

A Good Accident

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A Good Accident

by [Mapple_s](#)

Summary

Ilya is over at Shane's parents house one night and ends up calling Yuna mom for the first time on accident.

Notes

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

A typical Wednesday night for Ilya when he's not traveling is having dinner with Yuna and David then playing some games, this Wednesday is no different.

David watches Shane's game as Ilya helps Yuna in the kitchen.

"I cut this small?"

"Yup, you're doing great"

Ilya smiles at the compliment and continues cutting the onions. There is a small tv on the kitchen counter that is also playing Shane's game so Yuna and him watch as they cook.

Shane is knocked onto the ground making Ilya flinch and unfocused on the onions.

"Fuck!"

Yuna turns away from the stove to see Ilya holding his finger.

"Oh honey"

"I cut my finger, it is lot of blood"

"Let me go get the first aid kit, just hold on one moment"

She grabs a washcloth and has him hold it to his finger while she hurries to the bathroom. David calls from the couch, "what happened?". "Ilya cut his finger pretty bad", Yuna responds as she rushes by.

She leads Ilya to a chair with her hand on his back.

"Let's get this cleaned up and see if you'll need any stitches"

She gently unwraps the washcloth that's now red with Ilya's blood and gets to work on disinfecting his cut. He hisses as the alcohol makes contact with the wound.

"I'm sorry, bare with it for a moment sweetheart"

"I am okay"

Yuna smiles at him and investigates the cut.

"It doesn't look too deep so no stitches but I guess it just decided to bleed a lot"

Ilya is glad to hear that, he hates getting stitches and to have to say it was from cutting onions would embarrass him.

She wraps it up with the materials in the first aid kit then gets up to put it back in its place.

"Thank you mom"

Ilya doesn't realize what he's said as he inspects the wrap job but once he does, his head shoots up where he meets Yuna's eyes.

"I mean"

He clears his throat as he tries to figure out the least awkward way of getting out of this. Should he apologize? Should he act like he just didn't say it? Before he can make a plan, tears begin flowing out of his eyes. He's crying. Why is he crying?

Yuna frantically sets the kit on the table and pulls Ilya in for a hug.

"It's okay, you're alright"

She pets his hair as he cries on her shoulder. Yuna knows about what happened to his mother and had never expected for him to address her in that way. She had absolutely no intention of trying to replace being his mother. Him crying also took her by surprise, she's gotten to experience his sensitive side more now, but she's never seen him cry like this.

Ilya wasn't expecting it to leave his lips either and feels the control he had on his emotions weaken. He was never sure how to address her when she'd call him son and he felt bad never saying anything more than her name. Some part of him felt he would be betraying his own mother if he did so.

"I am sorry", Ilya's words are mumbled by his face being smushed on her shoulder.

"Oh no, please don't apologize. It's alright, It was quite frankly nice to hear you say that"

"Really?"

Ilya snuffles as he lifts his head up. His eyes are red and eyelashes wet from the tears, he hadn't cried this much in a while.

"Yes, really"

"It is okay? Even if my real mother is-"

"It's okay"

He starts crying again and Yuna does her best to wipe his face off.

"She wouldn't be mad at me?"

"Your mother would not be disappointed in you for this, do you understand?"

"She was nice woman, I think you two would've gotten along"

"Every time you've mentioned her I've only thought of how strong she was and how lucky I am to have her son be apart of my family"

Ilya finally stops crying leaving them both to laugh at how swollen his eyes have become then the preheat bell goes off for the oven.

“How about you put an ice pack on those swollen eyes? Then we can get back to making that chicken Parmesan?”

Ilya nods and follows her back to the kitchen area. She presses an ice pack to one eye while he does so to the other.

David walks in to grab another beer and gives a concerned look.

“Did he cut his eyes too?”

Yuna looks at Ilya before responding.

“I put him on onion cutting duty”

David nods, knowing the aftermath of that unfortunate job all too well.

“Those onions will have you crying like a waterfall”

Ilya and Yuna’s conversation flows better than ever that night, a new breakthrough in their relationship. David picks up on it too.

“Thank you for dinner Mom”

“Of course”

David looks between the two of them.

“We’re getting parent titles?!”

He’s teasing them, but Yuna hits his arm not wanting to rush Ilya. He surprises them both when he responds.

“Thank you, dad”

Everyone is silent and Ilya sits there with a big grin on his face.

“You’re welcome son”

Tonight all three of them help each other do the dishes and Ilya feels full, not just on the food but on the feeling of his new family. He also feels like a weight of guilt has been lifted off his mind.

Shane video calls after his game so they can all talk.

“Man, I really wish I could be there with you guys”

“You missed out on some killer chicken parmesan tonight buddy”

“This is true”

Before Shane can put emphasis on his diet and how he too should be watching what he eats as an athlete, Ilya changes the topic.

“I cut my finger while cutting onions”

“Oh no, are you okay?”

“Da, mom says it is not deep, so no stitches”

Shane pauses for a moment then smiles. He doesn't say anything about it but is warmed by how comfortable the people he loves are with each other.

End Notes

My mind formed in my 6am, no sleep state this morning and I needed to write it. If you can't tell, I'm so obsessed with heated rivalry right now.

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