

Wanna Witness Your Eyes Looking

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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Missing Scene , Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , im sure someone has already done this but i had to , Talking About Feelings , Autistic Shane Hollander , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Bisexual Ilya Rozanov , Gay Shane Hollander , Domestic Fluff , POV Ilya Rozanov , no beta we die like ilya's dad , right in the parental wound , Title from an Adrienne Lenker Song
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by [imnewintown](#)

Summary

“So, how do you feel about Chicken Parmesan?”

Of all the things Ilya could have guessed David Hollander would say, that was not one of them. Maybe “Sorry for accidentally interrupting a beautiful moment with your boyfriend and then immediately leaving. That was probably stressful.” Or the opposite end, “Why do you think you're worthy of my perfect son after publicly whoring around for years?”

Both scenarios were unlikely, he knew, but the chicken parmesan really came out of nowhere. Ilya cleared his throat and tried not to fidget with his crucifix. “Is good.”

Or, the missing convo between Ilya Rozanov and David Hollander

Notes

First time writing a fic in years, kinda nervous. I'm sure other people have written this prompt already, and if so I really hope I don't accidentally copy it. I was at work all day then wrote this in a fugue state

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

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“Perfect! We have lots of leftovers we were going to heat up for lunch.” David slapped his thighs and started to leave the table. “Yuna always cooks enough to last us until the winter.”

“Should we not—” Ilya started, gesturing towards the door where Shane and Yuna just exited. And by that, he meant *shouldn't you also say something to your son*, though he was polite enough not to be so forward in this situation. He didn't have the best track record with fathers.

“No, no, best to give them a minute,” David called over his shoulder as he headed for the kitchen. “They both have a hard enough time being emotional without an audience.”

“Ah.” Unsure of what else to do, Ilya followed him into the kitchen. He watched quietly as David rummaged around the fridge. He couldn't help but look for elements of Shane in him. The similarities between Shane and his mother were so immediately noticeable that it was almost endearing. Or maybe Ilya was just charmed by everything about Shane—the little crease he got between his eyebrows when he was trying to figure something out, and the way his dark eyes constantly swept around a room. Even the slightly stiff way he held himself, as if he could be interviewed at any moment, was a perfect mirror of Yuna Hollander. David was just... normal.

“I am sorry about earlier,” he said, setting a large tupperware of pasta on the counter. He paused briefly to give Ilya a half-smile, half-grimace before turning to open one of the cupboards. Ilya didn't return it. He wasn't sure what his face would do if he tried, so he kept his expression entirely blank. It was an old trick, a fallback for situations when he needed more time to figure out the safest way to move forward.

David hesitated a moment, as if to give him the chance to say something before continuing, “I didn't mean to intrude, or- or make either of you uncomfortable.”

“Tell Shane this.” Ilya's voice was soft, his accent thicker than it had been in years. Perhaps he could have been less blunt, but English was hard enough without worrying about Canadian niceties. And all of Ilya's worry was currently dedicated to the man he loved, who had bent over in fear in front of him less than an hour ago.

“I will,” David promised, serious and easy at the same time. “I just didn't want him to feel tagteamed by me and his mom.”

“It was only one at the cottage.” The words left Ilya’s mouth before he made the conscious decision to say anything. His voice was still calm, slow and thick in a way that may have made him sound stupid. Or pissed.

But David only nodded, bracing himself against the countertop before intentionally making eye contact with Ilya. The Russian didn’t know how to describe the look on his face. He hadn’t seen anyone look so sensitive and solid at the same time before. Except maybe one other. “It was wrong of me to leave, and I will apologize to Shane.”

Ilya had to force his lungs to maintain a steady breathing pattern. He had expected the apology to carry a hint of justification. Some implied excuses that Ilya could already name if he gave David a moment of sympathy. He gave a jerky nod when nothing further came.

The older man walked forward slowly and clapped Ilya on the shoulder. “And thank you, for being there for him after. I know he must have been scared.”

Ilya nodded again, more controlled this time. “I will always do this.”

“I know you will.” David said, and suddenly Ilya recognized Shane’s captain-face staring back at him. “Shane trusts you, and I trust his judgement.”

It was surprisingly comforting. Ilya already knew that he loved Shane and that Shane loved him. He did not need an outside source who didn’t know him to confirm that. But now he was being told, even more than that, *that Shane trusted him*. The smartest, most uptight, discerning, man that Ilya knew, trusted him.

“Now, speaking of my son, let me show you a trick that might earn you some points in the future.” David turned and grabbed a skillet, putting a small bit of water in it before switching on the stove. “He likes leftovers in theory but is a bit particular about their texture.”

Ilya huffed out a laugh. “Yes, he acts like he doesn’t mind difference, but I see his face. I know he wanted it to be exact same.” His voice had lost its edge, but also its steadiness. He wanted to bite his tongue at the small tremor. David must have noticed because he gave him the full force of his kind, firm stare.

“Yes, our Shane is a creature of habit. Once he decides on something, he never lets it go.” Ilya gave a tentative smile as the other man continued. “Which is why it’s good for you to learn how to reheat food properly.”

David popped open the tupperware before grabbing some tongs from a drawer, clipping them suddenly at Ilya. He let out a surprised laugh, his hand quickly covering his grin. Another flicker of Shane—sudden, unexpected bursts of unashamed playfulness, though David seemed to give into more freely. It wasn’t until recently that Ilya saw this looser Shane come out consistently.

“Ilya?”

He heard the door handle turn and his boyfriend's hesitant steps. "We're in the kitchen, moya lyubov," he called back. David winked at him.

Shane came rushing in, then paused at the doorway and swung back and forth, as if trying to hide his franticness. "We're making lunch, loverboy," David teased, and Shane flushed immediately. Ilya felt his heart flutter.

"Thank you for helping, Ilya," Yuna said from the dining room. Ilya appreciated her refrain from entering the already crowded little space. "Can I get you anything?"

Ilya glanced at Shane and David, who were silently watching over the pasta side by side. "If you could show me to the bathroom?" he asked, mildly relieved he had moved past his emotional moment of broken English. He already felt a bit on the backfoot with Yuna.

"Of course, right this way," she beckoned with a shaky smile. As he turned towards the hallway, Ilya could see David put a hand on Shane's shoulder, pulling him into a hug. He and Yuna shared a quiet smile. Maybe convincing the Hollanders that he was worthy of their son would be easier than he thought.

End Notes

Heated Rivalry, you've reminded me who I am (gay). I'm insane over this show, and I feel alive so maybe more stuff coming

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