Man of the House

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77148381.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid, Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander & Svetlana Vetrova, Ilya Rozanov & Svetlana Vetrova, Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Svetlana Vetrova, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Anxious Shane Hollander, Good Friend Svetlana Vetrova, Ilya Rozanov & Svetlana Vetrova Friendship, Shane Hollander & Svetlana Vetrova Friendship, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Protective Svetlana Vetrova, Shane Hollander Has Panic Attacks, Panic Attacks, 2017-2018 NHL Season, 2017-2018 Sports Season, POV Svetlana Vetrova
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 4,469 Chapters: 1/1

Man of the House

by HollanovIsReal2K17 (knockyasocksoff2022)

Summary

SUMMARY: Svetlana shows up at Ilya's penthouse for a hookup, but Shane is the one who opens the door. With this revelation, they talk about what it means to be Jane and Lily.

A/N: Heavily inspired by the fic About that Spare Key by @frizzyanya

Notes

This is set after the tuna melt scene (November, 2016) and after Shane's breakup with Rose (January, 2017), when he and Ilya start texting again, sometime in 2017 (maybe late February or early March), after Shane admits he's gay in the Tampa Bay hotel at the All-Stars Game (though not that he's in love) but before Grigori dies and the Moscow phone confession in Russian scene.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by About that Spare Key by frizzyanya

The night was a warm one for Boston, or maybe that was just Svetlana. She'd had a drink, nothing unsafe, of course, she'd still had to drive here, but enough that maybe it wasn't just the anticipation of Ilya's body against hers that had her buzzing.

She and Ilya hadn't met up in a while, but that was fine; they'd both been busy, and there were other men. They weren't each other's only; they'd both made that clear. There really were no feelings between them. Well, maybe that wasn't true. At least for Svetlana, she had thought of Ilya as a brother of sorts for a while now. Maybe some people would think it was weird to hook up with someone she was as family, but they were both a little weird, and it worked, and felt amazing, so it didn't matter.

She'd texted Ilya a while ago, and he hadn't replied. She rolled her eyes, imagining him at one of Boston's many clubs, drinking away the loss '*That Shane Hollander kicked his arse.*' She chuckled as she reached the door. Honestly? She *liked* the thought of him at a club, making out with some woman. If he did not bring her home, he would be very horny, and if he did, maybe the girl wouldn't mind sharing.

'*Oh? Already?*' She slowed a little in surprise upon reaching the door. The lights were on. '*Is he home already? Unlike him… Nobody gets under his skin like that Hollander, eh? But maybe I can cheer him up.*' The thought put a sensual smile on her lips as she knocked.

"Ilya~"

But it was not Ilya who answered the door, or a woman from a club; it was a man, very clearly a man. He was just a little under six feet, well built with light, but warm skin and dark hair, and oh! The most charming freckles! And brown doe eyes blown wide. He looked petrified.

He looked like, "Shane *fucking* Hollander?"

Hollander shrank back, "No. No. You must have the wrong house. I'm- I'm not- I'm" he stuttered, then gave up and tried to shut the door. It didn't matter; Svetlana knew the code, but she pushed herself through the threshold anyway.

Hollander was flushed completely red, a storm of emotions flashing over his face. She tried to read them all, but his expression really was a mess. She managed to catch flickers of embarrassment, guilt, disappointment, and anger.

"What are you looking so down for, your team won, no?"

Hollander didn't answer, or more accurately, looked like he *couldn't*. Bless him, he opened his mouth and tried anyway, but all that came out was a strained squeak.

Oh.

Oh, of course.

Svetlana could have slapped herself. What the fuck was she thinking? Of course, Canada's prince was flipping his shit being caught in someone else's house late at night. But… but he really didn't seem the type to-

Svetlana knew Ilya, as they said, "swung both ways", but as far as anyone knew, Hollander was straight as a ruler. Canada's Good-boy, the kind of hockey player even the strictest parents would probably welcome to dinner with a smile. And yet, why else would he be here, and at this hour?

