

Smoke Break

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77345611) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77345611>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander , Shane Hollander , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Family Bonding , Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 1,795 Chapters: 1/1

Smoke Break

by [Blink23](#)

Summary

When Ilya retreats to the lake shore, waving off Shane's biting comment about smoking, David gives it a few moments and then follows.

Notes

Hi these idiot boys have taken over my brain.

Maybe it's an attempt to bond, maybe it's because the last week has basically rearranged everything he thought he knew about his family and Ilya Rozanov, but when Ilya retreats to the lake shore, waving off Shane's biting comment about smoking, David gives it a few moments and then follows.

Shane and Yuna are on the deck discussing an email she received from some magazine, wanting Shane for an editorial, and they barely notice as he makes his way down. Ilya has hopped up on one of the boulders that have been placed near the shore, and David shifts his body so his wife and son can't see him before he looks up at him and does what he's been craving for the last few days.

He holds his hand out.

Ilya's eyebrows raise, shock all over his face.

"I smoked in college," David admits, a little guilty, "and, well. One cigarette every few months isn't going to kill me, especially considering how much I used to do it."

To David's surprise, Ilya looks almost impressed as he hands over a cigarette and his lighter.

"This is what I tell Shane," Ilya says, "I have mostly stopped, yes? Usually just one in the morning, but then sometimes after – after dinner or a game, sometimes one in the middle of the day. I am sure, eventually I will completely stop, but two a day is okay for now. I used to smoke almost a pack a day, but he still complains. 'Ilya, your lungs, it will weaken them, then how will you skate' 'Ilya, all the smoking is going to make you age, and you will look 50 by the time you are 30' 'Ilya, you stink, I cannot kiss you now, go brush your teeth and I will change our sheets, I can't sleep with the smell.'"

David chuckles, "Sounds like Yuna. When we started dating in college she threw a fit. There was no way I could be around her parents and be a smoker. She once absolutely lost it on me because her parents were coming for a game and her hair smelled like smoke and she didn't have time to wash it. She insisted they wouldn't accept it, and she didn't know anyone else with Japanese parents who would either.

"When we finally got married and had Shane, the three of us went back to Japan to visit her grandparents. They chain smoked like fiends and were mad we didn't bring them cigarettes from duty free. We had to be very firm about her grandmother not smoking around Shane and she thought we were crazy. She claimed it was okay because he was three, whatever that means."

Ilya laughs, "The things we do for them, yes? Everyone smokes in Russia, and the ones who know me there would be horrified for even being willing to stop to make him happy."

Ilya grins. David lights up his own, taking a few pulls and relaxing as the nicotine hits his system. As he exhales, he studies Ilya for a moment.

"I think that's the first time I've heard you mention someone back home."

Ilya hums, tracing the bruise on his left knee as he looks out at the water. He had tripped, apparently, going up the dock access stairs a few nights ago after a night swim. Banged both of them hard enough to leave bruises.

(David doesn't know if that's a lie, but he also doesn't want to think about how else his son's boyfriend would get bruised knees. He's seen too much already.)

"There is not much in Russia, now with my father gone. My mother, she is dead as well. Died when I was a child. My brother..." Ilya made a face, "also his wife, and my niece. Both he and my father were police, and their friends are not the people I want around unless I get a death wish or want to be blackmailed. So."

David stiffens at that. He knew, a bit, about Russia's laws. Had read a few articles from the Citizen and BBC, about rules against promoting 'subversive lifestyles' and how some men seemed to be disappearing from the streets only to end up in prison, coming back home shells of themselves.

He could think of nothing that was more of a promotion of *subversive lifestyles* than arguably the most popular athlete in Russia announcing his Canadian counterpart was his boyfriend and they were planning to do everything they could to spend the rest of their lives together.

"Were your father and brother big by the law kind of guys?"

Ilya turns his head to look at him. After a few moments of studying him, he shakes his head turning back to the lake.

"My brother? Not so much," Ilya scoffs, "He only went to training so that he could get a job from my father's friends. Most of my advance from my ELC went up his nose. He did not care about the law, unless it meant he could call me a faggot and demand money and I couldn't say anything if I ever wanted to come back to see my dying father."

(David is glad he's not looking at him, unsure how he'd hide the horror he feels on his face.)

"They never knew...?"

