father figure

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/82215711.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Luca Haas/Cliff Marlow | Cliff Marleau
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Luca Haas, Cliff Marlow | Cliff Marleau
Additional Tags:	Ilya Is The Dad Who Stepped Up, Humor, Fluff, Dramatic Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-31 Words: 3,431 Chapters: 1/1

father figure

by 18kiwis

Summary

Ilya finds out Luca is going on a date with Cliff Marlow of all people, and that just won't do.

Luca is too young and pure, and Cliff is too… Cliff. Against Shane's advice, Ilya decides it's his job to protect Luca from Cliff Marlow-related heartbreak.

Notes

Marlow or Marleau, that is the question…

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

When Luca first told Ilya, Ilya got this look on his face that Shane had only seen him make when it came to Anya. It was paternal. “No,” Ilya said almost immediately.

“Cap, I wasn’t asking for your permission,” Luca said. Ilya’s eyes widened like he couldn’t believe the no longer a rookie wasn’t blindly obeying everything he said.

“Baby,” Shane said, putting his hand on Ilya’s shoulder, sensing he was getting worked up.

“No,” Ilya said again, this time shaking his head like he was afraid he had been misunderstood the first time. He turned to face Shane, a bit frazzled-looking. “You can’t possibly think this is a good idea, Shane!”

“Oh, it’s a terrible idea,” Shane said.

“Ha!” Ilya said to Luca.

“*But*,” Shane said loudly. “Luca’s an adult.”

“He’s 22,” Ilya said, scoffing. “That’s barely an adult. Is practically a baby.”

“Didn’t you guys get together when you were like 18?” Luca said. Ilya just waved him off and continued ranting.

“And, even if he’s an adult, it doesn’t change the fact he’s going out with a senior citizen who was probably in Scott Hunter’s hunting and gathering class!”

“I’m almost positive Cliff is younger than you,” Luca said, rolling his eyes.

“Oh, so it’s Cliff now?” Ilya said.

“I’ve always called him that!” Luca said.

“Where did you even meet him?” Ilya demanded. Shane pulled at his collar nervously, knowing what was coming next.

“The NHL world isn’t that big,” Luca said. Shane almost relaxed until Luca continued. “And we met at your wedding. Shane introduced us.” And there it was.

“Моя любовь,” Ilya said, looking at Shane as he pouted. “How could you?”

“I didn’t introduce them romantically!” Shane insisted. That had never even crossed his mind. The idea of the burly, mildly aggressive Boston player with the timid, innocent Luca was a juxtaposition in itself.

“Well, whatever you did, it caused this,” Ilya said. His arms were now folded across his broad chest. “Now, they’re-they’re-“

“Going on a very casual date,” Luca said, interrupting him. “We’re just going to get pizza.”

“Pizza,” Ilya said, his fingers creating air quotes. “That could mean anything.”

“I think it means like the food,” Shane said, not entirely sure where his husband was going with this.

“I forbid it as your captain,” Ilya said.

“Can’t do that,” Coach Wiebe said, pushing past them to get off the ice.

“Where did he even come from?” Ilya said. Shane tried to resist the urge to remind him that they were literally in the middle of practice when this all started. “If I can’t do it as your captain, then I’ll do it as your Canada Dad.”

“What’s a Canada Dad?” Luca asked, looking at Shane, who just shrugged. He, honestly, had no idea.

“Shane and I are your Canada Dads. Since your actual parents are in Switzerland, we are their proxies,” Ilya said with the confidence of someone who had gotten this printed on official paperwork and signed by a notary.

“Pretty sure my mom didn’t agree to that,” Luca said.

“Do you want me to call her?” Ilya said, reaching into his pocket for his phone. “Tell her what is going on?”

“Ilya,” Shane said, now just exhausted. Luca’s parents knew he was gay, but that didn’t mean they’d approve of their son’s dating choices. Especially if Ilya were to send them some of the more risqué articles about Cliff.

