

biweekly appointment

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biweekly appointment

by Anonymous

Summary

Ilya drives Yuna to an appointment. He's spent maybe five minutes with her alone and is stressed about making a decent impression.

"My parents live in Ottawa-Ottawa, but there are suburbs that are kind of in Ottawa and kind of not. Don't worry, it's not that confusing." The thing is, it is that confusing.

Notes

canon compliant up to episode 5 and vaguely based on my knowledge of what happens in tlg but i dont know specifics.

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

Ilya pulls up in front of the Hollander household, tapping his fingers against the wheel with nerves he hadn't felt in a long time.

When Shane had asked him for this favour, it had been trivial to say yes, of course he would give Yuna Hollander a ride to her bi-weekly appointments for the next several weeks, at least while he was in town for home games and Shane was in Montréal. The reason it was Ilya and not David was easy — David had a nine to five and no more work-from-home days, because the banks were back to five days a week and they use their vacation days on Shane's games. The appointments involved some procedure that meant Yuna couldn't operate a vehicle, and voila, Ilya is driving Yuna to medical appointments.

Sitting in the car in front of David and Yuna's house was different, though. He can count the time he's spent in minutes one-on-one with Shane's parents on one hand (Shane had gone to the washroom while they visited his parents, once) and this sort of extended time together was unprecedented. He felt an insurmountable pressure to be—

The tapping on the passenger side window had him startle, whipping his head to see Yuna giving him a pursed smile and a curt wave. He scrambles a bit to unlock the door for her and waves her in. They exchange hellos and she's suddenly sitting next to him, bucking her seatbelt. She wipes her hands on the top of her legs, smoothing out the fabric, staring straight ahead.

"I'm surprised your car is so... normal," she says, only sounding a little judgmental. "I didn't think Ilya Rozanov would drive anything other than a bright orange Bugatti."

Ilya would feel less embarrassed if it weren't an accurate assessment. "I got this when I realized that Ottawa drivers hate fancy cars. It's normal in Boston to have them, but here they drive angry when they see rare cars." It was like the orange made Ottawa drivers rabid.

Yuna laughs a little. "That... makes sense. There are celebrities in Boston but Ottawa's mostly civil servants and government employees. Not really a flashy town."

It's funny to call the capital city a town, Ilya thinks distantly. "No, not very flashy. That is why... boring grey Honda."

"I bet Shane prefers it," she says, smiling a little.

Ilya can't help but smile as well. "Yes." He had liked it less when Ilya told him he picked the car that reminded him most of Shane.

They sit in silence for a few beats, before Yuna breaks it. "Alright," she says, and she seems nervous. It makes sense, of course — medical appointments are nerve-wracking.

"Alright," he parrots, pulling out his phone and opening up the map. "You can put the address here," he gestures, passing it to her.

"Right," she says, taking it and starting to input the address. She's slow about it, one finger at a time on the screen, and Ilya's hair begins to stand up on the back of his neck from the delay.

He's right to be scared because *his* phone buzzes in *her* hand and she's suddenly stopped typing. He turns his head to look at her despite his instincts and she has this shock-horror expression on her face, because Shane definitely responded to his text from earlier, *fuck*.

Ilya's mouth works, but he can't think of anything to say that won't make things worse, and Yuna saves him by finishing the address and passing him back the phone. He doesn't even look at Shane's text, which is a first for him, wordlessly starting to drive.

They arrive at the specialist's office complex in a different part of the Ottawa suburb complex than Ilya had just been in ("My parents live in *Ottawa*-Ottawa, but there are suburbs that are kind of in Ottawa and kind of not. Don't worry, it's not that confusing." It is.) and it's so nondescript that Ilya takes note of things like how similar it looks to other nondescript places in Ontario he'd been to.

"This is me, I guess," Yuna huffs. It's the first thing she's said in the span of the twenty minutes they'd been driving. Ilya had been too rattled to turn on the radio and there was a point of no return about that sort of thing, so he never had.

"Okay," he says. "How long is appointment?"

Yuna shrugs. "Maybe an hour or so?" She unbuckles her seatbelt and rummages through her bag, probably double checking her things. "Thank you for driving me, Ro—Ilya," she coughs.

"No problem. It is okay to wait here? Or should I pay for parking?" he asks, looking for a sign.

Yuna looks at him like he's grown a second head. "You don't need to wait," she says. "I'm sure you have a busy schedule; I can take an Uber back."

Now it's Ilya's turn to look at her like she's grown a second head. "Of course I can wait. Nothing on schedule today," he lies, but it's not technically a lie because he'd just adjusted his home schedules with the Cens for the foreseeable future to account for these Monday appointments.

