

Родной

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by [manison_fanison](#)

Summary

Shane squeezed at Ilya's thigh, the gesture was fun; not the usual sensual expression that led them both naked and moaning. "Do not try to distract me; Yuna, your son is horrible."

Ilya played his ten of hearts, Shane smirked as he placed down an ace.

—

Seeing Yuna and Shane interact leads to Ilya missing his own mom. A much needed conversation happens.

Notes

i love how Irina haunts the narrative. i was kinda thinking about her own backstory, and thought about a forced child marriage between her family and the Rozanov own.

i felt so sad for her and wanted to expand on her a bit more.

anyways hudcon pilled for now

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

The table was suspended in silence, a suffocating atmosphere that withheld the lacquered surface in its presence.

Yuna stared at the deck, only four, flat cards with a black spade nine pointed upwards, the gloss of the playing cards nearly made the number incomprehensible from the harsh afternoon sun slicing through the large windows in the kitchen, sweeping the dining room in its entirety.

She knocked on the table, thin knuckles rapping against the surface as Ilya stared at his cards.

Two hearts, a king and a ten, a nine of spades, and two diamonds, “Pass.”

Shane stared at the card resting on the deck, meeting his dad’s stare he nodded, “Pick it up.”

“Liar—you do not have more spades in your hand,” Ilya scoffed, wanting to look over at Shane’s cards. He was sure the rest of the spades were being kept away, they all had shit hands; either that, or David had some. “David—”

“Table talk!” Yuna raised her hand, slim eyebrow raising in a silent threat.

Ilya slumped against his chair, muttering loose words about *unfairness* and *cheating*.

Yuna played a spade ace, Ilya cursed, following it up with his nine; Shane smiled, playing a low club, while David followed with a king of spades.

“You are such a cheater, you have no spades?” Ilya turned, eyes raising in disbelief.

Shane smiled, shrugging, “Don’t let opportunities pass you.”

“Oh yes, that is why all your advertisements have you naked.” Ilya scoffed, staring at his shit hand while glaring at the trump suit the game was in.

Shane squeezed at Ilya’s thigh, the gesture was fun; not the usual sensual expression that led them both naked and moaning. “Do not try to distract me; Yuna, your son is horrible.”

Ilya played his ten of hearts, Shane smirked as he placed down an ace.

In the following round Yuna was the one that pulled off the trick, leaving her to banter with David.

“Thanks, love,” Yuna smirked, taking hold of the cards, pushing them to the side.

“No, no, he played king.” Ilya pointed, “King is high—”

“No, it’s not.” Shane laughed, “Jacks are highest, then ace, king, queen.”

“Such a dumb game.” Ilya groaned, the Hollander’s had taken it upon themselves to teach him card games that he had always found a way of fleeing away when faced with the

prospect of playing with his old hockey team, though he wasn't skilled enough to escape the torture subjected to him from Shane's family.

Every card game was often confusing with conflicting rules.

The proceeding round went uneventfully, David played a trick which got them one pile but Yuna and Shane got the point regardless.

It was exhausting, the game was a grueling process that ended with both Shane and Yuna winning long after.

After the last game, laughter peeled between the two losers as Yuna reached over the table and squeezed Shane's wrist, purple nails reflecting the dining room's artificial lighting that had slowly brightened around them with the sun setting outside.

"Love you, baby!" She smiled, chuckling even further as David rolled his eyes.

"You stole my shuffle that last time—"

"Pay attention!" The entire time she spoke, her hand remained on Shane, such a loose and affectionate gesture.

Ilya found his eyes caught on her thin fingers wrapped around his tan skin, always a darker hue in the summer; spent from weeks of pruning in the sun, swimming until their bodies were dry and felt too small to contain all their bones.

Shane met his stare, something questioning in his own; Ilya shook his head, smiling at the celebrating Yuna.

"We're done, yes?" He stretched from his chair, Yuna nodded. His legs grew tacky with sweat from being pressed against the wood.

"You're a good sport, Ilya." She relented her hold on Shane, moving her hands to mess with David, softly looping her hands through his arms.

She was drunk with victory with the added help of the wine glass she drank while they played, she acted a bit like Shane when excited.

Uncaring; relaxed unlike their usual impeccable demeanor.

"We should probably be heading," Shane yawned, rolling his shoulders as he picked up his cup, the crystallized glass reflected on the table, a messy array of shards of disorienting color danced between the family.