“You wouldn’t,” Luca said. Ilya unlocked his phone and began clicking. He turned the phone to face Luca, the screen on Mrs. Haas’ contact. Just as Ilya’s finger was about to press her phone number, Luca snatched the phone from him and practically barged onto the ice.

“Hey!” Ilya said, getting on the ice despite having taken off his skates and wearing nothing but socks with puppies on them. Shane sighed for what seemed like the hundredth time that afternoon, took out his phone, and texted his mom that they’d be late for dinner.

Even after dinner, which was Ilya’s favorite (spaghetti), he was still stewing. He and Shane were lying in their bed, Shane doing his best to ignore Ilya’s frequent huffs and puffs, so he could finish reading Willie O'Ree’s memoir. “I can’t believe him,” Ilya said, shaking his head. “He’s never been this disrespectful before.”

“Ilya, you’ve only known him for a few years,” Shane pointed out.

“I’m calling Cliff,” Ilya said, ignoring him. Truthfully, Shane was surprised he had waited this long to do so. He certainly had been blowing up Luca’s phone.

“Ilya, what’s the big deal?” Shane asked. Usually, Ilya was the one asking *him* that. “Cliff is like one of your best friends.”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “That doesn’t mean I want him to date Luca.”

“You don’t think he’d hurt him, do you?” Shane asked.

“Нет,” Ilya said. “Not purposefully, at least. Luca is young, though, and Cliff is… Cliff. He’s only dated a few people. Cliff goes through relationships like you go through ginger ale. When I roomed with him, his phone was always going off. Katie from the bar in Chicago, Sam from Grindr, Ally from sister’s baby shower… he’s a heathen, Shane.”

“A heathen?” Shane said, unable to stop his laughter. “What is this— biblical times?”

“Ssh, I’m calling him,” Ilya said as he put the phone on speaker. It only rang once before it was answered. “Cliff Marlow!”

“Uh, Ilya Rozanov?” Cliff said, obviously more confused than he usually was.

“How could you?” Ilya demanded.

“Gonna need you to be a little more specific, Roz,” Cliff said.

“You’re going out with Luca!” Ilya said. “My rookie!”

“He’s not a rookie anymore, Ilya,” Shane said, sighing.

“Oh, hey, Hollander,” Cliff said.

“Hi, Cliff,” Shane said. “Sorry about, well, this.”

“It’s fine,” Cliff said.

“Don’t talk to him; talk to me,” Ilya said harshly. “What are your intentions?” Cliff started laughing. If he could’ve seen Ilya’s face, he would’ve known that was exactly the wrong thing to do.

“You’re hilarious, Roz,” he said.

“Do I sound like I’m joking?” Ilya said. “Did you hear me squeak my big red nose or host SNL? No? Then I’m not joking!” Shane looked at the AirPods sitting on his nightstand longingly. It would be rude to put them in, right?

“Ilya, relax,” Cliff said.

“You’re going to keep your hands to yourself all night,” Ilya said.

“And how are you going to know if I do or not?” Cliff scoffed. To Shane’s surprise, that silenced Ilya. He hung up after a few seconds of silence.

“He’s right,” Ilya said.

“So, you’ll leave them alone?” Shane asked.

“No, we’re going to join them.”

Their next practice, Shane and Ilya were the last to leave the locker room, which wasn’t exactly unusual. Ilya had taken Shane’s hand, holding him back from joining everyone else on the ice. “Ilya, we need to get to practice,” Shane said, rolling his eyes fondly. “We don’t have time for sex.”

“This isn’t about that,” Ilya said. He winked. “At least not yet.” Ilya let go of Shane’s hand and went over to the lockers. Shane followed him and saw he was rummaging in a locker that decidedly wasn’t his unless he had changed his name to Luca Haas.

“Ilya,” Shane said slowly. “What are you doing?”

“Got it!” Ilya said suddenly. He pulled out an older iPhone.

