

someone good

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by [lisa6](#)

Summary

“You can stay as long as you want,” he responded. Svetlana wondered how much of that statement was Canadian courtesy.

Or: Svetlana finally gets to meet Ilya's boyfriend.

Notes

Here's a quick sequel to the first Svetlana POV I wrote. Hope you like it :)

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

Svetlana had always prided herself upon her perspicacity. It's what made her good at her job with the Boston Raiders; she understood hockey, she knew the ins and outs of the sport, and she'd never had any difficulties reading people.

The one person she just could not get a read on was Shane Hollander.

She watched him glide across the ice, fast and effortless, like he was barely breaking a sweat as he outmanoeuvred some of the best players in the league. His focus was laser-sharp; he anticipated a body check before it happened and quickly changed direction, the puck never straying from the blade of his stick even as he picked up speed on his way to the opposing team's goal. There were two D-men hot on his heels, but Hollander was faster and a better stickhandler than anyone else on the ice tonight; he split the defence, changed his grip to a backhand, and sent the puck into the upper left side of the goal. Mathers, the goalie, was too late to do anything but watch it fly past his shoulder.

"What a goal by Shane Hollander!" One of the two commentators said. "That was an explosion of speed, a one-on-two, and Hollander just gets through everyone."

The other commentator laughed in disbelief. "Boy, he is Mr. Highlight."

On screen, Hollander smiled as he and his teammates celebrated his goal. There was not a hint of arrogance on his face even though he'd just scored what was most likely going to be the winning goal — there were only two minutes left on the clock.

"You think he's got a sweat going?" the first commentator quipped as Hollander skated towards his bench, and Svetlana switched her TV off.

I still can't believe you're fucking Hollander, Svetlana texted Ilya.

You can't? came his reply, barely a minute later. Maybe he was trying to make up for lost time and just being a shit friend in general. *Did you not just see his goal?*

Sorry, she sent back. *Should've worded it differently: can't believe he lets you fuck him.*

Her phone lit up with a photo of Ilya standing in front of a mirror, shirtless, wearing only a pair of dark green sweats that hung low on his hips. *clearly you've forgotten what I look like*



Svetlana had not. Ilya wasn't the kind of guy you could just get out of your head, no matter how much time passed, but she was glad to find that there was no fluttering in her stomach at the sight of the gold glistening around his neck, the cut of his abs or the dark hair trailing from his bellybutton into his pants.

Fishing for compliments?, she typed.

Nah, Ilya texted back. *Get enough of those from my boyfriend.* A second later, *In the form of blowjobs.*

He's bad for you, Svetlana replied. *You really don't need your ego stroked.*

Ilya's response was instant, *Would've loved to make a joke but you're making it too easy* 😞

Svetlana rolled her eyes and let her thumbs hover over the keyboard, wondering what to say next. Even though they'd met up in Boston a few weeks ago — when Ilya had apologized for cutting off contact with her and opened up about his secret relationship with Shane Hollander — things were still weird between them, and the unfamiliarity of it all threw her off balance.

Another incoming text from Ilya jolted her out of her thoughts: *And he's not bad for me.*

Her fingers moved before she could think about what letters they pressed down on. *Then let me meet him and see for myself.*

The next morning, when she was still lounging in bed, her phone vibrated. She sat up and reached over the man lying next to her to pick it up.

I know it's short notice but are you free to come to Ottawa this weekend?

Svetlana pulled into a gravel driveway, parked her rental between a bright orange Porsche and a several years old Land Rover model. She knew which of the two cars was Ilya's, but the Land Rover didn't make much sense; Shane Hollander was a millionaire — had been a millionaire for many years by now, even —, yet chose to drive a car like this? Then again, it matched his reputation, Svetlana supposed.

The house, however, was a different story.

When Ilya had invited her to Hollander's cottage, she'd expected a dear little house in a white-picket-fence neighbourhood and not a sprawling estate nestled in the woods. It was late in the afternoon and, because it was autumn, already getting dark, so she could only make out the parts of the house that were illuminated by the handful of spotlights embedded in the ground. Still, it was enough for recognition to set in — she'd seen it before, featured in Hollander's silly Architectural Digest tour.

The front door opened before she could ring the doorbell and then, suddenly, she was pressed against a firm chest and held by strong arms. The tip of Ilya's nose was cold where it pressed against the side of her neck, but his breath, when he spoke into the barely-there space between them, was warm.

“Hello,” he greeted her in Russian, and Svetlana couldn’t help but smile. She dropped her overnight bag, wrapped her arms around his neck and held the back of his head. Her fingers curled into his hair.

“Hi, asshole.”

“That’s not a very kind thing to say to your host,” Ilya said, holding her tighter. His light stubble grazed her skin when he spoke, which raised goosebumps all over her body. “Be nice or I’ll make you sleep in the garage.”

