

yuna hollander f*cks around and finds out

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by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

A little frantic, she grabbed a knife off the chopping block. Yes, she was aware this was a somewhat dramatic reaction to what she was sure was just her son cancelling his plans, but she wasn't going to find out empty handed like a fool from some budget slasher movie.

She yanked open the door to find... Ilya Rozanov?

He was naked.

She screamed.

“Ah!” Rozanov screamed back, grabbing a pillow from the bed and holding it to his crotch.
“Blyat!”

Ilya Rozanov was in Shane’s bedroom. In Shane's apartment. Naked. Wearing nothing.
Naked.

“Err-“ Rozanov broke the silence.

“Erm-” Yuna repeated, suddenly feeling flustered.

Burglars she could handle. Ilya Rozanov naked? Not so much.

(yuna goes to shane's apartment and gets the shock of her life)

Notes

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

Yuna Hollander had suspected for a few years that her son might be gay. Partly due to his particularly sparse dating history and his apparent lack of interest in women. Which she supposed he could be keeping a secret from her, if not for the fact that there had been certain... incidents that had confirmed her suspicions.

For example, the sex toy drawer incident that David had told her about through blushes and stammers. When Shane had been in hospital and David had gone to grab Shane some things from home and a change of clothes and had been rooting through Shane's bedside draws for his phone charger, and had instead found a dildo, three bottles of lube, and - apparently - a truly ridiculous amount of condoms.

Or the time Yuna had found a man's Adidas shirt too sizes too big for Shane hiding under his pillow, when she knew for a fact that Shane couldn't own anything from Adidas due to a clause in his Nike contract.

Or the time her and David had visited Shane's for dinner after the first Metros game of the 2017 season and she'd seen a string of very horrifying but informative texts.

Lily

When can I see you next

Lily

I miss you

Lily

And my 🍆 misses your 🍑

Sure, Rose Landry had given her pause, but the extremely quick and strangely amicable break up had actually ended up confirming her theory. Maybe it was her being too black and white - as she always was - but it seemed to her that most men did not in fact become best friends and spend hours on the phone with their ex-girlfriends.

Anyway. The point was that she was almost certain that her son was gay. When her and David had first discussed it, she'd suggested just asking Shane outright the next time they saw him. Unfortunately, her husband was much more level headed and had insisted that Shane was an adult and that, if and when there was something to tell, he'd tell them when he was good and ready. And Yuna had - reluctantly - agreed. Shane was like that - he couldn't be pushed too quickly to do anything he didn't want to do. Everything had to be mentally prepared for and thought over to an almost excessive degree, an unfortunate habit that Yuna could admit Shane *might* have gotten from her.

So, Yuna had been very good and ignored her natural instinct to bulldoze her way to the truth.

However, if she was being forced by her husband to be patient and wait, she knew she'd make the most of this time to plan meticulously. She'd followed this conversation with a fair amount of research into how to be a good parent to an LGBT child, the attitudes in the hockey world - which she already knew wasn't going to be positive - and then into how to

protect Shane's position in the MLH and his brand deals, should he ever wish to come out publicly while he was still a player. She even had a file on her computer planning for a potential legal case should the MLH decide to cause a fuss.

It was all contingencies; though she only wanted the best for her son and hoped he'd be able to be honest about himself to the world and have a public relationship one day, she was also realistic. And she knew her son. She knew that it would take a lot for Shane to want to come out - he loved hockey more than anything else she knew of. Still, it was always best to be prepared.

All of this to say, when she'd pictured finally telling her he was gay, she'd envisioned herself as the perfect ally and mom, being calm, collected, and beyond all - supportive.

It was therefore unfortunate that it was a fact of life that sometimes things don't go to plan.

Yuna let herself into Shane's apartment, breathing a sigh of relief and finally dumping her bag on the counter. Her shoulder ached from lugging it around all day with the huge file she had for Shane's Rolex endorsements and contracts. She kicked off her heels and chucked the keys into a bowl by the door that she'd bought the apartment when Shane had moved in.

