

picture frames

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by [ifcouldwrite](#)

Summary

David wasn't kidding when he said that with Ilya in his life now, he was blessed with another son, and he was going through with that promise with a father-son trip. Which is how they find themselves in the place that had originally drafted Ilya: Boston, MA.

Or, David Hollander takes Ilya on a good ol' American vacation like he deserves.

Notes

i spent a good long while in boston for school and while they didn't film there, i wanted to bring ilya and david through the city. i also recognize that the hollanders are canadian but the trip itself is an "american vacation" you know?

anyway, please enjoy me gently taking ilya and david through boston, ma <3

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya loves Shane's dad.

He absolutely *adores* the man. For all he teased Shane for how boring he was and in turn his father was, he absolutely loves it.

Shane and Yuna were relaxing in Ottawa, it's the summer between seasons, and it's a year after they've gotten married. David wasn't kidding when he said that with Ilya in his life now, he was blessed with another son, and he was going through with that promise with a father-son trip.

"Since you have a good portion of the summer off, I was wondering if you wanted to go on a trip with this old man," David had asked over brunch one day. "I've always wanted to go through Boston again, I haven't been there for an extensive time since college." Shane was trying to hide a smile as Ilya looked up mid-bite. Yuna was looking at Ilya with such softness it ached.

"Me and Shane?"

"Just you, if you were okay with that," David continues.

"Shane is required to stay in Ottawa to help me with some of these photoshoot plans for the both of you," Yuna explains. Shane squeezes Ilya's hand under the table.

"No pressure, son. I just thought it'd be fun to take you through the city. I didn't think you'd get to do all the tourist-y things with your schedule."

And he was right, because Ilya wasn't really doing the American tourist-y things that families did. He was... at bars, because there were so many, and the occasional club when they had a good night.

Ilya swallowed, because he was truly touched at the offer. He was tearing up a little, he knew, because Shane was squeezing his hand in pulses to ground him. He gave the Hollanders a watery smile.

"Yes. Of course. I would love to go with you."

So, that was how they found themselves at the Logan International Airport, waiting for the Silverline to take them to their hotel.

“Their public transit is so old here,” David says. “At least, it’s the oldest one in America, I think. Your country is much older than the U.S., though, I’m sure.”

Ilya nods, hands holding his little suitcase. He smiles at David, and watches as the cars go by.

They make it to the hotel, a very beautiful, very modern hotel downtown, and David lets out a long, old-man sigh as he sits down.

“It’s nice to relax after traveling all day.” He looks over at Ilya, smiling. “We can go out to travel tomorrow. I like the museums here.”

Boring, Ilya thinks giddily. He’s positively thrilled by it all. It feels like he’s a kid in one of those vacation movies he sees in American films and he’s kind of obsessed with it.

“Thank you, David,” Ilya says sincerely.

“Of course, Ilya. Now, if you want to order take out, choose anything you want. I just need a little nap.”

Ilya looks at the brochures that were left in the drawer and looks for some chicken parmesan nearby.

On their first full day, they walk through the Boston Public Garden and the Boston Common. Ilya smoked more than a cigarette or two on a couple of these benches. He’s smoked a few joints here, too, with his teammates. He hadn’t really made time to walk through it in the light.

“You know, they filmed *Good Will Hunting* here,” David says, pointing to a specific bench. Ilya frowns a little bit in confusion. “It’s a movie from the ‘90’s. I think you and Shane were really young when it came out.”

“Has he watched it?”

“Not sure. I’ve seen it many times.”

“Is it sad?” David makes a face that is very similar to an expression that Shane has made which confirms that yes, it is sad. “I will try to watch it one day.” And David looks absolutely pleased by this, and they walk through the garden.

Ilya buys them matching Boston Red Sox hats from a vendor in the Common. David grumbles a little bit good-naturedly. “Can’t believe I’ll be repping Boston in any capacity. It’s a betrayal to my blood.” Ilya laughs, and for all David’s grumbling about giving money to any Boston sports team, he takes a selfie and sends it to the Hollander-Rozanov family group chat. While David is replying to Yuna’s cooing, Ilya observes the area.

