

serious

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by [ladybundle](#)

Summary

It's dim inside, faint morning light coming from the barely slitted blinds.

She sees them right away. Ilya is slumped over another man in bed, fingers combing gently through his hair while their mouths slide together. It's a slow, sweet kiss. Not a precursor to sex. Sympathy clenches in her chest.

Oh. She shouldn't be watching this.

Svetlana finds out.

Notes

This idea came to me and wouldn't let me go.

Alternate tuna melt. Where Ilya doesn't talk to poor Shane about how much pussy he gets/could be getting. And he doesn't say Shane's name causing a major freak out. Shane stays the night! Good job you two!

Svetlana had a long fucking day yesterday. She's rested now, but wants to avoid the inevitable ruminations about Derrick. Who turned out to be an asshole. And not the fun kind. But not much of a surprise with a name like *Derrick*.

Also, she can't find the charger for her vibrator and is completely out of groceries. And yes. Of course she misses Ilya. They haven't talked much recently. She just wants to relax and have some vodka and get eaten out for a long time. So to Ilya's she will go.

He's probably asleep. Svetlana can wake him up with a blowjob. He likes that.

She enters the door code, kicking off her shoes and yawning. Maybe she should have stayed home and napped instead. But she also doesn't have coffee. Ilya has an espresso machine. Whatever. She's here now. And she wants to vent about Derrick.

The door to his bedroom is open. Svetlana stops abruptly when she hears something. Ilya's low voice, but also another masculine voice. He has a man over. He doesn't let his hookups stay the night. *She* doesn't stay the night. Something like an alarm bell goes off in her head even as she inches closer, peering into his bedroom.

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Ilya pulls away from the other man, expression open and vulnerable in a way he doesn't let her see. Not anymore. Not for years. Ilya bends to kiss his cheek, then his neck, turning the man's head so Svetlana can see his face properly. His *extremely* familiar face. Familiar soft freckled cheeks, familiar dark brown eyes blinking open to meet hers through the crack in the door.

Fuck.

"Rozanov," Shane Hollander says, voice clearly panicked, hand scrambling to push Ilya away.

Ilya jerks upright immediately.

"Not okay?" He asks, before seeing Shane's stricken face.

Ilya turns, meeting Svetlana's eyes, hand going quickly to press Shane back into the sheets like he's afraid. Like she's a threat. The color drains from his face, mouth dropping open in shock.

“Svet—”

“Ilya, I’m sorry,” she blurts out.

Because this clearly isn’t some hookup he neglected to kick out of his bed. He *was* lying to her about Jane. She suspected Jane was a man. She *knew* he meant something to Ilya. But she didn’t expect this.

“*What the fuck are you doing here?*”

“Ilya, calm down. It’s okay,” she says. Because he’s panicked and aware. Aware of how this looks to her. Aware that he’s been caught.

Shane Hollander is squirming under Ilya’s hand, brows furrowed because of course he doesn’t speak Russian. He looks a little like he’s going to cry. *Jesus Christ*.

“Rozanov,” Shane says.

Ilya turns sharply, switching back to clumsy English, a hand cupping his face softly. And Shane doesn’t pull away, just looks up at him with trusting eyes.

“It’s okay. Do not worry. She is my— my friend. She will tell no one.”

Shane nods, fear still clear on his too expressive face. Svetlana has watched his interviews, she’s seen him play, she’s seen all his fucking commercials. This is fucking *unbelievable*. She swallows hard, trying to reel her spinning mind back in, to smooth the shock off her face, to reassure them both. Ilya rolls out of bed and moves towards his dresser. Shane looks scandalized by his display of nudity in front of her, clutching the sheets to his own chest like a woman. Ilya yanks on a pair of sweats, gathering some clothes quickly and dropping them on the bed next to Shane. He hands him a pair of socks first.

“I will be out there. It is okay, Hollander. Do not worry,” Ilya says, turning towards her with a glare, closing the door firmly behind him.

“*You call your lover by his last name?*” She needles, thrown off by his silence, by his mood, by— by fucking everything.

“*Stop,*” Ilya says, rounding his kitchen island and opening the refrigerator.

Carefully, he places a ginger ale on the counter, opening it and sliding it towards a seat. Ilya has never drunk a ginger ale in his fucking life. Not even when he was fourteen and pimply and had the flu so bad he threw up on her new shoes. Svetlana takes a deep breath, resisting the urge to lash out, to snap.

“*You can talk to me, Ilya. He is ‘Jane’, right?*”

Ilya’s eyes flicker, lips pursing.

“*Don’t be like this. You can trust me. I’ve literally watched you fuck a man in front of me, I won’t tell.*”

Even though they both know that's not where his fear is coming from. Why he looks like he's about to bolt. They know each other well enough to understand without saying why his fists are clenched, cheeks pale, chest rising and falling too quickly.