She looked him up and down, trying to keep her gaze playful, but he shrank as if he was being interrogated.

"Relax, Hollander. Surely you're used to this? Being Canada's sweetheart and all?"

Horror flashed across his face, almost as if the possibility that she was *flirting* with him was *worse*. "I- I don't…" he trailed off miserable.

'*Interesting.*'

He was fully clothed, wearing trousers, a tee-shirt and a jacket as boring as everyone was pretty sure he was. He looked totally sober. There was a book on the kitchen counter, and a glass of-Svetlana took a slow sip, chasing a spilt drop down the side of the glass with her tongue, watching Hollander's reaction: nothing, *nothing at all*-ginger ale.

"…Ily-" He almost choked as he tried to force down Ilya's given name, "Rozanov's at a club somewhere… I'm sure he'll be, uh, back…soon." Hollander finally managed, sounding as if he'd just swallowed sandpaper.

"Oh, I figured." She watched him carefully, then, "And, I also figured you're not housekeeping."

Hollander blanched, his gaze going vacant, then refocusing just as quickly asif he was trying to figure out what in that statement to be most offended by. Being a houseboy, or a houseboy for Ilya Rozanov.

Svetlana extended her hand. Hollander took a step back, but he didn't look disgusted; he looked like an animal backed into the corner. Svetlana suddenly felt a bit guilty herself, "I'm Svetlana. Svetlana Vetrova. Ilya calls me Sveta."

Hollander mumbled something, half turned away already.

"What?" She tried to maintain her charm. It wasn't hard for her to charm, per se, but normally her looks were a big help, and she had a somewhat social mood to feed off of, with Hollander so stiff, even she had to work for it.

Hollander looked like he was about to cry. He looked pissed and horrified, but she could tell she wasn't the target of it. Svetlana followed his gaze to the window behind her, where Hollander was glaring at his reflection over her shoulder.

"I said: Of course he does." He turned back towards the kitchen and poured the rest of the ginger ale down the sink. Then, he rinsed the glass, pulled the soap from the shelf and began scrubbing the cup.

'*Oh my god, he's washing it! He really is Canada's good-boy.*'

Svetalana couldn't hide her confusion.

He must have seen. And then the anger faded, and he just looked guilty again. "I'm sorry," he sniffled. "I'm stupid. It was stupid of me to come here. I shouldn't have. But, you're very beautiful. I mean it. I can't blame him. I'll be out of here in a minute, I just have to… wash this."

She watched him wash the cup. His entire body was tensed; he looked like he would snap in half with one wrong word. It was an interesting contrast: how his tone, the stiff set of his shoulders, the aggressive way he was scrubbing that poor glass, all of it radiated tension, and yet he moved through Ilya's flat with such ease.

'*He's been here before*.' She realised, '*He's been here many times before.*'

'*That's rare. Except for me, Ilya is normally a "one-and-done" sort of guy. It's just who he is… I'm the only one he always comes back to, well, except for* Jane*, and apparently Shane Hollander.'*

Oh.

Distantly, something registered in the farthest corners of her mind, just snippets of a phone screen at odd angles over the years. But presently, there was a word for how Hollander looked, a very precise word: *heartbroken*.

Svetlana was Ilya's best friend. She would respect his wishes, of course, she would. '*Ilya is many things, easy is not one of them, but life has never been easy for him either.'* She would judge him, though. At some club, keeping a good boy waiting like this… Or maybe they were into it.

Hollander had certainly made himself at home, sitting quietly at the counter with his book and his ginger ale. It was almost… domestic. But…

Svetlana shook her head, trying to make sense of the odd scene before her. None of this fit- *Hollander* didn't fit here. Here, in fuck boy Ilya Rozanov's flat. His *penthouse*. And yet…

"Hollander, I am here because *I* wanted to be. I texted him, yes, but he didn't respond. If he told you to meet him here, it is you he intends to sleep with. I will go. Ilya and I are just numbers in each other's phones for when we need something, and clearly, tonight, he does not. No hard feelings." She shrugged, starting towards the door, but turned at the sound of glass shattering.