"Anya misses us," Ilya nodded, scrubbing at his features.

He was tired, the day had been a slow one. Made for unwinding and smooth conversation, hours spent discussing with the thickening heat of mid-summer, syrup sweet and heavenly.

Shane made a stand to move from the table, palm flattening as he placed his cup in the sink.

Yuna and David both stood up, Yuna ushered Ilya over, he moved; legs slightly stiff, he bent down to embrace her better.

She was much shorter than him, her body much slimmer, he felt each of her breaths rattling their chest. She smelled of faint vanilla and wood, which wasn't that surprising considering how every night it seemed Shane's parents were having a bonfire; "Great seeing you," she pressed a soft kiss against his cheek.

He returned the gesture, pressing a warm kiss against hers: "Thank you for having us."

He pulled away, smiling as David gave him a quick but friendly hug as well. He was subtle with his affection, something Ilya found more familiar, but then again he couldn't possibly remember the last time he hugged his father, it must've occurred when he was well into childhood, hockey a link to their embrace.

Shane exchanged his goodbyes with his parents, nodding while half listening to his mother's lecturing, telling them to reheat the extras she made them, 'don't be afraid to visit whenever,' text and call, his dad was simpler but even then he told them to drive safe.

When they were walking to the car, sun fully set, Ilya let out a loose sigh, one he didn't even know he was hiding.

"Everything okay?" Shane asked, climbing into the passenger seat as Ilya got behind the wheel.

Shane hated his expensive cars—which did lead to him selling most—and his driving.

But in the summers he always allowed Ilya to bring out his Porsche 911 targa and Shane allowed him to be the designated driver during their off season.

It was nice driving the short distance with the wind openly brushing between them.

"Fine, fine." Ilya nodded, inserting the key, twisting it as the engine purred to life; vibrating beneath his fingers, the smooth leather of the steering wheel was cool beneath his touch.

"Ilya," Shane reached over, warm palm finding purchase along his knee. The skin contact was nice, the gym shorts he wore lifted just above his calves.

"It's okay, really. Long night." He grabbed the sunglasses discarded in the glove box, shoving his hair back with them. He felt a few curls get twisted in the black shades but couldn't find it in him to be bothered.

"Was my mom bothering you?" Shane continued to push, and Ilya always realized just how irritating Shane could be sometimes; lovely, complex, beautiful, so fucking beautiful, he was everything. But so infuriating.

"You're mom was great." He told the truth, she always was. She was a woman who was easily funny, her jokes were dry and witty, her humor matching well with David's own; she was kind, always helping.

Shane stared at him, Ilya didn't look, pulling out of the Hollanders driveway as they drove along the empty streets.

The wind washed between them, a random song thrummed from the radio. Shane kept his hand on Ilya, never once letting go.

The heat had eased considerably with the dark, their surroundings were lit by the low beam headlights.

When they pulled up to the cottage the car highlighted the shadowed siding of their home, they heard the sharp bark of Anya from inside as Ilya parked the car, silencing the engine and music with a curt turn of his wrist, sliding the key out.

The sudden absence of noise was odd.

"Ilya," Shane began, his voice was firmer.

"Made me think of my own mom," he finally relented, staring at the windows of their home; how perfect the cottage was, wide and open.

Shane immediately softened, Ilya's mother was a delicate subject for both; Shane drew his hand up, cupping Ilya's cheek, thumb toying with the flesh of his earlobe, "What about her?"

"You and Yuna are very close," which was an unhelpful explanation, everyone knew how close Shane was to his family. He focused on them in most of his solo documentaries and interviews, he always spoke highly of his parents.

"She loves you too," he answered, their voices loud in the overwhelming silence. Even the often slow and sluggish chirps of nearby crickets seemed absent.

"Yes, but not like how she does for you. It just made me think," Ilya leaned against his seat further, the sky was free from pollution.

The stars were bright, scattered and glowing. The black sky didn't seem overwhelmed by the sheer volume of it, not with the light embedded inside.

Shane pressed his mouth shut, his thumb slid to Ilya's nape, slowly twisting the curls along his throat.

"My mom, I was the closest to her." Shane already knew such a fact, Ilya's bitterness and resentment that he harbored for his dad hadn't left with death, the distance between them but urge to impress was such a facet of their relationship. Even when he was nearly gone, yet alive. They were never capable of being close.

