

Hi Ilya

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Hi Ilya

by [doorway_\(glossedmouth\)](#)

Summary

Re-write of episode 6. Shane tells Ilya to stay in the car while he heads inside to explain things to David and Yuna.

Ilya freaks out but obeys Shane.

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Ilya's mouth began to run dry as Shane's parents' cottage loomed in sight. He had Shane's right hand clasped in between his own but now his own palms felt clammy. He didn't regret throwing on the Boston shirt when they set off from Shane's cottage. Something about pride and needing Shane's parents to understand exactly who their son was with. But now as they pulled up on the gravel driveway of David and Yuna's cottage, Ilya became vaguely aware that he was grinding his teeth. He had to force himself to take a deep breath and relax. His dentist in Boston warned him to be careful with the new set of molars in his lower jaw.

When Shane killed the ignition, they wordlessly unbuckled themselves. As they cracked the doors open, Shane's hand fell on Ilya's forearm with a squeeze.

"What?"

Shane's eyes were filled with nothing but sheer fear. It made Ilya's heart run a beat faster.

"Maybe you shouldn't come inside."

Ilya gave him an incredulous brow raise. Shane looked like he was warring with himself, and Ilya wanted to scream. He was not a married woman Shane was fucking on the side. For Christ's sakes, Shane looked like he was actually being serious. There was a stubborn set to his jawline that made Ilya wants to punch the dashboard.

"Are you fucking serious?"

Shane gave Ilya an adamant nod.

"Stay here," Shane breathed out. "Let me go inside by myself first. I don't know how my mom is gonna handle this if my dad's already said something. Let me handle this first."

"Shane," Ilya said, trying not to sound thick with emotion. One last try. He had to try. "Shane, sweetheart. You're freaking out. Let me come in with you."

Shane gave Ilya a resolute shake of his head. Ilya's face crumpled into something Shane couldn't bear himself to look at. Still, Ilya reached out to smoothen some of the wrinkles along the shoulder line of Shane's blue linen shirt. He felt like a dirty secret but he also understood the gravity of the situation. This was new for Shane as well and Ilya also didn't know how Shane's western family, albeit much less socially conservative from Ilya's, would react. Being gay was not illegal in this country but that Ilya had been around enough older North Americans to know there was a prevailing sentiment on the political right here to reel in all of the progress that had been made in the past few decades.

"Alright," Ilya said, as gently as he could manage, without breaking inside. "I'll be waiting out here for you. No matter how it goes, I'll be waiting, okay?"

"Okay. Thank you," Shane whispered. He looked like he'd been deployed to war, gaze bleak and lost. Ilya accepted the soft, close-mouthed kiss and the car keys Shane put in his left palm.

He watched Shane walk to the cottage, squeezing the key fob in his hand. Taking a deep breath, Ilya faced the shiny dashboard, arms tensely placed on his thighs. It's nice outside but Ilya started the car again from the passenger side and turned on the AC. Because he was petty and upset with Shane for not letting him come in with him, he turned the AC dial to the max, content to use up some of Shane's gas to keep himself cool.

He tried not to look at the cottage and pry on what's going on. He tried not to think anything except his breathing got shorter and his emotions were mounting and his eyes were starting to get wet. Eventually, a low guttural sob punched itself out of Ilya's chest.

At some point, Ilya was pretty sure he struck the dashboard with his fist.

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Yuna was reading a book when David burst into the house, face looking unusually flushed. Her gaze narrowed. It was not that hot and she always made him wear sunscreen in the morning. Didn't he go to Shane's place for something or the other?

"Did you get whatever you needed?"

"Huh?"

Odd. Yuna slid her bookmark in place and looked at her husband properly. He wouldn't meet her gaze.

"Didn't you need something?"

"Oh yeah. Yeah. I needed a charger. Shane—Shane didn't have it either."

"Okay. We can go to the store tomorrow if it's that urgent. How is Shane?"

Why was he looking even more flushed? Yuna did her best not to jump to any conclusions but when you only had one child and that child was your collective everything with your partner, it was hard not to.

"Yeah, he's—he's okay."

Yuna pursed her mouth in a frown.

