

Surveillance

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Surveillance

by [AC91](#)

Summary

Yuna has everybody's security cameras on a family plan. She never really checks them; they're just there for insurance.

Until she sees Ilya Rozanov at Shane's front door.

“Thanks so much, Mrs Hollander.”

Yuna smiled at Becky as she grabbed her laptop. “No, it’s fine.”

“I’ve never had any issues parking on the street until now,” Becky said.

“Lucky we have the cameras,” Yuna smiled, navigating to the website and clicking the *login* button.

“Thanks so much for doing this,” Becky said. “I’m definitely gonna install cameras too after this.”

Yuna grimaced as she looked outside, seeing the entirety of Becky’s car scratched up. David had been right to put cameras up a few years ago for insurance purposes, even if they’d never had to use them before. “It’s no trouble. Hopefully they caught something, I’m not sure if you’re out of range.”

She clicked the autofill for the password log in and waited as it loaded, frowning when the live footage wasn’t of her entryway.

Shane’s condo, Yuna realised. She was staring at his door, the camera pointed down to the staircase to the security door. She moved to the log out button, forgetting that she’d set up the cameras for him in the first place and kept the login saved because he would definitely forget about it when someone walked up to Shane’s front door.

Yuna froze, going cold when she recognised the face.

Ilya Rozanov.

How does he know where Shane lives? Yuna grabbed her phone, ready to call Shane to warn him that Rozanov was at his house, either to break in or prank him, when the door opened. She caught the big smile on Rozanov’s face as Shane grabbed his arm and pulled him into the condo.

Yuna blinked. *Are they friends?* That didn’t make any sense. Shane would have told her.

“Honey, can you leave your email address and I’ll send over whatever we caught?” Yuna said blankly, handing Becky a pen and a notepad from her purse.

Becky wrote down her email, thanking Yuna profusely and showing herself out.

Rude, Yuna admonished herself. *You don’t make guests show themselves out.*

She went back through the footage, watching again as Rozanov knocked on the door and smiled brightly when it opened.

She’d never seen Rozanov smile like that. Yuna had watched all his games and interviews over the years; she’d seen him smirk and smile cockily and flirt. But she’d never seen every

single tooth he owned, or seen his eyes light up like that.

So Shane and Rozanov were...friends. Secret friends, apparently.

Yuna supposed it made sense, in a way. If she really tried to wrap her mind around it. Their rivalry was still the biggest ticket seller in the MLH. If there was no rivalry, people may not be as interested in the games.

She wasn't proud, but she sat there for hours, waiting for more movement. Yuna wasn't sure what she was looking for, but she just wanted to see Rozanov leave. She made herself dinner and ate in front of her laptop, waiting for something, *anything*, to happen.

Yuna got her wish nearly seven hours after Rozanov had arrived.

It was nearly two in the morning when the door opened again. Yuna startled at the noise, sitting forward and watching intently. Rozanov was laughing as he stepped out onto the landing, holding his shoes. He looked like he'd just run a marathon; he was red and sweaty, his hair was sticking up every which way. They must have used Shane's home gym. Training together made sense, weirdly enough. Yuna was sure there was no one better to push Shane than the only person who was almost on his level.

Shane followed as Rozanov leaned against the door jamb and put his shoes on.

They looked so...*friendly*. It was shocking, seeing them smile together. Yuna had never seen Shane so relaxed; there was no tension in his shoulders. He looked loose, like he'd just had a two hour full body massage. She'd certainly never seen the smile Rozanov had now; in interviews, in videos of him at clubs, his smile was much different. Tighter.

"Made me miss curfew," Rozanov was saying.

"Sorry," Shane said, not sounding sorry at all.

"No you're not," Rozanov scoffed. "Now I'm gonna have to sneak into the fucking hotel."

Yuna watched, fascinated, as they smiled at each other. Her breath caught as Rozanov stepped into Shane's space, grabbing his hips and walking him back into the wall. Shane made a soft noise as Rozanov pressed himself against Shane, and –

They were kissing.