“Ilya, not only is this a terrible idea, but it’s ethically wrong and morally reprehensible,” Shane said. Usually, big English words would distract his husband, but it didn’t seem to work this time. Ilya sat down on the bench in front of the lockers. Shane sat beside him, hoping he could at least rein his husband in. Ilya unlocked Luca’s phone, quickly typing the four-digit code.

“Is his birthday,” Ilya said, looking both disappointed and fond.

“Why is the screen so cracked?” Shane said, wrinkling his nose as he stared at the phone. “I know his salary. Surely, he can afford a new one. We’ll have to get him a new one for Christmas. He’s going to cut his fingers.”

“Okay, I’ll put it on spreadsheet,” Ilya said as he clicked on the phone’s calendar app. “Here it is.” Ilya then groaned.

“What?” Shane asked. Surely, Luca didn’t keep nudes in his calendar, did he?

“Look at this!” Ilya said. He shoved the phone in Shane’s face. On it was an entry for that Friday night with a time and address: Dinner with Cliff 🥵🍆💦 “What are those emojis?!”

“I need to bleach my eyes,” Shane said. Luca might’ve been an adult, but Shane didn’t want to picture the rookie who was afraid of thunderstorms in that context.

“Casual date, my ass,” Ilya mumbled under his breath. Ilya took out his phone, capturing the calendar entry with his camera. “We’re cancelling our reservations at North & Navy.”

“What?” Shane whined a bit more childishly than he intended. “I made that reservation *months* ago!”

“We’ll still get Italian!” Ilya insisted. “Just at- “ He looked back down at Luca’s phone. “Boston Pizza?” Shane put his head in his hands and groaned.

Friday before his and Ilya / Cliff and Luca’s date, Shane and Ilya were standing in their bedroom, getting dressed. Well, Shane was dressed. Ilya was still going through their closet.

“Which hat?” he asked, popping out of the closet with a wild look in his eyes. In his hands were two hats: a top hat of all things and a New York Admirals one.

“Where did you even get that?” Shane asked.

“Which one?” Ilya asked.

“Both of them!” Shane said.

“That’s my secret,” Ilya said. “Now, which one?”

“I guess the Admirals one?” Shane said, but it sounded like a question. He honestly wasn’t sure which was worse, considering the Admirals were their fiercest competition this year.

“Okay, then you’ll wear the top hat,” Ilya said, shoving the hat in Shane’s arms.

“What? No!” Shane said, throwing the hat across the room. Anya, who he could’ve sworn was asleep, ran after it like a game of fetch.

“Hey, that was expensive!” Ilya said. “It came with little mustache and everything!” Shane began massaging his temples, feeling the beginning of a headache coming on. He tried to remind himself that he chose this. He chose this insane, unpredictable life with Ilya, and he wouldn’t change it for the world despite his current situation.

“Listen, can I just wear a hood?” Shane asked.

“Fine,” Ilya said. “Just say you don’t care as much about this as I do.”

“I definitely don’t,” Shane said, snorting. Ilya looked at Shane like he had broken his heart ten times over.

“You don’t care about Luca?” Ilya asked. “Our son?” Shane knew he wasn’t the best at telling when people were joking or not, but he had a feeling that anyone would be if they saw the serious look on Ilya’s face.

“Ilya,” Shane said slowly. “Luca is not our son.”

“What kind of father are you, Shane?” Ilya demanded before storming into their bathroom. Shane plopped down on the bed, Anya jumping onto his lap, the top hat still in her mouth.

“Your papa is crazy.”

Shane and Ilya got to the restaurant an entire 30 minutes before Luca and Cliff were set to meet, thanks to Ilya practically pushing Shane out the door and his erratic driving.

The two of them were sitting in the back of the restaurant, seated at a table with a sticky tabletop and cup rings. It wasn’t North & Navy, but it did smell good. Shane and Ilya were sitting on the same side of the table, their backs to the rest of the restaurant. It was noisier than it would typically be, even on a Friday night, thanks to a kid’s birthday party. “Ilya, how

are we even going to hear what Luca and Cliff say?" Shane said loudly over the sound of a kid shrieking about there not being any more cake.

