

## exchange

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# exchange

by [peaktotheocean](#)

## Summary

"Pay attention to your phones!" David calls after the two of them.

Not phone. But *phones*. Plural.

Because Ilya has David's phone number now.

He has Yuna's phone number too.

or,

While Yuna and Shane talk outside, David stops just short of bringing out the adoption papers to claim their new son.

## Notes

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

David is still talking to Ilya as he watches Shane leave the house, but Ilya does not hear him. He is not even pretending to listen.

He can see both Shane and his mother through the front windows, because apparently the Hollander family really enjoys their homes to be at least eighty percent window. Ilya cannot deny that he likes the look of the places, but he wouldn't say that aloud to Shane.

Or maybe now, he would.

Something to think about when he is not sitting across from Shane's father, who has the expression on his face of a person who just remembered that he cannot ask Ilya about his parents because they are both dead.

Ilya sees that expression quite often outside hockey.

People love to ask about hockey, yes, but after that, family is the next big topic. Ilya thinks sometimes that he needs to hand out little cards that say "Topics okay: hockey, food, music. Topics not okay: family, Russia, plans for free agency."

"The pasta is good," Ilya says before David can ask him about any other family members that he has no interest in discussing. As far as Ilya is concerned, his family consists of Shane and Svetlana.

The pasta *is* good. Or, it's as good as Shane's high-protein chickpea pasta can be. David might be a miracle worker.

"Thank you. I can give you the recipe if you like."

Ilya eats carbs. He's not as strict as Shane with his diet, but still, this much pasta during the season? Probably not, even the chickpea kind.

Still, he will not turn down a home-cooked meal. Before this trip, Ilya cannot remember the last time someone cooked something just for him, not at a restaurant or a team barbecue. He'll eat anything Shane and David put in front of him, even Shane's bird food.

"Thank you," he says anyway, eyes still trained on the window to see how Shane's shoulders are hunched up to his ears. Ilya wants so badly for this to go well for Shane, but he doesn't know his mother's body language like he knows her son's tells.

"They'll be fine," David says, in much kinder a tone than Ilya expects. That's his wife out there, the mother of his son. He could easily be annoyed with how concerned Ilya is. Still, he is kind.

"I know," Ilya murmurs.

*Shane is just worried*, Ilya doesn't say. Because Shane is worried all the time and his father probably knows that almost as well as Ilya does.

"Do you have your phone?"

That non sequitur is what drags Ilya's gaze away from the window and back to David, who smiles when he finally sees that he's gotten Ilya's attention.

"My phone?"

"Well, yeah, if you're coming to Ottawa next year, I need to send you some of my favorite places."

"Favorite places?"

Ilya hates that he keeps repeating David's words but he can't help it. He is trying to stay polite and talk to David while also looking out the window to watch Shane and Yuna. Multitasking off of the ice and while in English can be difficult.

"Restaurants, museums, that sort of thing. You a museum guy?"

Ilya is not a museum guy.

"Sure," he says. He digs his phone out of the pocket of his shorts, unlocks it, and slides it across the table, right past the large pot of spaghetti. He wonders if he's allowed to take more. David knows how to cook for hockey players. This is not a recipe that has been cut in half.

He watches as David picks up his phone, blinking at it like he can't quite believe Ilya just handed it over.

"Do you normally just pass your phone around?"

Maybe David *is* where Shane gets his boring from, among other things. Like the need to hear the answer to a question he already knows the answer to.

*Are you going to tell anyone?*

*Did anyone recognize you at the airport?*

*Do you let anyone go through your phone?*

"He is under different name. Cannot trust a locker room full of hockey players," Ilya tells David, who, unlike Shane, looks a little chagrined when he finally gets an answer to his obvious question.

"That's smart. You boys...really thought of everything."

It sounds depressing when David says it like that, his tone hollow even in its surprise. But Ilya doesn't know how to tell him that of *course* they did. They had to. Ilya would do anything to keep Shane safe and part of that includes keeping himself safe.

"I'll just put in my first name. How about that?" He holds up the new contact form for Ilya to see. It plainly says 'David' and has a new phone number there. No other information. There

are plenty of Davids in the world. Not that Ilya knows any of them.

"David," Ilya reads and nods. David smiles at him when he clicks save and then immediately presses 'Add New Contact' again.

"I'll put Yuna's in here too. If you need anything, anything at all, you can call us whenever."

There are less Yunas in Ilya's general vicinity, but he doesn't mind. He can explain away her name in his phone if he needs to. He's willing to because he is realizing just how badly he wants both numbers in his phone.

David then sends two texts from Ilya's phone. One to his own, and one to Yuna's. Not a long message. Just a "Hello - David" and "Hello - Yuna."

Then, as if creating his own little comedic play, David picks up his own phone again and responds to himself.

Ilya's phone buzzes next to David, but as the screen lights up, it is very clear to see that text that David sent him.