"Of course they didn't. If Shane wasn't going to tell you and Yuna, why would I let them know?"

Ilya bites the inside of his cheek, thinking.

"It is not completely safe, but it would be okay in Moscow, maybe, If I was ah...discreet? And I let my brother have what he wanted. Too many people know who I am for me to be in jail. But now, with Shane and my father being gone..."

Ilya let out a sigh.

"He was very old fashioned, he would never have believed about my sexuality. He grew up with the Soviet ideas from his parents about what made you a man. There is a word Shane used for him but I can't remember - machino?"

“Machismo.”

“Yes. He was high ranking *Militsiya* before I was born, then clawed his way higher, after the Soviet Union broke up. I grew up around the men that were making the type of laws that would have me in jail in Russia, but they all think they know what it meant to be a man, and I clearly was so... there was no way I could be anything but straight.”

“... Type of guys that would see you kiss Shane and say you were just friends, I take it?”

“Oh Yes. Soviet kiss of friendship. Very popular.”

A wry smile came to Ilya's face.

“My father would not have been happy, once he believed it. He would have many issues with Shane, and not always because he is a man.”

Ilya licks his lips, throwing away the last of his cigarette. David handed him the rest of his, and he took it.

“Even if Shane was a woman, there would be issues. Not just because he is Japanese - and that would be something that is, ah, tossed? in my face? That I couldn't even fall in love with a good Russian man - but because he is soft, but also bossy, and he makes me soft and I let him be bossy. Softness makes you lazy and useless. They think I really need to have a Russian woman who will do whatever I tell her to, instead I have boring Canadian man who says ‘Ilya you will get cancer if you don't quit smoking’ and demands I separate the laundry by color and I do it because I love him.”

Ilya stared at the mostly untouched cigarette in his hands, tossing it in the direction of the lake.

“But who gives a shit what they think, because I have always been lazy to them, and never cared about anything.”

David can't help the snort that escapes.

“Kiddo, I don't know where they'd be getting that. I remember when you were young, and Shane used to make us watch KHL games. You weren't lazy, and you sure as hell cared a lot more than most of the guys on that team.”

Ilya frowns at him, confused.

“You had access to KHL? Here?”

It was clearly an attempt to pull away from the subject matter, and David lets him have it.

“He made us. We had a satellite dish at the house and he realized he could get some random Russian channel package that showed all the games made some big deal about scoping out the competition, since you and Popovich were both looking like you'd go high in the first and second round.”

Ilya's eyes widened in delight. David knew right then that he had messed up.

"...He's going to kill me for that isn't he?"

Ilya laughs, hoping down off the rock. David follows close behind, up the stairs and rejoining the rest of their family on the deck.

"Everything okay?"

Ilya ignored Yuna's question, instead staring at Shane, hands on his hips.

"You made your parents get Russian TV to watch me?"

Shane instantly went white.

"God, Dad, why'd you have to tell him that?"

"No, no, is very cute to know you were obsessed with me!"

"Oh my god, it was just so I could watch your game tape. I paid just as much attention to Popovich."

Ilya made a face, "Yuri was not very cute. He is even worse now, after that fight with the asshole from Winnipeg and broke his eye socket. Maybe I should be worried about your taste. Yuna!"

Ilya takes Yuna by the shoulders, staring into her eyes, "does your son have terrible taste? I know he is boring, yes, but his want for men is making me second guess myself."

Yuna laughs, patting his cheek, and Shane scoffs.

"Fuck off-"

"Shane!"

Shane rolls his eyes at his mother's scolding and turns towards the house, Ilya following.

"Really, Hollander. Is this why you introduced yourself? You already had crush?"

"Oh my God. I didn't even know I was gay and had a girlfriend, *shut up*-"

Ilya closes the door behind them, the glass cutting off their bickering.

"If he asked tomorrow for permission, I'd say yes."

David kisses the top of his wife's head.

"I think Shane would do the same."

Yuna hums, resting her head on his shoulder.

They both watched the two of them in silence; Ilya, poking at Shane, following him around the kitchen, playfully arguing. Ilya slipped his arms around him, making a kissy face and Shane rolled his eyes but gave in anyway. Shane's dopey, loving smile and Ilya's smitten little smirk.

Suddenly, Yuna raised her head from his shoulder, frowning.

"Have you been smoking?"

Shit.

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