Strictly, he'd given her these keys for emergencies only. And technically this wasn't any kind of emergency, but she'd flown into Montreal that morning for a last minute meeting with Rolex and all the good hotels were fully booked when she'd checked earlier that morning. She was exhausted and didn't much feel like staying in some shitty hotel; she was 53 years old, she felt she was past that stage in her life. Besides, her son had a perfectly good apartment with four guest bedrooms that pretty much always went unused, and she had it on good authority from the man himself that he wasn't going to be in town tonight.

When she'd texted earlier that morning letting him know she'd be in town for the night, he'd told her that he was going to stay at the Pike's for the weekend to babysit the kids so that Jackie and Hayden could celebrate their wedding anniversary properly. She'd tried to call him after that to ask if it was okay for her to stay in his apartment as he wasn't going to be using it, but he hadn't picked up, and she'd figured he wouldn't mind.

She'd just walked over to the kitchen to see if there was a bottle of wine to be found - though knowing her son this was doubtful - when she heard a muffled thump sound.

She immediately froze where she stood, the hairs on her neck standing up.

"Shane?" Yuna said cautiously, her heart thumping. "Is that you?"

No response. Maybe he just hadn't heard her?

Or - was someone in the apartment?

Fuck.

She looked around for any sign of a break in. Nothing looked out of place. And the noise had come from Shane's bedroom. It probably was Shane. She just had a ridiculously overactive imagination because David loved thrillers or anything with a British cop and a few grisly murders. It set her teeth on edge watching them, but as David probably watched hundreds of hours of hockey his son wasn't even involved in, she dutifully watched them with him.

She briefly considered calling 911, but dismissed the thought quickly. What on earth would she say if the police turned up and opened the door to find Shane? Yes, I'm very sorry for wasting police time, officer, I did in fact call the cops on my own son for being in *his* apartment.

Especially since the local police had Shane's address on file because he was a celebrity and all famous people - even hockey famous people - got threats or... *enthusiastic* fans. They'd probably send a fucking SWAT team if they thought there was an intruder in Shane Hollander's apartment.

Yeah, maybe not.

Still, there was a part of her that feared it actually wasn't Shane. That she actually wasn't overreacting and she was actually acting like one of those characters in horror movies she always rolled her eyes at for walking straight into danger.

Yuna looked around for something to take with her but found nothing. She usually carried pepper spray in her bag but she'd left that purse at home this morning. A little frantic, she grabbed a knife off the chopping block.

God, she probably looked like a psycho.

Yes, she was aware this was a somewhat dramatic reaction that what she was sure was just her son cancelling his plans, but she wasn't going to find out empty handed like a fool from some budget slasher movie.

She crept over to the bedroom door, grateful she'd kicked off her Louboutins. Her heart was racing as she reached for the door handle.

Suddenly, she yanked open the door to find... *Ilya Rozanov*?

He was naked.

She screamed.

“Ah!” Rozanov screamed back, grabbing a pillow from the bed and holding it to his crotch. “*Blyat!*”

Ilya Rozanov was in Shane's bedroom. In Shane's apartment. Naked. Wearing nothing.

Ilya Rozanov was in her son's bedroom wearing nothing and holding a throw pillow over his... well.

Yuna was frozen in the doorway, still holding the enormous, sharp knife, unable to do anything but blink uncomprehendingly at Rozanov.

Rozanov stared back, a look of horror on his face.

For a solid minute, no one spoke. They simply looked at each other.

“Err-“ Rozanov broke the silence. His eyes were wide and alarmed.

“Erm-” Yuna repeated, suddenly feeling flustered.

This hadn't even been in the fucking realm of possibilities of all the things she'd envisioned when opening the door to Shane's bedroom.

Burglars she could handle. Ilya Rozanov naked? Not so much.

She had to recover her wits, and quick. “What the *hell* do you think you’re doing here?”

"Um, I-" Rozanov started to speak and then stopped again, glancing at the knife warily.

