

new friends

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77517931) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77517931>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Ilya Rozanov & Svetlana Vetrova , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Svetlana Vetrova , Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	POV Svetlana Vetrova , set post-show
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 3,022 Chapters: 1/1

new friends

by [jesuisgrace](#)

Summary

Svetlana visits Ilya after he moves to Ottawa. He wants her to meet Shane. She may or may not give him a bit of a shovel talk.

Notes

first fic of 2026 and first heated rivalry fic! woaaaaaaa!

thank you to the group chat for the encouragement <3

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

Ilya must be excited to see her because he pulls up in some fancy sports car she hasn't seen as soon as she steps out of the airport. He gets out and crushes her into a hug and stuffs her bags into the microscopic trunk. She's pretty sure she catches at least one person snapping photos, but Ilya can't pull up in a car like that in a hockey town and expect no one to notice him. It might help, she thinks, for there to be pictures of the two of them floating around again.

"You missed me," she says. He squeezes her tighter. "Of course. I'm happy you're here."

She has to work hard to keep from smiling at that. She nods at the car instead. "I thought your husband made you buy something practical."

"I have a boring SUV I drive to Montreal. But I still like to have fun."

He kisses her on the cheek and winks at her. Her Ilya, so charming and beautiful. A thousand little flashes of them having fun flash through her mind. Dancing in clubs, driving too fast, drinking too much, fucking until they could barely move. That life feels a million years away.

Ilya opens the door for her with a dramatic flourish. She wonders if he ever opens the door for Shane, if they're ever anywhere where he'd let himself do that, where he feels like he could.

He drives her straight to his place, driving slow enough that she wonders why he bothers to keep a fleet of fancy cars still. She supposes she should be happy he's maturing, taking better care of himself. But it just feels like another thing of the Ilya she's always known that's fading away to make room for a man who gave up his star power to rot in Ottawa. Not even to be with Shane—just to be closer to him.

His house is boring. Like something an old married couple would buy. She smiles and says she loves it.

When he shows her to a guest room and sets her bag gently on the dresser, she lets herself take him in. His perfect shoulders, the hair on his arms and legs, the curve of his ass. She slides in close and grabs his face, studies him for a second before kissing him.

He startles as soon as her lips brush his.

"Sveta—"

"Sorry, sorry. Old habits. Come. Give me the tour."

He's blushing, which normally she would love to make fun of him for, but she doesn't want things to be awkward between them, wants to smooth over her little misstep before it can snowball, so she just smiles and follows him out the door and around the house. He rambles, telling little anecdotes about how Yuna fucking Hollander bought him that blanket, how Shane picked out the couch after doing hours of research, how he found that bowl at a market before Christmas.

He orders food and they pop open beers and put on SportsCenter just to talk over it like old times. He gets quiet and she watches a little muscle in his jaw flex until she can't take it anymore and has to shove him, nearly upending the container of Chinese food he's holding.

"What? Spit it out. It's just me."

"Shane is coming tomorrow."

She clenches her jaw but can't keep the anger from her face. "What? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I want you to meet him."

She tries to swallow her anger. She's glad he wants her to meet him. A tiny part of her was so scared that once Ilya finally let himself be with his Jane she'd lose him completely.

"Okay. I want to meet him too. But you could've told me."

"I'm sorry," he says, sounding not sorry at all and hitting her with the full force of that stupid pleading expression that always makes her cave for him.

When she comes out from her shower after they eat, she finds Ilya arguing on the phone in the kitchen. It's weird to hear him speaking so much English anywhere but her television. His accent's faded so much it makes her a little sad.

He stops talking when he sees her, making a vague kind of flailing gesture before excusing himself out to the deck.

He smiles when he comes back in. "Sorry."

"He does not want to meet me."

"No, he does. He's just—"

"Jealous?"

"Yes." His honesty surprises her. She raises her eyebrows at him. "He doesn't—he worries."

"Worries about what?"

"I don't know. It's different for him. Or he thinks it is." Ilya deflates a little at that, and hauls himself up to sit on the counter. "He could marry a woman, of course, but not... he doesn't like women."

"At all?" Ilya shakes his head. "Not even Rose Landry?"

He makes a face at her name, like he's eaten something he doesn't like. "They're friends. He loves her. But he says it wasn't—they weren't—"

"The sex wasn't good?" she interrupts.

“He would kill me for talking to you about this.” She smiles, happy to have a piece of Ilya. Shane doesn’t want her to have.

Svetlana coaxes Ilya back to the couch.

“Is he worried I’ll take you from him?” Ilya looks pained.

“He knows I love you. I think it’s hard for him to know that. That I...could.”

“Marry me?”

“Yes.”

She swallows everything she wants to say about that. It wouldn’t help either of them.

“I want him to like you,” Ilya says in a small voice, “I want—I want you to like him.” Svetlana hears everything he doesn’t say. I don’t have anyone else. If my boyfriend hates my best friend and I don’t have anyone else where the hell does that leave me? “I love him, Sveta,” he says, unable to look at her, his voice almost breaking.

