i'd share a life

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by multifandomhomo

Summary

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>
> Ten minutes later Ilya receives a text from a phone number without a contact. His heart seems to stop as he opens it.
>
> “Ilya Rozanov,” it reads, and then on another line, “this is Yuna Hollander, Shane Hollander’s mother. I’m inviting you to dinner at Montoya's at 5:30pm tonight. It is private and quiet. Please be there.”

Shane accidentally spills the beans to his parents while high on pain meds and Ilya has to have dinner with them alone.

Notes

> Title from "I'll Believe in Anything" by Wolf Parade
>
> Thank you to HopelessScribe and Feral_Mermenby for betaing and helping me name the restaurant <3
>
> I wanted to reimagine what the dinner would look like if it was just Ilya dealing with it alone. I hope I did it justice!

See the end of the work for more notes

When Ilya gets a text from Shane in the hospital that just says *I'm so sorry,* he has no idea what to think. He expects the worst, except he doesn't know what the worst possibly is. Is Shane now dying, even though he had been relatively fine that morning? Is the injury so bad his hockey career is over? Had a reporter somehow gotten access to him, and he'd told him everything, unprompted, because of the meds that made him so loopy? Ilya panics, and texts back *what's wrong?* as rapidly as he can, but there's no response.

Ten minutes later Ilya receives a text from a phone number without a contact. His heart seems to stop as he opens it.

Ilya Rozanov, it reads, and then on another line, *this is Yuna Hollander, Shane Hollander's mother. I'm inviting you to dinner at Montoya's at 5:30pm tonight. It is private and quiet. Please be there.*

Shit. Fucking shit and hell and all the other things. English swear words aren't adequate for this situation.

He should say no. He already delayed his flight to later in the evening so he could go visit Shane this morning, and now he would have to delay it until the next morning. He should absolutely not accept this request, even though it sounded much more like a demand than a request. He should absolutely not meet with Hollander's parents. Especially not without Hollander himself there, stuck in hospital.

But he finds himself texting back a quick *OK* and looking through his closet for something smart enough to wear. There's still no response from Shane, even when the time to leave to get to the establishment without being late rolls around. Ilya resigns himself to going. He knows Shane will hate it, but Ilya doesn't think it will be good for either of them if Ilya stands his parents up. Ilya's father would never have tolerated such a thing. The thought has Ilya feeling grim in anticipation of the confrontation.

He knows Shane's parents will be different. He can tell it in the assumptions Shane has always made, that he assumes going home is a good thing, a present, a special occasion, and not a personal hell. In how slow he had been to realise that family, to Ilya, was a source of stress and pressure, an obligation he only fulfilled because he had to. That the death of his father had been, in some ways, a release from that hell.

But Shane's parents, well… he does not know a lot about them. He knows a little bit. He's been on Shane's Wikipedia entry before. But the information is pretty sparse. His mom's Japanese, if he remembers correctly, his dad Canadian, in finance? The main thing he remembers is that Yuna is a massive Metros fan, which may be a problem.

Ilya doesn't wear a suit, but dresses well, still, prepared for a fancy restaurant. It is about what he expects, Italian and Spanish, some sort of… mix of the two. He doesn't remember the word.

He tries to remain stoic as he crosses the threshold and asks for the Hollander party, but his mind is running. What if someone spots them here? What if someone overhears? What if they

yell, or make him yell, or otherwise make it impossible for Shane and him to continue seeing each other?

Not that they should continue seeing each other. It's always been a bad idea, but the longer it goes on, the harder it becomes to resist. He knows anything going wrong now would devastate him, and he cannot bear to be devastated, not like that. If he loses Hollander, he loses so much.

He's terrified. But he refuses to show it. He swallows thickly and follows the waiter to the table.

Yuna and David are already sitting. Their table is far out of the way, very private. Nobody will hear them here. He hopes this is a good thing.

They both smile at him as he stands next to the table, but their smiles feel tight. The waiter leaves them. He doesn't know how to approach this.

"Hello," Ilya says slowly, and awkwardly extends his hand across the table. David takes it. Yuna doesn't. For some reason, she's the one he feels will be more difficult to appease here.

"Please, sit," David says, as Yuna and Ilya look at each other. Ilya slowly sits in one of the two chairs across from them, and lets his gaze drift between the two of them. Small talk doesn't feel applicable here.

"Rozanov," Yuna says, her voice even. "I'm Yuna. This is David."

"Yes, I know," Ilya says. "You may call me Ilya." He feels it is appropriate that they do. He doesn't know what is appropriate, really. He has never been in a situation like this.

"Right," Yuna says.

The waiter reappears, startling Ilya a bit. "Will anyone be joining you?" he asks.

Yuna shakes her head. "No, it's just us three," she says. The waiter starts to pack up the remaining silverware.

"Anything to drink?"

"We'll just do some sparkling water," Yuna says. Ilya nods his agreement. He doesn't prefer sparkling, but it's fine. He wants to keep a clear head, as well.