“Everything is very small here, I almost forgot,” Ilya said. “It is fast to walk around.”

“Walkable cities, huh?”

“Yes. I never realized.” They’re making their way past the Boston Public Market, having walked past several old graveyards and a couple churches. They made their way through the North End, having picked up some cannolis and baked goods at a bakery called **Bova’s**. The North End is highly populated by Italian-Americans with very strong Boston accents, a little harsh and brash and funny in their own way.

Now that they’ve made their way through the North End with their baked goods, they walk to Faneuil Hall. He likes the little marketplace that is indoors, it is very fun and David is clearly overjoyed. He gets himself some clam chowder while there.

“It’s customary, Ilya! They’re known for it here!” David says. Like this, he sounds so much like Shane. Or Shane sounds so much like his father, and it truly does warm Ilya’s heart.

“I should get something for Shane,” he says. They stop by one of the many gift shops and look through to see what souvenirs they can get Yuna and Shane. Ilya sees a stupid little stuffed lobster. He gets a chew toy for Anya, and then spots something in the corner of his eye.

A boot-leg shirt with his face all over it, in a Boston gift shop, in the sale section because it’s been *years* and yet they still have some lingering. On the back, it says, “Rowdy for Rozanov”. He cackles at the thought of Shane’s face when he sees it, but he knows that he’ll wear it regardless. He immediately buys it for his husband.

“How’s the trip with Dad?” Shane asks over FaceTime while David is taking a shower. They had a very nice dinner in the North End with some beers, and are now back at the hotel getting ready for bed.

“I’m having a lot of fun,” Ilya says earnestly.

“He’s not too boring for you?”

“How could you say that about your father?” Ilya asks, feigning offense and putting a hand on his heart. Shane rolls his eyes, adjusts his glasses. “Are you having fun planning photoshoots?”

Shane groans a little bit. "It's just tedious work. Lots of spreadsheets."

"You are Yuna's son."

"I saw the matching hats. You guys look cute." Ilya smiles at that.

"I also got you something too."

"With my father there?" Shane asks incredulously.

"It is not a sex thing, Hollander. Relax." Shane sighs. "But I know your mind is... dirty. What is the expression? 'In the gutter'. That is where your brain is."

"I miss you," Shane grumbles.

"Show me how much. I have my headphones on and your dad is in shower. Let me see how much you miss me."

It doesn't take much convincing to get Shane to put on a show for him.

Morning comes and David is up and ready to go. Ilya takes a little longer to get ready, still shaking the sleep from his eyes, but David has an itinerary for places they need to hit.

He's ready to go in a few minutes and they're walking along some street.

"Ah! *This* is the oldest subway in North America," David says, pointing to the train stop. "We'll have to get on it to go to the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum."

"You told me about this one, yes?" Ilya says. It's hot and humid here, and the sun is shining very bright. He adjusts his sunglasses. The light catches on his wedding ring and he smiles. "This is the one with the stolen artwork. They left the frames up."

"Yes! Let's go. We can walk around the North End at night. It's all on the Green line train." Ilya hums, and they go down into the train station.

Like David said, Russia is much older than America. America's architecture is different, a mix of many things, of many cultures and people. It is interesting in that way, and different from what he is used to.

David talks idly about the city, looking at his paper map. He points at different places that Ilya tries very hard to remember.

"Is there any place you recommend?" David asks. "I must be talking your ear off. Don't want you to get bored of museums and parks."

“I am not bored,” Ilya says immediately. He looks at the map seriously. “The food here is good. I liked this restaurant in Chinatown. My teammates had me try heated pot restaurant here.” David laughs a little and gives Ilya a hearty pat on his back.

“Hotpot?”

“Yes. We ate so much I thought I would explode. Very good food.”

“Well, maybe we’ll go tonight.” Ilya smiles again, and he is filled with so much warmth he thinks he could set the train on fire.

They get to the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum with little to no incident. The train screeches to a halt at almost every stop, and Ilya chuckles to himself at that. It’s so old and yet they still haven’t fixed the train system. He finds it funny.