**David:** Hi Ilya!

Ilya thinks that he's been doing rather well, all things considered. Being outed by a man who has a phone that only plugs into a charger from six years ago. Eating funny-tasting pasta with Shane's parents. Admitting that he's planning on signing with Ottawa if they'll have him.

He's said more aloud about their relationship in one afternoon than he has in the past decade and if he's reeling from it, he can only imagine what Shane must be feeling.

*Shane.*

Ilya's eyes go towards the window again and the two of them are hugging. Yuna embracing her son and relief snaps in Ilya so suddenly that he sits up straight. He thinks he sees it in David too, out of the corner of his eye.

Saying everything aloud makes it all real. Shane's nightmare is Ilya's dream, not that he'd ever say that to him. He almost said it to Scott Hunter after the MHL awards though. He came damn close. He thinks that maybe Scott Hunter knew it a little bit too.

It's certainly is different from what Ilya expected from his two weeks at Shane's cottage, which was mostly sex and stealing more of Shane's shirts without him noticing. Or perhaps, more accurately, without him *caring*.

Even today, on the way over, Ilya thought maybe that Shane coming out would mostly only affect Shane. They're in this together, yes, but these are *Shane's* parents. Not Ilya's.

"Whenever?"

This time when he repeats David's word, it is softer, smaller. Perhaps full minutes after David has said it to him, but Ilya needs to get it out. He has to make sure he is understanding

properly.

There is a heavy weight in Ilya's stomach that has nothing to do with Shane and everything to do with his parents. Which, Ilya supposes are connected now that David and Yuna know about them.

He can call Svetlana whenever. He's pretty sure he can call Shane whenever, and as long as he's able to pick up he will. He's proven that. Especially since the All Star game.

His mom never had a cell phone. She could have, maybe. One of the older flip brands that were so popular at the time. But his father would have never allowed it.

Ilya does his best to not think about how it would have been to call her and only her, to not worry about anyone else answering the phone. To call her when he needed her and have her at his fingertips.

"Ilya."

Ilya doesn't want to look at David again. He doesn't want to see Shane's kindness in his father's eyes as he tries to convince him that he really means what he's going to say.

When David slides his phone back across the kitchen table, he covers Ilya's hand with his own and squeezes.

"You can call us whenever," he promises.

Ilya swallows at that. Somehow the stone in his stomach has made it up to his throat and it refuses to go down. He very much doesn't want to think about David's offer and how he'd love to take him up on it. He does not even know what they would talk about it, but Ilya has not felt this greedy since the first time he saw Shane.

Instead, Ilya puts that thought into a little box and he tucks it away to think about later, when he and Shane are in bed again, and his face is pressed against Shane's neck. His fingers flex as he imagines holding onto Shane as he tries to keep his emotions in check for right now.

"Hey."

There's a hand on his shoulder and Ilya turns to see Shane there. It is a relief like no one has ever been able to provide for Ilya before. Just by being in his vicinity, Shane is able to affect Ilya's tension for the better.

He's back and so is Yuna, taking her seat next to David and smiling at her husband. Then, she also smiles at *Ilya*. It is too much. Especially after David's quiet *Whenever*, so Ilya keeps his attention on Shane.

He looks...*raw*, might be the only way Ilya can think to describe it, but even with Shane and Yuna's matching red-rimmed eyes, Shane is smiling, however weak. He doesn't take his hand off of Ilya's shoulder until he sits down and Ilya takes a deep breath, appreciating the touch, however fleeting.

And *is* fleeting.

But it was there in the first place, which is more than Ilya thought he'd get.

*Ever* really, but mostly today.

"We're good," Shane whispers as he picks up his fork again. He doesn't use it to twirl any pasta, but he does hold it with intent, which isn't nothing.

Ilya believes him. He can see that Yuna and David love Shane, both in their own way and in the way that he needs. Three people in this room who are not Shane Hollander, but who all love him dearly. Ilya is in good company.

He is reminded of that through the rest of the dinner, as Yuna and David continue to smile sincerely at him, to make plans for the future, and when Shane lets Ilya comfort him.

"Pay attention to your phones!" David calls after the two of them as they hop down the steps of the Hollander house to Shane's jeep.

Not phone. But *phones*. Plural.

Because Ilya has David's phone number now.

He has Yuna's phone number too.

"Phones?" Shane looks over at him as Ilya buckles his seatbelt, but he doesn't take his hand off of Ilya's thigh, which he thinks is a good sign. "Did you give Dad for your number?"

"He gave me his. And Yuna's," Ilya adds, remembering Shane's rule about honesty. "Is okay?"

"What? Yes, of course it's okay," Shane says honestly. "My *boyfriend* should probably have my parents' phone numbers," he teases.

Ilya looks over and sees Shane smiling. For a split second, he takes his eyes off of the road just to direct that smile right at Ilya.

"Just first names. David and Yuna," Ilya assures him, not that Shane asked, but Ilya can see the question about to form. In response, Shane's hand squeezes Ilya's thigh. Ilya puts his hand on top of Shane's and spreads his fingers to rest in between the ones clinging to him.

