

fatherly care

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77222076) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77222076>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Missing Scene , Crying , Men Crying , Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , the cottage , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , POV Ilya Rozanov , Father-Son Relationship , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Autistic Shane Hollander , Cooking , Love , Established Relationship , Secret Relationship , Coming Out , Idiots in Love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-06 Words: 2,762 Chapters: 1/1

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by [Sweetxpenguin](#)

Summary

"He seems to understand immediately what's going on, because he turns Ilya towards him, even though he's considerably taller and has much more body mass than David. No matter how big a child grows, to their parents they will always remain a child. Even though Ilya isn't his son, this unwritten rule definitely applies here."

or:

Missing scene between Ilya and David in Episode 6: The Cottage.

Notes

English isn't my first language, so please be aware of any mistakes or errors in this story.

Edit: Also, I did watch the show recently but not read the books yet. I just consumed plenty of TikToks and many, many fanfiction.

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

The porch door clicked shut, now separating him and Shane. For a moment, Ilya stared at the closed door, the one Shane had stepped out of just seconds before, a cardigan in his hand, to run after his mother. With slightly slumped, tense shoulders and his head bowed a little, he looked years younger. Almost childlike. Ilya could easily imagine Shane tiptoeing to his parents, small and quiet, to confess or tell them something.

The thought almost brought a smile to his face, if he hadn't been so incredibly tense himself. He was here, in Shane's parents' house, sitting at their dining table, alone, without Shane as his anchor or source of calm. He couldn't quite process his feelings on this chaotic day.

What began with a relaxed breakfast and a swim in the lake quickly became overshadowed by a strange feeling of fear, insecurity, and uncertainty. And if he felt that way, he could only vaguely imagine how Shane must be feeling. Standing before his parents, coming out, revealing something about himself that he was so afraid it almost tore him apart. Ilya could see it in Shane's eyes. The pain and the panic. But above all, the feeling of not being in control as it happened. Especially for Shane, who is such a control freak, it must be hell to be ripped out of that control and then confronted like that. To be caught by his father.

This thought finally pulls Ilya away from the door, and his gaze cautiously turns to the man opposite him. Eyes so similar to those he fell in love with look at him warily. Not angry, not dismissive, simply watching, observing.

"Don't worry, the two just need to talk things out."

Of course he's worried. Even though the two of them don't really look like they're judging Shane for his decisions or for who he is. But the look on Shane's father's face when he caught them at the cottage was indescribable. And from what he knows about Yuna, he knows she's planned Shane's life down to the smallest detail, and, just like her son, she likes to control everything. Shane must have inherited that from her.

David must have read the storm of emotions on Ilya's face, because he creaked his chair back and stood up. He circled the table, placed a hand on Ilya's broad, muscular shoulder, and gave it a firm squeeze.

"Come with me, we can start preparing the food while the two of them talk things out. I hope you like spaghetti."

Without turning around or waiting for a reaction or answer from Ilya, he walked past him, heading towards the kitchen. Ilya glanced briefly at the glass door again; he saw Shane and Yuna now in each other's arms. From the quick, jerky movements of Shane's shoulders, he could tell that Shane was crying. His heart clenched at the sight, and he longed to rush over and pull him into his arms, but he knew that's what both Shane and his mother needs right now.

With a sigh, Ilya also pushed his chair back and went into the kitchen to join David. David had already taken several Tupperware containers out of the refrigerator and simply bent down to a cupboard to produce a large pot.

"You can start chopping up some garlic. We still have so many leftovers from last night's dinner; there's enough for all of us. You have to understand, no matter how many years go by and how many of us there have always been, Yuna always cooks enough for an entire hockey team. We then eat it for several days."

Ilya is busy peeling the garlic and then chopping it into small, fine cubes. It's been a long time since he's cooked with a parent in the kitchen. Last time was many years ago with his mother. Ilya is a good cook, but with his schedule and training, he usually ends up relying on delivery services and restaurants. Standing here with David in the small, cozy kitchen, side by side, fills him with a strange, warm feeling.

"Shane doesn't like leftovers, yes? He said he doesn't like taste."

A humming laugh escapes David's lips, and he smiles at the pot of spaghetti he's separating. Even though Shane is almost the spitting image of his mother, Ilya sees David's features more and more clearly shining through the longer he looks at him.

"Yes, that's right. He's very particular about that. I'll show you how we cook it so that he'll eat it."

Ilya can only manage a curt nod and continues to follow David's instructions. It's an odd situation, standing here in the kitchen with Shane's father, when he hadn't even really exchanged a word with the man before. Yet somehow it feels harmonious. Something Ilya has never experienced before in his life: fatherly care.

