father figure

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76990831.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, David Hollander/Yuna Hollander, David Hollander & Ilya Rozanov, David Hollander & Shane Hollander
Characters:	David Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander, Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Father-Son Relationship, Heart-to-Heart, Missing Scene, Family Dynamics, Coming Out, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Hockey, Not Beta Read, david and ilya talking puck, ilya is david's favorite son, POV David Hollander, Canon Divergence?, could be canon if you squint, Ficlet, Short One Shot, Dialogue Heavy, Wholesome, Fatherhood, Father Figures
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Words: 1,702 Chapters: 1/1

father figure

by lilac_harpie14

Summary

He wasn’t the father of the year, but David thought he might be a pretty good one, and maybe, someday, he could be one to this kid too.

***

Or, what David and Ilya talked about while Yuna and Shane were outside at the Hollander cottage

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“So, Ilya,” David said after a slightly too-long moment of silence, “Ottawa, huh?”

Shane had followed Yuna outside, leaving David with his son’s rival turned… boyfriend? Lover? Partner? David didn’t know exactly what to call Ilya now. He could still barely believe that the #1 draft pick star center of the Boston Raiders was casually sitting at his kitchen table, leaning on his elbows and sipping at the glass of vodka David had poured him. David was also still embarrassed that he had walked in on him and Shane in such an… intimate moment.

“I was thinking Ottawa, yes,” he replied, “or it was Shane’s idea, actually. But I have been thinking of being on Canadian team after I am free agent for a while now. America is, you know, not so good for Russians sometimes, and Russia is no good for me anymore.”

“You would certainly bring a lot to their team. They haven’t been in playoff contention for years. I don’t even remember when the last time was.” David paused, watching Ilya’s face for a moment. He was remarkably relaxed for the situation he was in. “You wouldn’t feel like you were wasting your talents there? Your good years? You’re at your peak of performance, from what I’ve seen the last couple of seasons.”

“Ah, thank you. And, no, I don’t think it would be wasted. Maybe could be like project for me, bring them to playoffs.” There was a slight cocky tone to his voice, but in a joking way, and a sparkle in his eye that made David see how his son might’ve been charmed by a 19-year-old Ilya Rozanov. “And,” Ilya continued, more sincere now, “I love Shane. And we could be so much closer, could have the charity. All so we could be, you know, something. Which I want more than anything.”

David leaned back in his chair, looking at Ilya with a soft smile. They just stayed like that for a moment, considering each other. Ilya lifted his glass to his mouth and took another sip of vodka, and David did the same.

“That’s a wonderful thing for you to do,” he said, “for Shane. I can see how much you care about each other.”

Ilya nodded and looked down at the table, tapping the side of his glass with his pointer finger before looking back up at David, “Thank you,” he said, “and I can get Canadian citizenship too. Good deal for me as well, no?” He was grinning a little again.

“Sure, sure. Great deal for the Centaurs; they need a good center. Their first-string left winger could be something on a better line. Same for that goalie.”

“Ah,” Ilya made a sound of agreement and fiddled a little with his mug again.

“You know what would *really* be something? You and Shane on a line together, like the all stars game. Now that was electric.” David continued, “But I know Montreal couldn’t afford the two of you. And I suppose people might not be happy with you on the same team if you were to, you know,”

“Come out?”

“Yeah.” There was another beat of silence. It should’ve felt awkward, maybe, or uncomfortable, but it didn’t.

“You said you want Canadian citizenship, that Russia isn’t good for you anymore. Would you never go home then? Do you have family over there at all?”

Ilya looked down at the vodka in his cup and rubbed a thumb along the rim of it. Now the silence was a little uncomfortable.

“I don’t mean to pry, I’m sorry. I’m remembering now that your father passed away earlier this year. That must’ve been difficult.” Another pause.

“No, I don’t ever want to go back to Russia. It is not home anymore.” Ilya was still staring into his mug, and David felt like an idiot for dragging him into such a somber conversation. He should’ve stuck to talking puck.

“It was not too bad, my father dying. He was not a very good man. And he was ill, dementia, so he was not himself for a long time before. He wanted me to play in the KHL, then when I came here, I still was never good enough for him to be proud of. I have a brother, but he is not anyone worth being related to anymore, either.”

David didn’t know what to say. What a terrible thing, to have a child, and to raise them, and to see them succeed in any capacity, but especially to the level Rozanov had, and to not be proud of them. To not feel the need to show and tell and scream the pride and love you had for him to that child and to the world constantly, like David always felt he needed to do for Shane. A boy didn’t deserve a father figure like that.

“What about your mother?”

“Died when I was young. She was wonderful, though.”

God.