The waiter leaves again, and there's a long beat of awkward silence. Ilya swallows, clears his throat.

"So, Ilya," Yuna says, her voice still very even, controlled. In control. "How long have you been involved with our son?"

"What did–" Calling him *Hollander* feels wrong, to his parents, but so does using his first name. "What did he tell you?" He has to assume this is happening because Shane confessed their secret while doped up on pain meds, maybe after they'd been refreshed. He should have

expected it, with how he acted earlier that morning. But he needs to know what Shane said so he knows what to fill in and what to leave alone. Maybe he can just admit to being friends. Maybe he can concoct a lie close enough to the truth that they aren't worried, without having to be the one to tell his mother everything.

"He…" David replies after taking a moment. "He kept asking for you," he says, lowering his voice even quieter than before. "He kept saying someone needed to tell you that he was okay. Then the nurse came in and reassured him that you had already been to visit."

"Why does he care so much that you know? Why does he think *you'd* care enough to need to know? You would have seen it on the news outlet soon enough."

Ilya wonders if that's all he had said. He wonders how to go about this. But he doesn't let himself think too hard. He lets the words roll off his tongue. "During our time playing together at the recent all-star game, we were friendly with one another. I came to the hospital to apologise for my teammate's actions. Then I left." It's not untrue, though clearly not the whole truth.

"You delayed your flight to visit him as soon as he was allowed visitors, before we'd even seen him," Yuna says, and she sounds accusatory. She isn't buying it. That is not so good. "You wouldn't do that for someone you were just sort of friendly with."

It is true. Ilya sighs. He shakes his head. He doesn't want to tell them everything. He doesn't want to tell them *anything,* not without Shane here, but he tries another time.

"We got along well. We became very friendly. I felt bad, seeing him injured, so I stayed. There is nothing more to discuss. No involvement apart from that."

Yuna leans forward, and Ilya realises he's messing up. They know more than they've let on.

"I find it hard to believe you, Ilya," Yuna says, still diplomatic despite clearly growing in emotion. But then it comes to a head. "I think you're lying to save your own teeth and I don't find that very becoming."

Ilya opens his mouth, and closes it, because what does he say to that? He cannot deny again, he knows that. And he doesn't want this to come back to hurt Shane. He latches onto that.

"I am not telling you all of it, not for my sake, but for his," he says, and then more quietly, adds, "because I know this is not how he wanted you to find out." Ilya looks between them, hoping they understand without him saying it out loud. They look between each other.

"In the hospital, Shane was pretty, well, let's say it," David says. "He was incredibly high on pain meds. And he kept repeating that he was so excited to have you, Ilya, at his cottage. He kept asking for his phone, to text you, and said he'd invited you. He kept trying to get up, saying he needed to make sure everything was ready for you."

Ilya stares at him. Okay, well, that is a bit more damning. That's not helpful. He does not blame Shane, but… really not helpful.

“Then he’d whisper,” Yuna says, looking down. “That we, his parents, weren’t to know. That he couldn’t tell us because… because we don’t know that he’s gay, yet.”

Ilya sighs.

“I see,” he says slowly, and then takes a moment to put together his answer, make sure that it’s in proper English, that he’s only using words he’s sure of. But he has to just come out and say it. There’s no avoiding it any longer, no matter how angry Shane is sure to be about it later. And he’ll be angry. Upset. “Yes, he did invite me to his cottage. And yes, he is gay, and he told me this. It is his secret. Nobody else knows. We…” He is not sure what words to put to their relationship. Not when he does not know what they are yet. Boyfriends, partners, no. Not yet. That takes more of a conversation. He certainly loves Shane, and he knows this, but he cannot yet call them lovers. He doesn’t know if Shane returns his feelings as strongly. He cannot be sure of it. He struggles for a moment, trying to find a word that works.

“Why did he tell you?” Yuna asks. “Why before anyone else? Before us?”

“Because of our… being involved.” Ilya tries to talk around it. Tries to make the words come out right, come out strong. “We are not yet *something,* but we were moving in that direction, yes?” It feels vulnerable, being so candid with people he knows so very little about. But there is no other way to go about it. He cannot lie again. “He told me because of his feelings. His feelings for me. And mine for him.” Maybe this will convey what he needs it to.

There’s another pause before either of them speak. “And how long has this been going on?” Yuna asks.

Ilya doesn’t need to think about this. He remembers exactly. He’ll never stop thinking about it. He sees now that something he thought was so casual back then was also to be the beginning of the end for him. “The summer before our rookie season.”

Both of them seem shocked, staring at him for a moment, before looking to each other for several seconds. David finally pulls his gaze away and looks at Ilya. “You’ve been together for that long?”

Ilya tilts his head, and then shakes it. “No, not together. We are still…” *Not together yet,* he almost says. In another life, they might have gotten *together* at the cottage, however that may have looked. But he assumes he will be disinvited now. That this will crumble, now that they have been caught. He shakes his head again. “We have been seeing each other, since then. The feelings came later.” Well, for him the feelings had come early, but he certainly never could have known what they’d grow into.