She squirmed out of his embrace to roll her eyes at him. “I could just get a hotel room.”

“Good luck finding a hotel around here. We’re in the middle of fucking nowhere,” Ilya scoffed, but it didn’t sound like he hated it. “You’d have better luck finding a bear’s den to sleep in.”

Svetlana toed off her Chanel flats and followed Ilya out of the hallway. The house, of course, was gorgeous; despite it being huge and modern, the architects had installed floor-to-ceiling windows and added wood paneling to make it feel warm and cozy. There was a fireplace quietly crackling in the spacious living room, a long dining table with candles and three plates on it, and an obviously custom-built, high-end open floor plan kitchen with a large kitchen island that definitely cost more than most people earned in a year.

One thing was clearly missing, though.

“Where’s your boyfriend?” Svetlana asked Ilya, who was opening the oven and stabbing a fork into whatever he had in there. It smelled like zharkoye, and Svetlana suddenly felt homesick. She’d book a flight to Moscow soon, if she could get a few days off. She missed being in her early twenties and just spending her father’s money. Well, she was still also doing that, but sensibly.

“Walking Anya,” Ilya said with a quick glance at her over his shoulder. The warm light of the cottage made his skin glow; Svetlana wondered if he was eating healthier and smoking less, or not at all. “He should be back soon.”

She nodded and watched him bustle about the kitchen for a bit. There hadn’t been a day in her life that she hadn’t thought Ilya was gorgeous, but there was something different about him now — something that made it impossible to look away from him, a new intensity to the magnetic pull he’d always had — even if she couldn’t quite pinpoint what it was.

“Stop staring at me,” Ilya said. “Shane will kick you out if he thinks you’re trying to get back in my pants.”

Svetlana huffed. “Glad to hear you’re still just as full of yourself as you always were.”

Ilya grinned at her, his blue eyes twinkling. “Come on. You can do better than that.”

In response Svetlana gave him a sweet smile, and because after all these years Ilya still knew her better than anyone else, he froze, darting a suspicious look at her. But before he could ask

what she was planning to do, the sound a door clicking shut caught both of their attention; Svetlana turned her head while Ilya turned his entire body towards the sound of approaching footsteps.

Anya trotted into the house first, already making a beeline for Svetlana, tail wagging. Svetlana let her sniff her leg for a moment before she lowered her hand to gently pet Anya's back, but her eyes were fixed on the man now coming round the corner, tall and handsome and flushed from the chilly evening breeze.

"Oh," Shane Hollander said, taking her in as well, before his pretty, brown eyes suddenly widened and he took a hasty step in her direction. He held out his hand a little awkwardly, which made Svetlana bite the inside of her cheek. "Sorry. Hi, I'm Shane. Nice to meet you."

"Svetlana," she said, switching to English, and laid her hand in his. "Thanks for having me. Your house is gorgeous."

"Yeah? Thanks. I had it built a few years ago." He looked around like this was his first time in his own house as well, and Svetlana took advantage of his distraction to really study him; the sharp cut of his jaw, his straight black lashes, the curve of his pink lips, his unblemished skin and athletic build.

She shot Ilya an envious glare and felt warmth pool in her stomach at his knowing smile.

"Has Ilya showed you to your room yet?"

"No, he's been a terrible host."

"I can tell you where it is," Ilya purred as he carried the pot of homemade zharkoye to the dinner table. The corners of his mouth twitched. "Upstairs, the last room down the hall. Far away from the bedroom Shane and I share."

"It's one of the nicest rooms in this house," Shane said quickly, with a warning glare shot Ilya's way. He had a nice voice — not too deep, with just the tiniest hint of a rasp to it. "The view's great. I'll show you."

Svetlana followed him up the stairs and tried very hard not to stare at the curl of his bicep as he carried her bag for her. He smelled good, too, his cologne a clearly expensive composition of fresh and woody.

"You have your own washroom," Shane continued rambling. "It's through that door. There are towels on the bathtub. Let me know if you need anything else."

"Thank you," Svetlana said. "You're very sweet."

Shane blushed all the way to the tips of his ears. It was difficult to reconcile this version of him with the one she loved watching on the ice, where he seemed a lot more confident. She felt bad, suddenly; this was Shane's home, and she didn't want her presence to make him uncomfortable.

"I'll be out of your hair tomorrow night," she said, giving him a soft smile.

“You can stay as long as you want,” he responded. Svetlana wondered how much of that statement was Canadian courtesy. He must’ve seen the doubt flickering across her face, because he added, “Really. It’s good to have you.”

“I’ve got to go back to Boston.” She waved a hand. “I came here on a whim because— well, I missed Ilya, even though he’s been an asshole and doesn’t deserve me. But, you know. Hard not to love him anyway.”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed, opening the door to what would be her room for the night. It was as beautiful as the rest of the house and the view was as nice as she’d been promised — it overlooked the entire lake. He set her bag down on the settee at the foot of the bed. “He’s happy you’re here, though. It means a lot to him.”