The cup, or what was left of it anyway, was in pieces on the floor, and a line of wet red was dripping down Hollander's hand. The injury didn't look bad, barely even plaster-worthy, but

he was standing there, staring down at the glass, face ashen as if he'd been bleeding out slowly for hours.

"Hollander? Are you-"

"No!" Hollander shouted, or tried to, but the words came out a strained whisper. His expression was even more afraid than before. "He's not going to sleep with me!"

Well, now Svetlana was curious, "Then what?"

"I… I came to gloat!"

She felt she was very kind for swallowing her snort, "Gloat?"

"We kicked Boston's arse today!" Hollander said far too enthusiastically, pumping his fist in the air. It was the injured one, and blood trickled down his wrist. He sounded like a child.

"At ten o'clock?"

"Yes." The enthusiasm was dying with every word.

"You are a horrendous liar, Canada's good-boy, Shane Hollander."

He blushed furiously, then suddenly, "It's- It's not… serious, we just…. no one can know… I'm just a number in his phone." Hollander looked down as he echoed her words, staring at his hand with a faraway gaze.

Hollander was not known for his expressiveness, but he wasn't a good liar either. The hurt was clear now. What was hurting him, though, Svetlana wasn't sure. Was it the fact that he was just a fling or the fact that he had to hide his flings? Indeed, she figured, both things could spiral into something quite terrible.

'*There would not need to be so much hiding if this were only a fling… if he were just some boy, not* the *Shane Hollander, maybe… Assuming Ilya is his only man… he* really *doesn't seem the type to have a roster, but desperation makes people do strange things…*' "Do I look like a dumb blonde?"

"Of course not," Hollander answered immediately and sincerely.

'*Heavens! He truly is a sweetheart.*' She'd gotten an idea of his boringness from the ESPN short back in October, but he wasn't faking anything for any cameras now; Shane Hollander was actually this pure. She almost couldn't believe it… almost.

But if that was true, '*Then this means… Ilya is the only one… No wonder he looks so angry… Oh. Oh, this is not good*.' Ilya, who made a practical second career out of bringing home women from clubs, and he was the one Hollander had chosen as his only? '*Oh dear. This poor boy*.' She forced her face into a casual smile. "I can keep a secret, obviously."

Hollander scoffed, gesturing up and down at her outfit. She remembered exactly what she was wearing, mostly because she'd dressed to look sexy for Ilya, and also because there were

only five pieces in the outfit: a cropped leather jacket over a sheer black dress that showed her lacy panties, and heeled boots. She wore no bra. "You'd never have to."

The sudden acidity surprised her, but '*He's not wrong. I'm a woman, and Canada is better than Russia, but it has never been easy in hockey, no matter where the ice is.*'

"Maybe not. But I knew Ilya liked fucking men. And apparently, he likes fucking you. I like fucking him, too. We have that in common. But you are very boring, Hollander, so there is nothing to tell. I make enough money without running to gossip columns with any little thing. Do you think Ilya would trust me if I were a snitch?"

Hollander didn't answer the question, but sighed audibly with relief. "Thank you, uhhh, Sevtlana." Her name was still a tad bitter on his tongue, but she couldn't blame him.

'*This poor boy… if Ilya is Hollander's only hookup, what will he do if Ilya and Jane become more serious. Ilya is many things, but I don't think he'd cheat.*' "Sveta, please."

He looked unsure, the words were stiff in his mouth, "…Sveta, then. Thank you, Sveta."

"Of course." She winked, "Well, I'll leave you to it."

Truthfully, she felt a little bad leaving him alone in his state, but Ilya was not the arse he made himself out to be in interviews. And if Hollander truly was a repeat hookup, he'd deal with him. Still… something about the miserable boy tugged on even her heartstrings.

-

She was almost at the door when Hollander stopped her.

"S-sveta… Il- Rozanov won't be back for a while, so, uhhh, would you stay?"

"Stay? You want to have a threesome? Well, if Ilya is willing to share, then my answer is *always* yes."

