

Another Member of the Family

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76915171) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76915171>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Identity Reveal , Found Family , after the cottage , Post-Season/Series 01
Language:	English
Collections:	pepperroxd's library
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 2,215 Chapters: 1/1

Another Member of the Family

by [maximum_gender](#)

Summary

Svetlana finally gets to meet “Jane.”

(Takes place at Ilya’s house in Boston, after the cottage but before he gets traded to Ottawa.)

Notes

This fandom has taken over my brain! i'm working on 2 fics for a different fandom but I *needed* to write something for "Heated Rivalry"

I've based this on the show, but it's also mostly canon compliant with the book.

dialogue in italics is spoken in Russian

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

It takes a while for someone to answer when Svetlana rings Ilya's doorbell. To be fair, she is uncharacteristically early, but she's had a pretty boring day. Not to mention that she's been wanting to meet "Jane" for literal years.

Obviously she knows why Ilya has to keep his relationship a secret, but she already knows about him. So "Jane" must have his own reasons for hiding. What those reasons are, Svetlana cannot guess. She'd tried, coming up with a wide range of theories about who "Jane" could be.

Most of them had to get thrown out when Ilya told her that they were officially boyfriends.

She'd had to sit with that one for a second. Never has Ilya even expressed interest in becoming anyone's boyfriend. Though, considering how long he and "Jane" have been... something, maybe it shouldn't be that surprising.

Of course, once it sank in, once she saw how happy Ilya was, she insisted on meeting him. It didn't take her that long to convince Ilya, it took longer for him to convince "Jane."

But now it's finally happening. She's surprised by how worried she is that "Jane" won't like her. Not that she'd ever let it show.

Ilya opens the door, a broad smile on his face like he's just finished laughing at a joke.

"Sveta!"

He opens his arms to her and she immediately steps into the hug.

"It's good to see you, Ilya." She steps back and looks him in the eye. *"It's been too long."*

"I am seeing you now." He still has the same broad smile on his face, but she can tell he's nervous from the way he presses his hands against his thighs, clearly trying not to fidget. "No shoes inside."

That surprises her, but she shrugs and slips off her shoes. He takes them from her and puts them on a nearby shoe rack she's never seen before.

Definitely "Jane's" influence.

"Sweetheart, we are going to the living room!" Ilya calls out. *"He gets jumpy when he's nervous."*

"Nervous?"

"I told him he doesn't need to worry, but that has never stopped him before." Just mentioning him makes Ilya's eyes go soft and fond.

Who the fuck is this guy?

Somehow even more intrigued than before, she follows him into the living room. On the couch, staring at the floor, one leg bouncing up and down is

“Shane Hollander?”

Hollander jumps to his feet. The phrase “a deer in headlights” has never been more appropriate. Distantly she registers that he’s even more gorgeous in person.

“Your boyfriend is *Shane Hollander*?”

“Yes,” Ilya says.

She looks at Hollander, “You are Jane?”

“Uh, yeah.” She doesn’t know what he sees in her face that makes him quickly follow that up with, “Ilya was Lily.”

Svetlana can’t help it. She laughs. The entire situation is beyond absurd. Though this explains Ilya’s inability to agree with her anytime she made a comment about Hollander being attractive.

She takes a deep breath to force herself to stop laughing.

“Svetlana Sergeyevna Vetrova,” she says, stepping forward and offering her hand to shake, “Nice to meet you, Shane Hollander.”

His movements are hesitant, but his grip when he takes her hand is firm. He shakes her hand like a robot completing a task and then immediately drops it.

“Just Shane,” he says. He still looks like anxiety in human form, but all of the ways she’s used to calming people down involve close proximity or casual touch. It’s not hard to see how bad an idea any of those would be right now.

Svetlana makes herself relax, like everything is fine. She’s here to hang out with Ilya like usual. There’s just an extra person there.

“Call me Sveta.” She gives Shane a soft smile. This isn’t Hollander, this is Ilya’s boyfriend, Shane. It would feel wrong for Ilya’s boyfriend to call her anything else.