It was intense. Yuna knew she shouldn't be watching, but she couldn't tear her eyes away from the way they grabbed each other, trying to pull each other closer, hands desperately touching each other everywhere.

It went on for too long. It was too familiar, too needy, too romantic. *They* were too familiar.

Shane's hands were tucked into Rozanov's pants, and Rozanov's hands were rucking up Shane's shirt, caressing his stomach, his hips, reaching up to grope his chest.

Yuna had never seen Shane chase someone's touch like this. He usually moved away. But he was pulling Rozanov closer, opening up beneath him, encouraging him to put his hands on him.

"I have to go," Rozanov muttered against Shane's mouth.

Shane pouted. Her grown son *pouted* at Rozanov for needing to leave. His hands were definitely inside the waistband of Rozanov's *pants*. His hand was *moving* inside Rozanov's pants as he stuck his lower lip out.

Yuna had no idea what the hell was happening.

Shane made a movement that looked like he was about to drop to his knees, but Rozanov grabbed by the elbows and kept him upright. Yuna watched as Rozanov kissed Shane again, but it was softer this time. Sweeter. He cradled Shane's face, gently brushing underneath his eyes before he pulled away and stared at him for a long moment.

"I have to go," Rozanov said, looking sad.

"One more," Shane said.

"I can't," Rozanov said. "Fuck. Gets harder and harder."

"Sil'neye," Shane smirked.

Rozanov made a sound that Yuna hoped she would never hear again as he went in for another kiss. It took her a moment to realise that Shane had said something in a language she didn't recognise.

"Stop it," Rozanov murmured.

"Don't go."

"Don't beg."

Shane gasped. "I never thought those words would ever come out of your mouth."

Yuna flinched at the implication. So, Shane and Rozanov were...something. There was something happening between the two of them. Something that involved kissing and begging and touching and not wanting to leave each other. Something that had to have been going on for a while, given their...rapport.

She watched as Shane pushed Rozanov away, nodding at him to leave. Rozanov sighed and started making his way down the stairs, turning when he got to the outside door and smiling so big that Yuna could make it out even with the distance.

"Six weeks," Rozanov said.

"Six weeks," Shane repeated.

Yuna watched Rozanov leave, watching as Shane stood by the door and stared at the space Rozanov was just standing in for four whole minutes before he finally turned and went inside.

>>>

Yuna barely slept. She laid in bed alone, glad that David's red eye had been delayed until the morning, and got up before the sun rose to start investigating.

She checked the calendar first. She made a list of every time Boston played Montreal since the surveillance cameras went in and went and checked the dates.

Yuna couldn't believe her eyes.

Ilya Rozanov, at Shane's door, every single time.

Rozanov kissing her son. Rozanov pushing him against walls and grabbing his hips and tugging his hair and biting his lip and pressing his hands up inside his shirt. Rozanov telling Shane that he missed him, that he needed him, that he was so pretty and perfect and he was all Rozanov could think about. Unzipping his jeans before he was even up the staircase.

And *Shane*. Her sweet Shane. Kissing Rozanov back, every single time. Reaching out for him, pulling him closer, running his hands through Rozanov's curls, biting back, moving to give Rozanov better access to touch him. Blushing when Rozanov called him pretty. Biting his lip when Rozanov called him perfect. Dropping to his knees before the front door was even shut.

It was surreal. It felt like some sort of sick joke by the universe.

Her son and *Ilya Rozanov*.

Rozanov, the bad boy of hockey. Rozanov, who was photographed stumbling out of clubs drunk off his ass at least three times a week. Rozanov, who had an entire internet community of women dedicated to talking about how he was in bed.

Yuna had seen the tweets about him. The puck bunny subreddit. She knew all about his reputation.

What did Shane see in him? Rozanov treated people like they were disposable. He was never seen with the same girl twice.

Yuna blinked when she realised – they were both men.

