

Get the fire out from the wire (I'd share a life and you'd share a life)

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by [LoneswaggingRanger](#)

Summary

While Shane is out talking with his mom about his sexuality and her unquestionable acceptance, Ilya and his father are inside having a heart-to-heart of their own.

Shane's father is so... nice. Easy, kind. Not constantly demanding that Ilya performs more, provides more, gives more, wins more, more, more, more—

"So, uh." Shane's father cuts through the fog of Ilya's thoughts. "How do you feel about all of this?"

What sort of question was that? "Uh, good, I guess." Ilya shrugs, before remembering that David's son is probably out there having a panic attack with his crying wife.

Notes

was obsessed with the idea of David giving Ilya the paternal love he so rightly needs and deserves and came up with this instead of sleeping, hope y'all enjoy!

(also any suggestions for tags are expressly welcome - i find it so hard to come up with them TAT)

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

Shane watches his mother leave with this painfully unsure expression. His eyes trail after her, all the way from the table to the doorway, and his head slumps onto the dinner table once he hears the quiet click of the Hollander family's front door being pulled gently shut. His shoulders shake with the effort it takes to keep his breathing under control.

Ilya rests a careful hand on top of Shane's knee, leaning forward with furrowed brows. "Hey," he says softly. "Do you want —"

"Yeah," Shane nods, his forehead bumping against the table. "Yeah," he says a second time, to steel himself before kicking up to his feet. He shifts awkwardly from foot to foot, addressing his father as he jabs a thumb back at the door, "I should probably uh —"

His father shakes his head, pressing his lips together in an easy 'go for it' manner. Shane nods at him once, and then awkwardly shuffles out of the kitchen. Ilya hears the door fall shut seconds after.

And then there were two.

Ilya picks up his cup and takes another sip of vodka. His eyes flicker towards David, and finds the older man's wan smile reflecting back at him. Ilya tries to return a strained one of his own, but it probably looks more constipated than anything.

Hey, at least he's trying. He hasn't needed to make a good impression for anyone since, well, since his father died. Not that Ilya's father can ever be compared to Shane's. Shane's father is so... nice. Easy, kind. Not constantly demanding that Ilya performs more, provides more, gives more, wins more, more, more, more —

"So, uh." Shane's father cuts through the fog of Ilya's thoughts. "How do you feel about all of this?"

What sort of question was that? "Uh, good, I guess." Ilya shrugs, before remembering that David's son is probably out there having a panic attack with his crying wife. "I mean, not that *that* is good —" he gestures vaguely out the kitchen windows, where the curtains are drawn, thankfully. He thinks it is better for Shane to have his privacy with his mother. He also wouldn't know what to do if he saw Yuna cry. "—but eventually, probably, I think we can be happy together. I cannot guarantee anything, but I will do my best to make sure that he is happy." His shoulders hike up to his reddening ears. Some of Shane's stress must have transferred over to him. "I really do love him, you know?"

"I know," David agrees so easily, so simply.

Ilya blinks in shock. He had been gearing up to defend his point to the grave, maybe even be told that he would never be good enough for David Hollander's perfect son. The lack of need to fight back has rendered Ilya quite helpless.

What else is he supposed to do now? He twiddles his thumbs around his now empty cup.

"Here." David raises the bottle between them. "How about more vodka?"

"Yes." Ilya jumps at the change in topic, raising his cup to meet David's bottle in an instant. "Thank you," he remembers to say once it is half-filled.

"You're welcome," David smiles again, and Ilya wonders how it must feel like to live in a family with a father who smiles so easily. David pours himself a cup of vodka as well. "Shane was the one who told me to get the real stuff," He lifts the cup in the air, studying its content with fond mirth alight in his eyes. "Told me that if I was going to drink vodka, I should be getting it imported from the right places."

Ilya snorts. "He doesn't even drink vodka."

"No," David shakes his head, laughing through the word. "He doesn't. But I guess we should have noticed that from the start, huh?"

"We kept things on down-low for very long time," Ilya explains, bringing his cup to his lips. "Wouldn't blame myself for not realising sooner."