She flushed and shrugged, lowering the knife and trying to ignore the white hot stab of embarrassment flooding through her. He probably thought she was a downright psychopath. “Sorry, I thought someone had broken in.”

Rozanov barked out a sudden laugh. “No. But any thief would regret it very much when seeing you, I think.”

A half-hysterical giggle burst out of her and he grinned back at her, wide and toothy.

She suddenly realised she’d never seen Rozanov smile quite like this. She’d seen him smirk plenty of times or grin, sometimes, but it was usually a smile bloodied from a fight, or caused by a biting comment about her son, or twisted with that trademark Rozanov arrogance that Yuna had despised with a passion for more years than she cared to remember.

He looked younger like this, a hesitant but authentic smile on his face.

Maybe it was also the fact that he wasn’t wearing his gear, or a suit, which were pretty much the only things she’d seen him in.

God, she needed to stop that train of thought - it only served to remind her of Rozanov’s... state of undress.

In the very back of her mind, the part of her that was certain that Shane was gay, she was sure that this meant exactly what she thought it meant. Unfortunately, the front part of her mind was too numbed with shock to actually get the question out.

Was she dreaming? She felt the bizarre urge to pinch herself, just to make sure this wasn’t some insane nightmare.

Suddenly she heard the sound of the front door buzz open and slam closed, followed by the familiar sound of her son's voice.

She suddenly heard David's voice in her head saying "*Let him come to us, he'll tell us when he'd ready,*" and thought to herself, *this is perhaps not what he had in mind*. If she knew her son at all, and she did, he was going to freak out about this. She suddenly wished David was here; he was so much better at helping Shane whenever he had his meltdowns. Even as a kid, she'd never known how to deal with his tantrums, especially when it was over something as small as the texture of an egg, or the feel of a label. David had always known how to manage it better.

"Ilya?" Shane's voice was almost at the door and Yuna had the sudden, insane urge to hide - or throw all the clothes she could possibly find at Rozanov. "I got your text, I can't believe I drove two hours to surprise you in Ottawa while you were driving to fucking Montreal to surprise me, we are so stupid-" Shane sounded breathless, as if he'd just sprinted up the stairs.

"Shane," Rozanov tried to call out, his voice warning. "Shane -"

Suddenly her son had appeared, almost naked, his clothes in his hands.

"Ah!" Shane shouted. "What the - *mom? Ilya?*"

It was clear to her immediately that her son had started stripping his clothes off as soon as he'd stepped through the door.

Oh, God.

It was so much more than she ever needed to know about her son's life.

It was more than Yuna's poor heart could take.

"I think I need to sit down." Yuna said faintly.

"Mom, what are you doing here?" Shane asked, looking almost sick with panic. "And why are you holding a *knife?*"

His gaze flickered between the two of them.

"And why the fuck are you naked, Ilya?" Shane hissed.

Rozanov just bit his lip, looking simultaneously worried and almost like he was trying not to laugh in that nervous way that people did in situations like these.

She almost scoffed at herself as the thought crossed her mind - *the way that people did in situations like these...* she doubted that anyone in the history of the fucking universe had ever been in a situation 'like this'. Situations like these did not exist. They did not happen. It wasn't real life.

A hysterical bubble of laughter pushed its way into her chest but she swallowed it down.

Her son's face was as white as sheet. He blinked and suddenly his eyes were wet, in the way his eyes always got when he was trying to hold back his emotions.

"Mom, I..."

Yuna reached out to squeeze her son's hand. "I love you, honey, okay?"

She didn't say anything else, not yet. She had a feeling she'd need to tread carefully here. His coming out had taken out of his control - something which never failed to cause Shane to have a meltdown - and she didn't want to make anything worse.

Shane said nothing, pressing his trembling lips together. His eyes were glistening with unshed tears that she could tell he was straining to hold back.

Yuna felt a rush of affection for her baby.

"Okay." She said. "Okay. I'm going to go and make us all a drink and we can sit down and talk this through, okay?"