Hollander's blush was a little satisfying, she had to admit. "N-no! Of-of course not… you're his friend, or he told me you two were close, and I've never even met you for, uhh, obvious reasons, so…" He tariled off looking like he regretted even asking.

And there was something about him that forbade her from saying no. "Of course, Hollander. Let me help?" The offer was surprising even to her. Svetlana wouldn't describe herself as the maternal type, but there really was *something* about this Shane Hollander.

"Wh-what?"

"You cut up your hand. Let me help, at least with the glass."

He nodded and went to the toilet for plasters while Svetlana started to sweep the glass off the floor- or she tried to, but realised with a laugh that she didn't even know where to find the dust pan. This was the most domestic thing she'd ever done in Ilya Rozanov's house, and he wasn't even here!

When Hollander came back and saw her searching, he wordlessly procured a small dustpan from a low drawer under the sink, then pulled out the drawer containing the rubbish bin.

He cleaned and disinfected his cut while she swept.

She swept slower than was really necessary, making the excuse of thoroughness to no one, so she could watch him. He started either down at his hand or off into the distance as he swiped an alcohol swab over the cut and applied cream.

Shane Hollander was in Ilya Rozanov's flat, *probably again*, if how well he knew his way around was any indication. He knew exactly where to find everything and didn't seem shy about going for the first-aid kit in another room. He didn't seem worried about the broken glass either.

And he was here, at half past ten. He, Mr Early-to-Bed-Early-to-Rise, was here in Ilya Rozanov's flat at half past ten. Even though Svetlana had texted Ilya hours and hours ago.

There were times when Ilya refused her hook-up offers, of course. Sometimes he wanted to stay out late drinking with his team. Sometimes he'd already found another girl. Sometimes he just said no and left her to guess, which was fine. But he had never just left her on "delivered". Because he wasn't actually (totally) an arse. But this time, not even "read" but "delivered"…

She'd heard nothing from him, and Shane Hollander was in his flat patiently waiting for him to come home with a book and a fizzy drink like some kind of housewife. She wasn' jealous, that wasn't it, she and Ilya had never been more than friends with benefits, but she was confused.

It was none of her business, really; it wasn't. And she knew that. And still, she couldn't help but wonder. '*When did this happen? And Hollander of all people? Sure, he is handsome, and a brilliant player, but he is so…* boring.' Ilya had said it himself probably hundreds of times. '*So why…? And I always thought that if Ilya ever had a repeat hook-up, someone to be domestic with, it would be-*'

She accidentally let the whole dustpan fall into the rubbish bin, momentarily mesmerised by the way the light from the overhead lamps made each piece of glass sparkle on the way down. Not really paying attention, she stuck her hand in to retrieve it. It was probably a good thing Hollander still had the first aid kit out.

"***Jane***." Svetlana breathed out at the same time as Hollander said, "Thanks."

Hollander's eyes went wide. For a second, he didn't move at all. Then he was shaking his head so fast she thought he might give himself whiplash. He mumbled out a rapid chain of what sounded like denials, but she couldn't tell.

Quickly, before he really did hurt himself, she put a hand on each of his cheeks. They squished a bit under her touch '*Like a squirrel… damn, he really is cute… Shane Hollander… Jane… Oh, Ilya, that* idiot. *It even* rhymes.' "Hollander, stop, if I have to call 911 here

because you break your own neck and the EMS show up here, people really will ask questions."

The joke, meant to cheer him up or calm him down or *anything really*, did just the opposite. He began to hyperventilate, slurring out more denials.

"Christ, Hollander, everything I said before still applies." Svetlana groaned, rubbing away the headache she felt coming on. Maybe she shouldn't have had a drink before coming here. No, she certainly wouldn't have if she knew this was what she was going to find. She shook her own head slowly to clear it. "Maybe even more so now that I know you're not some fling… Fuck, I should have known when you wanted to get to know me."