“I know,” she says, laying a hand on his arm. She thinks about Shane’s perfectly sweet and supportive parents who have apparently embraced Ilya as their son’s partner without missing a beat. Remembers Ilya calling her to gush about family dinners that were warm and happy, about David calling him son, Yuna texting him her thoughts about his play and floating him ideas for brand deals. How happy it made him. How much it hurt that he could get something so easily from Shane’s family that his own hadn’t given him since he lost his mother.

She slides across the couch into his space so she can haul him to her. He’s so big but she’s always been able to fit him against her, hold him. She used to be the only one who would touch him with tenderness.

She strokes his hair and kisses the top of his head.

“Okay,” she says. “I want to know him too.”

He digs his fingers into her and holds her closer, nodding against her.

Shane arrives the next afternoon. Ilya answers the door and Svetlana hovers awkwardly behind him. Ilya pulls him in and kisses him, and she sees a glimpse of what Ilya has only told her about before Shane notices her and pulls back, body going stiff and rigid.

He looks constipated as Ilya introduces them. He has a hard time looking at her.

Ilya brings them to the kitchen where the two of them finish prepping dinner. Neither of them can cook, but Ilya found a European deli in Ottawa that stocked a lot of their favorites so they’d gone together this morning to stock up. He’d called her from the car the day he found it and she’d hardly been able to understand him as he babbled at her with his mouth full of foods from home he hadn’t tasted since the funeral.

Shane hovers in the corner of a kitchen he's spent far more time in than she has like he's not sure if he's allowed to be there. He flinches every time she touches Ilya, even if it's just running a hand over his back as she passes behind him or poking him in the ribs to get him out of her way. He hasn't touched Ilya since he spotted her over his shoulder.

Dinner is delicious but awkward and stilted with Shane barely speaking and Ilya so anxious he looks like he's about to crawl out of his skin. When she can't stomach Ilya's discomfort for a single second longer, she asks Shane about San Francisco's surprising season. She doesn't bring up Boston and how they're floundering without their captain, a team that should've been poised for another cup run suddenly hovering at the bottom of their division after Ilya's unexpected move.

Hockey saves them for a while. Shane looks pained, but offers his thoughts and ideas freely, like hockey is a topic he can't help but engage with. He's just starting to loosen up a bit when she shifts the conversation to Ottawa, how Ilya alone can't save their team. Ilya is incredible, but he can't turn a last place team into a contender all by himself.

Shane brings up their draft picks for the next few years and she can't help but interrupt, feeling herself get heated in a way she promised herself she wouldn't. "What will that do for Ilya? By the time Ottawa gets those boys and they are ready he will be at the end of his career!"

"Sveta!" Ilya chides, but she ignores him, letting everything loose that she's been keeping in since he told her his plans.

"So you will stay in Montreal and play for the cup and he will drag a team full of fourth liners and third round picks through a disappointing season every year until you both retire, is that the plan?"

Shane's face shows nothing, except for his eyes which are shining with unshed tears. He doesn't say anything, just shoves his chair back and disappears into the kitchen.

"Goddammit, Sveta," Ilya says as soon as he's out of the room. He moves to follow Shane, but she catches his arm.

"Ilya, I am not wrong. You are the best player in the world and you are floundering here. They can't even find you a winger who can keep up with you, your defense is a fucking joke and he gets to stay with team that can contend—"

"Sveta! Stop!" he pounds his fist on the table, startling her. "I chose to come here. This is what I want."

She takes a deep breath and studies his face. "Fine. I'll talk to him. Go smoke a cigarette, then come find us."

He gives her a weak smile. "Shane hates it when I smoke."

"He'll live."

She waits until the sliding glass door closes behind Ilya before going to the kitchen. She finds Shane bent over the counter, head resting on it, breathing too fast.

“Shane,” she says quietly. He stiffens anyway, and tries to pull himself up. It takes him a second to gather himself, stand, and almost face her.

“Yeah.”

“Ilya wants us to be friends.”

“Okay,” he says, looking like it hurts him to say it. “I know. I—I want that too.”

“Clearly.”

“I’m trying, okay?”

“You do not like me,” she says, stepping closer.

“You don’t like me either!”

She studies his face. “Is not true. I do not like that he’s thrown his career away for you. That he will never hold the cup again and that he’ll never tell you that it will hurt him to watch you win. He will be proud, and he will be happy for you, but it will hurt.” A tear threatens to spill from one of Shane’s eyes and Svetlana thinks this is maybe the closest she’s gotten yet to seeing the real Shane. “But you make him happy. I like that. He deserves to be happy. He deserves everything.”

“I know that,” Shane says quietly. “I do.”

She nods. “Okay.”

