

Elijah

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Elijah

by [cloverachiever](#)

Summary

*I'm coming home, I'm coming home
Dust off the idols
Give them something to eat*

or; david and ilya are left alone for the first time.

Notes

i haven't posted anything here since the ninth of february of last year, but this was a sudden necessity for me to write. apologies for any typos or grammatical errors, they will probably be fixed as i glance at it throughout the week. i also can't remember if any information of the extended hollander family has ever been said, if it has i do not care lol. title and summary from the mountain goats song of the same name. enjoy!

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

Ilya watched as Shane abruptly stood from his seat next to him. He quickly rushed into the front room, then left out of the same door Yuna had gone through just moments before. He swallowed, throat tight and moved to stand as well when he felt a hand on his. He glanced over and looked at David who simply shook his head. Slowly he lowered himself back into his seat, trying to find a comfortable way to sit in front of his boyfriend's father.

"They'll be okay, they need to sort it out themselves." David sighed, eyes never leaving the area behind Ilya's head.

"She will not..." Ilya hesitated, head turning in the same direction, rubbing his fingertips together anxiously, "He will be okay? To speak to her alone?"

David hummed and Ilya let himself relax. He would assume the man knew his wife and son better than Ilya did. Well, at least his wife.

They both lapsed into silence, and slowly, Ilya turned his head back to David. The man smiled, tight and worried, but a smile nonetheless. His expression shifted, eyebrows creasing, before a long, tired sigh escaped him. He looked tired. Ilya could see now what Shane had meant by getting only half of his looks from his mother. Shane had inherited his father's strong jaw, the straight slope of his nose. He was an undeniably handsome man, much like how Yuna was an undeniably beautiful woman. It was no surprise how they had created such a perfect man.

"I'm sorry, about your father." David said, soft, like he was trying to find some kind of conversation, "I'm sure you miss him."

Ilya did and didn't. It was one of those hard, confusing things he did not like thinking about. He half shrugged but had the decency to duck his head in a facsimile of sadness, "Yes. He was-" Terrible, mean drunk, "We had a complicated relationship. But he was still my father."

David hummed, "My father died when Shane was sixteen. He-" A cleared throat, "We weren't on the best of terms, either. Shane didn't really know him. But-"

"But he was still your father." Ilya murmured, finally, David looked at him. The older man nodded once, and it felt like they had a mutual understanding.

"How's your mother holding up? You have a brother, don't you? I think I remember hearing something about it during the olympics. Andrei, or-"

"Alexei." Ilya sighed, dragging a hand down his cheek. Callouses catching on the stubbled jaw, "I do not know how he is. We have not spoken recently. My mother passed away when I was young." He hated the part of himself that felt shame speaking of her. He wished he could beat it into his father instead. Make him feel something other than contempt for once in his miserable existence. He shrugged. He felt compelled to study the wood grain of the table. Distantly he wondered what tree it was made out of.

"I'm sorry." David said, which is what everyone said, "I'm sure she would be very proud of you."

Ilya couldn't help the small smile he felt building, "I like to think so."

There was a small beat of silence before David opened his mouth, "Shane-" He snapped his mouth shut audibly, Ilya could hear how dry his throat was as it clicked around a swallow, "He's our youngest."

Shane had never mentioned older siblings before. Ilya suddenly felt sick, wondering if he and Shane had more in common than he had thought, "He's never brought up siblings before." His voice lilted up at the end, the question implying itself. He forced himself to look up, and saw David picking at the skin around his nails. At least Shane had an excuse for the bad habit.

"They weren't viable, unfortunately." He gestured with his head to somewhere behind Ilya. He turned and glanced around before his eyes landed on a solitary shelf with three vases neatly above them, "We were lucky Shane survived. I'm lucky Yuna survived. It- She-" Ilya kept eye contact with the urns, trying to give David some privacy, "She had to get an emergency surgery after Shane was taken for some extra help. Shane had had his umbilical cord wrapped around his throat, Yuna had hemorrhaged. We couldn't have anymore. I mean, after the hell of a labor she had, I don't think I would have wanted to do that to her again." A joyless laugh. Ilya built the courage to look at the man again.

David cleared his throat again and rubbed at his eyes. He looked like he was trying to find words where none were. He looked like Shane when he was stressed out. Ilya waited for him.

"I'm just... I'm just trying to say, Ilya, he's special to us. I mean, he's special in so many ways, I'm sure you know that, but... He's our one and only, in some ways. He deserves good things. Kindness."

Ilya, belatedly, and with a nauseating heart drop realized he was in the middle of what his teammates had referred to as a 'shovel-talk'. Or whatever the equivalent was for nice, polite David Hollander. He leaned forward on the table and tried to appear serious. He was already aware it was important but he had the sudden urge to show it outwardly.

David looked up at him from behind his hand and smiled. A sincere one this time. No tension or anxieties. It made Ilya want to smile back, so he did.

"He's all Yuna ever wanted. From the first day I met her, she made it clear that she wanted to be a mother. And, I mean, I'm weak for her. I would have drained the ocean with a straw if she asked." Ilya knew the feeling. "Shane is important to a lot of people, as a role model, as a hockey player, as a friend. But too us, he's still our little boy." Ilya nodded solemnly. He waited patiently for David to continue. David shrugged. Seemingly helpless in the face of the breadth of the emotion he was laying out for the Russian, "Just... If this isn't a genuine thing for you, please just be kind and break it off. I'm sure there's someone out there lovely for you, and you deserve good things too. But-"

"Shane deserves the best." Ilya supplied. He watched David's face shift again, and it felt like a line of understanding settled between them, "I am very serious, Mr. Hollander. I would be in Russia right now if I wasn't. He is-" *Everything* seemed a bit intense for this conversation, "He is lovely. Picture perfect, kind, handsome, polite Canadian boy. I do not want to hurt him." *Anymore*, again, was probably best left unsaid.

David nodded, once, "I'm glad. He's not perfect by any means, but he's close to it."

"Any more and it would offend God." Ilya joked, and David laughed.

David stood and walked around the table to the kitchen counter, "How do you like spaghetti, Mr. Rozanov?"

End Notes

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