

you're just in time, make your tea and your toast

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77835566) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77835566>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander & Yuna Hollander
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , David Hollander , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Missing Scene , Coming Out , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , and therapy , Good Parent David Hollander , daddy issues womp womp , Short & Sweet , One Shot
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-17 Words: 1,881 Chapters: 1/1

you're just in time, make your tea and your toast

by [lucy_in_the_sky](#)

Summary

“You can let it go
You can throw a party full of everyone you know
You can start a family who will always show you love
You don't have to be sorry for doing it on your own”

—

Missing scene with David and Ilya at the Hollander's cottage while Shane and Yuna talk outside

Notes

David's quote from the coming out scene in the book really stuck out to me...kinda funny that Yuna's mind went straight to “Do you let him beat you? So he's not loyal to Boston? How would we make the most of sponsorships? Let's formulate a five year plan” and David's mind went straight to “I'm so sad my son and Ilya have had to hide this secret for so long and they are resigned to stay in the closet until years down the line.”

No hate at all to Yuna, we love a supportive momager lol I just thought that David's reaction was really touching

(Title from “Matilda” by Harry Styles)

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

“All this time,” Dad said quietly, almost to himself. “You’ve been holding this secret inside. The whole time.”

Heated Rivalry, 314

The three of them watch Yuna step outside, Shane and David both looking like they want to follow after her, but neither immediately making a move to stand up.

Ilya sips his vodka.

“I- I should,” Shane clears his throat. “I should go out there,” he mumbles, looking over at Ilya with something close to panic in his eyes.

“Okay, yes,” Ilya gives him a small smile, trying to look encouraging. “All is okay, Shane. It is okay,” he whispers with somewhat forced confidence, all too aware of David’s attention on the two of them.

Shane nods, the movement jerky and unconvincing.

He spares one quick glance at his father before he stands and rubs his palms on his shorts no less than three times. Letting out a puff of air, Shane reaches for Yuna’s sweater with shaky hands and sends one more look back at Ilya before heading out the door.

Ilya watches the door for a moment, mind reeling with how to cope with the awkward silence now permeating the Hollander’s dining room.

He has never been good at dealing with fathers.

Especially during an inadvertent coming out to the father of his secret, decade-long fuck-buddy-turned-love-of-his-life. They do not exactly write a rulebook for this shit.

“So, Rozan- ah, Ilya,” David breaks the silence. “You’ve been staying at Shane’s cottage?”

Ilya’s gaze jumps back to him. He wishes Shane would come back inside, but he knows how important it is for him and his mother to talk.

“Yes, for a few days so far,” Ilya nods, a tight smile on his face that feels more like a grimace. “We both have couple of weeks free in the summer and he invited me,” he gestures with one hand.

“He invited you,” David repeats with something in his voice that Ilya cannot place.

Another awkward minute passes by.

They both take stilted sips of their vodka and pretend to not be staring toward where Shane and Yuna went.

Ilya wishes Shane were with him right now. He always wishes he were with him. Always wants to look into his deep, expressive eyes and delicately run his fingers across his freckles and breath in his comforting smell.

Maybe David is thinking the same thing about Yuna. At least they have that in common.

“Listen Ilya,” David once again interrupts the silence, sighing in that way all fathers seem to have perfected. “Yuna and I, we love Shane more than anything—”

Ah.

So Ilya is getting the, what’s the English word, grovel talk? The rake speech? No, it’s the shovel talk.

The shovel talk where Shane’s dad is going to remind him of all the ways he’s not good enough for their perfect, lovely, golden boy Shane Hollander. And the worst part is that David has every right to do so.

Ilya knows he’s nowhere near good enough for Shane. He is painfully aware of all his flaws. He knows Shane can do better than him. He knows this whole thing is one terrible idea after another, *he knows*.

Ilya wasn’t supposed to fall in love. And fuck, Shane wasn’t supposed to have the audacity to love him back. The first time Mr. Goody Two Shoes breaks the rules just *has* to be loving the one man he should not...

“We just want him to be happy,” David interrupts his wondering mind. “And you...” he gestures awkwardly at Ilya.

He what?

Will ruin Shane’s happiness? Cannot provide anything for him? Is only going to make Shane feel worse?

“You make him happy,” David finishes his sentence with a shrug and a hint of a smile.

What the fuck?

No actually, what the absolute fuck?

He must be successful in hiding his utter confusion because David barrels on.

“As a dad, well, all I want is for my son to be safe and fulfilled and happy,” David offers Ilya another smile. “And it’s, well, it’s sad to hear that Shane, and- and you too, have had to keep such a big part of you secret for so long.”

Ilya does not know what to say.

All of his words, in English and in Russian, have left him high and dry. He feels frozen in his seat, fingers wrapped tightly around his glass as if the feel of the raised design and cool

condensation can physically ground him in this moment.

“Shane invited you to his cottage, I never expected that, he’s so private, and I’ve never seen him so relaxed – not in- God, *years* maybe – than when you two were together before I interrupted...” David looks somewhere behind Ilya, eyes getting a little misty.

Ilya holds his breath.

“If he loves you, you’re okay in my book,” he concludes, eyes focused back on Ilya.

Ilya has never been good at emotions. *Feelings*.

Russians do not have feelings. Russians don’t do soft and emotional and mushy gushy.

Maybe it is also an Ilya thing.

