

vodka & pasta

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by [PorcelainMortal](#)

Summary

“I just need some air,” Yuna says as she emerges from the kitchen. She’s out the front door before anyone can say anything else.

David watches her go, knowing from experience that she needs at least five minutes alone in situations like this.

OR

Yuna and Shane leave David and Ilya alone. The missing scene from episode 6: The Cottage.

Notes

Thank you to the Discord for encouraging this teeny tiny idea I had.

This was going to be a lot longer, but it took me almost a week just to get this done. The week between holidays is BUSY in my family, okay?? I did my best.

This is not beta'd, and as such, might be a bit rough. Please be kind! I am still finding these characters' voices. 💕

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

“I just need some air,” Yuna says as she emerges from the kitchen. She’s out the front door before anyone can say anything else.

David watches her go, knowing from experience that she needs at least five minutes alone in situations like this.

“Give her a minute,” he says, though Shane knows her as well as David does. His expression is resigned when it flickers over.

David looks from Shane to Ilya, who both look as restless and uncomfortable as he feels. He itches with the need to do *something*.

“Are you guys hungry?”

It’s not quite dinnertime yet, but cooking would give David something to do. Something routine that could provide them all with a bit of comfort.

“I could eat,” Ilya replies with a shrug.

“Uh... sure.” Shane nods, though David knows Shane doesn’t eat when he’s stressed.

David stands up and heads into the kitchen. He was originally planning to make chicken parmesan tonight, but he needs to get something on the table fast. He gets out the pasta and a large pot.

As he works, he can hear Shane and Ilya talking quietly in the next room. By the time he has filled the pot with water and set it on the burner, Shane is walking toward the front door. It shuts quietly behind him a moment later.

David stares at the water and wonders when was the last time he felt so awkward in his own home. He knows Ilya is still sitting at the table, alone in a stranger’s house. After having been caught groping the only son of those strangers and admitting to a years-long affair.

David takes a deep breath and considers what he’d be feeling and thinking in that situation. Yuna’s parents weren’t thrilled when they got together. He knows what it’s like to feel nervous around potential in-laws.

Holy shit. Ilya could be his son-in-law someday.

David straightens up and heads back into the dining room. He rounds the table and reaches for the vodka, pouring himself a bit more.

“So,” David starts, before going ahead and pouring Ilya more vodka, too. “I’m probably supposed to have *the talk* with you now.”

“‘The talk’?” Ilya eyes him warily.

“Yeah. The, ‘if you ever hurt my son, I’ll break both your legs’ talk,” he explains. “But to be honest, I’m not the breaking legs type of guy.”

“That’s good. I need my legs for playing hockey,” Ilya replies, his tone serious. But he cracks a tentative smile.

David grins at him and puts the vodka down. He doesn’t sit, but he takes a sip from his own glass. It’s already getting warm since being taken out of the freezer.

“But I don’t intend to hurt Shane. Ever. I’d break my own legs first.” Ilya’s eyes are locked on David’s, his voice still even and sure.

The intensity of his response makes David believe him. It also makes a lump form in his throat.

All any good parent wants is for their child to be happy. He and Yuna spent Shane’s entire childhood trying to give him the things they thought would make him happy. Sometimes he was a tricky kid to figure out, but once he found hockey, everything fell into place. Shane took to the ice like he was born to skate and bat around a puck.

David had played hockey for McGill University, so he’d been excited when his only son had followed in his footsteps. Even if he never expected Shane to take it to this level. Even if Shane’s intensity and focus has worried him sometimes.

He looks at Ilya—has been observing the connection between him and Shane since the moment they arrived—and realizes: *this* is the person who makes Shane happy. If his son has finally found something that he wants to spend his time and focus on, something *other* than hockey, then it’s serious. As far as David knows, Shane has never wanted anything else.