"I'm worried about him," she confessed. "I get that he wants some space to breathe. But these seasons keep getting more intense."

"Babe, that's what he signed up for."

David collapsed on the other side of the couch. He mopped a hand over his forehead. It shook slightly. Yuna noticed it. Hmm. Something was up. He wasn't telling her something. She

knew him well enough when he was withholding information from her. He had gone up there and clearly seen or said something he shouldn't have. But David parented differently from her. He was definitely involved with Shane, just in a more hands-off way. The two of them operated differently together. Sometimes, David was who Shane needed instead. Yuna remembered summers when Shane was so anxious and David would take him out in the old sedan they had long since sold off. Yuna suspected it was long drives, burgers and ice cream but both of her boys wouldn't tell her about the junk food. But they would come back sporting content smiles and that was enough for her.

He hadn't said anything. She knew him too well to know David was a man who picked his few words with too much care. So he had seen something he shouldn't have. Was it a woman Shane had at the cottage? Had he rekindled things with Rose Landry? This was something they had mused about when Shane had told the two of them he needed to be left alone this summer to recuperate from the excruciating demands of the past season. That maybe Shane and Rose wanted to work on it again? But that wouldn't have made David look so out of it as he did now.

Was it a guy maybe? Someone Shane might have met in Montréal. At a gay bar or club. That was also something she had discussed with David and she was mentally prepared for this possibility as well. Sometimes, Shane seemed like he might also be interested in men.

Hm. She knew David wouldn't tell her anything. It would have to come from Shane.

An hour passed of Yuna reading her book and checking on the chicken and pasta in the slow cooker. David was watching TV but looked tense. Yuna was going to give him till after dinner to ride it out on his own. She would make him spill when they got in bed. He was easier to get stuff out of then.

They both startled at the sound of an approaching car crunching on the gravel path of their driveway. Yuna looked through the window of their living room. It was Shane's car and it didn't look like he was alone. Her pulse quickened. Was that a man in the other front seat?

David gave up the jig with a harsh exhale. So that was it. A boyfriend then. A secret boyfriend. Okay. This, Yuna could handle.

"What's going on?" Yuna asked David quietly. "I think you know but you're not telling me."

David sighed. "I think Shane is going to tell you himself."

Yuna nodded. She folded her arms across her chest as she watched Shane talk to the man in his car. She couldn't make out anything of the other man except a mess of brown curls. Why did he look vaguely familiar? She couldn't mentally place the resemblance though.

Shane killed the ignition. After a while, she watched her son exit the car and walk up the driveway, hands stuffed in the pockets of his shorts and head bowed. His linen shirt looked wrinkled and Yuna frowned at that. Why was he not taking proper care of that nice linen shirt?

The door opened. Shane stood, looking at both of them, without a smile on his face.

"Hey."

"I forgot my charger and wanted to see if you had a spare lying around," David said, looking sheepish.

Shane waved him off. "It's fine, Dad. Can-can we all sit down? I got something to tell both of you."

Mouth dry, Yuna settled back down with David. Shane crossed over to sit in the opposing loveseat. He clasped his hands together.

"Son, tell us what it is," Yuna said quietly. "We're here for you, no matter what."

Shane exhaled. "Yeah. Yeah. Well. I'm gay."

"Okay," Yuna said slowly. She smiled and looked at David who still looked vaguely unsettled. "That's fine, Shane. I think ... your Dad and I were both considering the possibility of that."

Shane's eyes widened. He looked up. "You did?"

Yuna nodded, giving him an appraising look. "Yeah, we figured when things didn't work out with Rose for you. It didn't seem like the two of you were compatible in that way."

That made Shane burst into a shy laugh. He relaxed some. "Yeah. We were not compatible in that way. Yeah."

"Shane," Yuna said, carefully, like she was approaching a spooked animal. "There is a man in your car. Is he your-?"

"Boyfriend? I think so. Yes. Yes, he is."

The word *boyfriend* was said so unsteadily. Almost like he couldn't believe it himself.

"Okay." Yuna leaned back and looked askance at him. "What's his name?"

Shane swallowed hard. So did David. Fuck. What were these two hiding from her?

"His name is," Shane began, halting. "His name is. Ilya."