The museum, though, is breathtaking. David generously buys tickets for them both, and they go up the steps. It isn’t overly lavish, not garish by any means, but it’s beautiful. Ilya didn’t spend much time in museums admiring artwork. His mother liked to go sometimes, but he doesn’t remember going to many. It’s the glimpses of those memories that he cherishes now.

The flowers are lush in the courtyard. He does not know the name of them, but there are so many. It is very green, a little sanctuary. Vibrant and so, so beautiful. Carefully laid out with different trees and petal shades. The air is fresh and the sun is warm. He stares at the blossoms, and feels a surge of emotion.

His mother would have loved this place.

He has to tear his eyes away, and finds David wandering around with his hands clasped behind his back, admiring the work, and staring for a long while at the empty frames. Ilya comes to stand next to him and reads the plaque about how the works were stolen and haven’t come back. He looks at the empty frames, how they left them there despite there being no work to show anymore, and once again thinks of his mother.

In a way, it helps him to think that she can see the works from where she is. Resting. Somewhere no one knows, but she is at peace. Maybe in a place a little bit like this.

David gives Ilya a look, giving him a private smile. He knows his eyes are shiny with tears, but he doesn’t really care. Not in front of David Hollander. He would not judge him. They walk through the rest of the museum in quiet. Except for when David takes cheesy pictures of Ilya in front of the courtyard and also outside the gallery. He even tells Ilya to say “cheese”.

Days later, when Shane picks David and Ilya up from the airport in Ottawa, Shane gives him a firm kiss on his lips. He’s grown so much, being more comfortable with PDA, and Ilya is

very proud of him. On the drive back, David is already trying to add photos to the Staples print shop so they can have them framed.

“Dad, you’ll get carsick if you keep staring at your phone,” Shane says gently, because he knows his father.

“I like these photos! We can pick them up on the way if I can just get them to upload.” Ilya helps him add some from their trip, they stop by to pick them up, and head back to Yuna and David’s.

“Thank you very much for the trip, David,” Ilya says with deep gratitude as they watch David get settled into his in-laws house after traveling for the past few days. “I had a lot of fun. It was very pleasant.”

“Thanks for coming with me and indulging an old man,” David says, hugging him tightly. He ruffles Ilya’s hair, grinning. “Now, I gotta go put these photos up! You boys have a safe drive home.”

“It’s fifteen minutes, Dad,” Shane complains.

“Be safe regardless!”

They leave David to arrange the photos into frames and find places to hang them up. Ilya smiles at the sight of their matching Boston Red Sox hat photo making it onto the mantle. Briefly, he thinks of the empty frames at the Isabella Stewart Gardner as he watches David fill his own frames up with his smiling face.

He glances up as they go outside, and imagines he is smiling at his mother and maybe, she is smiling back.

They’ve got me, Mama.

Chapter End Notes

the isabella stewart gardner museum is genuinely one of the most beautiful places i’ve ever been, please go if you ever get the chance! there were a few outtakes that i had written about different parts of boston i wanted ilya and david to visit.

i also had written shane getting his gift, but wasn’t sure where that would fit. if you would like the other parts, please let me know and i will absolutely add a second chapter!

Chapter 2: Outtakes from David Hollander's Camera Roll (+ Shane Getting His Gift)

Chapter Summary

Here are some more moments/landmarks of Ilya and David's trip that didn't make it into the first chapter! Come through Boston with them, and me <3

Chapter Notes

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

Hotpot at the Happy Lamb in Chinatown

Ilya knows the smell of boiled meats and cabbage intimately. This is different, though, as he sits across from David Hollander with platefuls of carefully rolled meats cut thin enough that they cook the instant it touches the hot, spicy broth.

He's trying his best to get accustomed to spicy food. David likes it more than Yuna and Shane do, and Ilya appreciates the flavor. It does make his nose run a little, though.

David is having a blast as they devour the all-you-can-eat hotpot together. They'd gone during the restaurant's "happy hour" that was only \$19.99 per person. Happy hour is something David seems to be elated by.

"This would be the highlight of my week if I went to school in Boston," David says, whistling at how much food they were able to pack away. He's seen Ilya eat those chicken parmesans, and secretly fills the plate with extra. Being a professional athlete was no joke on the man's metabolism. "I think we definitely ate the \$20 worth." Ilya smiles softly at that, because no matter how wealthy the Hollanders become, David does have those dad instincts of saving. Ilya loves it.