Shane is not a liar, either. He’s always been honest, almost to a fault. But he lied for years in order to keep Ilya in his life. That means something. If what they have is so worthy of protection that Shane did something so against his character, then...

David clears his throat. “I’m making some pasta. Want to come help?”

Ilya’s eyes brighten and he nods, standing quickly to follow David into the kitchen.

Ilya stands in the doorway of the kitchen and watches David take out a cutting board, a knife, and some odd metal contraption. Then he steps over to the fridge and comes out with some wine and a stick of butter.

“Do you cook much?”

“Not really,” Ilya admits. “Simple things, mostly.”

He can make pasta, eggs, sandwiches; the basics. He didn't get to learn to cook any of his favorite Russian dishes, though he has fuzzy memories of sitting on the counter by the sink when he was young, watching his mother bustle about in the kitchen. She always smiled when she cooked.

"I'm the one who cooks around here, unless Yuna has a craving for a family recipe. She doesn't trust me with Japanese food." David laughs and shakes his head.

Ilya smiles and sips his vodka, watching David peel garlic and push it through the metal contraption. It comes out in tiny pieces, which seems much easier than chopping it. Ilya wonders what else you could squish through there.

"You don't have any allergies, do you?" David asks suddenly, his brow furrowed.

"No," Ilya replies. He's oddly touched by the concern etched across David's features.

When the pasta water starts boiling, David sprinkles in a heavy dose of salt, followed by an entire box of spaghetti. He sets another pan on the stove and drops in half a stick of butter. Ilya watches it slowly melt.

David adds the garlic to the pan, and as soon as the fragrance hits Ilya's nose, his stomach rumbles in anticipation.

"Do you want to help?"

"Yes," Ilya says with a nod. Doing something other than standing here drinking vodka is probably a good idea.

"Here," David says as he opens the fridge. He comes out with a lemon and a jar of peppers. "Can you cut this lemon in half? And if you're not afraid of spice, dice up a few of these chilis."

"I am not afraid," Ilya tells him.

David catches his eye and laughs. "I guess I should have known that."

Ilya puts down his vodka and steps over to the sink to wash his hands.

"We don't eat a lot of spicy food in Russia, but I have lived in Boston for almost eight years," Ilya explains. "Boston has many things to choose from, so I eat all different types of food."

"What kinds of things?"

Ilya goes to the cutting board and begins chopping as instructed.

"Thai food is good. And I love Mexican food. Also, there is a Japanese restaurant on the corner of my block that I order from a lot." Ilya is glad his back is to David because he can feel his face warm at the admission.

He'd started going to the Japanese place because it made him think of Shane. There was even a server there that looked a bit like Shane, who Ilya considered asking back to his place when he was picking up dinner one night a few years back. He had decided against it and started ordering delivery from them after that.

"Japanese, huh?" Ilya can hear the smile in David's voice.

"Is good," Ilya says, shrugging.

"Yuna will be thrilled to hear that."

Ilya bites back a smile as he continues cutting up peppers.

Shane follows his mother back inside the house, surprised when he's met with the sound of laughter. He is even more surprised to find Ilya and his father in the kitchen, cooking together.

"So, do you still read *New Yorker*?" Ilya is asking from where he stands at the sink draining a pot of spaghetti into a colander.

The air is fragrant with the scent of garlic and lemon, and it smells amazing, but Shane can't hide his shock. Ilya is focused on his task, so David sees them first.

"Hey, you're back," he says with a smile. "Here, I poured you a glass." He hands Yuna a glass of wine.

"What's going on?" She asks, appearing as confused as Shane feels.

Ilya turns around with the pot of drained pasta and carries it over to the stove. "We are making pasta."

"Thanks, Ilya," David replies as Ilya sets the pot back on the burner. He turns back to Yuna. "I thought a little something to eat might help."

"Smells good," Shane says, his eyes fixed on Ilya. He appears more at-ease than Shane has seen him since they got here.

Shane only wishes he felt the same.

End Notes

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