“I’m happy to see him, too. And to finally get to meet you. I’m a fan.”

The flush across the bridge of Shane’s nose deepened. It made his freckles stand out more. Svetlana imagined seeing him at a bar in an alternate universe; she’d have made a move on him. He really was very attractive. She supposed that figured — she and Ilya had always had a similar taste in men.

“Thanks,” he said shyly, like it was surprising to hear someone enjoyed watching him play hockey even after he’d won several Stanley Cups and every individual trophy there was. “You’re welcome to come watch a home game any time. I’ll save a seat for you and give you one of my jerseys to wear. Ilya would hate that.”

“Sorry, handsome. Can’t,” she said, although imaging Ilya’s face upon seeing Svetlana in a Hollander jersey was fun, and pointed a manicured finger at herself. “Boston girl. I’d sooner wear a Metros jersey than an Ottawa jersey, though.”

Shane gave a slow nod, his smile fading a little. “Yeah, I get that. Well, I’ll, uh, head back downstairs and let you get settled.”

“Okay, I’ll just be a minute,” Svetlana said and watched him close the door on his way out. She quickly freshened up, put on a different shirt and a pair of leggings, left her room and... stopped.

“Maybe you shouldn’t have left Boston,” Shane was saying, his voice a quiet murmur.

Svetlana couldn’t help it. She’d always been nosy; it was the one character flaw she could admit to having. She took a tentative step closer to the staircase. If she tilted her head just so, she could see the two of them — Ilya with his back leaned against the kitchen island and Shane standing close to him, one of his hands in Ilya’s hair, the other curled around his hip.

“Where’s this coming from?”

“You miss her.”

Ilya nodded. “I used to miss you, too, when I only got to see you every once in a while. Is better now, yes?”

“Yeah, I guess. For me, at least.”

“No,” Ilya said, his voice softening. He tipped his head, searching for Shane’s eyes. “For me, too. Shane, what’s going on?”

Shane breathed out. “I don’t know. I just feel— I don’t *know*.”

Ilya brought his hands up to cup Shane’s cheeks. His thumbs brushed along the smattering of freckles across his cheekbones, so gently Shane’s skin didn’t even move at the touch. “We talk about this later, okay?”

Shane nodded, and bumped Ilya’s nose with the tip of his. Then he let his nose drag over Ilya’s cheek, turned his head, and kissed him. Ilya exhaled sharply; one of his hands dropped from Shane’s face to his shoulder, before it moved to his neck, where his fingers splayed into Shane’s dark hair.

As quietly as she could, Svetlana retreated back into her room, and waited another three minutes before she finally made her way downstairs for dinner.

Two bottles of beer later, Shane was loosening up. They’d migrated to the couch, where Anya had claimed a spot on the cushions next to Svetlana and laid her head over her lap.

“She’s so disloyal,” Ilya complained when he, after stepping out for a smoke, followed Shane and Svetlana into the living room and spotted Anya being cuddled by their guest. A bottle of vodka was dangling from his fingers.

Shane made a face at him when Ilya flopped down onto the couch next to him. “You smell.”

Ilya rolled his eyes and filled two glasses. He passed one to Svetlana.

“Was the last one,” Ilya said. “My pack is empty now.”

Svetlana let the cool liquid burn down her throat and warm her insides as she watched Ilya lean into Shane’s side. It was strange seeing him like this, openly craving affection and offering it, too. He’d shrugged out of his hoodie and was now wearing only sweatpants and a black tank top, and Svetlana let the familiar sight of him like that put her at ease.

“Right,” Shane mumbled in a way that suggested this wasn’t the first time they’d had this particular discussion. In that moment, he seemed more like the Shane Hollander Svetlana had expected — at least until he suddenly leaned in, a subtle frown on his face like he was exasperated but just couldn’t help himself, and pressed a sweet kiss to Ilya’s shoulder.

“Staking your claim?” Ilya teased, but he’d turned his face to Shane’s and was gazing at him with soft eyes.

“Fuck off.”

Ilya laughed.

“Don’t worry, Shane,” Svetlana said loftily. “I made Ilya come once just by talking about you.” She gave a dramatic sigh and rested her chin on the back of her hand. “I never stood a chance.”

Shane’s eyes widened. “What?”

“Don’t,” Ilya groaned in Russian, and Svetlana smirked at him. Switching back to English, Ilya continued, “Is a lie. Svetlana’s bored and jealous only you get to sleep with me now. She misses my beautiful dick very much but it’s all yours now.”

“No, tell me,” Shane said, leaning forward and ignoring Ilya’s nonsense. He looked like did on the ice, Svetlana thought, the goal the only thing on his mind.

