

The Elevator

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The Elevator

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Summary

Yuna shot up.

“The elevator!” she screamed in horror.

“What?” David shuffled on the bed next to her, fumbling for his glasses on the nightstand. “Are you okay?”

“He was there. In the elevator, when—” She broke off, startled by the sudden crash when David knocked over the clock from the nightstand, the sound of the shattering glass echoing loudly through their bedroom.

Yuna wakes up the night after Shane and Ilya came out to them.

Notes

Dear Poppy,
thanks for dragging me into this rabbit hole.
This is a little gift I wrote for you. (Sorry for the lack of smut. I know that an unsmutty gift is barely exceptable^^)

Thanks to [Penndragon27](#) for the beta.

Still trying to write a second chapter but life still tries to distract me... but I'm quite sure I will eventually get to it.

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



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“What?” David shuffled on the bed next to her, fumbling for his glasses on the nightstand.

“Are you okay?”

“He was there. In the elevator, when—” She broke off, startled by the sudden crash when David knocked over the clock from the nightstand, the sound of the shattering glass echoing loudly through their bedroom.

“Ah, shit.” David leaned over the edge of the bed to pick up the clock and the glass pieces.

“Yuna, honey, it’s almost 3 am. What elevator? And who?”

“Rozanov...Ilya, I mean,” Yuna said, as if this were explanation enough.

“Yuna, I have no idea what you’re talking about.” David looked confusedly at his wife, then again down to the remaining glass pieces on the floor.

“Remember Shane’s rookie season when he did one of his first commercials? The one together with Ilya?”

David nodded. “Think so. You were there with him, right?”

“Yes... He was so young back then.” She sucked in her bottom lip and ran her teeth over it until it started hurting. “After the shoot, we stayed in a hotel. Shane and I had dinner together, but I remember that he was super distracted, and then he went to bed quite early. Said something like a headache.”

David tilted his head to his side and eyed Yuna carefully.

“And I remember that I was in my hotel room, but the night was young, and I wanted a drink at the hotel bar. I walked to the elevator and when it opened, Ilya... Ilya was standing there on the other side, and he was grinning at me. With that smirk he usually wears. But at the same time, he looked...nervous... I think. And overly excited.” She paused and again sucked in her bottom lip, this time letting out a heavy sigh. “Strange that I remember that after all this time.”

“I’m not quite sure where this is heading.” David sounded confused.

“Summer before rookie season, remember?” Letting out an exasperated sigh, Yuna let herself fall backward onto her pillow. “He was on his way to Shane.”

“You mean—”

“Yes, I mean.”

“Oh,” David said, then smiled. “This is a bit funny.”

Yuna propped herself on one elbow. “No. It’s not. It’s not funny. He was on his way to... god, I don’t even know how to say it.”

“I didn’t get it earlier today, but I get it now. They were *lovers*. They were...making out. That’s why he went to Shane.”

Yuna wasn’t sure whether her husband was joking or if he meant it seriously. “Shane said no one is allowed to ever say that word again.”

David pretended to be shocked, then smiled. Both started chuckling, and it quickly turned into real laughter, which made Yuna feel more comfortable. All the tension that had built up in the past hours seemed to fade.

After a while, David shook his head again and murmured, “Since their rookie season.”

Yuna, who had rolled onto her back again, stared into nothingness at the ceiling. “Since summer before rookie season.”

Hearing David rustling with the duvet, Yuna turned her head to him.

David crawled out of the bed. "Let me quickly grab a dustpan and broom, so we don't accidentally step on the glass tomorrow."

"Okay." She rolled around in her bed until she found a comfortable position.

Shane. And Ilya. Shane and Ilya. Her son was gay. And more importantly, her son was in love. But he hadn't found enough trust to tell her that. Yuna wondered when it had gone wrong between them. She had always been so sure of their mother-son relationship and that he could tell her anything. But apparently, she was wrong. And the knowledge that it was her fault, not his, clenched around her heart like an iron fist. After all, he was her son, and she was his mother, and it was her job to protect him. To make him feel safe. And loved.

Her thoughts wandered to the moment earlier that day, when Ilya had managed so easily to drag Shane out of his emotional meltdown, just by saying that things were okay, that Shane was safe here, and that Ilya was there as his boyfriend. Ilya's whole expression in that moment had looked so different from the one roughly seven years ago, at that particular night in the elevator. But today his face had been so earnest and also inexplicably soft in a way that Yuna had never seen on Ilya before.

