

Carbonara

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76681351) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76681351>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Food as a Metaphor for Love , missing scene for Episode 6 , Father's cooking , David is the dad Ilya never had
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 1,098 Chapters: 1/1

Carbonara

by [samwhambam](#)

Summary

Shane follows Yuna out of the house, and Ilya is left in the kitchen with David

Notes

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

“Well,” David says as soon as the door closes behind Shane. Ilya follows his gaze out the window and watches Shane come to a stop by his mom. “Have you boys eaten yet?”

“No, uh,” Ilya taps his glass. “We were talking about lunch when...”

“Ah,” David places both hands on the table, pushing his chair away as he stands up. “I have some chicken marinating in the fridge, but I think we need some comfort food.”

“Okay,” Ilya doesn’t know what to say, or what to do, so he takes another sip of the vodka. He wasn’t lying when he said it was good, and he’s grateful for the comfort. David pats him on the shoulder as he walks past. Ilya waits a second and then turns the moment he feels the loneliness start to creep in. “Do you need help?”

David turns back to him, surprise evident in his eyes. They’re blue. Bright blue, and so different from Ilya’s own, and his own fathers. “That would be nice, Ilya.”

He says his name with too many syllables, but Ilya’s used to it. That’s how people say his name in North America, and he’s not going to correct the man that saw him groping his son.

“You cook?” Ilya blurts out as David pulls an apron off a hook. It has his name on it, stitched in cursive. It’s stained.

“I do,” David hands a second apron to Ilya. He’s never worn one before, and he feels clumsy as he ties it behind his back. “It’s nice, feeding the people you love.”

Ilya gets that, thinking back to the tuna melts he planned and made for Shane. He thinks about the food he ate as a teenager, ordered by a step mother who regretted her marriage. The only thing his dad prepared were swigs of vodka, scotch, or whatever liquor the prime minister influenced him to drink that month.

He can’t remember his mom’s cooking.

“These need to be room temp,” David pulls eggs out of a carton. “Can you warm them in your hands?”

“Uh,” Ilya takes them, unsure of what to do, but he places the 4 eggs in one hand, then covers them with the other. David doesn’t say anything, so he assumes he’s doing it correctly.

He watches as David pulls more ingredients from the fridge. Different cheeses, what looks like diced ham, then noodles from the cupboard. They’re wrapped in parchment paper, not a box like Ilya’s used to.

“There’s this farmers market in Ottawa that I like going to,” David explains when he sees the look Ilya’s giving it. “Natalia makes the best pasta. Does both fresh and dried noodles. She took over after her mother had a stroke last year. Her father works at a butcher’s shop, and he always gives us the best cuts.”

A large pot goes onto the stove with water and salt. The flame is on high and Ilya recognizes that he has to try. He's good at talking with strangers, but this is Shane's father. It's important. He's never done this before, but he's standing like an idiot with eggs in his hands, and the fear of dropping them keeps him from another sip of his vodka.

"I think I like to cook, but I am not good at it," Ilya finally says.

"Can you eat what you make?" David asks. He's now grating cheese into a bowl.

"Yes."

"Then I think you're just fine at cooking."

He feels his body relax. He doesn't want to think about what that brief moment of fatherly reassurance does to him.

Ilya looks around, the fridge is covered in magnets, he grins when he does a quick count and notices there's 32 and they're all from cities with an MLH team. He wonders if they're from Shane, or if his parents have collected them separately. There's a daily calendar on the counter, one where you tear off each day. They're cartoon drawings, 'The New Yorker' stamped on the top, with illustrator signatures at the bottom.

There's a cute Polaroid of Yuna and Shane in a basket with keys. He drops the eggs carefully into the apron's pocket and reaches for it.

"That's from Christmas. A cousin of mine came to visit from Vancouver. Her daughter has one of those instant cameras," David says. There's the slide of pasta into boiling water, and Ilya turns in time to watch David put a pan on the stove.

"What are you making," Ilya asks.

"We are making carbonara," David slides the bowl of cheese over to Ilya. "Can you crack two eggs in there and then two egg yolks?" David grabs a smaller bowl. "The two egg whites can go in here. I'll add them to an omelet in the morning."

Ilya's never separated an egg before, but he's seen it on tv on the cooking shows Svetlana likes to watch. He does it carefully, then looks up at David.

"A couple pinches of salt, and a generous amount of cracked pepper. Then whisk," David adds the meat to the hot pan. "I'll do the pancetta while you do that."

The door opens as Ilya begins to whisk. He can't see them come in, but he watches the doorway to the kitchen. Shane and Yuna come in, their eyes are red, but they're smiling and Yuna's holding Shane's hand.

"Everything okay?" David asks when he notices them.

"Yes!" Yuna smiles at him, leaving her son to peer over David's shoulder. "Carbonara?"

"Mhm. The best comfort food. Besides ramen, but it's too warm for that."

“Dad’s got you helping?” Shane comes to stand by Ilya. He has the flat look on his face that Ilya hates, but he smiles when Ilya elbows him and mouths ‘you okay?’

“Ilya offered! And if he’s,” David trails off. “Well, he’s not really a guest, right? If he’s part of the family?”

“I guess not,” Shane shrugs. Ilya can tell he’s still nervous, but there is a shift to Shane. He unclenches his chin. His hands are flat on the counter. “What can I do?”

“Set the table,” David says automatically.

“I’ll open the wine,” Yuna says, going back to the dining room. “Does anyone need another drink?”

Everyone moves awkwardly, but Ilya can’t help but feel the most optimistic in years. He knows there’s gonna be more questions when they sit down. There’s going to be awkward silences. This is a new life to get used to, but if this is where their relationship is starting as a family, he’s excited for what’s to come.

End Notes

wow it's been a long fucking time. the technique is DUSTY. but hope you all enjoyed it!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!