“I’m sorry, Ilya. I really am.” David acted on impulse and reached a hand out to grasp Ilya’s forearm where it rested on the table. He realized as he did it that he might be overstepping, and that the motion had had a very ‘dad’ feeling to it, the heel of his hand landing on top of Rozanov’s forearm and pointing inwards, David’s own elbow bending outwards, and shoulder hunching. But Ilya just raised his eyes to catch his gaze, and David could see the strength and resilience there, then the sadness behind it all.

He didn’t know what he was doing as a parent half the time. He had second-guessed his calls with Shane like they were bad plays his son’s whole life; did he say the right thing, did he offer the right support, did he give space to breathe when he should’ve stayed close, or vice versa. He certainly wasn’t a perfect father; he didn’t think anyone could be, but he tried. And the man that Shane had become proved to him that he and Yuna had done a good job, a spectacular one, even. Well, maybe not. Their son hadn’t felt safe sharing a huge part of

himself with them for years. But again, they weren't perfect. And he hoped that Shane felt like he could be himself, wholly himself, with them now.

He wasn't the father of the year, but David thought he might be a pretty good one, and maybe, someday, he could be one to this kid, too.

"Thank you, Mr. Hollander."

"David, please."

"Right, David." The corner of Ilya's lip twitched into a grin, and David gave his forearm a firm pat before leaning back in his chair again and crossing his arms over his chest.

"So, how about those Admirals?"

They chattered about the playoffs and the Admirals' winning series that spring, then about Boston hockey, swapping a couple chirps and bringing out the playful, for lack of a better word, shitster in Ilya that David had always seen in the media. Ilya had even asked him how it was playing for McGill, to which David had asked, "You know what McGill is?" And Ilya had said, "Of course not, I am Russian. But Shane mentioned it so I thought I should find out," which had made David laugh.

Shane and Yuna rejoined them soon after, and the late afternoon turned into the evening. Yuna made dinner, and they talked more with the boys about what exactly the plan was from here. His wife, of course, was already talking endorsement deals and press releases. David was enjoying observing the dynamic between Rozanov and his son. It was so natural, and familiar, and so *them*. Shane seemed so himself.

He also couldn't help but notice how much Ilya seemed to be enjoying having a home-cooked meal at a family dinner table.

At one point, Shane dropped his fork and put his head down on the table to stare at the floor, his breathing getting heavier and his hand clenching and unclenching where it sat next to his plate. David and Yuna watched as Ilya comforted their son, bringing him back into the moment and de-escalating his freak out from becoming a full panic. He *knew* Shane as they did, he really did. And then David saw the wonder, and hope, and teenage giddiness in his son's eyes when Ilya had referred to himself as Shane's boyfriend, and Shane had looked up to ask, "Boyfriend?"

"I mean, yes. I think so, probably." Ilya had said, looking at their son with so much devotion. And then he had kissed him, and David had seen the way it grounded Shane. The familiarity in the gesture. It was quick, and soft, and in a way it showed a million times more depth and commitment than the other kiss of theirs that David had mistakenly borne witness to.

David thought about the weight of this secret these two had been keeping between them, and that they'd have to continue to keep it from the world for the time being. How many public run-ins or media appearances had they had to keep up their facade for? How many center ice face-offs, how many handshakes, how many award shows, interviews, and press conferences had they pretended to disdain one another?

He remembered now how Ilya had lingered on the ice while Shane was injured that spring. Floating just as close as they'd let him be, ignoring the fights going on around him, until he was pushed back to his bench. That must've been absolutely terrifying, and terrible to not be able to openly show it. And Ilya had visited Shane in the hospital then, too, not just good sportsmanship, evidently.

David was glad—no, more than glad, he was relieved and elated and grateful and so many other things—that his son had someone like this who loved him so deeply. Because he knew how much Ilya loved Shane, it was painted plain across both their faces.

And, damnit, Rozanov seemed like a pretty great kid. A good man for his son. If you'd told him that a day ago, he would've sworn you were shitting him and laughed in your face.

"Since rookie season."

"Summer before."

End Notes

This was supposed to be show canon-compliant, but with some book canon details where needed. But then I rewatched the end of ep 6 after writing it and realized it's implied that they don't talk about the Ottawa plan till after Shane and Yuna come back inside. But I wasn't gonna rewrite the whole convo and how that all happened at that point, because I liked how it was, so we're going to pretend that they already mentioned Ilya going to play for Ottawa before Shane and Yuna leave in an unseen part of the dining room dialogue, even though that, like, lowkenuienly doesn't make sense.

ANYWAYS, hope you enjoyed! Kudos and comments are uber uber uber appreciated, and I would love it if you checked out my other Hollanov works too ;)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!