"Don't say it's nothing serious. Don't lie to me again."

He doesn't say anything. She's not surprised.

There's a click behind them. Ilya stiffens and Svetlana turns to watch Shane Hollander walk towards them, eyes lowered, armored in Ilya's socks, sweats and a large black t-shirt. He sits at the island, fingers finding the cold can of ginger ale, taking a swift sip like it's a shot of vodka.

She's never seen him this close before. He is very handsome. Or maybe beautiful is a better word: sweet freckled cheeks, a soft pretty mouth, long straight lashes. But there's something so desperately unsure in the way he's holding himself. It's nothing like how he looks on the ice: confident and precise and graceful. She casts a glance back at Ilya and gets the impression he wishes he was standing between the two of them like a bodyguard. But he does nothing.

"So," she says in English. "I am Svetlana."

"I'm Shane Hollander," he says automatically, like he can't even imagine not responding.

"Yes, I know this."

He nods, cheeks flushing abruptly, looking at her for a brief moment before dropping his gaze.

"You do not have to worry. I know Ilya sleeps with men. We are friends for many years. I will tell no one."

"Okay," he says.

But his shoulders have not relaxed, and he hasn't looked up at Ilya. *Fuck*. She's fucked something up. The moment feels delicate. Ilya's face is closed off, jaw tense. *What the fuck. Just say something. Your lover is about to cry. Or maybe—*

Run. He's about to run. And Ilya knows this.

Do you know that the two of you are lovers, Shane Hollander? Ilya knows, but he may have forgotten to tell you. That is very like him.

"Ilya and I are old friends," she says.

Shane nods politely, taking another sip of his ginger ale.

"We fuck sometimes."

"Oh—"

His eyes widen in comprehension, like this is the first time he's thought about why she could be here at nine in the morning.

"Svetlana," Ilya says loudly.

"We have had some threesomes before. Once with a man. I think you are very hot, Shane Hollander. Maybe we could all—"

Shane says: "Oh, no thank you." Like he's turning down a dessert menu at a restaurant at the same time that Ilya snaps, "No."

"Hollander does not want this," he hisses angrily.

"Do you want that?" Shane whispers, looking up for the first time to meet Ilya's eyes. He looks like he's going to be sick.

"No," Ilya says immediately, face softening. "It is not—"

He stops abruptly.

"It is not what, Ilya. Tell him."

"Shut the fuck up."

Shane darts his gaze between the two of them.

"It is not like with us, Hollander. What Svetlana and I do sometimes. It is not. It is not like us."

Shane's eyebrows furrow, socked foot bumping rhythmically against the kitchen counter. His eyes are very expressive, they leave nothing to the imagination. She finds herself very grateful that Shane Hollander has not spent much time in Russia. She thinks he would not last long there. He is almost nothing like Sasha. She wonders abruptly when this started. It is certainly not recent.

"What do you mean?" Shane asks bluntly, eyes not leaving Ilya's pale face.

There's a few moments of agonizing silence.

"It is just casual with her. Not serious," Ilya says, like he's standing in front of a firing squad, just having delivered his last words.

Shane steals a glance at her like he's worried she's going to be offended by this statement. She isn't. She's known Ilya since he was terrible at kissing and eating pussy. And even when he got better at it and started adding dick sucking to his routine, she still never wanted to be his girlfriend. They just aren't like that. But he has a very nice cock and knows how to use it. But she's certainly not going to say that to poor Shane Hollander who she would not be surprised if Ilya told her he took his virginity.

“It is true,” she reassures him, contemplating reaching out and patting his head. But she’s not sure Ilya wouldn’t snarl at her like a feral dog.

“We have not even fucked in long time because I was dating.”

“Was?” Ilya asks.

“Derrick is stupid.”

“Yes I tell you this.”

She rolls her eyes.

“Not what we are talking about.”

Ilya’s shoulders roll forward again.

“With you,” Svetlana says, pointing at Shane Hollander in case he somehow misunderstands her. “It is serious.”

Because there is no fucking way she is letting Ilya mess this up. For both of them. And for Svetlana too. Ilya needs this. She can tell. She knew *Jane* was serious. For years. Shane is good for him. She watches Shane take another sip of the ginger ale Ilya bought for him, clearly flustered.

“Okay,” she says. “I go now.”

When Svetlana lets herself out through the front door, she looks over her shoulder quickly. She smiles, watching Ilya round the counter and pull Shane Hollander into his arms.

Svetlana texts him when she gets home.

S: Don’t fuck this up, Ilya.

I: Fuck off. See you this weekend.

S: Bring your lover.

I: He doesn’t like clubs.

She smiles down at her phone.

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