

## Spaghetti and Anxiety

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# Spaghetti and Anxiety

by [SleepingVolcanoes](#)

## Summary

David just wants to get his charger. And maybe check in on his son.  
His day doesn't go as planned.

## Notes

Can't believe the gay hockey show got me writing my first fanfic since I was a teenager.  
Unbeta'd and ESL - hope i caught all typos. Some dialogue is directly from the show.

Anyway, enjoy!

I'll just say Hi to him, David thought. And maybe ask him if he's okay. Shane had a tendency to disappear in himself and shut other people out. So naturally David wasn't the biggest fan of this Silent Retreat thing his son was doing. Where Shane always found those somewhat spiritual fads, David would never understand. But after the injury, he deserved some peace of mind. Even if that meant for David that he couldn't speak to his son for a while. So maybe David wouldn't speak to Shane. But he could just see. See that everything was fine and he had enough to eat and didn't spiral and didn't have any issues with his shoulder and wasn't dead and drowning in the lake.

And David really did need the charger, his phone hadn't been working for a few days now. So walking into his son's house he hoped that Shane wouldn't be mad and pull back, as he so often did. Hoped that this Silent Retreat balanced Shane a bit. Hoped that this wasn't a belated reaction to Scott Hunters Coming Out – Shane had been acting quite strange that evening and ever since. He seemed nervous and David couldn't tell if it was the good or the bad kind.

The Cottage was quiet, when David entered and he quickly went and picked up the charger, as always neatly stored in a drawer with other chargers and cables – Shane really had Yuna's habit of keeping everything organised. He should leave now, he knew... but maybe just a glass of water, he was thirsty after all and just a quick peek, if Shane was doing Yoga or swimming or reading. Just to see that he was safe and happy and relaxed. «Shane?», he called into the silence. So Shane maybe was wearing headphones. Or he was outside. But what if he was somewhere unconscious? What if his concussion had some long-term damage that nobody knew? David ran into the bedroom, almost stumbling over a shirt thrown carelessly on the floor, checked the bathroom, the guest bedrooms – all empty. Probably he was just swimming, David tried to tell himself. He was fine, he had to be fine – David stumbled back into the kitchen to check outside just to be stopped in his tracks by the sight of his sons back pressed against the glass. By a guy. Kissing him. And grabbing his ass. He should leave. Now. He was invading his sons privacy. But in that split second where he was frozen by the realisation that Shane lied about having a Silent Retreat to meet someone without his parents knowing, the man stopped kissing Shane and looked directly at David.

David bolted as fast as he could and jumped in his car. That was none of his business. That never happened. Maybe Shane didn't see him. He didn't want to force Shane to do anything he didn't want to do, least of all come out if he didn't want to. David's breath slowed barely and he tried to push the image off his son being kissed out of his mind. And of his son's ass being grabbed by – wait. Was that Ilya Rosanov?! It didn't hit him right away, too embarrassed by his need to control his grown child. But that guy did look like Rosanov. Well that couldn't be. He must have been another blond guy. Shane being gay was one thing – After his disastrous relationships with Rose and Jessica, it was certainly a possibility. But a Raider? And Rosanov of all people. Surely not. David was just shocked and his mind played tricks on him. His eyes weren't the best anyway, he should really make an appointment with an optician soon. He'd just go home and tell Yuna – what exactly. He couldn't out his son. He couldn't betray his trust like this. But he couldn't lie to his wife either. Never in his life had

he lied to Yuna. He didn't really lie in general – he was also terrible at it. Could he just be nonchalant? Say he got the charger and didn't see Shane, as to respect his wishes? Yuna would never believe that. She knew David better than that, she knew he'd had to check in on Shane. Could he just say, Shane was fine and hope, Yuna would not ask follow-up questions? No, no, she was just as concerned about their boy as he was. He pulled over and stopped the car, hands shaking. His breath was wildly out of control, his heart beating too loud, ringing in his ears and he could feel tears well up in his eyes. His son would hate him. He would never be able to talk to Shane again. Never again see him ecstatic after a win, nervous before an interview, laughing with his cousins, barbecuing at the cottage, never again hug him and tell him he loved him. His wife would hate him, too. She wouldn't forgive him for breaking their son's trust, for lying to her, for not just leaving when he had the charger.

He pressed his hands on his eyes, desperately trying to control his breath, control his thoughts. Slowly, slowly his heartbeat steadied and he began to see clearly again. He had to make a plan. Shane maybe didn't see him, but Definitely-Not-Rosanov did. So he had to talk to Shane and apologise. In person? No, better he'd go home, charge his phone and text Shane that he could talk to David about anything, anytime. And that David loved Shane and nothing ever could change that. And he'd tell Yuna that Shane was fine and when she'd ask anything else, he'd say that Shane should be the one to tell her. She'd understand, she would, of course she would. And so would Shane. He was such a kind, understanding, forgiving boy. It would all work out. It had to. It would. Probably.