"We're not in love!" Hollander shouted, four words suddenly audible through the desperate panic. "Just because I'm gay doesn't mean that I'm *in love with* the man I'm fucking. Of course not. No. We're- we just-" He cut himself off, standing up so suddenly the bar stool he'd been sitting on crashed to the floor.

Svetlana watched from a safe distance as Hockey's Golden Boy retched into the sink, gasping and heaving with tears in his eyes. "a number in each other's phones," He mumbled that last part from behind the paper towel he was using to wipe his mouth.

Oh.

'"Man" *he said.* Singular. *I was right. Ilya's the only man he's seeing… Oh, well, of course I was. This is Boring Shane Hollander, after all.*'

Oh.

'*Oh, I see.*'

She risked getting closer and spooking him to run a hand over his back. "You really know your way around this place, Jane."

Hollander spit. "Fuck you." Then, "You're the only one who… *knows*." The last word caught in his throat, and he looked like he was going to be sick again.

"Yes. And I only just figured it out- That's not why I came here! I wasn't trying to corner you, I seriously just wanted to fuck Ilya, and I am obviously now going to leave that to you."

Hollander tried to fight a blush; he fought valiantly, but in the end, he lost. After an awkward pause, he managed a stiff, "Thank you."

"No hard feelings, Hollander. Ilya has never been "mine", and I've never minded that."

Hollander made a face that Svetlana couldn't quite decipher. Maybe it was supposed to be judgmental, but she didn't think so. Then he said, "He's never been mine either."

Oh.

"But *you* mind."

He wrung out his hand. It was a funny sort of motion, one that didn't stop when it should. He kept wringing them as he said, "I- I don't… I don't know." He closed his mouth, but she didn't think he was done, so she waited. "I- just because I'm gay doesn't mean I'm in love with him, okay?"

"Okay. I didn't say it did." '*But you obviously are,* Jane.'

He glared, just a bit, "But- but I… like him. I like spending time with him. And he made me tuna melts, and there's something going on with his father, but he won't…" Hollander- *Jane* was rambling, and Svetlana was trying her best to listen; she really, really was, but every word from Jane's mouth was a bomb. Ilya Rozanov cooked for him, told him something, *anything at all* about Grigori.

'*This one, this Jane, he is different. I have always suspected that, but now… now I know for sure.*' "Jane, stop."

He blinked. His big brown eyes glistened.

"I told you I texted Ilya today. I told you he didn't answer. Have you thought about why that is?'

Hollander shook his head miserably.

"Well, I have. And I think it's pretty obvious. Care to guess?" Svetlana winced. The words came out sharper than intended, but she was a little angry. Hollander had Ilya's heart even if neither of them could see it.

"He found another girl at some club."

"My god, Jane. No! And I would be willing to guess that he has not for a while."

"What? Of course, he- I told you I'm just-"

"The man he's been texting for damn near a decade now? The man who's stupid documentary he watched in his limited free-time? The only person who makes hockey truly exciting for him? Yes, Hollander. Ilya may be a stubborn arse unwilling to admit it to himself, but you are all of those things."

"It's not safe," Hollander said finally, "for either of us."

"Yah, no shit, but it *is*. Whatever this is, it exists, and it is best if you face it sooner rather than later."

Hollander glared again, stung by the call-out. Svetlana couldn't bring herself to regret it.

"Did he say when he'll be home, or is he keeping you waiting like a homefront wife?"

"Shut up." But he was looking everywhere but at her.

"So, no?"

"I-" Hollander started, but quickly stopped.

"You-?" Svetalan mimicked the way he cut himself off.

"I… we… the anticipation is kind of…" He had a look on his face that said *"please don't make me say it"*

"Oh my god! Oh my god, Hollander, you naughty, naughty boy."

Hollander recoiled, blushing hard. "Ah, please don't say that. Ilya, he- just don't. Okay?" He grimaces, shifting on the barstool, as if his blush wasn't the only thing that was hard.

'God, just the thought of Ilya has him like this…' Svetlana cackled, "Alright."

"Would you… like something to drink?" Hollander was clearly looking for something to distract himself from thoughts of Ilya that were going straight below the belt.