She hadn't considered last night in her confusion what this would mean for them if it got out. For the league. And Rozanov – he was a Russian citizen. Yuna had seen the news; she knew how dangerous it was over there for regular, law abiding citizens. She couldn't imagine what would happen if his government got wind of the fact that he was sleeping with men. Yuna had to assume there was more, given that it was Rozanov. It seemed absolutely ridiculous that he would risk his livelihood and his safety just for sex.

Yuna couldn't comprehend it. She couldn't understand what Shane was *doing* with a boy like that.

She tried to map it out logically. Shane was an athlete. Sport wasn't kind to queer people, Yuna knew that. Shane was also not the most social person; he wasn't necessarily going out and meeting people left and right. He was too dedicated to hockey to waste his time with people.

He and Rozanov had met through hockey, that much was obvious. Was there some sort of network of queer people? Who had approached who first? How had they even found out about each other? Yuna couldn't imagine that Shane would have made the first move.

Concentrate, she admonished herself. She tried to work backwards. Even from the first lot of footage she had found of them three years ago, they were comfortable with each other, shit talking about the game they had just played and teasing each other about a bet Shane had lost as a result.

She went to Twitter. Yuna knew there were all sorts of crazy people on the internet, and she'd come across the Hollanov hashtag more than once over the years. So many conspiracy theories abounded about so many pairs of players that Yuna had written them off long ago.

But now...

There were things called masterlists. There were YouTube videos of every interaction on the ice of Shane and Rozanov. There were tweets about how Shane would blush on the ice whenever Rozanov would chirp him.

Yuna couldn't unsee it now.

Shane *did* blush every time Rozanov so much as looked at him. On the ice, they orbited each other. They seemed to know exactly where the other one was at all times, even without looking. Like they could sense one another.

Yuna couldn't take her eyes off the video playing. On her huge television, it looked so unbelievably clear that there was *something* going on between them. It was ridiculous just how obvious they were.

Every time Shane looked at Rozanov on the ice, he turned pink. He chewed his mouthguard as if he was forcing himself to keep his mouth shut. He'd stare just a little too long when they were facing off at centre ice, his eyes locked on Rozanov's mouth, muttering unintelligible things that the cameras couldn't pick up.

The most surprising thing was that Rozanov was worse. Chasing Shane around, trying to get his attention. Checking him into the boards, making them both smile. Constantly chirping to get Shane's attention, smiling brightly when he got it. Winking at him from across the ice, beaming when Shane looked at him, a look in his eyes that clearly meant something to Rozanov.

One game was an outlier, though. One video by hollanov1248 claiming that Shane and Rozanov were fighting. Yuna watched, a pit in her stomach, as the clips played.

Shane, more distracted than normal, chasing Rozanov around the ice. Rozanov, not looking at him *once*. Dead silent on centre ice s Shane stared at him. Rozanov not looking at him *once* as Shane stared, clearly imploring him to meet his eye.

Yuna had never seen Shane beg for eye contact before.

They seemed to be back to normal by the All Star game in January, though. Their game was back. They were unstoppable on the ice together, working as a team on the same line. Yuna had been surprised to see Rozanov switch positions, wondering if he'd requested it just do he could play alongside Shane.

Shane, who he grabbed multiple times, even kissing him once on his helmet.

And Shane had *beamed*. He beamed and blushed and leaned into the touch.

Her heart sank when she realised this was probably the only time they've ever been allowed to touch each other in public, or act friendly. How all this time, they'd had to pretend they were nothing.

But they were something, that much was clear. Whatever was happening between them, it seemed like something. Something more than just sex.

Yuna made her way over to the puck bunny subreddit and searched Shane's name, relieved when there were hardly any posts. A couple of posts asking about Shane's sexual history, to which there were no answers, and a few posts mentioning that they met him at a bar while he was out celebrating with the team. He bought a lot of people drinks, from what Yuna could see. He was friendly, but aloof. He'd introduce girls to his teammates and when they turned around, he was gone.

But there were no posts about anybody sleeping with Shane.