"They're going to love that. You've opened a can of worms for sure."

"I've *what*?" Ilya's hand flexes against Shane's as he tries to wrap his head around those familiar words in an odd order. He *hates* English sometimes.

"It's an expression," Shane says needlessly.

"Obviously," Ilya mocks.

"It just means like, they're probably going to message you a lot, that's all. It's fine though," Shane says the last part like an afterthought. "I like it."

"You do?" Ilya tries to keep the hopefulness out of his voice, but judging by how Shane's fingers twitch against his thigh, he doesn't do a good job of it.

"Yeah, it's sweet," Shane says quietly. "I didn't really let myself think beyond coming out, what it would mean for us, for them. For the four of us together."

He laughs aloud, like there's a joke Ilya isn't privy to yet. He knows now, that Shane will let him in on what's going on in his mind; it will just take time. Once he processes, Ilya will be ready and waiting to listen.

"Mom is going to want to talk to you about hockey nonstop," Shane starts. "You've heard her in person now. She is obsessed. Best hockey IQ in the business."

That much, Ilya believes. She knows his stats better than he does. He wonders why she isn't an agent in general, but he supposes that being Shane's manager is enough for her. It certainly seems like a full time job.

"If you have questions about teams or players. If you're really worried about Boston or if there's info you don't want to ask your agent about, she would be almost too excited to help you out."

Ilya feels something in his chest, like he's being bolstered up on one side. Someone besides his agent and Svetlana when he's making decisions. Someone who has the information *and* cares about him, no ulterior motive besides maybe how Ilya's decisions would affect Shane.

"And David?" Ilya asks, finding that he very much wants to know what Shane's father could possibly talk to him about.

"Oh man," Shane laughs again and Ilya wants to hear it every day for the rest of his life.

"Dad is probably going to send you recipes. You'll have to tell him you don't have the same diet as me. And also the stats of other sports that aren't hockey. We try not to judge him for it."

"He's a good cook."

*Even for chickpea pasta*, Ilya thinks, but he thinks that Shane heard him anyway, judging by the pinch he gets, the skin of his thigh under Shane's fingers.

"He is," Shane agrees. "He also is a member of a bunch of museums that Mom has no interest in going to, so there's one perk of not being out is that he can't guilt you into going with him."

For not being a museum guy, Ilya still has been to a few museums in Boston, mostly for PR purposes. He liked the one that had the paintings stolen. It had a beautiful courtyard and gardens inside an old museum that was unlike any other museum he had ever been inside. He

still doesn't understand why the empty frames still hang in the gallery, but he wonders if maybe David could explain it to him.

He will have to tell Ilya all about it in Ottawa though, because once he refuses to re-sign with Boston, he doesn't think he will be welcome in any of those institutions for a very long time.

"He said..." Ilya starts and then stops almost immediately.

"Ilya? What did my dad say to you?" Shane freezes, which is not the reaction that Ilya wanted. In two seconds, with two words, it is like Shane is back living in that moment from the afternoon. When his father saw them kissing and all of the unknowns of that single incident were still ahead of them.

"Nothing bad," Ilya manages to croak out, which doesn't help his case.

"Ilya?"

"He said...that I could call them whenever," Ilya breathes out, like he still can't wrap his mind around it.

"Oh," Shane says quietly and he glances over at Ilya again, like he's debating stopping the car, but thinks better of it. "He means it too. I swear."

"I know he *means* it," Ilya admits.

David meaning it isn't the problem. It's the fact that Ilya wants it, so much. He does not know what to say to the man, but he is ready to learn about boring museums and other sports if necessary.

"You know how you got me?" Shane asks. "I mean, you *really* have me."

He says it so simply. Like it's just a given now. That Shane has Ilya and Ilya has Shane. They're in this together now, more than ever.

"Yes," Ilya says immediately.

"They've got me too. You saw that. And now they've got you too."

"Yuna and David," Ilya says their names aloud and it helps the stone in his stomach to feel less heavy.

"You'll be the favorite son-in-law in no time," he promises.

It sounds like it should be a joke, but the way Shane says it is completely serious. Still, Ilya swallows around his own anxiety again and tries to push it out of his mind.

"There is competition I need to worry about?"

"Don't be cute."

“I am always cute. You think so,” Ilya says confidently and is rewarded.

Later, when Ilya categorizes this day, it’ll be by Shane’s actions and he’ll remember this next one fondly.

All while keeping his eyes on the road for as long as he can, Shane stretches over so he can kiss Ilya on the cheek. When he settles back into his seat, Shane doesn’t stop smiling, like he’s so proud of himself for taking just one more risk today.

Ilya’s certainly proud of him. Between the pride and the love, it’s a wonder Ilya hasn’t burst yet.

Still with a whole week left together at the cottage, he supposes that there’s still time.

## End Notes

eventually, david & ilya get to go to the isabella stewart gardner museum together

if you want to read about ilya trapped in a time loop, [check out my other HR fic](#)

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