"Ah, моя любовь, you doubt my genius," Ilya said. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, black… thing. It was no bigger than his fingernail. Shane squinted behind his glasses, enough to see an impossibly small camera and microphone.

"Is that a fucking nanny cam?" Shane said incredulously.

"Actually, it's a 4K UHD Tiny Portable Wireless WiFi Remote View Camera With Audio," Ilya said, sounding much too prim for a man who had red sauce on the corner of his mouth from the mozzarella sticks they ordered.

"So, a nanny cam?" Shane deadpanned. "Ilya, how much did you even spend on that?"

"We can use it with our kids later! We can put it in a teddy bear's eye or something! It's a good investment!" Ilya claimed. Shane had a feeling Ilya knew what he was doing by bringing up *their* kids to endear Shane if his face was anything to go by. "Be right back. Bathroom." Shane watched as Ilya stood up and walked in what was not the direction of the bathroom. He pretended to hit his elbow on an empty table, and Shane watched as he dropped the nanny cam by the salt and pepper shakers.

When Ilya came back to their table, Shane was in disbelief at how much thought his husband had obviously put into this. "Wait, how do you know they're going to sit there?" he asked. "There's like five empty tables."

"Easy," Ilya said. "Cliff has migraines from too many concussions and doesn't like it to be too bright. That's one of three tables with a broken ceiling light, but the only one that isn't a booth, which Luca hates for some odd reason."

"Wow," Shane said. He was kinda impressed if he was honest with himself. Cunning Ilya was sexy. "You know, if you weren't a hockey player, you could've been a spy or something."

"How do you know I'm not?" Ilya said with a mischievous wink. Before Shane could say anything else, the sound of the front door opening stopped him. Ilya pretended to stretch as he looked behind him. "That's them!"

"Alright, relax," Shane said. Ilya took his phone and AirPod case out of his pocket and set the phone between the two of them. He opened his AirPod case, giving one earphone to Shane and putting the other in his ear. Ilya clicked on an app on his phone that showed an impressive view of the still-empty table. "We're going to have a talk about boundaries later."

"Yes, yes, after," Ilya said dismissively. He then smirked. "Or do you want to leave?"

"Quiet, they're sitting down," Shane said, putting his hand over Ilya's mouth. Ilya licked his hand, and Shane grimaced. He should've expected that. Meanwhile, Cliff and Luca had sat down at the exact table Ilya had pinpointed. Cliff pulled out one of the chairs, and Luca sat down. Cliff sat opposite him, grinning wider than Shane had ever seen him. "So far, so good."

“I don’t trust it,” Ilya quietly said.

“So, have you ever been here before?” Shane heard Cliff ask through his earphone.

“A few times,” Luca said. “Shane and Ilya live down the street, so the team and I always go here after dinner if Shane makes something gross, and we’re still hungry. Which is all the time.” Ilya started to laugh, then attempted to cover it up with a cough when Shane glared at him.

“I mean, that is so rude,” Ilya said, feigning a gasp. Cliff, on the other hand, was still laughing.

“Yeah, Roz and I have done that too,” Cliff said. Shane pursed his lips and stared at his husband, who was currently too preoccupied with a hangnail on his thumb to look at him.

The date continued on a casual note. If Shane hadn’t seen the emojis on Luca’s phone, he would’ve thought Luca was right when he said it was just a casual date. Ilya hadn’t let his guard down, however. He perked up even more when he saw Cliff put his hand in the middle of the table. “You’re really amazing, you know,” he said. Shane could see Luca begin to blush even through the camera.

“Don’t fall for it, Luca,” Ilya said under his breath. Unfortunately for Ilya, he did fall for it, putting his hand on top of Cliff’s.

“You are too,” Luca said, a lopsided grin on his face that made him look even more boyish than he usually did. “Tonight’s been great.”

“It has,” Cliff said, nodding. He then got a mischievous look in his eyes. “It doesn’t have to end, you know?” *Oh, boy*, Shane thought to himself. He nervously glanced at Ilya, who was beginning to turn the shade of a tomato.