By comparison, there were dozens upon dozens of girls claiming to have slept with Rozanov. Yuna scanned through them curiously; the consensus was that he was lovely. Women loved their time with him. He was attentive and focused on pleasing his partners and not selfish in any way they could tell. The only flaw that seemed to pop up repeatedly was that he was always on his phone.

There were endless discussions on what Rozanov was like in bed. Yuna skipped those, not wanting to know more than she already did. She tried to search Rozanov and men, but aside from a few too many posts for her liking about Rozanov and Cliff Marleau taking girls home together, there was nothing.

Shane had to know what he was getting into with Rozanov. There was no hiding who Rozanov was, Yuna was sure of it. Not that Rozanov had ever tried to hide who he was. He was always very loud and proud to be the obnoxious asshole that he was.

Shane knew. Her son wasn't stupid; he knew what he was getting into, doing – whatever he was doing – with Rozanov.

Yuna found a Boston subreddit and searched Rozanov's name, freezing when she saw the latest post about him from three weeks ago.

Is Ilya Rozanov okay?

Ladies, is it just me or has Rozanov dropped off the face of the earth? He hasn't been out on the town since before Christmas, and he hasn't messaged any of his regular hook ups since then either.

Is he okay? I refuse to believe our golden boy has settled down.

The comments were shocking. Dozens of women confirming that he'd become a ghost, that he was either at training or at home. One girl who was casually seeing one of his teammates who said that unless the team goes out after a game, Rozanov doesn't go out at all anymore.

And one comment from user *enlightened1831* that made Yuna's heart stop.

I think he finally locked down the girl he's been chasing for the last ten years.

Rozanov had a girl that he'd been after for a decade and Shane was still sleeping with him? Yuna felt disappointment course through her for a moment before she remembered that it was probably different for queer athletes. Especially a queer man from a country that would extradite him and punish him for simply being who he was.

But it was the comment underneath that made Yuna's heart stop completely.

The famous Jane? He once pulled out to read a text she sent him.

Jane. There was no way. There was absolutely no way. Ten years? Shane?

No. No way. Yuna was sure of it.

>>>

"Mom, thank you so much."

"Hi sweetheart," Yuna said, pulling Shane in for a hug. "It's no problem."

"I appreciate it," Shane said. "It was the only time they could come."

Yuna stepped into his house with a bright smile, looking around surreptitiously as Shane shut the door.

Everything was in its place from what she could see. There was nothing out of the ordinary. Shane had asked if she could supervise a plumber coming to fix the cracked pipe underneath the kitchen sink since he didn't want anyone in his house that could snoop around.

Yuna wasn't proud of what she was about to do.

"It's fine," she waved him off. "I'm just gonna do some work before I meet up with your father."

Shane smiled and nodded, grabbing his bag. "Okay. I'll be back from training at four. I'll probably have a nap and then meet you guys for dinner at seven?"

"Perfect," she smiled, saying goodbye as he left for training.

Yuna looked around, deciding to start with the kitchen. She wasn't going to look too hard, she promised herself. Just a surface level look.

Just to see.

The kitchen was mostly clear, but there were cokes in the fridge and snacks in the cupboard that Shane most definitely didn't eat. The reasonable part of her brain told her that they were probably for his teammates or friends that came over, but Yuna wasn't sure that was true.

The living room didn't have anything of interest. She noticed some scratches against the leather couch cushions and made a mental note to get some leather polish to fix it, but otherwise, there was nothing incriminating.

She stood outside the bedroom, debating going in.

Shane was an adult. His bedroom was *private*.

Yuna went inside. She poked around his ensuite first, her jaw dropping slightly when she looked inside the shower.

There were Shane's shampoo and conditioner in the caddy, soap and body wash, and...a second set of shampoo and conditioner. Another body wash.

And a bottle of lube.

Yuna moved to the medicine cabinet, doing her best to think about the haircare and nothing else. Shane was sexually active. He used lube. Big deal. She and David used lube – everybody did. It was the smart, responsible choice.

