so Ilya stands awkwardly. Knowing he will have to leave soon.

“Why don’t you stay and watch the game with us tonight Ilya? I think the metros are playing the cannons tonight. Is that right Yuna?” He calls the last part a little louder.

“Yep it’s the cannons! That’s a great idea Ilya, can you stay for a bit?” She comes outside while speaking, and wiping her hands on a red and white checkered towel. Ilya realizes, Shane has the same ones at his home in Montreal. He smiles. Then frowns when their words sink in.

“I- I forgot. That Shane had a game tonight.” He says dejectedly, pulling out his phone. It was too late, Shane was probably out on the ice already warming up. He couldn’t even send him a good luck text. Or say he was sorry for forgetting.

“Hey- it’s okay. You’re busy boys. remembering one schedule is hard enough let alone to eh?” David claps a hand on his shoulder and gives him a squeeze. “So you’re staying then?”

“Okay, thank you. That would be nice.”

They all sit down for the game, and Ilya watches a little fascinated as David pulls out a puzzle from underneath the coffee table, one of the kind that raise up. He grins at Ilya when he notices his watchful eyes.

“I have a hard time sitting still.” He comments as he opens the box.

“Come on! They’re opening with Redford, that’s ridiculous!” Yuna is already locked into the game. Ilya and David make eye contact after she speaks, and chuckle quietly.

It’s odd to watch the game with someone else, but be able to smile with all the lovesickness he knows is probably present on his face.

Of course, Ilya has watched Shane play before with other people around. But usually, he has to play pretend, comment on how he is so much better than Shane, how he finds his playing boring. Which is so far from the case.

Only when he is alone does he get to feel all the joy, and pride, love, and arousal that comes with watching Shane flit through the other players and take his shots.

Aside from arousal, he can do all those things now, with Yuna and David sat next to him. He shouts with Yuna enthusiastically when a Metro player gets the penalty box, and she turns to him, amused.

“You’re rooting for the Metros?” She asks.

“I always root for Shane.” Her eyes soften knowingly.

He feels too seen by her, so he turns to face the puzzle again. Earlier, he hadn’t been able to help staring at a piece, and finding he knew where it was meant to go. David found him placing the piece right as he returned from the bathroom and encouraged him to keep going. So he did. It was oddly soothing.

The experience was so bizarre. Different from hanging out with Shane there. Which had always still felt like a test he needed to pass. A presentation for them to show that Ilya loved Shane. That he could be there and take care of him, that they could trust him with their son.

But now, all he feels is calm. Grateful that they've allowed him into their home and their family. Ilya can understand exactly why Shane is who he is, so kind and thoughtful, when these are the people who raised him.

Before the game is over, David stretches and cheers halfheartedly at the Metros' latest goal.

"Heading to bed then, nothing's happening in the next five minutes." Ilya smiles as Yuna rolls her eyes.

"Good night, David. Thank you for dinner." Ilya says softly. David's returning gaze is warm.

"Good night, Ilya, don't be a stranger, alright." And with that, he grabs his phone and leaves.

Yuna and Ilya sit in a comfortable silence until the final buzzer sounds. And then the dread starts to pool in him. At least, he reminds himself, he has his call with Shane to look forward to. He starts to shuffle to sit up and get off the couch.

"Ilya- it's late. You can take the guest room." Yuna interrupts before he can go anywhere. He turns slowly to face her.

"Yuna-"

"Ilya. I would rather not worry about you driving home right now. It's okay. Really." Ilya sighs. He is so so tired.

"Okay. I will stay." He agrees. Wondering if she can see the relief on his face, the way she is gazing at him. Something knowing in her eyes.

"I hope you know you're welcome here anytime. Day or night," Ilya hates the way the white hot burn that is usually followed by tears appears in his throat at her words.

"I-I do." She smiles, something sad in the tilt of her mouth.

"We don't have to talk about it at all, but Shane told me about today. About your mother," Ilya's stomach drops, "I just want you to know if you do want to talk about her. Now or another time, I would love to hear about her. To know more about the woman who raised you into the incredible man you are."

Her words are intense, but so heartfelt, Ilya can't find it in himself to be upset. Not about Shane telling her, or her for bringing it up. Even when his normal reaction to something like this would be to lash out.

He cannot imagine doing that. With the way she is sitting there, careful eyes on him, waiting patiently for whatever he has to say. Ilya is not mad. But he also doesn't have any of his own words right now.

"Thank you. I would like that …. some time." He responds quietly. She nods, understanding.

"Can I give you a hug, Ilya?" She asks after a moment. Ilya nods before he really processes her question. And then he's being hugged by someone. Someone not Shane. Someone not

Sveta, in a long, long time.

It's nice.

He melts into it and finds a couple of tears escape his eyes. This feeling is the closest thing he can remember to when his mother was alive. When Ilya still had physical affection so freely given. Yuna hugs him tightly, and almost smothering, though she is so much smaller than him. In a way, only a parent would know how, perhaps.

After she goes to bed, and Ilya gets himself situated in the guest room, breathing in the scent of Shane's old clothes that she offers him to sleep in, he finally calls Shane back.

"*Hi, baby, how are you?"* Ilya loves it when Shane is this droopy from sleep, even though he knows they won't be able to talk for long.

"Good. Sorry, I woke you up."

"*You didn't- I was just waiting for you to call.*" Ilya knows he is lying when a yawn follows his words. It makes his heart feel full.

"Thank you, Shane, for sharing your family." He blurts out. Feeling so overwhelmed with all the emotion of the night. Of the entire day.

It is usually not so bad these days. Ilya finds it easier to use it as a day to remember her. Find meaning in doing her favorite things, eating her favorite foods. But this year is the first year of his life; he has not visited her grave. And he knows it will be a long time before he can again, if ever.

Guilt had sat like a brick on his chest. The sadness snuck into his body like a smog to make it so heavy that, really, Ilya had no chance this year. Or so he thought. He hadn't known all he needed was something a little different.

"*Oh, Ilya. You're everything. I want you to have everything. Of course*." Shane says so reverently, and Ilya almost breaks down into tears again. "*I'm so proud of you for sticking it out for that long, I know they can be a bit much*," he says with teary eyes and a small chuckle. Ilya matches his widening grin.

"A little bit. But is nice, it feels like they care." He says lightly. Shane's eyes sparkle.

"*They do. They really do care.*" He says insistently.

And this time, Ilya believes it.

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