David slowly nods, but Yuna still seems shocked. Ilya feels it coming. Being told to get out of Shane’s life, to never see him again. He looks down, and shamefully, feels the beginning of tears. God. Not now. Not here. Not in front of these people.

“So the whole thing with Rose…” David starts. Ilya feels his shoulders tense. “Was that a lie? Was she in on it?”

“No,” Ilya says, still looking at the table. His hand grips his pants under the table.

The waiter comes back. What an opportune time.

“My apologies for interrupting, but have we decided on dinner?”

Ilya quickly opens his menu as the other two order, clearly having been here before, and allowing the interruption out of politeness. Canadians. Ilya looks at the options through his blurry eyes, blinking them repeatedly and smiling up at the waiter as he chooses something nearly at random and orders it. He isn’t even sure what he’d ordered a moment later.

Shane might not leave him for Rose again, but there’ll be another person, a man or, if Shane was wrong about himself, another woman. Even just another man would be less complicated than another hockey player, than his years-long rival. He would be able to hide it easier. He would not have to wait until the far between times that they saw each other, playing for teams in such distant cities.

The waiter left. Ilya didn’t look at Shane’s parents as he spoke. He grit his teeth and got out an answer to their question. “When it became more than casual, between us, Hollander left and found Rose. She broke up with him, to my understanding. After that was when he told me about being gay, about having feelings. Feelings for me. I realised… I knew I had been denying having feelings for him. I knew I could no longer deny them. I understand I cannot have him.” He looks up at them. Tears are in his eyes again, and he can tell they can see them. His heart is on the table in front of him, waiting to be torn into by their forks and knives. But it doesn’t matter, he decides. Protecting Shane from anything he can is what matters. “But please be gentle with him about this. He did not want to lie to you.”

“Oh,” Yuna says, and this time her voice is soft. She reaches slowly across the table, putting her hand in the center. “You really love him, don’t you, Ilya?”

The dam breaks, and Ilya feels a tear run down his cheek. In the middle of this blasted restaurant. He reaches up quickly and wipes it away. He cannot be seen crying. He does not want anyone but Shane to see him cry, and he does not want to subject Shane to that, either. He just seems the only one able to pull it out of him.

“I haven’t even told him this, yet,” Ilya says, voice thick. “I would like to get the chance to, before I am kept from him.” He knows it’s coming. He does not know why he’d even ordered. He’ll go to the waiter and tell them to cancel his food. He has to leave. He starts to get up. “I apologise.”

“Wait, where are you–”

“Ilya, sit down,” Yuna says, and it’s so sharp that Ilya lands back in his chair, shocked. He stares across at her. “You’re not going to be *kept from* him. And you’re not leaving.” She sounds confident, now, and Ilya blinks. “I could tell that Shane cares about you, even with how loopy he was. And you care about him. Why would you be kept from him?”

“Because…” He blinks a few times. Because of course he will be. Because they’re gay. Because the teams, the league, the sponsors, none of these will accept a gay hockey player, let alone two in love with each other. “Because we are not allowed to be together.”

“Says who?” David says.

“Exactly,” Yuna continues. “I know it won’t be easy, but if you two really want to, we’ll find a way to make it work.”

“You are not angry?” Ilya asks, confused. He sniffs, trying to regain composure.

Yuna shakes her head. “I’m sad that Shane has felt he needed to keep this a secret, but not mad. How could I be mad about someone caring so much for him?” She looks close to tears as well, but holds them in better than Ilya had.

Ilya supposes that makes sense. He wonders what his own mother might have said, if she’d found out he had found love in another man. He wants to hope she would still love him after. He knows his father wouldn’t, but he hadn’t had much love in the first place.

“I do,” Ilya says softly. “I do care about him. More than anything.” And it’s true. It had taken years to admit to himself, but he has cared about Shane for years, cared more about him than anybody, except Svetlana. But Shane is different. Shane is… well, he’s in love with Shane. He can say that to himself now. And the moment he sees Shane again next, he’s going to say it directly to him.

“Then you’re alright in my books,” David says with a smile that makes Ilya feel like crying again. It’s warm. Fatherly.

“Let’s get to know each other a little better,” Yuna adds. “And then we can bring him home from the hospital together.”

Ilya realises the meaning a few moments later. He’s being invited into their home. “Yes. OK,” he says, unable to keep a smile off his face. “Thank you.”

Their food comes, and they eat together, quietly conversing. Ilya excuses himself for just a moment to text under the table, hoping Shane will see it when he wakes up.

Everything is going to be okay.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading. Please consider leaving a comment if you enjoyed, even just an emoji really makes my day.

This fandom has really got me by the hooks. More fics to come!

Have a great day/night <3

Works inspired by this one

[Podfic of] i'd share a life by vexbatch pods (vexbatch)

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