The Ilya that had been in their house today couldn't have been more distinct from the one she had mentally pictured in her head for many years now. The Ilya in their house was soft and playful, and his eyes had been so full of love for Shane. The Ilya in their house had been...*Shane's Ilya.*

David returned with a dustpan and a broom to vanish the remains of the shattered clock. "Still thinking about that elevator night?"

Yuna shook her head. "No, I'm not...I mean—." She paused to look at her husband, then added, "Not particularly about the elevator. More about Ilya today. And how this all could have happened... without us even realising what was up with our son."

Tears welled up in her eyes while she watched David sweep up the broken glass and then empty it into the small wastepaper bin next to the desk. She let out a small sob, and David immediately turned to her.

"Yuna, honey, what's wrong?" he asked, setting the dustpan and the broom down on the desk and climbing back into bed beside her. He slipped under the duvet, then wrapped his arms around Yuna to hold her close. When she didn't answer, but sobbed again, he added, "It's okay, Yuna. He knows you love him."

Yuna wiggled out of his arms. "No, David. Nothing is okay." Again, she sucked in her bottom lip, which was definitely hurting now. "David, what did we do wrong to make Shane feel like he couldn't trust us?"

"We—" David began, but Yuna cut him off.

"I was always so focused on his success and career that I somehow completely lost track of his emotions. How could we not have known?"

“About him being gay? We guessed that.”

“Everything. Shane being gay. Shane having a boyfriend. Shane being...in love.” She ran her hand through her hair, and it somehow was like she could feel it becoming greyer. “I feel like I can never forgive myself for that.”

David pulled her into his arms and held her as tight as he could. “Don’t do this to yourself. You’re a good mom, you’ve always been.”

Two single tears rolled down Yuna’s cheeks. “I’m not so sure of that anymore.”

“Being a good parent doesn’t mean never making mistakes.” He stroked her hair. “We cannot change the past, but we can make sure to be there for Shane in the future as much as possible.”

Yuna nodded and wiped the tears away. “I want him to know that he is loved. That he’s okay the way he is.”

“We will make sure of that.”

They held each other close until they both fell asleep again.

—◦: ✧✱✧ ◦—

December 2017

Yuna pressed the button for the elevator, eager to meet her husband for a drink upstairs at the rooftop hotel bar with the stunning view over the festively decorated city of Boston.

They had been at their son’s game tonight, cheering for him like they had done countless times before. But this time it had been different, knowing their son’s boyfriend was playing for the opposing team and that one of them would eventually lose tonight. It had felt awkward for Yuna at first, but seeing how much they seemingly still enjoyed their rivalry on the ice had eased the feeling a bit. *Just like you and David playing Yahtzee together*, she had reminded herself.

The elevator doors opened and Yuna gasped in surprise—Ilya was standing inside.

“What?” Yuna asked, confused, and completely forgot to step inside.

Ilya winked at her, then extended one hand to hold back the doors as they began to close again. “Wanna join?”

“Err, yes,” Yuna said, then stepped inside and pressed the button to the top floor. “Sorry you lost today.”

Ilya shrugged, but his voice sounded playful. “Shane’s backhand got better, that’s why. Someone must have told him to practice that.”

Yuna nodded, not quite knowing if Ilya was joking. “Why are you here at the hotel and not at your apartment?”

Ilya grinned at her. “I don’t know, hotel rooms are our thing, I guess.”

“Ah...” was all Yuna managed to say as she felt her cheeks blush. *Lovers...* No, *boyfriends!*

The elevator stopped at the floor where Yuna knew Shane’s room was.

“Good night, Yuna,” Ilya said, “was nice to see you.”

“Good night, Ilya.”

Ilya stepped through the door, then turned around again and stopped the door from closing. His face looked soft and earnest again, like it had been six months ago, the afternoon when Ilya had been in their house for the first time and had comforted a panicking Shane. “Thanks for inviting me for Christmas. Means a lot to me.”

“Thank you for joining us.” She sucked in her bottom lip again as she did so often. “And... thank you for...everything.”

Ilya smiled at her, an honest, open smile, then turned around and walked away. To his boyfriend. *To Shane.*

And Yuna’s heart leapt with joy as the doors closed again.

End Notes

Thanks for reading :)

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