Ilya poked Shane in the ribs. “You sure you want to hear about me fucking a girl, Hollander?”

Shane seemed to reconsider, his eyes flickering between Svetlana and his boyfriend. A moment later, he leaned back against the backrest and crossed his arms, which made Ilya smile at him, so Shane grumbled, “Shut up.”

“Do not be upset,” Ilya said, rubbing Shane’s neck. “Was already sleeping with you at the time.”

Unsurprisingly that didn’t seem to make Shane feel any better, so Svetlana butted in, because Ilya was a total idiot and should count himself lucky to have her as his best friend. “It’s really nothing special. Ilya just couldn’t get you out of his head and I indulged him. You should’ve seen him when you were dating Rose Landry, though.”

The guest room was beautiful; Svetlana had kept the curtains wide open so moonlight could stream in through the window. The fancy mattress was just plush enough. They were in the middle of nowhere, so she wasn’t kept awake by sirens or traffic noise, the way she might have been had she been in Boston or Moscow.

Still, it was four in the morning and Svetlana just couldn’t fall asleep.

She rolled out of bed and tiptoed downstairs, where she was surprised to find Shane sitting on the couch watching a hockey game. It was Boston versus Montreal at the playoffs two years ago. Svetlana had seen it live, wearing a Rozanov jersey and arguing with an elderly Metros fan in the stands next to her.

“You’re up?” she asked. It was an admittedly unnecessary question, because clearly he was just as awake as she was, but she’d assumed that Shane Hollander, with all his doggedness and discipline, would somehow manage to simply make himself fall asleep on command.

Shane rolled his head on the couch to look at her. “Yeah. Something wrong with the room?”

“No, the room is perfect. I just— my brain won’t shut up, you know?”

A small smile tugged at one corner of Shane’s lips. He patted the space next to him and Svetlana sat down.

“Why are you watching this?” She pointed at the TV. “Ilya beat your ass that day.”

“That’s why I’m watching it,” Shane snorted and Svetlana gave him a questioning look. “He can’t play like this in Ottawa. The Raiders were a better fit for him.”

Svetlana mulled this over. “Ilya’s good no matter where he plays. The Cens could be a much stronger team if Wiebe cut some players, though.”

“Yeah, like Dillon,” Shane said. “He keeps fucking up his passes.”

“God, yes. That guy sucks.” Svetlana stretched her legs out over the cushions. “I mean, I know they’re still building the team and with Ilya now on their roster they have the potential to be a playoffs candidate next season but they’re definitely missing some more depth up front. At least they also have Barrett now so it’s not just on Ilya to score goals.”

Shane’s jaw clenched. “Not sure if I like Barrett.”

“On the team?”

“Sure,” Shane said, then shook his head. “I mean, he’s a decent player, I guess.”

“Ilya likes him.”

Shane glanced at her through his eyelashes. “I know.”

“Oh man,” Svetlana smiled. “You’re so easy to rile up.”

“I’m not, like, worried.”

“You’d be stupid if you were,” Svetlana said, “because Ilya is *so* in love with you. I can’t believe how much he’s changed.”

Next to her, Shane relaxed into the couch again. He was six foot tall and all muscle, but the black shirt he was wearing was slightly too big on him.

A few beats of silence later, he said, “I’m in love with him, too.”

Svetlana snorted. “I know.” Then, more seriously, “I’m glad you are. You’re good for him.”

“I try to be,” Shane mumbled.

“You guys are figuring it out,” Svetlana said. “I know it must suck keeping it a secret but if you ever want to pretend to be out, call me. I’ll gladly sit around your mansion and watch you make out.”

Shane made a face. “Thanks? But, uh, no. You two were— no.”

Svetlana giggled at him. “You’re cute, Shane. I get why Ilya’s been hung up on you for years.”

“And I get why you two are friends,” Shane said quietly. He turned to her, then, his pretty eyes sparkling with the reflection of the TV. “I’m trying to learn Russian. Ilya helps, sometimes, but he also finds it funny to mess with me, so I... I could use a more serious tutor, I guess. If you’re not too busy.”

Svetlana held her hand out for his phone, not taking her eyes off Shane. She felt the weight of it in her hand a moment later, and glanced down to save her number in his contacts before she handed it back to him.

“Don’t break his heart and I’ll answer every question you might have.”

She texted Ilya three days later, when she was back in Boston.

Okay, we can go back to being best friends if you promise to never ghost me again

I’d make you promise me to not ever be an asshole again but then I’d probably have to delete your number tomorrow and that would be embarrassing because I did just spend three thousand dollars (!!!) on a 2 day trip to fucking Ottawa because I missed you

And I love your boyfriend

Ilya’s succinct response came an hour later: *you can’t have him. I love you.*

End Notes

Please let me know what you think! Thank you! <3

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