"I remember this place from when I played here," Ilya says. "Cliff Marleau could have basically eaten two bears." At that thought, he takes a picture to send to Marleau. Surely, the man is out of town because it's summer break and he's known to like traveling with his wife. But it's the thought that counts, nonetheless.

Marleau responds fairly quickly, giving him a selfie in return of Cliff and Erin in Los Angeles. He says, "Enjoy the food, Roz. We miss you!"

Museum of Fine Arts

While the Isabella Stewart Gardner museum will be his favorite for the rest of his life, the Museum of Fine Arts is certainly stunning in its own right. It's also much, much bigger than the Isabella Stewart Gardner.

The stairs are grand, and the lights are dim save for the modern art section. The statues in the Greek and Rome area are larger than life. He hasn't really visited the other parts of Europe and hasn't been to those museums, never really had the leisure to do so.

"Let me take a picture of you with this bust. It looks a little like you." David makes Ilya stand next to one of the sculptures of Roman heads with curled hair and high, sharp cheekbones. He is handsome in that ancient-Rome way, classical. And while Ilya knows he's a good looking man, he wants to protest at the similarities, but he obliges. "Smile!"

Ilya does so, and it's all teeth. David snaps the picture.

He likes this quietness. It is very Hollander-esque. At least Shane and David-esque. Yuna is much more outgoing than the two of them.

Whenever David sees a Soviet or Russian artwork, he gestures for Ilya to come over. Ilya really appreciates his enthusiasm. He gets to tell David a little bit of the lighter parts from home.

Fenway Park

David is disgruntled as the two of them gear up for the baseball game. He's wearing his Boston Red Sox hat that Ilya had bought him, and a light blue shirt, but for all his feigned grumpiness, he looks very "dad-like" for the ball game.

They take the Green line once again to Fenway Park. This time, Ilya was insistent he bought the tickets because while he wasn't a Boston player any longer and hadn't been for a while, he did like supporting the Boston sports. They were good to him, and his old teammates were kind when he and Shane were accidentally outed, contacting him with support and congratulations when the wedding was announced.

The train is packed this time. They're standing shoulder to shoulder. Everyone is in Boston gear, and David's nose is wrinkled at the thought that he's one of those people. It's the only time Ilya has seen him be a little annoyed, but when David winks at him and gives him a smile, he knows it's mostly for show.

That is, until David realizes that the team they're playing is *Toronto*.

"You got me dressed in *BOSTON* merch against *TORONTO*?" David hisses as they're getting off the train. "Against *CANADA*?" Some people turn to look at them, and David gives them

a tight smile that's really more of a bearing of teeth.

"He's Canadian," Ilya says. The people in their Boston gear frown at that, and Ilya wants to laugh. Boston fans really do not disappoint. He turns back to David, who is the picture of a mildly inconvenienced dad. The sight, in comparison to the way Ilya's own father would be so cold and strict, is comedic. "I did not realize we were playing Canada," Ilya says honestly. "I just bought the tickets."

"Son, you're lucky I love you," David says, huffing. They make their way to their seats and get settled. He still takes a selfie, looking far less pleased than the other ones they'd taken, but he takes the photo nonetheless. It makes for a fun photo. Ilya is pointing at their hats in a few of them, smiling theatrically.

"You are wearing lighter blue, without hat you could be cheering for Toronto if you would like," Ilya points out, but he's still beaming from the 'I love you' comment.

David just sighs, shaking his head, but he's fighting a smile. "Buy me a hotdog and a beer, and we'll call it even."

The Boston Tea Party Museum

They walk to Seaport, and Ilya thinks that this would have been miserable in the Boston winter. He is Russian, yes, born and raised in the cold, but that does not mean the wind in this city is to be taken lightly.

But since it is summer, it is lovely and warm. The water glistens as they walk across the bridge.

"Do you know about the Boston Tea Party?" David asks him on the way.

"Not much," Ilya admits. "We did not talk about it much in Russian history."

