

Do You Still Read the New Yorker?

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Do You Still Read the New Yorker?

by [MusicallyChaos](#)

Summary

While Shane and Yuna have their heart to heart outside, Ilya is just kind of... there with David. They talk.

Notes

This is absolutely inspired by art, but I can't find it!!! Someone on tumblr posted an ADORABLE comic of Ilya and David just kind of staring at each other until Ilya says "So, you still read new yorker?" If you have seen this little comic you should send it to me so I can link it in the notes!

Update: [Here's the link to the art!](#) Thank you to all the commenters who found this so quickly? How did I spend an hour not finding it???

I can't stop thinking about Ilya getting to interact with a kind supportive dad for the first time maybe ever? I love it so much.

This, Ilya thought, was hell. He could see Mr. Hollander's eyes flickering over to him, like he was supposed to say something. He was definitely supposed to say something. Something that wouldn't make Shane make that face, like he was going to sink into the floor. He didn't entirely understand which things made Shane want to sink into the floor. But he was supposed to.

Mr. Hollander's eyes flickered over to him again. Shane and Mrs. Hollander had only been outside for about fifteen seconds. Who knew how long they would stay out there.

"You still read *The New Yorker*?" Ilya asked.

Mr. Hollander smiled. "Every week! Did Shane tell you that?"

"Yes." Ilya said. Was that enough? Mr. Hollander was still looking at him. Not enough, then. "I tried to read it once. To practice English."

"That's some heavy practice!"

It had been. Even if the vocabulary hadn't been such a stretch, the print was tiny and difficult to read, and there were so many articles that Ilya hadn't been able to care about.

"I didn't like it," Ilya admitted.

"Oh? Why not?"

It was boring as shit, Ilya thought. He couldn't say that. "Too much American politics. It made me tired."

To Ilya's surprise, Mr. Hollander laughed. "Sometimes it seems like that's all Americans know how to write about, huh? And it's been worse recently."

"I haven't read for years."

"Since the election, *everything* has been about American politics. It's making *me* tired!"

Ilya smiled. Shane's dad wasn't that scary. "You should read novels. When you get tired of politics. I am reading *The Seven Husbands of Evelyn Hugo*. Is very good."

"You should get Shane onto novels," Mr. Hollander said. "He needs a break-"

"From all of the hockey books!" Ilya finished for him, chuckling. "Is all he reads!"

"Even during the summer!" Mr. Hollander laughed too.

They were silent again, then. It was more comfortable, this time. Ilya glanced towards the door, where he could see Shane talking to his mom.

"Do you think he is okay?" Ilya asked, then regretted it immediately. If Shane wasn't okay, it was because of this. Because of them. Because of their week together in the cottage. Mr.

Hollander would blame him. Ilya blamed *himself*.

"He will be. He's tougher than he looks."

"I'm sorry," Ilya said. "That you found out like that. It's my fault."

The silence was terrible again. Like death.

"I think it takes two to do what you were doing," Mr. Hollander said, looking down at his glass.

Ilya didn't laugh.

"I don't want you to apologize for loving him."

"I'm not," Ilya insisted, even though he wasn't sure it was true. It would be so much easier for Shane if he loved anyone else. And he wouldn't be doing all of this if Ilya hadn't let himself fall.

"I've never seen Shane this happy."

Ilya did laugh at that. "He looks like he wants to fall into a hole."

Mr. Hollander shrugged. "You can be embarrassed because you're talking about sex with your parents and be happy at the same time."

Ilya sat with that for a moment. Was Shane happy? This week had been so comfortable. Relaxing, just like Shane had wanted. They had been touching nearly every minute. Not just during sex, although there had been plenty of that. They cooked together, played together, and read books before bed with their legs tangled together. It had been easy. Ilya was tempted to say it had been easy like never before, but that wasn't true. It had always felt easy to slot together. The only difference now was that they could say it.

"I like seeing him happy," Mr. Hollander said.

"Me too." Ilya smiled down at his mug.

"You look happy too," Mr Hollander said.

Ilya shrugged. It wasn't David Hollander's job to care if he was happy.

"I'm glad you boys found each other."

Ilya glanced out the window again. Shane was hugging his mom, his shoulders shaking like he was crying.

"I'm glad he has you," Ilya said. "My family would not have been..." he trailed off. How could he describe his own family? Did he want to? No. "Not like this."

"You have us too, Ilya," Mr. Hollander said. Ilya didn't look at him. This was all too much, too soon, too far from what he knew. He couldn't look at everything Mr. Hollander was saying. It would be like looking at the sun. It would burn him alive.

He looked at his mug. "Thank you, Mr. Hollander."

Mr. Hollander put a hand on Ilya's arm. Ilya looked at him then, because he was supposed to.

"It's David. At least to you."

Shane came back to the table with Mrs. Hollander (Yuna? Maybe she was Yuna). Ilya offered to help her cook, but was quickly told to sit down and enjoy the conversation. He did. He enjoyed Shane arguing with his dad about baseball. Maybe he'd learn about baseball one day. No one in Moscow cared about baseball. *Everyone* in Boston cared about baseball, but Ilya had never bothered to understand it.

Ilya enjoyed it when Yuna sat down with a pot of some of the most delicious pasta he had ever tasted and started talking about brand deals.

Ilya looked to Shane, who looked like he was going to scream. He glanced to David, who just rolled his eyes, like talking about brand deals at lunch was a regular occurrence. It felt like they were through it, whatever it was. They were on the other side, and now they got to have lunch. Ilya was already halfway through his second bowl, and David was moving the pot so Ilya wouldn't have to interrupt the conversation to ask for more.

And it was easy. It was easy to say, without hesitation, that he would leave Boston for Shane. It was easy to say that Shane was his boyfriend. Easy to kiss him, and easy to swell with pride when he realized this was the first time anyone had ever seen them kiss.

"Since rookie season," Yuna whispered as Ilya rubbed Shane's back.

"Summer before," David corrected.

Ilya beamed into Shane's shoulder.

"Since you're not actually on a silent retreat, maybe we could come for cards tomorrow?" David suggested when Ilya and Shane were washing dishes.

Shane glanced at Ilya. Ilya nodded. Anything Shane wanted. Always.

"Yeah, that sounds nice."

"We'll have four with Ilya, we could play spades."

"You and Mom are the worst when we play spades," Shane groaned.

"You'll have to make sure Ilya knows what he's doing, then," David teased.

"What is spades?" Ilya asked.

"A game we're going to lose tomorrow," Shane whined.

Ilya didn't mind. Not when it was so easy to be here, seamlessly wrapped into Shane's life.

"Please text," Ilya said. He made eye contact with David.

"We'll text!" David said, making eye contact back.

Ilya put his arm around Shane as he drove, letting Shane take all the time he needed. Eventually, Shane spoke up.

"That was... okay."

"That was good," Ilya said. "You did it. We did it."

"We did," Shane said, smiling like he meant it. Good.

"Your dad is nice."

"What did you talk about?" Shane asked.

"The New Yorker," Ilya said.

He could live on Shane's laugh.

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