Something broke inside him the day he found his mother, cold and lifeless, and he’s never been able to fix it, not that he ever tried too hard. It’s easier to pretend he doesn’t care about anything or anyone all that much. Shane, the sneaky fucker, found a way to climb over the walls he worked so hard to build and force his vacant heart to start beating again. What an asshole, making him turn soft.

Ilya loves him for it.

“I do, I love him,” he smiles, tight-lipped. “It wasn’t supposed to happen but I cannot help it,” he offers earnestly. It’s only the fifth or so time he’s said it aloud, and even if this time it’s to Shane’s fucking father, being able to say the words freely makes Ilya’s heart ache.

“Good,” David’s smiling now and it looks sincere. Almost...proud. Ilya’s never seen a father look proud before. It’s a strange sight to behold.

“And I’m sorry for the ‘*ladies’ man*’ comment, it’s just that you both took me by surprise to put it lightly,” David tacks on with a hint of amusement in his voice. “But I know what being bisexual is, I had a bisexual friend back on the team at McGill, great guy- Great goalie, too.”

What. The. Fuck.

Ilya is going to murder Shane for letting him call his dad boring.

David stands up and grabs the bottle of vodka, oblivious to Ilya mentally preparing to murder his son.

“Did you boys eat already?”

“Ah, no,” Ilya shook his head, both to indicate the negative response and clear the metaphorical exclamation points flashing in his brain. He nods in thanks as David refills his cup. “We were about to make lunch when, um, when, you know,” he tilts his hand back and forth, hoping David reads between the lines.

“Ah, *when-*” David interrupts his fumbling. “Right, well I was going to make some spaghetti, something simple, maybe some butter sauce. Hopefully Shane’ll eat it, usually he’s less strict about his ‘macro-micro something’ diet in the off season,” David hums, adding air quotes to show his apparent disapproval of Shane’s bird food meal plan.

He sits back down across from Ilya, refilling his own vodka and taking a sip.

“Me, personally, I’m on a seafood diet...I see food, and I eat it,” David winks at Ilya, a teasing smile on his face.

Ilya barks out a laugh, more in surprise than at the awful joke.

“Ah- We had some pasta yesterday,” Ilya can’t wipe the small, incredulous smile off his face, “so Shane is not so obsessive about the diet right now, luckily.”

And Ilya cannot comprehend how fucking *insane* these last 48 hours have been.

Confessing his love to Shane. Being so open about his mother. Getting outed to the Hollanders. Being *accepted* by them.

The Ilya of last year could never imagine having all of this. Fuck, Ilya-three-fucking-days-ago wouldn’t believe this shit.

They sit in silence for another minute or two, but it’s no longer awkward. He thinks they’re both mentally processing the last half hour while enjoying some pretty fucking good vodka.

Again, he can’t believe Shane let him call David boring.

“I should start on the pasta, Yuna and Shane should be back inside soon,” David stands after their glasses are nearly empty. Ilya simply nods. He pretends he doesn’t tear up a little when David pats his shoulder on his way to the kitchen.

As predicted, he’s barely had enough time to finish another sip when the two others reappear, both looking a little emotional, but not upset.

Yuna pauses to give Ilya a small smile before heading to the kitchen where he can hear David prepping lunch. Shane takes his seat next to him. Ilya can tell he was crying.

“Fuck,” Shane exhales, head coming down to rest on Ilya’s shoulder. He nuzzles into his neck, taking a deep breath.

“Okay?” Ilya checks in, maneuvering to better accommodate his koala boyfriend. Boyfriend? He thinks so. Probably.

“Yeah. Okay,” Shane nods as much as he can with half his face smushed against Ilya’s body. “We talked,” he hums, the vibrations almost tickling.

‘*No shit,*’ he wants to reply, but he knows what Shane means.

“Me and your dad, too,” he says instead. “We talked.”

“Yeah? It went okay?” Shane lifts his head just enough to make eye contact with Ilya. They probably will properly debrief this whole afternoon once they’re not in the next room over from Shane’s parents so Ilya doesn’t feel too much pressure to go into details. He’ll share his murder plot later tonight.

“It went okay,” he repeats with a soft smile and a nod. ‘Okay’ is perhaps an understatement. He’ll have time to elaborate later.

“I love you,” Shane whispers, looking up at him with those doe-eyes that Ilya has always been a sucker for.

“I love you, too,” he whispers back, barely making a sound – not so much caring about being overheard now that the cat has escaped from the bag, but more so because he wants to savor the words like they are something precious just for Shane to hear. “*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

“Yah teb-yah lee-blue,” Shane tries to repeat, fumbling over the Russian like he had last night. It still makes Ilya smile just as fondly.

“So what’s the plan?” Their soft moment is interrupted by Yuna’s reentry into the dining room, the question punctuated by a soft thud of garlic bread in the center of the table. David follows just behind with the rest of their lunch.

Ilya lets Shane share their Ottawa/Montreal plan, their idea to form a charity, their goal of redefining the rivalry narrative. He’s happy to sit back and watch his *boyfriend* prove to his parents that he is serious about this. About Ilya.

I love this man, his brain repeats on a loop. *I love this man so much.*

It’s starting to feel a little less scary now. Having all this love for one person.

Maybe for the first time since he was small, he’s starting to feel like he can carve out a home for himself, some place where he can be at peace.

It’s a nice feeling.

Having a home.

End Notes

AKA David Hollander trying to fix Ilya's daddy issues one dad joke at a time...

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