“Okay.” Shane smiles at her, weak but genuine.

* * * * *

Once Shane and Svetlana have introduced themselves without anyone getting angry or having a panic attack (two things that have happened consistently during similar conversations), Ilya gives into his need to be close to Shane.

He gestures for Svetlana to sit as he guides Shane back down to the couch, one hand rubbing soothing circles on Shane’s back. Little by little Shane relaxes, leaning into Ilya’s side. He kisses Shane’s temple because he can and because Shane likes it.

“So how did you meet?” Svetlana asks excitedly. She’s made herself comfortable on one end of the couch, the way she usually does but giving them more space. It’s so *normal*, like this isn’t any different than all the other times she’s come over to hang out.

“Hockey,” Ilya says, because it will make both of them laugh.

“You’re such an asshole.”

“You’re such a little shit, Ilya.”

Shane and Svetlana speak at the same time. Ilya rolls his eyes, then he waits. If Shane doesn’t start explaining in the next few seconds, Ilya will do it. He’s gotten pretty good at finding ways to help Shane include himself in a conversation.

“Technically, it was at the World Junior Championships in 2008. He was smoking next to a no smoking sign,” Shane says.

Ilya shrugs at the slightly reproachful tone like he always does.

“But the first time we uh…”

“Fucked.”

“Ilya!” Shane slaps his chest.

“What? Is just Sveta.” Shane buries his face in his hands, but Ilya can still see the tiny smile he’s trying to hide. So Ilya does what he always does whenever Shane pretends to be a prude. “He is so good at sucking dick. Was first time and he goes to his knees with no asking.”

“I hate you,” Shane says, voice muffled by his hands.

“Liar. *Ty menya lyubish.*”

Shane looks up, brow slightly furrowed. His lips move like he’s sounding out the Russian words, trying to match them with what Russian he’s learned so far. Ilya runs a hand through his hair while he waits patiently for Shane to put it together.

“You love me.”

“Yes.” Ilya brings a hand up to cup Shane’s jaw and pulls him into a kiss.

It might last longer than Ilya intended, but who is he to deny Shane Hollander kisses?

“You are supposed to be big bad hockey players?” Svetlana interrupts.

Shane looks away blushing. Ilya gives her his best shit eating grin.

“You still haven’t told me when.”

They both stay quiet, looking at each other nervously. This part has gotten the worst reaction. Shane’s parents were good about it, but they were the only ones. Ilya knows he will never

forgive Hayden Pike for the thirty minutes he spent yelling at and then guilt tripping Shane. Ilya had cut Shane off at the twentieth apology and told Pike to get out. (He came back and apologized a couple days later and Shane forgave him, but Ilya is the one who spent those two days reassuring Shane that he wasn't a bad person for keeping a secret that could have put both his and Ilya's lives at risk.)

If Sveta is going to be mad at one of them, it will be Ilya. It's his turn to do this part.

"Summer before our rookie season."

Her jaw drops. She stares at them, eyebrows raised in shock. "So, the whole time?"

"Whole time," Ilya confirms.

She processes that for another moment

"But it did not start like this." She gestures to the way Ilya and Shane sit pressed together.

Ilya shrugs. "It was casual, then it was not."

"Then a few years went by before we figured that out." Shane's trying to sound casual about it, play it off like a joke, but there are parts of those few years that still feel a bit sore on occasion.

"Now we are happy secret couple." Ilya grins and gives Shane a showy kiss on the cheek.

They, inevitably, start talking about hockey. Ilya considers himself pretty knowledgeable about what's going on in the sport, but he can't even begin to keep up with these two. So he sits back and listens. He's not really processing any of the information, more focused on the way Shane's eyes light up when he's excited, how his posture changes as he becomes more comfortable with his environment, and the increasingly fond smile on Svetlana's face.

Ilya picks up Shane's hand from where it's resting on the couch and laces their fingers together. Leaning forward, he drapes himself over Shane's back, resting his chin on Shane's shoulder.