Yuna continues to look at him disbelievingly, so Ilya squirms. "Unless you prefer to take Uber, of course," he offers, as an out.

She blinks. "Well, no, I don't." She bites the inside of her cheek — *just like Shane*, Ilya thinks — and adds, "There's a Tims there if you don't want to sit in a car for over an hour, hon."

Ilya looks to where she's pointing, and sure enough: a Tims, next to a Subway, next to a dentist, next to an optometrist, next to a random pizza place, next to a LifeLabs, next to a vape shop, next to a sleep dentist, next to a convenience store. A dizzying array. "No need to pay for parking?" he confirms, brain skipping over the *hon* easily.

“No, not here,” she confirms. “Let me give you my number so I can text you when I’m done.”

They exchange numbers and now Ilya has every Hollander in his contacts because Yuna had given him David’s number, too. She’s getting out of the car, and Ilya feels his stomach turn suddenly. “Call if there is any emergency,” Ilya says as casually as he can muster.

Yuna gives him a warm look, if not a little baffled. “Of course. I’ll text when it’s all done, alright?”

He nods, saying nothing, watching until she goes inside.

No one recognizes him in the Tims. It’s exactly like a Dunkin, but its colour scheme is dingier and there’s a coin embedded in the floor commemorating, of course, a Hockey game. It’s not like he’s never had it before, but usually people bring it *to* him.

He orders something random and the employee barely gives him a second look, and then he’s planting himself in the corner. The donut he got (a Boston cream) lost its glaze when he pulled it out of the bag, he thinks they forgot to put sugar in his coffee, but he’s too nervous to care and texts Shane. Texting Shane always helps.

Ilya

your mother is at the doctor

waiting now

Jane

I know. She texted me.

Thank you for doing this.

Ilya

np

canadian coffee is shit

Jane

???

What are you talking about?

Ilya

what second meaning is possible from that

canada makes shit coffee

who is tim

Jane

Fuck off.

Tim Horton was a hockey player.

Ilya

what team

Jane

Leafs, Rangers, Penguins, and Sabres.

Ilya

this makes sense. why the coffee is shit

donut is shit also

Jane

He played 24 seasons and won four Stanley Cups.

Ilya

you would not tell by how shit this coffee and donut is

Yuna comes out of the appointment tired-looking but flashes him a grateful smile as he drives her home. This time, he remembers to put on the radio at low volume so there's some kind of background noise.

"You are sure you don't want anything from—'Tims'?" he asks, gesturing at the plaza. "Or sandwich."

"That's fine," she shakes her head. "I've got something easy on my stomach at home. But thanks."

They're ten minutes into the drive and Ilya has stopped himself from cussing out no less than three other people on the road because he doesn't want Yuna to think he has a temper. This is stupid because she's seen him play hockey. Regardless, he waits that long to ask if she's feeling okay.

"I'm a bit tired," she admits, "but it's okay. Routine."

He nods. “Of course.”

”Do you do this sort of thing with your family in Russia?” she asks, just making conversation, and Ilya loves Shane for respecting his privacy, but wishes he’d disrespected it just a little so he wouldn’t have to make things awkward. Shane does a lot of things like that — giving Ilya the exact treatment he would want, without really factoring in how different their circumstances are.

“Ah, no,” he admits, after a several second internal debate about whether he should lie. “I do not.” Alexei was the one who drove his father to appointments when he remembered to. Ilya only did it for two weeks a year, and paid for the rest.

Yuna hums. She seems to understand even though he hasn’t said anything informative. “I’m sorry.”

Ilya’s eyes sting but he’s driving so he blinks it away. “It’s okay,” he says, voice rough even to himself. It still doesn’t quite feel okay. But that would be too hard to explain in Russian, never mind in English to his boyfriend’s mother while he’s trying to make a decent impression.

She takes pity on him. “How was the coffee?”

”It was—“ he stops himself abruptly, and an unconvincing lie comes out instead: “—good. Delicious.”

Yuna turns to him, eyes full of renewed energy. “‘*Delicious*’?” she asks. “Really?”

”Yes,” he confirms, squirming. “Best donut I’ve ever had.” Why is he doubling down?

She laughs. “Oh, honey, you don’t have to lie about liking Tims. We’re a Second Cup house.”

What the fuck is that? he thinks. But he’s relieved. “Thank God. I have had their food before, but that one was particularly bad.”

”It depends on the location,” she confirms. “Don’t worry, David and I’ll take you to some good local spots as well. Though if you don’t like those, we’ll *actually* have a problem.”

She’s grinning, so Ilya knows it’s at least lighthearted. Mostly. “I am looking forward to it,” he tells her.

