How to Bond with Your Son's New Boyfriend

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How to Bond with Your Son's New Boyfriend

by Maximoff_Wanda

Summary

Ilya nodded. “Yes, is true. He is the best player in the league.”

David’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“Do not tell him I tell you this,” Ilya added quickly. “He still thinks I think he is second best.” Ilya shrugged, a small smile gracing his face. “It can be our secret.”

David nodded. Roza-Ilya was a lot different than he was expecting.

Or: What David and Ilya talked about while Shane and Yuna were outside.

Notes

When I planned this fic out before I started writing it, it was 100% fluff. No sadness to be found.
... obviously that changed a little bit.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Do you think they will be okay?” David turned and caught Ilya trying to subtly stare out the window at Shane and Yuna's conversation.

David took a step away from the stove as the water for the pasta started boiling to face Ilya. “Oh, they’ll be fine Roz-Ilya.” He quickly corrected himself on the younger man’s name. That was definitely going to take some getting used to.

Ilya nodded stoically, his eyes drifting around the kitchen. David watched Ilya’s eyes stop on a photo of young Shane, around 5 years old, beaming up at the camera with small skates on his feet. David remembered that moment well: Shane, standing on the ice at a local “Learn to Skate” camp, looking happier than David had ever seen him.

Shane was an absolute natural that day. David had never seen a kid more destined to be on the ice. He remembered Yuna taking that photo, the only moment Shane was still for that entire day. At the end of the camp, Shane had begged them to let him stay even longer. The next day, Shane was up and ready to go two hours before they needed to leave for camp.

David nodded toward the photo. “He was a little cutie, right?” Ilya looked at him in surprise and possibly shame from getting caught staring at the photo. “That was at one of his first skate camps... he really took to the ice like a fish to water. I think we always knew he would end up going all the way to the big leagues.”

Ilya nodded. “Yes, is true. He is the best player in the league.”

David’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“Do not tell him I tell you this,” Ilya added quickly. “He still thinks I think he is second best.” Ilya shrugged, a small smile gracing his face. “It can be our secret.”

David nodded. Roza-*Ilya* was a lot different than he was expecting.

One thing he'd noticed in the short period of time since Shane and Ilya's arrival was that Ilya looked at David's son like he couldn't believe he was lucky enough to witness him. Like he was looking at the sun and the sun was smiling back. Like just being in his presence was a gift. Like he had never expected to be given the opportunity to love and be loved so completely.

Ilya looked at Shane like how David looked at Yuna.

And how Shane looked at Ilya? David couldn’t believe it. Shane looked at Ilya like he was breathing for the first time. Like Ilya was everything he ever wanted. Like Shane had asked for a best friend and was given a soulmate. Like this crazy Russian hockey player was the answer to all of his questions.

He glanced at the photo of young Shane again and sucked in a breath.

David couldn't believe he had missed the chance to watch his son fall in love.

He turned back to the stove in an attempt to conceal the tears gathering in his eyes while he distracted himself with making the pasta. An awkward silence blanketed the kitchen, broken only by the sound of scraping in the pot as David stirred the noodles.

“Shane said you went to McGill? Played hockey there?” Ilya’s low voice crept into the silence.

David turned back to face the other man. “He told you that?”

Ilya nodded. “I asked him about you and Mrs. Hollander. I wanted to know more about him and his family.”

David smiled softly. “Yeah, Yuna and I both went to McGill. That’s where we met actually. I was getting a degree in economics, she was getting hers in business... there were a few classes that overlapped. It helped that Yuna has always been freakishly obsessed with hockey and I played for the school's team.”

“Were you any good?”

David huffed out a laugh. “Well, I wasn’t like you or Shane, that’s for sure. But I was decent.”

Ilya hummed and nodded.

“Did your parents play hockey? Is that how you got started?” David asked. Even though Ilya had been in the spotlight for just as long as Shane, David had never dug too far into the Russian’s backstory. He didn’t go searching for Ilya’s interviews, only watching them if Yuna showed him or they happened to be on the TV, so he didn’t know that much about his son’s boyfriend.

He wanted to learn more though.

“Oh, no, no. My father was police... He did not...” Ilya paused and David suddenly got the feeling that he had stumbled upon a situation that was very complicated. “He did not support as well as he should have. I’m sure he was proud of me at some point but.... It was hard. He was tough, as a father.”

David felt a rush of parental love flood his body along with feelings of anger toward Ilya’s father. He knew with his whole heart that he was going to show this kid how it felt to have a father who loved you and supported you.

Even if somehow he and Shane didn’t work out (which David highly doubted... he had a feeling these two were in for the long haul), David was going to be in Ilya’s life for a long time.

“My mother...” Ilya continued, not noticing that David had all but adopted him in his head. “She liked to skate. She taught me when I was small. We would go to this pond near our house and she would hold my hand so I wouldn’t stumble. When I *would* fall, she would kiss my forehead and tell me it was okay to cry.”

A tear slid down Ilya's face as David realized Ilya had spent the whole conversation referring to both of his parents in the past tense.

Ilya reached up and roughly wiped his tears away. "She, um, she died when I was 12. She would have loved Shane..." He looked down at his feet. "I wish she got to meet him."

"I'm so sorry for your loss, Ilya." David wished he was closer to this kid and could pull him into a hug.

Ilya shook his head, still looking down at the ground. "No, it's been a long time."

"I'm still sorry."

David watched as Ilya physically shook the conversation off of himself, turning away for a moment to wipe away one last stray tear before clearing his throat and changing the subject. "Do you still read the New Yorker?"

David laughed in surprise. "Now how did that come up while you and Shane were talking about me?"

"Ah is a... a joke you tell indoors?"

"An inside joke?"

Ilya nodded and repeated the phrase. "Yes, I told him in Las Vegas that I was practicing my English by reading the New Yorker... was a joke, obviously, but he told me that you read it. I remember. I have good memory."

"Well, yes I do. I try to read it every week," David explained. "I like to keep up with current events and I like their writing style."

Ilya nodded as David went back to stirring in spices to the pasta. Speaking of food...

"So what have you guys been eating over there at Shane's cottage? Surely he hasn't been forcing you to stick with his insane diet," he leaned toward Ilya, speaking lowly as though Shane could hear him from outside. "Between you and me, I don't know how he does it. I would much rather just have real food, but he and his mother are really dedicated to hockey."

Ilya laughed. "Yes, yes, I have noticed." Ilya leaned against the counter, seeming to finally relax for the first time since the two boys got to the house. "But, ah, no. Shane made me burgers yesterday on the grill. Very good, but he made too many."

"He always forgets to cut the recipe in half... I keep telling him that making eight burgers when he lives alone is silly," David chuckled as Ilya threw up his hands.

"Yes! That is exactly what I said! He cannot do math, I guess."

He never thought he'd be standing in his kitchen laughing with *Ilya Rozanov* about burger math of all things. This was nice. He could get used to having a laugh with Shane's boyfriend. He'd like to spend more time with the younger man if he could.

David started adding cheese into the pasta pan and shot a glance back at his son’s boyfriend, an idea suddenly coming to him.

“So, Ilya... do you like puzzles?”

End Notes

If we don't see David and Ilya doing puzzles together in season 2, I'm going to riot.

As always, kudos and comments are appreciated.

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