

What Happens Between

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What Happens Between

by [SmashingTcups](#)

Summary

A missing scene set during Episode 6 of Heated Rivalry, exploring the quiet moments after Shane's parents learn about his relationship with Ilya—and the foundation of the bond that will grow between Ilya and the Hollanders.

Notes

Ilya Rozanov x Shane Hollander

Word Count: 1.1k

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

Shane could feel his father's eyes on him long after his mother had left the table. The sound of dishes being moved around stopped, but the water did not cut off right away. Shane could picture her at the sink, hands braced against the counter, breathing through it. The weight of what had just been said—and what it might cost him—settled heavy in his chest.

When the water finally shut off, the silence that followed was deafening, broken only by the soft click of the back door closing.

David cleared his throat. Shane's gaze snapped back to him. His father said nothing, only lifted his glass and took a measured sip.

Shane's attention shifted to Ilya, who was watching him closely. They didn't speak. Ilya's head tipped, just slightly, toward the hallway where Yuna had gone. Shane nodded once in response.

He pushed back from the table and stood, smoothing his hands over his clothes more out of habit than need. His eyes darted around the room before landing on his mother's sweater draped over the back of her chair.

He grabbed it quickly. "I'm gonna just—"

Ilya watched him go, listening to the door shut behind him.

When he turned back, David was still there, still watching him. Not with the sharp scrutiny Ilya had learned to expect from fathers like his own, but with a steady, unreadable quiet that made him suddenly aware of the space he took up in the room.

Ilya had the unsettling thought that David might already know—might be able to see it written all over him, this thing he had never learned how to hide.

David lifted his glass. A second later, Ilya did the same, though he hadn't realized he was going to.

Their glasses touched the table almost in unison.

"You boys eaten?" David asked.

Ilya's expression held for a moment, tension easing from his shoulders as the question landed for what it was. He shook his head.

"No, sir."

David's mouth twitched. "How about just David?"

"Okay," Ilya said.

David stood, passing close enough to pat Ilya's shoulder on his way by. The touch was brief, unceremonious.

“Let’s make some pasta, son.”

David didn’t wait for a response.

He turned toward the kitchen, already reaching for a pot from the lower cabinet like the decision had been made long before Shane ever left the room. Ilya hesitated only a second before following, the space between them closing without comment.

David set the pot on the stove and turned the burner on. Olive oil followed. Garlic, peeled and crushed with the side of a knife, hit the pan with a soft sizzle.

“Cream okay?” David asked, already pulling it from the fridge.

“Yes,” Ilya said, then added quickly, “—David.”

That earned him a small huff of a laugh. Not loud. Almost surprised.

David reached for the wine next, uncorking it with practiced ease. “White wine,” he said, glancing over his shoulder.

Ilya nodded instead of answering. The moment stretched—long enough for him to feel it settle in his chest, the strange weight of being asked, of having an opinion that mattered.

David watched him for a beat, then nodded back and poured a measured splash into the pan. Steam bloomed up between them.

Mushrooms followed. Shallots. Parmesan, already grated and waiting in a small bowl.

David moved around the kitchen without hurry, comfortable in the way of someone who had done this a thousand times, who knew exactly where everything lived. Ilya found himself stepping in beside him without being asked, filling the pot with water, salting it by instinct.

David watched him for half a second, then nodded once and turned back to the sauce.

“Capers?” David asked, hand already hovering over the jar.

“Yes,” Ilya said immediately.

David smiled at that. Actually smiled.

The silence that followed wasn’t empty.

The water began to boil. David stirred the sauce slowly, the wooden spoon scraping the bottom of the pan in an even rhythm. Ilya leaned back against the counter, arms folded loosely across his chest, eyes following the motion without realizing it.

“You cook much?” David asked, still not looking at him.

Ilya snorted before he could stop himself. “Had to.”

David hummed, like that answered enough. “Yeah,” he said after a moment. “I figured.”

Ilya waited for the follow-up that didn't come. No why. No who for. Just acceptance of the fact as it was.

David added the cream, lowering the heat. "Shane never wanted to learn to cook," he said mildly. "Said it took too long."

Ilya smiled before he could catch it.

"He cooks when he has to," Ilya said. "Gets stubborn about it. Won't cut corners, even when he hates every second."

David let out a quiet breath of a laugh. "Yeah," he said. "That sounds like him."

They stood there for a bit, waiting for the sauce to thicken. Ilya realized distantly that his jaw didn't ache anymore, that he wasn't counting his breaths.

"Shane's always been particular about his people," David said eventually. "Doesn't give himself away easily."

Ilya swallowed, but nodded. "I know."

David glanced at him then—not searching, not sharp. Just... sure. He turned back to the stove and stirred in the cheese.

"Pasta's ready," David said a moment later.

Ilya drained it without being told, added it to the pan, and folded everything together with practiced ease. David stepped back to give him room, watching like this was exactly how it was supposed to go.

By the time footsteps sounded in the hallway, the pan was already off the heat, resting warm and finished in the center of the stove.

David was mid-sentence—something about Shane refusing to eat mushrooms as a kid—and Ilya was smiling, actually smiling, when Yuna stepped into the doorway.

She paused, taking in the sight before her. The warmth of the kitchen. The ease between them.

Shane stopped just behind her.

For a second, he froze. The scene in front of him didn't match the tension he'd braced himself for, the careful control he'd wrapped tight around his chest.

Then he moved.

Ilya turned at the sound of him, surprise flickering before softening into something warm and careful. Shane stopped just short of him. For one heartbeat, he wanted to kiss him—wanted it so badly it almost hurt.

He didn't.

Instead, he cupped Ilya's cheek, thumb brushing lightly along his jaw. Ilya leaned into the touch without hesitation, eyes closing briefly before Shane pulled him into a hug.

They held there, quiet and steady.

When they parted, Shane cleared his throat and reached for the plates his mother was holding. "I've got it."

Yuna let him take them, watching him with a thoughtful smile.

"Cups are by the sink," Shane told Ilya softly. "Silverware drawer's to the right."

David brought the pan to the table. Yuna followed with the rest. Shane and Ilya set the places together, shoulders brushing as they worked.

They sat. Steam rose between them. Forks were lifted.

Yuna watched them for a moment longer than necessary. Then she took a slow, steady breath.

"We need a statement prepared," she said gently, "in case anything leaks."

End Notes

I've always loved the relationship hinted at between Ilya and Shane's parents in The Long Game, and wanted to explore how that foundation might have begun. This is a quiet, canon-adjacent missing moment set during Episode 6 of Heated Rivalry—no fixes, no fireworks, just space being made.

Also I would like to point out that I don't think David hands Ilya the cheese to put on his pasta. If you notice, there is garlic bread on the table. To me, it looks like he is giving Ilya a slice of bread and I just love the idea even more.

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