The medicine cabinet didn't have much. Shane kept most of his products out on the bench. Aside from some double ups and kinesiology tape, muscle cream and sunscreen, there was nothing there.

She made her way into the closet, smiling at how neat and orderly everything was. It looked perfect. Normal.

She almost didn't see the Raiders hoodie hanging next to Shane's Metros one.

Yuna shut the door. She'd seen enough.

This was definitely something. Rozanov was all over her son's house. He was everywhere.

Yuna debated not looking in the nightstands. She stood there for a long while before she moved to the side of the bed that didn't have Shane's glasses and books on top, and opened the drawer, figuring that this was the safest side.

A couple pairs of underwear and socks. Nothing special. She closed the drawer and opened the bottom drawer.

Lube. Cigarettes. A post it note with both of their signatures and a date from two years ago written at the bottom, a smiley face next to Shane's scribble. What looked like black scraps of material. And what was definitely a sex toy and absolutely, definitely a ball gag.

Yuna shut the drawer.

She had known too much before she started poking around, and now she wished she had never started looking.

Yuna left the bedroom, shutting the door and making her way to the kitchen counter, finally opening her laptop and trying to work.

She wondered why Shane hadn't told her about this. Why he had kept this hidden for so long. For *years*.

>>>

"You know, Joanie's son is gay," Yuna said.

Shane didn't even blink. "That's nice."

"Yeah, it is, right?" she said, trying to make her voice sound light and airy. "He's such a nice boy."

"Yeah, he was cool in school," Shane agreed.

"Were you guys friends? I can't remember," David chimed in.

"Friendly," Shane shrugged.

"He sat his parents down and came out over dinner," Yuna said. "Joanie said he was so brave."

Shane looked up at that, looking confused. "That's nice that they're cool with it."

"Of course they are, they're his parents," Yuna said fiercely.

Shane didn't even blink as he looked at her. "Maybe."

Yuna felt sick to her stomach as the dinner conversation carried on like usual around her.

Why didn't Shane trust her?

>>>

He went down *hard*.

They flew to Montreal on a red eye, getting to Shane just after one in the morning. His doctor said that he was perfectly fine; fractured collarbone and a concussion, much less damage than the other players that came and went from the hospital.

Yuna had posted up next to David by the wall, watching Shane sleep. He grumbled quite a bit; the nurse said that was normal after anaesthetic, and that he'd likely be loopy for a day or two while the shock from the broken collarbone settled.

She woke up as the sun was rising. It took her a moment to realise that Shane was shuffling around in the tiny hospital bed, looking for something.

"Shane, what do you need?"

"My phone," he said.

Yuna reached into her bag and pulled it out his phone. Theriault had dropped it off with the nurses last night.

"Honey, you're concussed, you can't look at screens," Yuna whispered.

Shane pouted, a face she had only seen him make one other time, through her computer screen.

"I need to tell him I'm okay, he's gonna be so worried," Shane whined.

"Who?" Yuna already knew the answer.

Shane frowned, clearing his throat. "My friend. She's – Lily."

Yuna blinked. She had seen the text messages on his lock screen come through last night.

Please tell me you're okay

Shane, I need to know that you're okay. Call me when you can. I need to hear your voice

Coach said you're concussed and something is broken. I hope you're okay. I will come see you tomorrow.

"Lily," Yuna repeated.

Shane sighed, curling back into his pillows, his eyes closed. "He's gonna be upset."

"I can let Lily know that you're alright," Yuna offered quietly. "What's your passcode?"

"1217," Shane said before he fell back asleep.

Yuna sat back down in her chair, checking that David was still asleep before she unlocked Shane's phone. She resolved not to poke around as she opened the text chain with Lily, her heart dropping when she saw the messages above the panicked ones from the night before.

Lily [11:34]

When you lose tonight what do you want for your consolation prize?

Shane [11:37]

You tell me, you'll be the loser.

Lily [11:38]

How many times do you want to cum tonight?