Shane nodded mutely.

She was going to take that. "Okay. I'm going to go now, honey. Please, um - I'll just wait while you two... put some clothes on -"

Both boys blushed bright red. Rozanov coughed as though he was covering up a laugh and Shane whipped his head around to glare at him, a look that was all too familiar to Yuna.

She nodded, business-like, and walked out of the room as if nothing much had happened.

In reality, her head was pounding.

She found herself at the kitchen counter and suddenly realised she was still holding the knife, probably looking like a lunatic.

Yuna needed to focus. She put on the kettle and watched it boil as her mind ran a thousand miles a minute.

Right. What was the plan?

"Oh God, I can't fucking believe this-" Yuna heard Shane whisper. She felt almost nauseated by the sound of his panicked voice. "Put your fucking boxers on right now, I swear to God-"

"Shane." Rozanov whispered back. Even though they were trying to be quiet, Shane's bedroom was right next to the kitchen and she hadn't shut the door properly, so she could hear every word.

"This is my fucking *nightmare*, Ilya-"

"Shane, please - just, come here, okay?" The sound of shuffling. "I think it's time to wake up, yes?"

"I feel like I'm gonna die." Shane's voice was muffled.

The words were like daggers in Yuna's heart. Was her son truly so afraid of her reaction?

She felt herself tearing up at the thought. She thought they'd always done their best to show Shane how much they loved him - enough to show him that nothing could ever make them stop. Was she a terrible mom?

Not for the first time, she wished her husband was here.

"I know you are scared, but you are brave. And you have said how great your parents are. Your mom, she loves you. I think you are okay, Shane. I think we are okay."

A part of her was frantically trying to reconcile the Rozanov that was speaking with the boy she'd hated since he'd beaten Shane for number one draft pick all those years ago. He was so... soft. It was like nothing she'd seen from the man before.

She heard the sound of her son's shuddering breath. For a moment there was nothing but silence. Yuna poured three cups of coffee, adding milk and sugar to hers.

Her heart constricted at the way Rozanov was talking to her son.

This was what any parent wanted for their child more than anything - someone who knew how to take care of them when their parents were no longer allowed to do so.

"I love you, Ilya, so much."

Yuna sucked in a breath.

"I love you too, Shane. More than anything."

Suddenly, she couldn't feel anything other than gratitude that the universe had sent Shane someone like Ilya Rozanov.

The logistics would be difficult, sure, but that would all come later. And yes, she would be internally cringing for the foreseeable future thinking about Ilya Rozanov waiting naked for her son to get home. And her son stripping as soon as he walked through the door. But for now she simply wanted to be grateful that her son had found someone to love, and that loved him back with such care.

"I know. It'll be fine, they're great - I mean, I know it'll be fine. It's just -"

"Scary."

"Yes." Then, another whisper. "God, this is not how I hoped this would go."

Rozanov laughed.

There was the sound of a thump.

“It’s not fucking funny, you asshole!” Shane whispered furiously.

Rozanov laughed again. “Is a little funny, I think.”

Shane let out a breathless laugh and then groaned. “God, why did you have to be fucking *naked?*”

Rozanov let out an affronted sound. “Is not my fault your mother came in! I was waiting for *you!* And is not my fault you send me that picture earlier, it was very sexy, Hollander -”

Oh God.

On second thoughts, maybe she wasn't so grateful after all.

End Notes

hope everyone enjoyed this addition to the series!

i feel i am lagging on ideas recently (i have a few in the drafts that i'm working through) but i'm curious on what people would like to read? i cannot promise my muses will be inspired by every idea but i would love to try and give y'all the niche fics of ur dreams, so feel free to go nuts in the comments lol <

ALSO I PROMISE I AM GOING THROUGH AND RESPONDING TO EVERYTHING IN MY INBOX AS SOON AS I HAVE A SPARE MOMENT, I LOVE & APPRECIATE ALL UR COMMENTS <3

EDIT: did someone post this or rec this somewhere or something i feel like it is blowing up



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