

Yuna's Favorite Son

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Yuna's Favorite Son

by [typicalopposite](#)

Summary

just a series of sweet moments between Ilya and Yuna that led to him being her "favorite" :)

Notes

I was feeling the emotions... so I wrote out the emotions!

enjoy <3

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

The first time it happened was... simple.

“My god, son...” Yuna had muttered, dabbing a cotton swab doused in peroxide to Ilya’s fresh cut open eyebrow.

He’d been showing off for them, doing a handstand... on one hand. It *was* impressive, even if Shane looked far more worried than impressed.

It was far *less* impressive, however, when Ilya lost his balance and fell into a bush. He came out the other side with a new future scar, and his new future mother-in-law (one day, he’d hoped) muttering at him as she doctored the wound.

It meant nothing. Not really. Ilya had caught it when she said it, and sure... being called son by a woman caring for him— even if she was clearly frustrated with his antics... was nice. It almost made it more *motherly* for her to be annoyed while doing it.

He let it go... He *had* to. He didn’t want to get used to it. To enjoy it. To *need* it.

Then there was the time Ilya had come over without Shane for dinner. It was right after his move to Ottawa. He’d been nervous. He’d only ever spent time with the Hollander’s when Shane was there too.

David let him in, his apron covered on and covered in bits of whatever ingredients he’d made the meal with... He invited Ilya in with a playful, “Get in here,” and a smile. “Remind me, I got you a spare key made. So you don’t have to wait outside, especially when it’s this cold out.”

He was still reeling from *that* when Yuna turned on the couch, towards where Ilya was standing with David and told whoever she was on the phone with that she had to go. “My kid just got here.”

Ilya felt his heart flip. It skipped a beat, then another... maybe it even stopped all together for a moment as he reminded her it was just him. Shane had an early practice... so he’d headed back to Montreal already.

“I know,” she said, without missing a beat as she pushed to her feet. She walked over and patted his cheek, asking how he was doing.

“I’m great...” Ilya managed to get out without sounding like he was about to cry. He was very much about to cry, but somehow he held it in. Probably because of just how much he truly felt *great*.

Many times things like this happened. Yuna would greet them with “My Boys”. She made it a point to have some of his favorite foods, games, movies at their house. She would call him specifically, just to talk. She brought him soup and extra blankets when he was sick.

Then came Christmas, and Ilya joined Shane at the Hollander's. It was the first time he'd spent the holiday with them. Last year Shane had been given a card addressed to them both. This year, however, Yuna handed Ilya his own.

Ilya swallowed, and thanked her, sliding his finger under the flap to break it open.

"Son" it read across the top. The quotations had been added in with a pen. His breath faltered as he laughed; he opened the card.

Taped inside was a candid picture Shane must have taken of Ilya with his parents.

It was at Shane's cottage. 2017 stamped in the corner. Last year. The year everything had changed for him.

Both the printed messages and the added handwritten one written in Yuna's fancy elegant handwriting had taken Ilya by the throat and felt like it was strangling him.

"Son"

*The best gift this Christmas is easy to see
It's not wrapped in paper under the tree
The best gift this Christmas and all the years through*

Is having someone as special as YOU

(And Shane too... of course)

*Here's to making up for all the ones shared separately by spending many many more together.
So happy you are now a part of our family.*

Love,

Yuna (& David)

Shane leaned over and read the words. He laughed, and asked Ilya if he believed him now—that his parents actually liked him. But Ilya couldn't respond. He could only read the card. Then read it again. And then read it again.

He wasn't aware that his silence had him being watched, but then a tear fell from his eye and landed on the card, soaking into the paper. "Hey..." Shane said softly, setting one of the gifts he was opening down and laying a hand on Ilya's arm.

Ilya cleared his throat, forced on a smile that he'd hoped was believable and told Shane that he was okay. Shane definitely didn't believe him, so Ilya leaned in for a kiss. Then he hurriedly excused himself outside to calm the fuck down.

He was on the patio, staring through the trees at the lake behind their house, when the door opened. He expected it to be Shane. Instead it was Yuna. She stood beside him, with her arms crossed, pulling her cardigan tightly around her body. For a while neither spoke.