Shane [11:42]

Since when do I get to choose?

Lily [11:42]

I'm just trying to give you something to look forward to after you lose

Shane [11:45]

I'm not gonna lose.

Lily [11:46]

We'll see

Shane [11:45]

Try to be here by 9?

Lily [11:46]

You know I'll be there as soon as I can

Yuna saw too much. She started typing a new message, trying to ignore the blatant flirting in the earlier messages.

Shane [05:39]

I'm going to be okay. Concussion and fractured collarbone. I'll call you later.

Yuna was shocked when a red heart popped up on the screen immediately.

Rozanov was awake. He probably hadn't slept. She'd seen the footage during the game; Shane laying on the ice, not moving. Rozanov staring at him blankly, standing over Shane

like a guard dog while the medics strapped him to a spinal board and loaded him onto a stretcher. He was the only player that didn't clear the ice; the ref had to physically shove him back to the bench.

He had looked shellshocked. Yuna's heart sank when she remembered that Rozanov's father had passed only a few weeks ago. Seeing Shane like that...

His face. His *face*. Yuna felt a tear run down her face as she thought about the way Rozanov had looked at Shane.

They were more than something to each other, she realised. They might be everything.

>>>

Shane was out of his mind.

It was a little bit adorable. The anaesthetic had him higher than she'd ever seen him. David remarked that he'd never seen him smile so much, and Shane had said that he'd never been happier.

Yuna wasn't sure if he meant it. She thought it might be the drugs, but she wondered if he meant because of whatever was going on with Rozanov.

Shane kept bringing him up. David was confused, and Yuna kept her mouth shut, not willing to share something on behalf of Shane that he clearly wasn't ready to share with either of them, but Shane kept saying things.

Where is he?

Did he text back?

Is Lily here?

And one time, he just flat out asked for Ilya.

"Ilya?" David asked. "Like Rozanov?"

Rozanov, who walked into the hospital room two minutes after visiting hours opened.

"Ilya!" Shane cooed.

Rozanov froze at the door when he saw her sitting there with David, his eyes darting between them and Shane. Yuna wasn't sure what to say, how to tell him it was okay to go to Sha –

"I um, I just wanted to, uh," Rozanov trailed off, staring at Shane. "Are you okay?"

Yuna looked at Rozanov closely. He looked perfectly put together – hair done, nice jacket. He looked better than he did in most interviews that she'd seen of him. But his eyes were guarded, heavy bags underneath them. His lips were dry, as if he'd been chewing on them.

As if he'd stayed up worrying all night.

He looked like a man who overcompensated so Shane wouldn't worry that he was worrying.

That was what Shane had said, over and over last night. *He'll be worried about me. I need to tell him I'm fine. Make sure he's okay.*

It was like the time David had broken his wrist in the backyard but had come inside, changed and gotten a bag ready before he'd come to Yuna and told her he'd hurt himself. He'd started trying to reassure her that he was okay even though he wasn't.

"Concussion and a fractured collarbone," Shane said, still beaming at Rozanov. "Out for the playoffs, but..."

"Could have been worse," Rozanov supplied, his voice tight and his posture rigid.

"Could have been worse," Shane agreed.

"Marleau feels terrible. He did not mean to hurt you," Rozanov said stiffly.

"I know," Shane smiled dopily. "Part of the game. We all get our bell rung eventually, right?"

He was comforting Rozanov. Shane was in a hospital bed, on pain medication, covered in gauze, his poor face bruised to hell, and *he* was comforting *Rozanov*.

"Right," Rozanov said faintly.

It wasn't working, Yuna could see it. Rozanov hadn't taken his eyes off of Shane. If anything, he looked more upset staring at him than when he stepped inside Shane's hospital room.

Shane could feel it, too. "Hey," he called. "Heyyy."

Yuna watched as Shane held out his hand. Rozanov tensed as he looked around, conscious that they were in the room before he rushed forward and grabbed Shane's hand.

"Yes," Shane whispered triumphantly. "Better."