"Tell her, Shane," David said, resigned.

"Fine," Shane said with gritted teeth. "Mom, the man in my car is Ilya Rozanov."

Everything went quiet for Yuna. Her heart began to pound.

"What?"

"Yes," Shane said. His voice was broken, eyes red. The wind had now been taken out of his sails. "Ilya is waiting in my car."

Yuna stared at him, trying to make sense of this. She looked at David who nodded at her. She took a deep breath.

“Your boyfriend is Ilya Rozanov?”

“Yes,” Shane whispered, like he'd lost all his energy. He said *yes* like it was a question, not a statement.

“Oh my god,” Yuna said faintly. She had so many questions but suddenly one came to mind. “Do-do his parents know?”

Shane shook his head. His lips pursed into a small frown. “His parents are dead, Mom. Remember? He isn't on speaking terms with his one brother in Russia anymore. He's got no one here. Well ... he has a family friend in Boston. Mom, he has no one. He really only has me.”

Yuna's blood ran ice-cold.

“And you've left him alone in your car?”

Shane's face crumpled in agony. “Yeah. Because I wasn't sure how you'd react to any of this.”

“*Shane*,” Yuna exclaimed. “You've left the poor boy alone in your car.”

“No, Mom, what do you mean, you don't even like him—”

Before she could think, Yuna hurried out of her cottage, an aggrieved Shane on her heels.

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Ilya had managed to hug his knees up close to his chest. He was blankly staring at a maple tree, anxious tears streaming down his cheeks. What if it was going badly inside Shane's parents' cottage? Ilya couldn't handle the idea of Shane's parents not being accepting of their relationship. His brother was a lost cause. Shane's parents were not. He could not even mentally consider Shane having a breakdown in his wonderful relationship with his wonderful parents all because of Ilya. The very thought of that happening made everything emotional shatter inside of Ilya. Fuck. He did not deserve Shane as it was and now his nice, lovely Canadian boyfriend had to come out because of him. Everyone could have nice things except for Ilya. Shane was easily the best thing that had ever happened to Ilya. What if Shane was taken away from him? What if Shane gave him up?

Fuck. He was spiraling so badly. What if he jumped in the driver's seat and drove away? What if-

He startled when the front door banged open. Yuna Hollander was charging straight towards the car, Shane following her. Ilya hurriedly killed the car ignition and the air conditioning with it as well. He got out of Shane's sensible car (Shane really left him all alone in this basic car of all things) and wiped his palms on his shorts. He rubbed his right ear with his thumb and index fingers.

“Ilya Rozanov.”

“That's me,” Ilya replied, polite and nervous as all hell, tracking all her movements with hawk eyes. Yuna Hollander was a head shorter than Shane and him but she was an intimidating woman. Parents made Ilya feel small and want to shrink. He was a six foot man but even petite moms fell in that category. Her eyes were lined black, hair dyed brown to conceal her grays, no doubt. She was wearing a linen sweater and loosely fitted slacks.

Yuna's lips were tight as she took in his Boston shirt but her eyes were soft as she ran her gaze over his face.

“You were crying,” She said simply. Shane looked agonized at that. Yuna turned back and gave Shane a reproachful look.

Ilya started at that. He laughed and wiped his face dry with the backs of his hands.

“I was,” He affirmed truthfully. “I didn't want to make problems for your son. I would rather die than be liability for Shane.”

“Ilya. Ilya, I'm so fucking sorry I made you wait out here,” Shane breathed out. He closed the distance between them and stood by his side, taking Ilya's hand to intertwine their fingers together, pressing a soft kiss to Ilya's cheek, right over his most prominent cheek mole.

“Baby, don't worry. They're fine. You-you told me they'd be fine. You were right. They're fine.”

“Told you,” Ilya retorted, with no heat in it whatsoever. “Is okay. I forgive you. I know you were scared.”

“Come inside, son,” Yuna addressed Ilya. “I won't pretend like I understand everything just yet but no partner of my son is waiting outside in his car. Let's talk.”

Son. Ilya gave Shane a tremulous smile. Shane smiled back, looking equal parts emotional and terrified.

“Okay, ma'am,” Ilya said. “Let's talk.”