A little later, steam rises from the pot. Ilya stands at the sink washing the dirty dishes they won't be using for cooking anymore. David steps beside him, opens the cupboard door next to his head, and takes out four plates. As soon as he closes the door again, he pats Ilya on the shoulder with his free hand.

"Thank you for your help, Son. I think it won't be long before those two stubborn heads have finished talking outside."

All Ilya can do is stare at the bubbly water, his eyes slightly wide. A battle of emotions is raging inside him. His eyes fill with tears, but he fights them back through gritted teeth. David seems oblivious to Ilya's emotional turmoil, having gone into the dining room to set the table.

But when he reappears in the doorway a little later and finds Ilya in the same position as he left him, only more tense, he approaches him with quick, deliberate steps.

"Ilya? Everything alr- Oh."

He seems to understand immediately what's going on, because he turns Ilya towards him, even though he's considerably taller and has much more body mass than David. No matter how big a child grows, to their parents they will always remain a child. Even though Ilya isn't his son, this unwritten rule definitely applies here. Without hesitation, David puts his arms around Ilya, who now looks so much smaller than he actually is. After a brief hesitation, which lasts less than a second, Ilya falls into the embrace and clings to David's sweater.

“It’s okay, Son. It’s okay.”

Ilyas' shoulders trembled; tears soaked David's and Ilyas' shirts. But neither of them seemed to mind. They clung to each other, David trying to be the support Ilya needed. Of course, David knew about his father. It wasn't a secret, and given that the Hollanders had believed until recently that Ilya was Shane's rival, they must have looked into him at some point. They knew. David must know what his words had triggered in him, even if he hadn't done it consciously or maliciously.

Eventually, the tears subside and Ilya regains his senses. As he fully registers what has just happened, he pulls away from David, even though he immediately misses his warm touch, and wipes his eyes. But before he can turn away to assume his usual expression—the indifferent Russian who isn't allowed to show emotion—David grabs his elbow. They simply stare at each other; no words are spoken, nor do they need to be. Their glances alone are enough to conduct a silent conversation.

David nods curtly and waits for Ilya's reaction. Ilya himself is completely overwhelmed and doesn't really know what to feel first. But after a brief internal struggle, he returns David's nod, and the two smile at each other.

“Everything that happened today won’t change anything. We still love Shane just as much as before. He’s our son, and we’re happy when he’s happy. Yuna will need some time, come to terms with the fact that Shane chose a Raider, but she’ll get over it.”

This elicits genuine laughter from both of them.

“But of course, things are changing.”

The smile disappears from Ilyas's face fast, and a feeling of unease creeps back into his chest.

“Ilya, even though this situation probably wasn’t ideal for anyone involved, and I think we all imagined it differently, Yuna and I are delighted that Shane has someone by his side. Someone who loves him the way he does. Believe me, a father sees things like that. In the way you two look at each other. That’s how Yuna looks at me and I look at her. That’s love.”

Ilyas' eyes are about to fill with tears again, but he bravely holds them back, listening intently to every single word from David's mouth.

“As of today, we have two sons, and I guarantee you, Yuna feels the same.”

And the dam has broken again. Once more the two are in each other's arms; David gently pats him on the back and murmurs to himself like a mantra, "It's ok, son!"

A little later, the two part ways, this time with a lightness in their hearts. They turn their attention to the pot of spaghetti and carry it, along with Parmesan cheese, into the dining room.

Almost simultaneously, the porch door opened and Shane entered the house, his legs a little unsteady and his eyes red-rimmed. When their eyes met, the world seemed to stand still. Ilya

waited for another reaction from Shane. Even though David had told him a hundred times that Yuna wasn't angry and would accept their relationship, he wouldn't believe it until Shane said it.

He gets his answer not a second later, when Shane's shoulders lose their tension, a small smile creeps onto his lips, and he runs towards him and jumps into Ilya's arms.

He catches him easily and closes his arms tightly around his warm, familiar body.

“I’m going to check on Yuna.”

Ilya catches a glimpse of David walking through the porch door and over to his wife. His entire attention is focused on the warm body in his arms. The man to whom he has given his heart.

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A little later, all four are sitting at the table, eating spaghetti and talking. As one would expect with Yuna, about hockey. The longer Ilya listens to the conversation between Shane and his mother, the more he understands where Shane gets this obsession with hockey from. He and David watch the exchange in silence.

Just as Ilya shovels another forkful of spaghetti into his mouth, the atmosphere shifts. Shane falls completely silent and slumps further and further into himself. Then his forehead hits his folded arms on the table, and he breathes in and out in short, ragged gasps.

He's seen Shane like this a few times and knows he's on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He's witnessed it quite often, usually at times that are too much for Shane. Everything becomes too much, too loud, too bright. Overwhelming. As someone who is autistic like Shane, this sadly happens a lot.