Svetlana chose to grant him some mercy, even though he was certainly fun to watch, all worked up like this. '*But Hollander is not mine, and something tells me Ilya will not want to share, so I will refrain.'* "Yes, please. But something light, since I won't be staying." She said it again, just to reassure him.

Hollander produced a can of light IPA from the refrigerator and passed it to Svetlana with a napkin for condensation. Considerate as ever.

Hollander watched Svetlana drink the beer in the way that one watches a bear pick apart a carcass, from a distance with morbid curiosity, enraptured but prepared to flee the second the creature turns its attention to them.

But, finally, when Svetlana had had a few sips, he asked, "Is he- Is Ilya… *different* with you?"

"With me, or with women?"

Hollander shrugged, embarrassed again. "Both, I guess."

"You try not to think about it?"

Hollander groaned, sinking down, his head between his knees. "Am I that much of an open book?" He didn't sound quite as panicked as before, but only because his voice was barely there enough for Svetlana to discern much tone at all.

"Just to me, Jane. Don't worry. Hockey players are dolts, mostly. You will be fine." Hollander didn't answer, so she continued. "I don't know if Ilya is different with me because I don't know what he's like with you. For me to say, you'd have to tell me."

Hollander raised his head a little.

"Would you tell me?"

He looked at her, eyes sparkling with tears, and something else as well. "He is Ilya. It's so hard to describe. I'm sure you know." He sighed, eventually.

"Maybe. But I am beginning to think that, as well as I know him, it isn't as well as I thought. Or at least that the parts of him I know so well are not all of him. Not nearly."

Hollander was really crying now. "He's rough, but, like, also gentle. He pushes me hard, on the ice and- Fuck, that's TMI, sorry."

"No. It's alright." This was new territory for Svetlana, too. She was kind, sure, but she was not used to being so… soft.

"He's always asking if I'm okay, making sure I'm comfortable. He's so warm and snuggly after. He always has ginger ale for me. When he kisses me I… every time I think we could really be something." Hollander's face fell. "And then I remember."

And Svetlana's heart ached for him.

"But we can't." Hollander continued, tears spilling over. "We can't. No one in the NHL has ever- I've heard what it's like. I've seen the news. His father is some police official, his brother, too; he would never be able to go home again. Ever. I won't take that away from him."

'*I don't think he would mind never returning to Russia.*' Svetlana pursed her lips. That wasn't her business to tell. '*But as close as these two are, he'll have to tell him the full truth eventually. Hollander needs to know what kind of man Grigori is.*' Still, she was more surprised than she figured she should be at just how much Hollander knew. But that only served to make her feel better about this whole thing.

"That is noble of you, Hollander. Are you okay with being his secret? Will you wait for him?"

Hollander's expression remained resolute. "There is no '*okay with*'. He's my secret, too."

'*He's in love with you, too, I think*.' "Of course." Svetlana wiped the condensate off her beer can. "Well, it's getting late, so I should be going. And, no, Hollander, I won't tell anyone."

"This *thing*…" Holander sank down again, part in relief and part in sorrow, "I think it's going to ruin both of us…" then, deathly quiet, "at least I wouldn't get murdered for it… probably."

With a huff, he stood up as if nothing had happened, and, ever the gentleman, walked Svetlana to the door. When he opened it for her, she kissed him on the cheek.

He flinched.

"He is different, Jane, so very different." She whispered softly.

Hollander blinked, then seemed to remember his earlier question and blushed again. Fircely.

"Th-thank you… please, uhh, don't–"

"This is your secret, Jane. I was never here. But you should think about what I said." She called over her shoulder, and with one last kiss, she was in her car and driving away.

'*Oh, Ilya Rozanov. Oh, Shane Hollander. You wonderful, stupid, sad boys*.'

And if she knew not to expect another text from Ilya for a long, long while, then that was nobody's business but hers.

End Notes

(A/N: IDK if I like the last few lines, but this has been in my drafts since 24/11/25 so~)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!