“It’s not that I don’t like you,” he says after a few seconds of silence. “I’m glad he has you. I’m grateful you’ve been there for him when I couldn’t be. But I hate that I couldn’t be.” He drags in a breath and it’s shaky. They both ignore that. “I hate knowing how much easier his life would be if he chose you.”

“But he didn’t, did he?” she says, unable to keep the sharp edge out of her voice.

Shane swallows, tries and fails to look at her again. Goes back to staring somewhere past her left shoulder. “No,” he says finally, “he didn’t.”

“So you better fucking deserve him, okay?”

His eyes go wide. “What?”

She takes a step closer. “I have loved him my whole life and I will love him my whole life. He gave up everything for you. He has hockey, and he has me, and now he has you. And to have you the way that he wants he’s losing three times a week in Ottawa instead of leading his team to the playoffs.”

She runs a finger over the knife she left laying on the cutting board. “He says he loves you. That you’re good. I can see that you make him happy. I would like for us to be friends. But you need to know that if you hurt him, I will cut your balls off and feed them to you, мальчи́шка.”

Shane meets her eyes for half a second. His face is flushed.

“I don’t want to hurt him.”

“That doesn’t mean you won’t.”

“I won’t.”

“You will deserve him or I will make you regret it, do you understand?”

“I love him.”

“I have loved him longer than you’ve known him, Shane.”

He swallows and nods. She hears the door and they both take the ten seconds it takes Ilya to make his way into the kitchen to collect themselves.

Svetlana watches Ilya take them in. The way Shane is still hunched in on himself despite his efforts to straighten up. The way his face is pinched. How she’d taken a half step back but she’s still standing close, tall and proud and threatening.

Ilya crosses to Shane and crowds into his space. He puts a hand on his jaw and murmurs something she can’t hear. Shane melts into him, a smile teasing at his lips as he looks up at Ilya. She’s never seen him look like that, relaxed and happy. Not in a decade of watching his interviews and play.

Ilya’s face is colder when he looks at her. “Sveta,” he says, like a question and a statement all in one.

His thumb moves over Shane’s jaw and she thinks about the way he’d grab her face before devouring her mouth, crowding against her in a club, fucking her up against a wall, or bending her over a counter. She smiles at him. “Yes, Ilya? I was just getting to know your husband.”

Shane makes a squeaky sound and then looks embarrassed about it. “I’m not—we’re not.” He trails off.

“Is not what you want?”

Shane looks panicked. He looks at Ilya and something changes on his face. “No. It is. What I want. I just, uh. I don’t know if I’ve told him that before.”

Something in her softens. They look at each other and she realizes she’s never once seen Ilya look at someone like that. They will get married. And she will be there to support them.

She looks at Shane. “You understand me, yes?”

He meets her eyes for just a second and straightens up. “Yes. I do.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?” Ilya asks, confused.

“Good,” she answers. “Ilya, get me a drink. Are we going out or what?”

Shane scoffs. “What, like to a club? Ilya plays tomorrow and I have a flight.”

She looks at him and rolls her eyes. Does this twerp think she can't read a hockey schedule?

“So you need to go to bed then?”

“Ottawa isn't Boston, Sveta,” Ilya says softly.

“They don't have bars here? Not a single club in the whole city?”

“We don't go out together much,” Shane offers, sounding like he's trying very hard to sound normal.

She smiles at them both.

“I'm here. Is fine. We go together. You are friends now, right? And me and Ilya are friends. So now we are all friends. Let's go dancing.”

There's a look of fear on Shane's face that he seems to be trying to hide, and Ilya is fighting a smile. He pats Shane's face and crosses the kitchen to her to pull her into a hug.

“Of course we'll take you dancing. Did you bring a dress?”

She rolls her eyes and shoves him. “Don't be stupid. Go get dressed. Put him in something nice,” she says, flapping a hand at Shane, “so I can chase the girls away all night.”

She winks at him and he blushes.

“Let's go boys. I want to have fun before your bedtime.”

The next morning she scrolls through her phone and smiles at pictures of Ilya picking her up from the airport, a blurry photo of the three of them at the bar, and then several clearer ones from the dance floor, Ilya behind her and Shane in front, looking slightly mortified but allowing her to touch him, dance with him, and finally relaxing a bit whenever he caught Ilya's eyes over her shoulder.

She sends a link to Ilya. The headline reads, “Renewed rivalry? Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov fighting over girl?” That one's got a photo of Ilya grabbing her waist. Shane's face looks a little pinched, and for anyone who doesn't know it would be easy to assume he's mad that Ilya is moving in on the girl he was trying to dance with. From the sounds of things last

night, Ilya had worked overtime to convince Shane he didn't need to be jealous. The article has a million asinine comments, but none of them mention the way Shane looks at Ilya, not with her in between them. She smiles to herself, and goes downstairs to make coffee.

End Notes

мальчи́шка = little boy

(hopefully. I am learning but I do not speak Russian, please feel free to nicely correct me!)

Thank you for reading!

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