"It just, your mom has your dad. My mom had me, only. Imagine, your closest friend—only friend—is a kid. She was already so young, no one took her serious; she was seventeen when she gave birth to Alexi."

The statement hung thick between them, Shane didn't speak.

“Four years completely alone, being a kid raising another kid.” Ilya felt his throat tighten, sharpening his words into something of disgust, “And then I came, and still no one cared about her.”

Shane let Ilya ramble, his words grew warbled towards the end, emotion pressing along his throat, spurring to be heard and seen.

“Can you imagine relating more to a kid—having a kid understand you better than the adults surrounding you? She probably hated it. It probably made her feel younger, dumber.”

“She loved you, though.” Shane spoke, his voice carried through the air.

“She did. But, I think sometimes, how’d she feel about this.” Ilya moved his hand to grab at Shane’s own.

“Us?”

Ilya nodded, “It doesn’t matter, I know—she would’ve loved you, called you, ‘*Lapa*,’ probably and would’ve loved your freckles and the weird smile you get when you win.” Ilya trailed his hand in Shane’s hair, pressing down on the dark strands. They slipped through his fingers so perfectly, soft. “But, if I were to say what you were to me, I don’t know.”

“She’d be proud, Ilya. So fucking, proud.”

His eyes stung, “I wish I could’ve done more sometimes, I mean, what’s a kid supposed to do? Father wouldn’t talk to her, not really, I tried but he wouldn’t talk to me.”

Shane was frowning, his dark eyes reflecting the limitless expansion of the sky.

“I think you did what you could.”

“Sometimes, I feel that if I only could’ve done more, been better. Maybe she wouldn’t had took those pills, maybe she could play that damn card game—”

“Euchre?”

“Yes—that, and talk with Yuna today if she hadn’t. Maybe she would’ve been happy away from Russia, but then I think about how I have everything.

“I have you, and your family, two things I love dearly, I have Anya. But, the emotion doesn’t ever fully leave. The sadness sticks.”

“You can manage it, though.” Shane squeezed at Ilya’s shoulder, slipping his hands into his. His response wasn’t a complete statement, fear slipped into his words.

“I can. If I were her though. I wouldn’t want to. I get sick thinking about how long she probably laid alone dying and how I found her. She spent the day away from everyone, I come home from practice, ask father to see her, and then she’s dead in her bathroom. She was probably gone for an entire day.”

They sat in silence, breathing paused before Shane allowed a shuddering inhale to leave himself. “Ilya, she loved you, right?”

Ilya cracked a small, an unoffending smile, he remembered the nights of waking alone, fearful; and she’d come, she’d sing him a traditional lullaby, hold him to sleep. He’d wake to her in his bed, cradling his much smaller form, and in those moments he’d think that they both needed the other, that his loneliness reached hers as well.

“Yes. Very much.”

She’d defend him; they would sneak into town when his father would be upset, she’d take him to odd stores, buying sweets which they’d lick the residue from their fingers after devouring them; laughter ringing in the streets.

“Then I think she’d love you now. She might be scared for you, but you don’t go to Russia. You live here, with someone you love—”

“—Very much so,” Ilya smiled, bringing up Shane’s hand to lay a damp kiss on his knuckles.

“With a dog—”

“—That I love even more so.”

Shane rolled his eyes, “With a good job, with a beautiful house and fans. She would be incredibly proud of you.”

Ilya nodded, bringing his free hand to rub at his eye, he felt the hot tear fall. Escaping the bounds of his eyelids and tracing down his jaw, a scorching trail, one that Shane easily wiped away.

“She’ll always love you.”

They remained in the car for a moment, Anya’s barking had stopped a while ago. Ilya took a weak inhale, “Babygirl misses us.”

Shane laughed, leaning over the console to press a soft and giving kiss to his cheek, one so charged of love that Ilya wished they would be frozen, paused in time to where Shane’s lips never left his face, for the weak hold of their hands to never cease, the night was a forever experience.

Whenever he found himself with Shane he would be hoping for time to pause, to allow them an eternity forever.

“Let’s go in.” Shane withdrew, before he could slip his hand away from their hold, Ilya twisted his face, connecting their lips in a chaste but tender kiss.

“Shower first,” Shane muttered against his lips, Ilya could feel the smile.

“Together?” He spoke, breath being exchanged between them.

Shane shook his head, expression of pure indulgence, “We’ll see, I might want to.”

“I might allow you.”

End Notes

kudos and comments are super loved and appreciated!!!

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