His drive home was unfortunately way too short. He stayed a minute in the car. Just to finish listening to the song on the radio.

He open the car door. Closed it. Opened it again to take out the charger. Closed it again. Locked the car. Went to the front door. Checked if he locked the car. Went back to the front door. Opened it. "Hi Honey", he said quietly. Yuna wasn't in the living room. Thankfully. He plugged in his phone and charger and went to the bathroom. Splashed water on his face. Took a deep breath. He could just avoid Yuna, until he talked to Shane. He'd just write Shane right now. Or should he call him? But they'd tried that all morning and he didn't pick up. Was probably busy with... Well. He'd write him. He could do it right now, while he phone was loading. He'd just do it. Right now.

"David?", he heard Yuna call, "Did you get the Charger? How is Shane?". Well. Fuck.

"I'm here." David came out of the bathroom. "Got the charger, everything's alright. What should we have for lunch?" That was good. That wasn't a lie. Technically.

"So, did you talk to him?"

"Ahm.. well no, but you know, Silent Retreat...you know. Keyword being silent..."

Yuna raised an eyebrow and tried to meet David's eyes. He sat on the couch, grabbed his phone and turned it on. A couple of messages came in, a missed call from his parents. Oh

god, how would his father take Shane's sexuality? He was a bit old-school, and even though Yuna won him over easily, he had been hesitant about their relationship at first. Well, that was a problem for the future. He had enough problems right now.

"David? What is wrong?"

Well, so much for talking to Shane first.

"Nothing, nothing."

Yuna frowned, more worried than angry.

"Well, you see...", Davis started, not really knowing where he was going with this. "So, Shane maybe should tell you yourself, I guess? But everything's fine, it's fine."

Yuna sat next to him. "What should he tell myself? I cannot fix it, if I do not know what is wrong. But I will fix it."

"No, nothing to fix. Ahm. Just. You know. Something he should tell us. Well you. Or us. Well, I guess he didn't tell me, I just saw, well.."

"Saw what?"

Shane's car pulled in the driveway. David was both relieved, not having to decide what to tell or not to tell Yuna and anxious, what Shane would tell him. Would he be angry? Would he yell at David? Shane had never yelled at him or Yuna, not even as a teenager. And, oh no. With him was undeniably, irrefutably Ilya Rosanov. In a Raiders shirt. Was he fucking serious?

Yuna had also seen the two and stood up, throwing an insecure glance at David, hoping for some clarification.

"Hey, it's me. Shane.", he heard his son's voice, unsure, doubtful.

David's heart skipped a beat. How could he not have thought how awful that must have been for Shane? How had he not provided an environment for his kid to trust him implicitly?

Shane walked in, tense, looking at the ground.

"I left my charger at your place and it was the old one, the only one that could fit my phone and all the other chargers we have a newer..", David began blabbering, trying to cut through the tension.

"It's okay, Dad", Shane said while Rosanov stepped next to him, shoulders back, arms folded in front of him as if he was standing attention, "I'm sorry. You shouldn't have found out that way."

“Found out what, exactly?” Yuna asked, looking between Shane and David, ignoring – or at least trying to ignore – the Russian elephant in the room.

“I’m gay.”

Yuna’s eyes went wide, David stared at the ground. Slowly he looked up to meet his son’s frightened eyes.

“Which I was gonna tell you soon. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner, I...”

David couldn’t do anything but stare in shock. Shane apologised. When it was David who should. How did he not give Shane the space to be himself? David had no second thought introducing Yuna to his parents even though his father hadn’t reacted too well about her being Japanese. But David had been head over heels for her and Yuna was even more obsessed with hockey than his Dad which they could bond over. Did David carry that same kind of bigotry, maybe not overtly so, but subtle enough for Shane to pick up on? Did he put pressure on Shane to conform? He did often say how much he’d like grandchildren one day. But that was because no matter how much he and Yuna tried, Shane stayed an only child. He had wanted a large family and maybe he put too much of that out there

“And this is Ilya. Rosanov. But you already know that.”

“Hi.”, Rosanov said. And all David could muster was a nod.

“He’s visiting and we’re... um..”

“Lovers.” Rosanov put a hand on Shane’s shoulder.

“No, Ilya, that’s gross” Shane shook his head.

“But you hate him.” Yuna stated

“No.. I mean I get that but no... I actually.. I love him.” Shane shrugged, as if it wasn’t a big deal. “I did not want this to be how I told you. Uh, I’m sorry. Can we just sit down please?”

“I’ll make tea.”, Yuna said. Probably to gain some time and gather her composure, David thought. Damn, he should have had that idea first.

