

**lover (сущ. м.р. - любовник, возлюбленный, любимый)**

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| Characters:       | <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">David Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Yuna Hollander</a>                                                                                                                 |
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# **lover (сущ. м.р. - любовник, возлюбленный, любимый)**

by [Mu\\_Tsubaki](#)

## Summary

Ilya and David are left alone at the kitchen, when Shane and Yuna leave to talk. Ilya slams into the language barrier with the speed of train.

## Notes

I am so sorry to subject you to the grammatical structure of a russian speaker, but the Lover would not leave my mind.

The vodka thing seems a bit on the nose: kinda like Shane's dad welcomes him to a joke. But Ilya isn't sure about that; yet, he still feels fine.

As though Shane took a third lap of the freakoutron and stormed out of the kitchen after his mother, Ilya could only worry for his well-being. In this house filled with happy childhood pictures and exact pieces of decor that he has seen in the cottage, there was some sort of warmth, almost suffocating: Ilya was not used to this feeling.

He was not used to people just sorting things out with their parents. Surely, it was intense, and surely Shane thought of all this in the likes of medieval torture. But Ilya could take a bit of awkwardness.

It was awkward to be left with your Lover's father in a middle of the scene, but as long as David did not throw slurs in his face, that was a win.

David obviously wouldn't, ever.

Yet, as they drove to Shane's parent's house, Ilya could not help but slip into some sort of violent fantasy where he has to get physical. He never imagined to tell his father, but maybe some of his nightmares involved dad finding out; the memories and imaginary scenarios blurred, so in this fantasy it was Shane who got called names. And Ilya could stand up to his father and put it to end.

There was no need.

David looked up to his empty cup and got up to the kettle.

«I don't really know what to do in those situations,» Ilya heard a warm chuckle behind his back and turned. «This is the time I ask about your intentions with my son or else? He never brought home anyone, so I didn't practice».

«They usually ask what do you do for a living, but you already know that», Ilya shrugged, trying to pick up the tone. «Shane almost made me change my clothes».

«Why? Oh, dear», David's eyebrows jumped up, but he quickly realised. «Why, I was so into the woods that I let someone in the Raider's merch into my house!»

«If that's the only thing that is stopping you for giving your blessing — I am a free agent», Ilya smiled back. David noticed that his cup was also empty and took it from the table in front of him. «So, yea, serious intentions».

«Good, good», David fussed around with the cups, «Honestly, didn't expect anything else from Shane. If something brought his attention from hockey long enough to...»

«Ой, actually, not much farther. We met at hockey. We play hockey at the cottage. I offered to play some videogames and you'll never guess what he pulled out», Ilya relaxed back on his chair. «Proudly take place after hockey in his heart».

David smiles with a painfully familiar look on his face and sits down at the sunlit table, and suddenly, another memory or dream bleeds in; another warm summer kitchen at their old flat. The dawning sun between the orange curtains, the eight floor's window and a wooden table with a plastic cover.

«So nice that you are all drinking tea», Ilya blurts, pausing for a second. «Wouldn't do it all over coffee».

«That's Yuna, she brought the preference on me,» David sips and nods, «After all those years, I stopped noticing. I heard it's a thing, russians drink a lot of tea?»

«We do, yeah», Ilya nods and rocks a bit on his chair, «Many things I have to thank Yuna for, and also for the loose leaf tea in Shane's cottage. Already love her. Do you think she will forgive me for Boston?»

He asks, but as the joke rolls off his tongue, another question, unasked, creeps in. Ilya can't really put in words, but it's like a ghost over this welcoming home.

«She is always on Shane's side», David says and reaches out to touch Ilya's arm; then he realises that he was staring at the table all that time, just running one-liners on autopilot. «She'll come to terms with your... disposition.»

«Wow, I really need to do something besides hockey so my... теща или свекровь?»

«What?»

«Oh, it's a... I tried to tell something but got confused with the words.» Ilya gestured. «Like, in russian there are two ways to call your mother-in-law — yes! I forgot how to call parents. But it is for the married couples, anyway».

The haunting memory of him stupidly saying «russians don't blush», as always, comes back; he regretted saying this immediately after, because he was, in fact, blushing, and it was one of those things that his coach or father would say. And every time, every time he blushed the reel of Ilya's most stupid moment's started with this.

«You don't really call them in-laws when you are not married, yes? But you don't really call your girlfriend's mom, ну, тещей, that's stupid. Sorry, sorry» he gestures again, at loss of words, but thankfully David seems entertained by this mess.

«You can just call her Yuna, » David smiles, «We'll figure this out».

Ilya sips from this cup and thanks God for Yuna — not yet his mother-in-law — and her choice of some fucking good black tea, He could not survive this situation without some fucking tea.

He wasn't scared yet, but something shifted; something from within him finally woke up in a safe and quiet house and started to scream that they don't belong here. There is not even a word to describe his place in Shane's life yet.

«Can I ask you,» — he tries to shake this bitch of a voice in his head with some vim, «why Shane didn't like «lovers»?». He mimes quotation marks.

«Well, ' now it's David's turn to hide in the cup, «I guess it's kind of... old-timey, intense? Could've called him your boyfriend».

«Ara», Ilya moves his jaw. «Well. Didn't call him that before».

David frowns, but not in an angry way; Ilya feels baffled by the linguistics of it all and starts to lose his grip on physiognomics.

«You boys, » he almost tenderly breathes out, «At what pace are you moving with this? I thought you said that you love each other».

Ilya swallows the urge to say, when, and nods.

«Then why not your boyfriend?»

«Em, I... I think I was thinking of another word at the moment. Thought it meant lover». Ilya shrugs again.

The covenant of saying only what you really think and feel really broke some of his filters, and maybe for good, because why was he even saying all of this.

«What did you want to say?»

But he really did not want to stop.

«Любимый?»

«Sounds nice. Is it very different from «boyfriend», is there another word?».

The kindness in David's voice and the summer light fully brought back the childhood feeling of fully understanding a note of condescendence in your mother's voice but still telling her about your favorite Pokemon.

«You would call your boyfriend — мой парень. But that's when you had the talk and agreed to be that. I thought of the word to describe someone you love, not the relationship».

Ilya put his chin on his hand, looking away. The silence crept its way back.

«I think you can call Shane your boyfriend», quietly, David broke it.

«I think I should,» Ilya mumbles into his hand. «Sorry, the thing we have is weird and I don't know the right words for it.»

«Ilya. I think, you'll figure — oh, they are back-» and Ilya snaps out of it, checking on Shane. His eyes look puffy from the tears, but he holds her mother so tightly on the shoulder that it could not have been something bad.

«Hey, » Shane says, voice a bit coarse, «what you've been up to?»

Their eyes lock: Shane's palm on his mother's arm loosens and he reaches out to Ilya.

«Nothing, dear, was just showing Ilya all of your childhood pictures», David smiles and picks up the phone, and Shane rolls his eyes; at first, Ilya doesn't get it, but then he thinks that Holander's probably digitalised all of their family pictures in a cloud and don't need a heavy binder to embarrass their child.

Good that some things are the same everywhere.

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