“My place or your hotel?” Luca asked.

“Hotel,” Cliff said, beginning to lean in closer over the table towards Luca.

“Okay,” Luca said, also leaning in.

“I’m going to ruin you,” Cliff quietly said. Ilya let out a strangled noise, and Shane put his hand on his leg, rubbing it soothingly.

“Good,” Luca said. He then leaned back, crossing his arms. “Does that sound good with you, Shane? Ilya?” Ilya dropped his phone, which he had been holding tightly since halfway through the date. Both he and Shane slowly took the AirPods out of their ears before turning around. Cliff and Luca were now standing up, staring directly at them.

“Uh, hello?” Ilya said. “Funny meeting you guys here.”

“Roz, quit bullshiting,” Cliff said.

“Seriously,” Luca said. “And, honestly, Hollsy, I expected better from you.” Shane could feel the tips of his ears growing hot from the sudden attention.

“I’m sorry,” he said.

“No, we’re not!” Ilya said.

“I said *I’m* sorry,” Shane said, rolling his eyes. “I know you’re not.”

“Man, no offense, but I’ve never listened to you before, and I’m not about to start now,” Cliff said. Shane winced. *Thanks for that, Cliff, but you’re not helping.* Luca put one of his hands on Cliff’s arms.

“Look, Ilya, I’m sorry,” Luca said, genuinely looking apologetic. “You know, I respect your opinion more than anyone’s, but I’m an adult.”

“I know,” Ilya said, even though it looked like it pained him. “I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

“Roz, we’ve been seeing each other for over a year already,” Cliff said. “If I wanted to hurt him, I would’ve done it already.” *Again, not helping, Cliff*, Shane thought.

“A year?” Ilya practically squeaked.

“Oh, shit,” Cliff said, apparently now realizing his mistake. He looked at Luca. “I thought you told him!”

“I may have lied by omission,” Luca said as he nervously rubbed the back of his neck.

“I need to sit down,” Ilya muttered. He sat back down at his and Shane’s table, practically plopping down into his seat.

“Did we break him?” Cliff nervously asked Shane.

“Uh, hold that thought,” Shane said. He sat down next to Ilya, taking his hands in his. “You okay?”

“No,” Ilya said. “I’ve been betrayed.”

“Baby, don’t you think you’re being a little bit dramatic?” Shane asked as gently as possible.

“I’d say more than a little,” Cliff said. Shane shot him a quick glare. Either Marlow was suicidal or stupid as fuck. Maybe both.

“Um, excuse me?” a new voice said. The four men looked to see a server standing at their table with the large Hawaiian pizza Ilya had ordered, despite Shane’s protests that it was much more than they needed. “I have your pizza.”

“Oh, um, thanks,” Shane said as she set it down on the table. Ilya stared at the pizza sadly, like Anya did when Shane wouldn’t let her have human food (Ilya couldn’t resist her puppy

dog eyes).

“I’m too sad for pizza,” Ilya said despite the fact that he was currently reaching for a slice.

“Hey, is that Hawaiian?” Cliff suddenly asked.

“Yes, your favorite,” Ilya said, like that meant exactly nothing.

“Look, Ilya, I promise Cliff is good to me,” Luca said. “And, if he ever isn’t, I promise I’ll tell you, and you can kill him.”

“Okay,” Ilya said. “That does make me feel better.”

“Really, Roz?” Cliff said. Ilya shrugged.

“Don’t hurt him, and we won’t have any problems,” he said. “Now, sit down and eat pizza.” Cliff grinned like they hadn’t just been fighting and sat across from Ilya. Shane and Luca exchanged unsure glances before joining them at the table. Shane reached for Ilya’s free hand and squeezed it. Ilya leaned in to kiss his cheek before Shane put his hand up.

“Ilya, can you *please* take off that ridiculous top hat and mustache?”

End Notes

Hope you liked this very dumb, very random fic!

Come talk to me on twitter!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!