He gestured to the boys and silently, they made their way over to the table sitting down. David tried to find the words to tell Shane that everything was okay, that everything would be okay. That Shane had nothing to apologise for, David had. For not making him feel safe. For not staying and sorting this out at Shane’s Cottage. But he could not form the words. They sat in uncomfortable silence until Yuna brought them cups.

Thankfully, she had gathered her thoughts enough to actually be able to talk. “I think we thought... maybe you were gay?”

“You did?” Shane asked

David had to say something. Anything. “I think we thought it was certainly possible.”

“For how long?”

“Hmm...for a while, I guess.”, Yuna answered.

“We both know you pretty well Shane.” David took a deep breath. “What we did not expect was that you were so... friendly...with Rosanov.” Yes, that was a good description. Surely, Shane wouldn’t think that he had seen Rosanov grope him.

“Ilya.”

“Ilya, sorry.”, David conceited.

“I know, it’s a long story.” Shane looked at Rosanov – Ilya – with the hint of a smile.

Well it would be good to show support by asking about their relationship, right? “When did this... happen?”, David asked. Shane looked at his tea. Ilya looked at Shane. It must have been going on for more than a few weeks, if Shane didn’t want to admit it. “Wait. The All Star Game.” Obviously. Shane and Rose had just broke up then. Did she know? “You two had so much chemistry.”

“No, it was before then.” Shane hesitated and looked at Ilya.

“Wow. Wow.” David didn’t know what to think. Did Shane cheat on Rose? That was not the boy he raised. That was not the man Shane was. Did Rose know and played along? Was it a plan by their PR teams? But why would Shane not have told them? “Wow.” He looked at Yuna helplessly.

“So when?”, she asked.

“Since, uh..our Rookie season?” Shane almost closed his eyes as to avoid any possibility of eye contact.

What the fuck.

“Since your Rookie season?”, Yuna was quicker than David to process that particular information.

“No, is not true, since before that. Summer before.”

So Rose had to know. And what about Ilya? All those girls, all those Tabloid Articles? And Shane never told them? How terrible parents were they? Not to notice that?

“So you’ve been in love since..?” He could almost hear Yuna trying to think back to what year that was. 2008? or nine?

Both protested heavily against that and David wished he could forget the implications of the following conversation. So would Yuna, by her insistence to get a drink.

“And there were no nice men I Montreal?”, David had to ask. Ilya was by the lack of a better word a fuckboy. He was in the news as often for his skills as he was for his hookups. And Shane was so sweet, so good, so innocent. Well, of course Shane had lied to them for a decade— and his teammates and maybe Rose? – but that was different. Ilya was just not the kind of person David had imagined for Shane. Shane needed someone kind, supportive, someone to talk him down when he was spiraling.

“That’s good vodka”, Ilya said. At least he was on his best behaviour.

“Thanks, I try to buy the Russian stuff.” How could David bring up that Ilya might just mess Shane around?

“I mean. You never let him win Shane, did you?” Yuna asked. He loved her, but Jesus Christ were her priorities screwed. His baby’s heart might be broken by hockeys biggest playboy, that was what needed to be addressed. Would Ilya make Shane keep hiding and having affairs with Puck Bunnies out in the open?

“So what, you just keep doing this in secret until you both retire, or...?”, he asked Shane.

Shane and Ilya exchanged a look, but David could not begin to decipher what it meant.

“Probably.”

“Probably, yes”, Ilya agreed.

Shane explained that they couldn’t just come out. Was that his idea or Ilya’s? David had to know.

“I must say, I’m surprised Ilya. You have such a reputation as a ladies man”

“Is not untrue” Ilya replied, a bit too cold for David’s taste.

“Ilya likes both”, Shane explained. Well David might be old, but not too old to know that bisexuality exists. But that wasn’t his question. He needed to know what Ilya’s intentions were with his child. He stared at Ilya. That guys English was good enough for a better explanation and David was going to get one.

“It’s true, I’ve been with many women, but..”

Well, off to a not great start. David stared some more, but Ilya looked at Shane, eyes and voice going soft. “I have only been in love with one person.”

“Same here”, Shane said, “Only one.”

Damn. Here went his plan to be a hard-ass dad vetting his kids partner. Never had he thought that Ilya Rosanov of all people would look at someone as if they’ve hung the stars.

He tried to catch Yuna’s eye, to check what she was thinking, but she cleared the table and didn’t come back for a minute. She must have went outside to clear her head.

The silence stretched between the three of them, no one really knowing where to start a conversation.

“I’ll bring her a jacket, it’s cold.”, Shane finally said and jumped up from the table. So here he was. All alone with Ilya Rosanov whom he hated an hour ago just by principle of his son and wife hating him.

He should say something. Or maybe Ilya would say something. Maybe he could ask about hockey? But what? Season was over. Maybe about the draft picks? Maybe about Scott Hunter kissing his boyfriend on ice after winning the cup? Well that was definitely too personal for the moment.