David pats him on the shoulder. "It's a big thing here," David explains. "The Americans protested against the British government for taxation and dumped tea into the Boston Harbor. Now, they have a museum for it."

"They have museum for spilled tea?" Ilya frowns, disbelieving. "Americans are so weird."

"Well, yes, kind of," David chuckles. "But it wasn't just a couple of cups. In the brochure, it says they must've spilled \$1.7 million worth of tea. Just to send a message and refuse taxation." Ilya's eyes widened at this. Sure, both Shane and he make so much more money than that with their salary with the MHL, but that type of protest must've truly angered the British, especially back then.

It's something he's quietly always admired about the Americans. He saw it in his teammates, and he sees it in Svetlana. That boisterousness, that openness but no tolerance to disrespect. They are smiley and welcoming and loud, yes, but perhaps it goes with the history.

"Oh. That is cool," Ilya says, and they're on their way to the museum.

He hadn't been expecting a boat. He also didn't expect them to be putting on big hats. David says they are the style from the Revolutionary War.

The tour guide is dressed in late 1700's colonial attire. They are very animated, and they take them through and have them sample some teas. Ilya isn't much of a tea person, but it is interesting to hear about the history. David is completely engrossed by what the tour guide is saying.

"Let us take a photo. Make Shane and Yuna jealous of our clothes," Ilya says, when they go out onto the deck to dump out tea. He takes a selfie of David and himself, and they take turns taking photos of each other dramatically dumping tea into the Harbor.

It's so silly. It's so ridiculous and touristy. Ilya doesn't stop smiling the whole walk back to the hotel.

+ Ilya's Gift For Shane

"I have something for you," Ilya sing-songs as they come into the house. Shane looks at him pointedly, but his hand remains in Ilya's. He is holding Ilya's suitcase in the other hand, but Ilya holds a little gift back in the one that he's not holding Shane's hand with.

"So you said," he deadpans. He removes his shoes and sets the suitcase by the door. Ilya shoves him onto the couch, the moment his hands are free, kissing him deeply. "You had a good trip, though?" Shane says, slightly out of breath. Ilya can already see his shorts have tented a little since they've started kissing.

"It was very good," Ilya says, kissing down Shane's neck. Shane moans a little. "Next time, we will go together."

"To Boston?" Shane pants out.

"Yes. Eventually." Shane is trying to take off Ilya's tank-top and shove his hand down Ilya's shorts, but Ilya holds out his hand and presses it to Shane's chest. "Wait. I have something for you. It is a gift." He gives Shane the little bag with obnoxious Boston tissue paper.

Shane, rumpled and hard and needy, takes the bag and raises his eyebrows. “Are you sure it’s not a sex thing?”

“I would not buy a sex thing with your father there,” Ilya rolls his eyes. “That would be inappropriate.”

“You’re *always* inappropriate,” Shane retorts. But he carefully takes out the tissue paper, sticking his hand into the bag. He pulls out the shirt, takes in the sight of the boot-leg Rozanov collage on the front, and bursts out laughing. “Oh my God.” Shane turns it over, and laughs even more in disbelief.

Ilya resumes kissing Shane's neck down to his chest and Shane has stopped laughing. He lifts his shirt and pushes it upwards, kissing his husband’s abs, and licks a stripe up to his nipples. Shane is already squirming underneath his touch.

“Now that you’ve opened it, do you want to wear it?” Shane looks at him before registering his meaning.

“I’ll wear it, you asshole,” he says, nudging Ilya off him a little so that he can take off the shirt he’s currently wearing and switch into the gag tee. “Thank you for the gift.” Ilya thumbs at his waistband, then moves his hand down to rub along Shane’s length. Shane squirms, aching for more friction.

“What if you wore... only this?” Ilya asks suggestively, looking at the shirt. “You are how they say, *rowdy for Rozanov*.”

Shane smacks his shoulder, but it’s not a *no*.

Chapter End Notes

if i could draw there are so many moments from their trip that i would love to sketch out 😭 unfortunately i cannot draw, but i hope you enjoyed!

i also have never written smut so this is literally the tiniest speckle of sex i could handle while blushing, i’m sorry if it was a little underwhelming i’m doing my best i promise

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