

svetlana, with love

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by [CaramelPenguin](#)

Summary

The realisation hits him in a jarring instant like a splash of cold water. Ilya has been in his position already - with his parents, with Hayden and Jackie. Already had to go through the worry of meeting the people that Shane loves, has felt the weight of it, the fear of getting it wrong. Svetlana, from everything Ilya has said, is one of his most favourite people in the world. One of the few people he has left, really. And Shane has to, *has to*, give a good impression.

OR

Shane Hollander's first time meeting Svetlana Vetrova.

Notes

i had a realisation that shane has people to introduce ilya to who will judge their relationship/ give ilya the shovel talk. and then i thought that ilya doesnt have many people in his life to return the favour. then this fic was born.

this has not been beta-read!

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

For the longest time, Svetlana existed to Shane only as a name. Ilya's best friend, a former casual fuckbuddy, maybe something messier, maybe something that never quite untangled itself. A distant shadow of a person that Ilya mentioned a few times.

Shane still remembers the nonchalant way Ilya had mentioned her name the first time he was round the cottage years ago, warm light pooling over his long body, sprawled over the couch, eyes impossibly blue like a cloudless sky. And he remembers the aching in his heart seconds after, the tears he had to swallow away, the sour twist in his stomach.

Before they leave, Ilya tells him to relax. He says it with a grin, arms slipping around Shane's waist, fingers already tracing their way down to his belt buckle. He groans, blood already rushing to his cock, muttering something about needing to be quick. Ilya takes it as a challenge- turns him around, presses him flush against the wall, gets onto his knees and does, indeed, manage to make him relax.

"She likes you," he says calmly whilst driving and interrupting Shane's spiral of panic. "No need to worry."

The realisation hits him in a jarring instant like a splash of cold water. Ilya has been in his position already - with his parents, with Hayden and Jackie. Already had to go through the worry of meeting the people that Shane loves, has felt the weight of it, the fear of getting it wrong. Svetlana, from everything Ilya has said, is one of his most favourite people in the world. One of the few people he has left, really. And Shane has to, *has to*, give a good impression.

In the quiet restaurant- gold fairy lights strung low across the ceiling, small circular tables arranged in careful rows and light jazz music pulsating in the background- he watches as Ilya spots her in the far corner. Affection washes over his face, eyes crinkling with smile lines as if they've been waiting for this moment, unguarded and bright. Maybe Shane loves Svetlana a little bit too, if she can make Ilya look like this.

He wonders if Svetlana knows. If she knows about Shane's initial hesitation, that quiet fear that every new person was another loose thread, another risk of exposure; if she calls Ilya every few days and can tell the difference between a normal, good day and the days where his voice is somehow lower, tone more subdued; if she knows Shane said yes to this because

more than anything, he doesn't want Ilya to be alone. If she knows how much Shane has fallen in love and how much he has to contain himself to not tell the world.

Sometimes, on the days they're tangled in bed together, pressure swells in the middle of his chest, joy and relief building and building, emotions he doesn't know how to contain. He didn't know happiness could be like this. Like he may explode at any moment.

Ilya and Svetlana hug, murmuring softly in Russian. Shane ignores the stray thought that they look good together. Well. Ilya would look good with probably everyone and anyone.

Then she turns to him. She's as beautiful as the pictures Ilya showed him. Elegant, sharp, confidence humming beneath her skin. "Shane Hollander. I have heard many things about you."

Shane tries to let out a small laugh. It sounds awkward in his head. "Good things, I hope?"

Her grin is wicked. "Nowadays, yes. For the longest time, I also heard that you were a boring Canadian asshole."

"Who says he still isn't?" Ilya cuts in. Shane rolls his eyes, wanting nothing more than to kiss him then and there.

The dinner is good. Ilya found a restaurant with meals that fit into Shane's performance diet, and he makes sure to not take a glance at Ilya or Svetlana's plate to prevent his mouth from watering. The dinner is fun. Svetlana is funny and sarcastic and Shane doesn't think about Ilya knowing her body, too. She tells him about when Ilya was playing for Boston and used to watch Shane doing yoga on the TV- how that had been her first clue. She talks about hockey intelligently, talks about the ice like it's her friend. The dinner is, in a sense, fascinating. Ilya is enchanting to see like this, talking to his childhood friend, joy exuding from his smile, glee in his laugh. Like a young boy. Shane wants him like this forever. Happy and free and eyes sparkling in the lights.

The nerves return when Ilya pats his back and says he's going to the toilet quickly. When he's gone, Svetlana's attention is all on him.

“So,” she starts. Her eyes are kind, but he can’t help the feeling that he’s being judged, scrutinised. “You’re the person who’s stolen Ilya from me.”

Shane falters. “I-uh-”

“I’m joking.” She winks, easing the tension. He tries to calm down. “It makes sense that he’s ended up with... Jane. Even if it took you two a long time to get here.”

“Unnecessarily long, maybe. But I’m glad we’re here now.”

Svetlana nods, radiant in the gold jewellery over her skin. She slowly leans forward. Shane’s palms begin to sweat.

“Ilya doesn’t have many people he loves left in his life,” she whispers, voice threaded with something old and tender. Shane gulps. “I’ve known him since we were little children. And I love him. So so much. He’s one of my favourite people.”

Shane can understand this easily. It’s their shared similarity. “I love him too,” he says. Ilya Rozanov entered his life and wormed his way in, carved a place for himself in Shane’s heart, engrained himself in Shane’s life. Loving Ilya Rozanov is like breathing, natural and easy and he can’t imagine living without this love all over his body, without this urge to crawl inside Ilya, this desperate urge to want him to be happy forever.

She looks over his face. “Good. I like you, Shane Hollander.” Svetlana grins. “But if you break his heart, then I’ll break you.”

Shane nods, steady now. How did Ilya react when Hayden gave his own version of a shovel talk? Or was it Jackie ... or both? “I won’t,” he says simply.

And he knows it’s true. Love isn’t always easy or safe, but it’s already done its damage- Ilya Rozanov lives in him now, irrevocably.

End Notes

i want to write a part 2 where shane meets the centaurs for the first time...

any thoughts and comments and kudos are so so appreciated. ~~they feed my praise kink.~~

Here's my [tumblr](#) if anyone wants to chat 😊❤️

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