After Ilya drops Yuna off at the Hollander’s residence in the Glebe, he drives back to his apartment quietly (actually, he cusses out two drivers as loudly as he usually would) and flops onto his bed, pulling out his phone to text Shane again.

Ilya

dropped your mother at home

if u want to call her

There's a gap in time before Shane responds, and Ilya assumes Shane is doing exactly that. About fifteen minutes pass and then he gets a reply.

Jane

Just spoke to her. She says to thank you again.

Ilya

of course. no problem to help out

Jane

She's probably going to invite you for dinner. Is that okay?

Ilya

depends if dinner is like what u eat

Jane

Asshole.

I've been eating separately from them since I was 13.

So, no, it's not "like what I eat" even though what I eat is healthy and good for you.

Ilya

triple text. u are made at me

mad*

ur food is not good for spirit. for the soul

but if it is real food i will go

Jane

I'll just tell her you said yes.

Also, quadruple text. You miss me 😊

Ilya

of course

call?

Jane

Tonight. I'm out right now with the team.

Ilya

boooo u should ditch and call ur hot boyfriend

Jane

Oh, and who would that be?



Ilya



call me when you're not being boringgg

Jane

I will.

Ilya puts the phone face down on the bed. He could go out and do something interesting with his day off, but he'd rather just wait for Shane to call and maybe get takeout in the interim. When his phone rings, not fifteen minutes later, he picks it up without checking the caller ID.

"So, you changed your mind about being boring?" he drawls, trying to hide his excitement.

"What?" the voice, decidedly not Shane, on the other end asks.

Ilya recoils, pulling the phone away from his ear to see — *fuck* — Yuna Hollander's name on the screen. He quickly returns the phone to his ear.

"What?" he repeats. He hears a shuffle on the other end; movement he can't make out.

"Is this Ilya?" she asks, hesitant.

"Yes," he replies, embarrassed. "Sorry, I thought you were—someone else," he finishes lamely.

"Right," she coughs, seeming to get it. "Okay, well... Shane told me you'd be okay to come over for dinner sometime and I wanted to call to confirm with your schedule. Does sometime this week work?"

His brain short-circuits. God, this family is quick on the draw. And very schedule-oriented. And their offers for dinner aren't just out of politeness, either. "Uh, yes, I am free on... this Saturday?" he says.

"Okay," he hears, and there's some kind of scribbling happening. "Saturday at six o'clock. Any allergies or pickiness we should know about? Or, I should say, that David should know about?" She says it like it's a joke that he's already in on.

"Uh, no, I will eat everything," he tells her dutifully.

She makes a surprised noise. "Oh! That's exciting. You're not on any kind of special diet?"

"No?" he replies, more of a question. Should he be? He feels fine without one.

"Okay, great. Easy for us."

"Yes," he confirms.

"Alright, that's settled. I'll text you to confirm," she tells him. So formal.

"Okay, thank you."

"Thank you," she says. Yuna takes a second before adding: "I know you probably don't have a lot of Monday middays available and that you're doing this as a favour to Shane. I appreciate it, Ilya."

Ilya considers what to say. The burn comes back in his throat and eyes and he's not sure what's making him feel so hesitant. He tries to form words that make sense. "It is—it is a favour to Shane a little. But also I am happy to help if you need, for anything. My schedule is not as crazy as Shane's so.. it's no trouble."

The truth is he wishes he could have done the same for his own mom. Taking her to mundane appointments, getting shitty coffee and food, chatting with local radio as he drove her around. There isn't a way he could say any of that without crying, and he's only spent about fifty minutes with Yuna in total on his own. Maybe another day.

"... Okay, honey. Well, we're looking forward to seeing you Saturday, okay? Take care of yourself."

"You also," he says, and the call is over.

He returns to his flopped over position on his bed, letting out a long sigh. His brain is mush — too much English and performing as a polite son-in-law type for one day. He sends Shane another text, just to fuck with him.

Ilya

btw ur mom saw ur text to me earlier when i was in the car
she was putting the address and my phone was not on do not disturb

sorryyy

Shane doesn't even bother texting. Ilya laughs the minute the call screen appears, and doesn't hesitate to pick up.

End Notes

hr taking place in ottawa in the future makes me patrick bateman in that i just start listing ottawa brands. scrapped namedrops include bridgehead. happy goat. pubs that are too close to where i live.

easily my favourite part of this was designing the most stereotypical suburban plaza. scrapped entities include: boba shop, empty nail salon, men's hairdresser, clothing store that feels like a money laundering operation, a different dentist.

if this is my third anon fic in hr is it common courtesy to put some identifier of who an anon fic author is or does that defeat the purpose. who knows. i hope you enjoyed!

other fic(s) written: [booster juice](#)

[this is what happened to ilya's donut](#)

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