“Yuna. Call me Yuna.”

Ilya's gold chain felt warm on his neck.

“Yuna. Hi Yuna.”

She gave him a gentle smile and for Ilya, it was in that moment that he knew everything was going to be okay. He was five years old again, back when he had maternal energy in his life to protect him from the violent onslaught of his father and brother. He could be a child again with this woman. Maybe he could even trust her.

“Hi Ilya. It's so nice to meet you.”

Chapter 2: David

Chapter Summary

The conversation David and Ilya have when an emotional Yuna storms out with Shane.

Ilya winced when he watched Shane follow Yuna outside. His breathing quickened when he realized he was alone with David. Shane's dad. Older fathers put Ilya on edge.

He took another sip of his vodka and gave David a nod and what he hoped was a smile but probably came out as a grimace. David sighed, but reached out to clink their glasses together.

"Is she okay?" Ilya asked slowly, hoping David understood his question really was *will she be okay?*

David shrugged, and swirled the vodka around in his own glass. He then set it down on the dinner table, and set his arms together. Looking out the window, David stared at his wife and son. They were clearly having an emotional moment of sorts. Ilya could not bear to look at the two of them. His fingers reflexively closed around the crucifix on his neck.

"I don't know if Yuna knew," David said quietly. "But I had thoughts about Shane possibly being gay since he was a little kid."

Ilya's eyes widened. Should David be telling him this?

"How did you know that?"

David shrugged again. He tipped his head back and laughed, brusque and tired. Still facing the ceiling, David spoke.

"He had a friend in kindergarten. So he was what, four. There was a friend he made back then - another little kid he was awfully fond of. If my memory serves me right, I think the kid relocated to the States because his dad got a good job offer. Funny. I think it was Boston."

Ilya's fingers tightened around his glass.

"He was beyond upset when the kid left. His name was Mark. Yeah. Mark. It was a bad couple of months. It was then that I began to wonder."

"Does this Mark still keep in touch with Shane?" Ilya asked, trying to sound as casual as possible. David looked back at him and grinned.

"Son, Shane has probably clean forgotten about Mark. Yuna and I remember because Shane was really struggling. Became a real fussy eater, anxious about nearly everything. We didn't

have the family's American phone number. I think they didn't maintain the Canadian landline. Obviously."

Ilya's shoulders slumped a little. He felt like a bad ... partner for being relieved that this Mark wasn't in Shane's life. But the whole saga of Rose Landry had been more than enough for Ilya in the past year. He was good with Shane not having his kindergarten crush as a permanent fixture in his life.

"I see," He said. He took another sip of the vodka. It was really good stuff.

"Truth be told," David said, quieter. He peered out the window so Ilya chanced a look as well. They were hugging. Ilya immediately averted his gaze. He could not. "I've been worried about Shane for ages now."

That got Ilya's attention. His brows furrowed.

"Why do you say that?"

David pinched the bridge of his nose with his index finger and thumb and exhaled. Ilya studied the neatly combed salt-and-pepper hair. Shane got most of his features from Yuna but David's demeanor in many ways including the way he held himself reminded Ilya of Shane.

"Shane is ... particular," David said carefully, fixing Ilya with a wry look. "He has very specific ways of doing things. In all parts of his life. Yuna was worried too but I have always been extremely worried that Shane would struggle with finding someone to partner up with. Shane has always struggled with making friends. Letting anyone in on who he really is. I love my son but I wasn't sure he would ever find someone who would understand him on a deeper level."

There was a warm, buzzy feeling taking root in Ilya's chest. He couldn't stop the shy smile that spread on his face.

"I don't think," Ilya replied, enunciating his words with just as much care to ensure David understood the intention. "That you should worry about him as much these days."

David reached out and gave Ilya's hand a squeeze. Ilya couldn't stop the way his hand jerked at first, not used to any level of gentleness or softer touch from a man of David's age. He forced himself to relax into it, and tried to breathe through the crest of emotions so his eyes wouldn't be wet.

"I will always worry about Shane because he is my son," David said. "Please ... take care of Shane well. I raised a good boy, you know? He'll take very good care of you too."

Ilya sniffled.

"He already does."

End Notes

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