Shane tries to turn his head to look at Ilya.

"Hello," he says. His lips brush Ilya's face as he speaks.

"Hi."

They wait for Ilya to say something else. When he doesn't they just pick up their conversation right where they left off.

Watching them talk, Ilya is finally able to take a sigh of relief. He wasn't scared that they wouldn't get along, they're both good people and they love Ilya. But, despite all the things they have in common, there was no guarantee that they'd *like* each other.

There was a feeling he got at the cottage, this bone deep knowledge that everything was going to be okay. He had Shane and Shane had him, and they were ready to hold onto each other no matter what. Ilya gets that feeling again now.

The conversation drifts and then one of them finds a hockey game on TV so they can talk about even *more hockey*. Ilya loves them both and he loves playing hockey, but if he listens to them for one more minute his ears are going to start bleeding.

“I go make dinner,” Ilya says, standing up. He leans down to kiss Shane and leaves them to their own devices.

He doesn’t feel like making anything particularly complicated or fancy, but he lets himself take his time. Really he just needed something to do and the timing is right.

Ilya is almost done with dinner, but there’s nothing left for him to do. As he gets closer to the living room he can hear Shane and Sveta talking over the now muted sounds of the TV. He stops just out of sight to listen.

“Here is my number,” Svetlana says, “We are family now. Ilya needs more family.”

Shane snorts. “I’m pretty sure my parents like him more than me.”

“Call me sometime to practice Russian or to watch hockey. You keep up much better than Ilya.”

“You should meet my mom. She’s more intense about hockey than anyone I’ve ever met.”

Ilya suddenly imagines Svetlana and Yuna Hollander watching hockey together. The thought is terrifying. God forbid they go to a game in person. No ref would be safe.

“It is good that you have their support. I am here for you too. Call me if you ever need anything. Even if it is not about Ilya. I want to help however I can.” There’s a tiny pause, then she says quietly, “What you are doing is not easy.”

“He’s worth it,” Shane says. His voice is just as quiet, but his tone is strong and sure.

“Make sure to tell him that. He does not always know.”

“Yeah. I try to.”

Ilya loves them both so much. He blinks back a few tears. If he starts crying, even a little bit, no matter what he does at least one of them will be able to tell.

“I like you a lot, Shane Hollander.”

Ilya doesn’t have to see it to know that Shane is blushing.

“Thanks, uh, Sveta. I like you, too.” He sounds so much more confident than he used to. It makes Ilya’s heart swell. He knows they make each other better, but sometimes he can’t help but feel like he’s getting the better deal.

He’s stalled long enough to give them time to talk. He’s not going to stand there any longer when he could be around the corner with his two favorite people.

“Ah!” Ilya pretends to shield his eyes. “So much beauty all in one place! This cannot be allowed.” He’s joking, but they are truly two of the most stunning people he’s ever seen.

Shane comes over and kisses him. It’s nothing like the tame brushes of lips they’ve exchanged a couple times in front of Shane’s parents (and once in front of Pike because Ilya was feeling territorial). It’s deep and passionate, not sexual, just full of feeling. Ilya wraps an arm around Shane’s waist and brings the other hand up to his face. Shane, as usual, has his hands buried in Ilya’s hair.

“Wow. If you two ever want—”

“No.” Shane breaks the kiss abruptly to stare coldly at Sveta. Ilya stifles a gasp when Shane’s hands tighten in his hair.

“Did I not mention that he gets jealous?” Ilya smirks at Svetlana. Shane is hot when he’s territorial.

“He’s perfect for you.”

“I can understand you.” Ilya was absolutely right about Shane learning Russian. It’s taking him more than a week, but his pronunciation is perfect, no accent. He’s not quite fluent, but his Russian is now almost as good as Ilya’s English.

“Good. We will only speak Russian during dinner so you can practice.”

Shane lets go of Ilya’s hair and takes his hand instead.

“Okay.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I don't have any other fics planned for this fandom, but with the way things are going that probably won't be true for long. ☺

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!