A quick glance at Yuna and David only confirms his suspicion, as they both look at Shane with a mixture of concern and understanding. He can also detect a hint of guilt in Yuna, as she is likely not entirely innocent in the current situation. His gaze returns to David, who gives Ilya a small, curt nod.

With this confirmation, Ilya leans towards Shane, places his warm hand on the back of his neck, and gives a short squeeze.

“Shane.”

He continued to breathe in and out heavily.

“Shane?”

“I’m ok. I’m just freaking out. I’ll be ok in a second.”

“Hey, hey.”

Ilya turns slightly closer to Shane, his knee bumping against Shane's. He runs his hand down Shane's back, trying to ground him. He knows that pressure and warmth usually help Shane regulate himself. Not because Shane told him so, but because he's a good observer.

Ilya leans forward, closer to Shane's ear, and briefly considers what to say. English is difficult enough on good days, but now, here in front of Shane's parents, it's even more so.

“We are good here.”

Ilya looks up again at Yuna and David, who are both looking at him with worried expressions. Yuna manages a small smile nonetheless.

“Your family is here. Your boyfriend is here. You are good here, ok?”

He continued to apply pressure to Shane's neck, his hand warm but firm. If they were alone, Ilya would most likely lie on top of Shane and serve as a weighted blanket. But here, in the presence of his parents, he had to resort to the bare minimum.

But that seems to work just as well, as Shane raises his head slightly and cautiously looks at him from the side. His eyes are quite narrowed, yet he still gazes at him with a piercing look.

“My boyfriend?”

Only now does he realize what he's said. He acted on instinct. Of course, they haven't openly discussed what they are. They both probably know, deep down, but neither has spoken aloud yet. For Ilya, however, it's been clear for quite some time.

“I mean, yes. I think so. Probably.”

Ilya sounds like an idiot. But he can't put into words how scared he is of Shane's reaction and how overjoyed he is to have finally said what he's been thinking for so long. And in front of his parents, no less.

His parents are still looking at him, this time with smiles on their faces. Yuna is close to tears again. But Ilya thoroughly ignores them. His attention is entirely focused on Shane.

Shane's eyes clear, and he stares into Ilya's. Shock, confusion, a touch of fear, understanding, and something else entirely he can read in his gaze. It's the same emotion coursing through Ilya's body: love.

So he does the only thing that seems right to him in that moment. He leans in a few more inches towards Shane and, with his free hand, turns Shane's face towards his. Their lips touch, and the world stands still once more. Even though it's just a short kiss, it feels like an eternity.

When they finally separate, Shane already looks much better. The tension slowly leaves his body, and his neck relaxes under Ilya's hand. They both smile at each other.

“Since rookie season.”

“The summer before.”

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The two stayed a while longer at Shane's parents' house and moved their conversation to the garden after dinner. Similar to Shane's cottage, they sat around the fire pit. Yuna and David sat together on a bench, David's arm around Yuna's shoulders.

Shane sits next to Ilya, practically with no space between them. Shane is completely engrossed in conversation with his parents, gesturing animatedly as he recounts one of their past hockey matches. Of course it's always hockey with him. Ilya only half-listens to the wild and sometimes not entirely truthful tales.

Ilya can't help but stare at Shane. So much has happened today. Too many emotions have surged through his body. The incident with David in the kitchen still weighs heavily on him. He's never felt anything like this before. No one has ever cared enough for him. He's never experienced true love and care. His mother had tried, but she was too sad most of the time. He'd never received anything like parental love from his father. He was always just the machine that had to function.

“Ilya? Son, is everything okay?”

David's words snapped him out of his thoughts, and he looked, somewhat shocked, from Shane to David. All three Hollander were now looking at him, waiting for a reply.

“Sorry, was thinking about something.”

David seems to know what's going on, as does Shane, who snuggles closer to him. Without thinking twice, Ilya puts his arm around Shane's shoulders and pulls him closer.

"Are you alright?"

This time it's Shane who asks him. He's now snuggled up to Ilya completely, as he has his arm around him. Ilya looks back at Yuna and David. They both look at him with loving smiles. He smiles back.

Once again, he reaches out with his free hand to cup Shane's chin and turn him towards him. The kiss is tender, soft, and lingers for a moment before they both break apart with smiles. Ilya pulls Shane even closer to his chest. Shane rests his head on his shoulder and exhales with relief.

Ilya bends down again and breathes a kiss onto Shane's head.

“Yes, I’m alright, мой любимый. We are with family; we are ok.”

And he means it.

End Notes

Got this idea with a sweet interaction with Ilya and David. I think I did it quite good. Even tho there are sooo many other fanfictions out there who cover the same scene, I wanted to make my twist with it.
Hope you liked it:)

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