Yuna watched as his eyes drifted closed as Rozanov held his hand, his thumb brushing over the back of his hand. Rozanov's eyes looked glossier than she'd ever seen them.

She tapped David on the arm and gestured for them to leave. He followed her out the door wordlessly, nodding to Rozanov on their way out.

"You scared me," was the last thing Yuna heard before she shut the door behind her.

David didn't say anything as they made their way to the visitor's seats down the hallway, sitting next to her in silence.

They couldn't talk out in the open about whatever this was. They kept their arms pressed together as they waited quietly, thinking about what had just happened.

It was the first time he had settled since he had woken up, seeing Rozanov.

And that *smile*. Yuna wasn't sure she had ever seen him smile like that before. It was how he had looked in all the camera footage she had seen of him.

Bright. Content. Truly happy.

It was barely two minutes before Rozanov was walking out of the room. Yuna watched him walk briskly down the hallway, nodding at them before he made his way into the elevator without looking back.

David looked at her and nodded for them to go back to Shane. Yuna knew he must be so confused by what they had seen. She wondered what she would be thinking if she didn't already know what she knew.

Shane was pouting again. They thanked the nurse as she left, shutting the door and turning to look at Shane.

"How are you feeling?" David asked.

"Better now," Shane smiled. His eyes were closed.

Yuna noticed that his hand was open, palm up, by his side, like he was still waiting for someone to take it.

"That was nice of Rozanov to come by," Yuna said.

Shane smiled dreamily before he tried to school his face and clear his throat. "He's a good captain. Doing captain duties and checking on me."

David hummed, looking curiously at Yuna. "I didn't realise you two were so friendly."

Shane smiled again. Yuna could see him fighting it, trying to look neutral.

"He's okay. He's my friend."

Yuna raised her eyebrows. "Oh. Friends."

"Yeah," Shane breathed, reaching up to touch his cheek. "My best friend, I think."

They watched as Shane fell back asleep, not saying another word.

>>>

"They're not friends, are they?" David asked.

Yuna shook her head. "No. I think they're more than that."

"Do we say anything?"

“I don’t think so,” Yuna said. “He needs to tell us about whatever this is on his own terms.”

David nodded as he stared out into the backyard, nursing his coffee. “Why do you think he hasn’t told us?”

Yuna ground her teeth before she relaxed her jaw.

That was what had been haunting her for the last few weeks. What had they done that had pushed Shane away? Why hadn’t he told them? Why didn’t he trust them?

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “I thought we were – safe.”

“Me too,” David said quietly, reaching for her hand.

>>>

“It’ll be good for me, I think.”

David raised his eyebrows at Shane. “How does a silent retreat work in your own house?”

Shane looked flustered for a moment. “I just take a vow of silence and solitude for two weeks and I meditate a lot. It’s not weird.”

Yuna didn’t say anything. She had an idea as to why he was spinning this lie, but she didn’t want to say anything and jinx it.

“It sounds like it’ll be enlightening, honey,” she settled on saying.

Shane smiled tightly as he nodded. “I mean, I hope so.”

>>>

“Yuna!”

She jumped from the table where she was doing her crossword as David came barreling into the house.

“Where did you come from?” she asked.

“I went to Shane’s,” he said.

Her heart dropped. “Oh.”

“I walked in on – I thought he’d just be quiet and I could grab the cable I needed –” David grimaced, sitting on the couch. “He wasn’t alone.”

Yuna sat with him. “Rozanov?” she asked quietly.

David nodded, looking down at the floor. “They were – I interrupted something.”

Yuna sighed, reaching for David’s hand. “What did you say?”

“Nothing,” he admitted. “I just turned around and came back here.”

She closed her eyes; poor Shane was probably in the midst of a panic attack right about now.

“How long until they’re here?”

“Five, maybe ten minutes,” David guess.

Yuna sank into the cushions, pulling David with her as she turned to look out the huge window facing their driveway.

“Okay. We’ll wait for him.”

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