“So, you read New Yorker?”, Ilya asked him out of the blue.

“Yes, I keep up with a few newspapers. It’s good to get information from a diverse range of sources. The New Yorker is one I enjoy the most.” God, why did he sound so stilted. Why wasn’t he able to have a normal conversation with the man who he hated on behalf of his son for a decade, saw making out with his son an hour earlier, and now told him his son was the only one he ever loved? “Great cartoons.”, he added, just to fill the silence.

“Ah.”, Ilya take another sip of his drink.

Another moment passed.

“Well, I should make lunch.”, David said.

Ilya nodded. “Yes, Food is good idea.” Then paused. “Can I help you?”, he added

“Sure, sure. I do most of the cooking, I wanted to keep it simple for lunch, maybe just pasta? Does that sound good?, David asked.

“Yes, great.”

Ilya stood awkwardly and followed David in the kitchen. It was somewhat comforting that Ilya was as nervous as David himself.

“Spaghetti Bolognese? You could start cutting onions, while I prep the rest?” David put a cutting board, a knife and some onions in front of Ilya and began to get the pasta, tomatoes, mince and garlic. It was just a coincidence that he made sure to open and close every cupboard load enough that talking would be impractical.

“I do love him. Truly.”, Ilya said out of the blue. “I know I have reputation, I understand you worry, but I won’t hurt him.”

David had known Ilya Rosanov just from Interviews, where he was cocky and unapologetic and from his chirps, which were in the same vain. So seeing this man, this boy, in front of him, so open, so vulnerable, so earnest.. David believed him.

“You’d better.”, he replied, trying to sound tough and protective. If it came out a bit watery, well, that was the onions.

Ilya nodded and turned back to cutting, focused and still tense. David had to say something to ease this situation. Shane deserved his father in his corner and that meant getting along with the quiet Russian.

“So you enjoy cooking?”, he asked Ilya.

“Yes, I like cooking. And eating. Mostly, eating.”

“Did you do often with your family?”

Ilya shrugged. “Where do I put trash?”

David cursed himself. He knew that Russia was a lot different than Canada in that respect and if even Shane was afraid to tell Yuna and him, how must Ilya feel. And with a hot flash of shame he remembered Ilya’s father had died earlier that year.

“I loved to cook with my mother.”, David tried to keep the conversation going. “And when he was little Shane often cooked with me. But with his strict diet during the season it’s been less and less. I really enjoy being in the kitchen with someone else. I mean, I love cooking in general. For other people at least. To show you care, you know? But if you’re not alone it’s just more fun. Even if it is a simple dish. So it’s nice to have you here, Ilya.”

There was another beat of silence. David hoped his rambling had helped rather than made this entire day even more anxiety inducing.

“My mother and I used to make Pelmeni together. Maybe next time I show you how to make?” Ilya’s voice came out raw and emotional. David became the sinking suspicion that she must be dead too. He put a hand on Ilya’s shoulder.

“That would be great, kiddo. I’m really looking forward to it.”

While Ilya just nodded and went on to cleaning his utensils, David put the Spaghetti in the water. This time the silence felt a lot more comfortable.

When Shane and Yuna returned, the food was almost done, but David had to steal a moment with Shane. So he told Yuna and Ilya to go set the table and held Shane back. Before his nerves got the better of him, he just blurted out: “I’m so sorry, Shane. For walking in on you. For not giving you the comfort to trust me. You know I love you, right? And I trust you. I wasn’t checking your cottage because I don’t trust you, I just missed you. And well needed my charger. But that’s not the point. The point is, I will always be on your side. And there is nothing you could do that makes me love you less. Not even if you lied to Rose and Jessica. Well that’s not great and you should not have done that and broke those poor girls hearts. But that’s also my fault for not giving you the space to be yourself. You don’t have to be perfect to be perfect in my eyes.”

David didn't even finish his last sentence before having arms wrapped around him. Shane clung to him in a way he hadn't done since he was a kid.

"I'm love you, too, Dad." Shane said, still hugging David. And David sure as hell wasn't going to let go first.

"Also," Shane continued after what still seemed like too short a hug to David, "Rose knows. She kinda knew before me, I guess? Well, anyway, we're good. And I never lied to Jessica, well I guess I did but I was lying to myself as well. Rose and I are friends, Dad. She really is amazing. But Ilya is...." He trailed off.

David was also unsure of how to end that sentence but for Shane he would.

"Ilya is a nice young man. If you love him, I love him."

Shane smiled at him so carefree, David knew for once on this strange day he said the right thing.

They ate while Yuna was making plans and contingency plans and contingency plans of those contingency plans. And while Ilya shovelled Spaghetti in his mouth and getting grilled by Yuna and calming Shane down in basically no time at all, David realised he now had two sons.

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