

five?!

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by [dressedupliketheking](#)

Summary

Hayden keeps trying to call, but with only three days until Ilya leaves the cottage, Shane doesn't feel like answering. He's jealous, Yuna and David are understanding, and Ilya finds a way to bag out Hayden Pike and Scott Hunter, be not so secretly possessive about his boyfriend, and declare his intentions to be future father of the year all in the space of two minutes.

Notes

This fic follows on from part 2 and 3 of this series but works as a standalone. Part 5 to come

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

Shane's phone rings for the third time in as many minutes. Yuna watches as he checks the name on the screen, sighs, and silences it again. This time, he turns it off as well.

"Pike is missing his crush?" Ilya jokes. At least Yuna thinks it's a joke. Hayden Pike is married, but given how the last couple of weeks have played out, she is struggling to take many aspects of Shane's life at face value.

Shane's retort comes swiftly. "Lay off it, Ilya. You know that man is straighter than a garden stake."

"And what is 'garden stake'? Something curly like piggy tail?" Ilya answers, deadpan. He is a good actor until he's not, and a moment later his face splits into an unrepentant smile. Shane rolls his eyes at this and shakes his head.

Yuna thinks the conversation is closed, and rises to collect a pitcher of cool water from the fridge. When she returns, she realizes she is mistaken.

"I should talk to him. Some days it's hard though." Shane says, a mix of resignation and agitation evident.

Ilya doesn't joke this time, just squeezes his boyfriend's knee before leaning forward to refill their cups.

"Have you and Hayden had problems lately?" Yuna enquires, with what she hopes is gentle motherly concern. Hayden is who Shane considers his best friend. He's the one he sees most often outside of hockey in Montreal, the one he spends most of his time rooming with when on the road. If there are problems with Hayden, she will need to keep a closer eye on him when he rejoins his team. She's been wondering how much of an eye Ilya will let her keep on him too, but that's another question for another day.

"No. No, Mom. Hayden and I are fine. I will have to tell him sometime though. At least that I'm gay. I'm sure he'll be fine." Shane seems solid in this point at least, for which Yuna is relieved.

"Maybe he stop trying to set you up with so many women then, huh?" Ilya adds.

"That would be a good start. I don't want him to start trying to set me up with any guys either though." Shane makes a disgusted face at this, and Yuna can see the muscles of Ilya's jaw clench tightly. He possibly hadn't considered that Hayden would even know any openly queer single men, let alone try introducing them to Shane. Likely these would be through Jackie's network, but still.

"Nah, I, uh- he'll understand the privacy concerns and back up. And I'll tell him about us eventually too obviously. I just... I can't talk to him today," Shane said. "Too jealous."

"You," Ilya says, scandalized, "second best hockey player in league, jealous of Pike, Montreal's 15th best player?"

“Shut up, Rozanov. You know we’re equal first.”

“Ah, you did not deny Pike is bad at hockey though. Give me his number, I will tell him,” Ilya says with faux seriousness, reaching for the cell phones on the table.

Shane hits his arm away playfully, but his smile slips as he settles again, the cause of the barb not something that can be so easily brushed aside with banter.

Yuna can read between the lines here. Even after extending his stay, Ilya was due to leave the cottage in three days. Their summer of bliss would be over, their relationship shoved back into a box of covert messages and weeks apart.

“Just...” Shane says. He moves as if to speak further but closes his mouth again and falls silent. He throws his head back, watching the clouds shift and morph overhead. Ilya doesn’t push him to speak, just waits. Sometimes Yuna *still* messes this part up. Listening is a skill but sometimes waiting to listen is what makes that possible. She is thinking about how wonderfully mind-boggling it is having someone else remind her how to be with her son, when Shane begins to speak again.

“I remember when Hayden and Jackie started dating. We’d already known each other for years by then. *Years*. They met literally *years* after us, and now they’re married. They have four kids and a house and the only reason we’re sitting here all together now is because Dad forgot his phone charger.” Shane sighs. “They never hid it away, you know? It was never a risk to their careers or income or safety to be together openly. I want what they’ve got, for us, and we just... can’t.”

Yuna wants again to bundle them into a hug, apologise for making them feel they needed to hide from her, but resists. Her primary jobs right now are to make Shane feel safe to be himself around her, and to not scare Ilya off. She gives them a look that says “sorry” and tries to still the ideas whirring in her mind.

“I’m sorry the world is such a mess for you boys, especially the hockey world” David says with a sad smile, and sinks down in his camp chair to join Shane looking skyward. “I am kinda glad I forgot my charger though, now we’re here.”

Ilya smiles at David, before turning back to Shane, who so far hasn’t outwardly reacted at all.

“Is okay, Shane. Is true, situation is not good now. We can’t have yet, but we will. Old man Hunter will make better for us.”

Shane scoffs at this. “I keep telling you, he’s not that old.”

Ilya waves the interruption away as insignificant before continuing.

“Bah, dinosaurs were alive when Scott Hunter joins the league. Anyway. More players come out. Hockey changes. Then some day, I retire and bring our five kids to watch their dad Shane Hollander, finally first best player in the league, win game, and no one cares he is gay.”

Shane sits ramrod straight in his chair and whips his face towards Ilya's.

“Five kids?!” Shane looks and sounds aghast.

“Da. Pike has four so,” Ilya shrugs, “can’t let him win.”

David laughs at this, and Yuna can’t help but smile at the Russian’s audacity. Shane's expression seems to oscillate between shocked and enamoured, both better than the melancholy he'd found himself in only minutes ago. What Ilya’s describing is an almost pie in the sky dream, but Yuna lets it slide. Her boys are on the final countdown here, and if this is the long-term vision they’re clinging to, she’ll let them have it a while longer. It’s for the best, she thinks, to let them believe in anything.

End Notes

yes ilya was very pleased with himself, using his new vocab and baiting shane simultaneously. Next part is already drafted if you want to subscribe

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