"Oh, I know. I just find it so funny now that the signs are laid out all in front of me. He's always texting you during the bigger games you're both not in, isn't he?" David smiles, wider now.

Ilya is transfixed by how *easy* it is to talk to this man. He has not disagreed with Ilya once, has not told him off for trying to offer comfort when he hadn't needed any, when it is probably not Ilya's place to offer such comfort. He has not shouted at Ilya, has not demanded that he get rid of all his vices, has not demanded for him to be *better* for his son.

"My father died. Very recently. " Ilya offers into the empty space between him and David for no apparent reason. He winces a little at the stunted nature of it all, but he decides that if he was going to open a conversation about this, he might as well go all in. "We did not have the best relationship, me and him, but I... I always cared about what he thought." His leg bounces up and down under the table, his eyes flitting towards David before sliding away to his hands again. "He would never have approved me being with Shane. He would never have approved of... me."

"Oh, Ilya." David's voice is a gravelly road, steady and firm. He reaches across the table, clasping a warm wrinkled hand to over Ilya's tensely clenched fist. "I wouldn't blame myself for that, either." He sounds nothing like the disapproval Ilya had been waiting for. Not because his son is gay, but because Ilya is Ilya. "And for the record, I also think that you and Shane can be happy together. Things might be difficult for you at first, but love is such a precious thing, isn't it? You have to hold on to it, cherish it." He shakes Ilya's fist gently, loosening it into a half-clasped palm. His eyes are so earnestly kind that Ilya realises with a sudden pang where Shane inherited all his sincerity from. "If no one has said this to you before, Ilya, you're a good man. You deserve to have this, all of this."

Ilya feels something prickle at the corner of his eyes, his nose stinging with the wealth of emotion this stranger's voice has ignited in him. How many times, how many times has he wished for his father to say something, *anything* remotely similar to what David Hollander is telling him now?

Ilya clears his throat and blinks the tears away. He retracts his hand but sends David this look of pure fucking gratitude that gets the man beaming encouragingly at him. Ilya feels like he's about the cry all over again, but he cannot do that, not when Shane is probably already falling apart outside. *One* of them needs to not be a mess today, and that duty has fallen to Ilya.

David seems to sense Ilya's need to keep his composure by the time Shane returns, judging by how he graciously changes the topic. "Anyway!" he says, voice louder and back with its jolly hue. "I hope you like pasta. Yuna made a large pot earlier, and I was wondering how we would be able to finish it all by ourselves."

Ilya huffs out a chuckle. "Shane made us eight burgers on our first day together."

"I'm sure he did." David's eyes crinkle at the sides. "What say you and me help set the table before Shane and his mother enters, eh?"

Ilya would love nothing more. "Of course." Ilya stands from his seat and heads to the kitchen. David pats him on the shoulder when they reach the kitchen aisle and gives him this sort of casual side-hug.

When Ilya looks at him questioningly, David lifts a shoulder and simply replies, "Looked like you needed it." He opens a drawer full of utensils, and before Ilya knows it, they are setting the table together in amicable silence. The pot of pasta and plate of cheese is placed in the middle, while four sets of plates and cutlery is placed neatly on each end of the table.

A couple minutes after they are done setting everything up and are sitting quietly across from one another, Shane and Yuna have returned arm in arm with teary smiles on their faces.

"And what have you two been talking about while we were gone?" Yuna asks as she settles down beside her husband.

Ilya and David share a secretly familial look, before David dismisses his wife's questions with a wave. "Oh, nothing much, love." He serves Yuna a generous helping of pasta. "Come on, let's eat before the pasta gets cold."

Shane sits down beside Ilya, eyes curious. Ilya smiles and shakes his head lightly. *I'll tell you later. Everything is fine.*

They eat and bicker together, like a family. Ilya sips his good fucking vodka and scarfs down the first homemade pasta he's had since his mother died when he was twelve. He's happy as fuck. Shane seems happy too, when Ilya calls him his boyfriend in front of his parents.

He hopes he and Shane get to have this forever, this brimming joy and love shared between them and all who love them.

End Notes

thanks for reading!

the title was inspired by lyrics from "I'll Believe in Anything" by WolfParade

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