“Thank you,” Ilya said at the same time as Yuna apologized. “Wait— Why are *you* sorry?” *He’d* been the one to run out, instead of vocalizing his gratitude for the sentiments he’d been shown in the first place.

“I thought maybe—” Yuna began then sighed. “Maybe that I had overstepped a boundary.” Ilya furrowed his brow at her, unsure what she meant. “With the card,” she explained. “I don’t want you to ever think I’m trying to replace—”

Yuna and David knew. Ilya might not particularly care much for talking about his personal life, but he doesn’t lie about it. So when they came over later that first day they’d all met, Yuna had questions about Ilya’s life, his family. Ilya gave answers. Yuna... had not been prepared, and had teared up multiple times— especially hearing about his mother.

“I love the card.” Ilya blurted out before he could even fully process Yuna’s words.

“Oh.” She sounded surprised, but smiled warmly at him. “You do?”

“Mmm.” Ilya nodded, and swiped at his eye. “Yes.”

She studied him for a moment. She looked to where he was literally clutching the card to his chest, next to the crucifix, and smiled. “Well. I meant every word.”

That (unfortunately) was more than enough to cause a visceral reaction in Ilya, who tried to apologize for crying over her very thoughtful gift... but was pulled into her arms before he could fully get the words it out.

“You have nothing to be sorry about,” she said, squeezing him.

“Okay,” Ilya said after a moment.

They walked back in the house, arm in arm, to a very concerned look from both Shane and David. Yuna cleared her throat and retook her place beside her husband. “What? We’re all good here,” she said simply, before winking at Ilya, and his smile was actually starting to hurt his cheeks.

“Yes. We’re all good here,” he repeated, and he meant it. They were good here; and he was good here with them. Another reason to add to the list of reasons why he was more than happy to have moved to Ottawa.

For Mother’s Day Ilya returned the sentiment with a bracelet from a jewelry store he’d overheard Shane and David saying she loved. He gave her *another* gift for Russian Mother’s Day as well. Shane teased him for turning sentiments into a competition... but then Yuna came to Ilya’s defense. “Leave my favorite alone, *Shane*.”

Ilya beamed at him, playfully. His heart might have been turning cartwheels in his chest as well... thankfully they couldn't see that.

On the anniversary of his mother's death— a day even Shane didn't know the exact date of—Ilya laid in bed longer than usual.

Shane was back in Montreal, and Ilya didn't have a game or practice that day, so he'd decided to just use the free alone time to wallow. He cried... because even after all these years, it was impossible not to. He just missed her so much.

A knock at his door startled him out of his spiral, and he had done a very poor job of pulling himself together by the time he'd reached the door and cracked it open to see who it was. It was Yuna.

"Hey!" She smiled brightly at him, then immediately picked up on his distress. "Oh, sweetie... is— is everything okay?"

Ilya cleared his throat, used the back of his hand to try to wipe off his cheeks and nodded—he got the response he'd figured he would... a look of complete disbelief. "Sorry. Uhm... it's just—" He realized he was still staring at her through the crack in his door and he pulled it the rest of the way open. He cleared his throat again, and began to fidget with his mother's crucifix. "Today's, uh—"

Yuna's furrowed brows soften, like she'd figured it out with only that. (Knowing her... she probably had.) Then arms were wrapped around him and— well he hadn't meant to fully break down into her embrace... but he was being held by the woman who he jokingly called his other mother, who jokingly called him her favorite son... and for a long while now those two titles had started to feel less like a joke, and more like something with weight to them. (Not the *favorite* part, Ilya was sure... but still—)

She let him cry. He let her hold him. Then after, she told him she'd just been sitting at home and suddenly got the strongest urge for some cookie dough ice cream. "I know a place in town... if you're feeling up to it?"

Yuna had become Ilya's manager, a change that was made after the move, and opening charity, and once he and Shane were no longer viewed as much as "arch rivals" and somewhat just... "normal rivals". So, it wasn't the strangest thing in the world to see them out together... and he *did* love cookie dough ice cream.

Ilya sniffed, wiped the remaining tears from his cheeks. He smiled and nodded. "For my other mother? Of course I am."

End Notes

And just for the record. Ilya definitely takes the card with him when he's traveling, and on the table by his bed at home.

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