

About that Spare Key

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by [frizzlyanya](#)

Summary

Svetlana has used her key to Ilya's apartment pretty liberally in the past, but it's been a while since she's seen him. She'll just pop over to hang out, and maybe hook up with Ilya and whoever he brings home. Only Ilya isn't the person to walk through the door.

Notes

I wrote this in a a notebook in the dark when I was supposed to be asleep because I pretended (to myself) that I wasn't really up and didn't want to cross the room to get my phone.

I also wrote it before the show came out and therefore before Svetlana having a key was canon. *flips hair* I predicted that one.

All mistakes are my own, all characters are Rachel's, and all sex appeal is Ksenia Daniela Kharlamova, Hudson Williams, and Connor Storrie's. Praise be to all of them and Jacob Tierney.

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

Svetlana's had a key to Ilya's apartment for years.

Technically, she stole it. She'd seen that he'd made a few spare keys, and she'd taken one. He'd never minded that, and always seemed to appreciate it when he showed up and found her there.

When he'd come home alone, he'd always been down for a hookup. When he'd come home with a girl, she'd always offered a threesome. Half the time the girls took her up on it – who could resist a threesome with two hot Russians – and the other half Ilya had told her to get lost and she'd left, no hard feelings between them. The threesomes were so fun that Ilya hadn't told her to stop. She was pretty sure he liked it better when the girls wanted her to stay.

She hadn't been in a while, but she let herself in one night in the hopes of a good night. It had been a few months since they'd hooked up. Neither of them had reached out, but Svetlana wasn't taking that personally. She'd been busy, and he was always pretty busy during the season.

She'd gone to his game tonight against Montreal. The Voyageurs had won, and Ilya was probably looking to work out some of his frustrations.

So Svetlana had shown up with a bottle of good, small batch Russian vodka.

She'd tried the buzzer first, in case he was home, but when it became clear that he hadn't arrived yet, she'd just used her key. It made sense; he was probably still in post-game press.

Fifteen minutes after she arrived, the buzzer went off.

Svetlana buzzed the person up immediately before realizing that Ilya wouldn't have buzzed when he arrived, he would have used his own key since he didn't know she was here. But she didn't worry too much about it; he'd probably ordered dinner and it had gotten here before he had. He'd be grateful if she took care of the food for him. She pulled out cash for a tip to be extra nice.

She was still flipping through her wallet when there was a knock on the door.

She grabbed a ten and sauntered over. She still had her floor length fur coat on, she realized. Maybe weird for sitting at home, but she looked good in it.

She could make sure she was wearing less clothing by the time that Ilya arrived.

She opened the door and-

Shane. Hollander.

Svetlana – who was not easily shaken – felt her confidence slip.

What was *Shane Hollander* doing here?

“I-“ he said, gaping. He seemed equally surprised to see her, and distinctly uncomfortable. His eyes darted back toward the elevator.

But this was *NHL hottie Shane Hollander*. Svetlana wasn't letting him get away.

Maybe she could have a threesome tonight, just not the one she'd planned on. She was up for it. Ilya might be too; Svetlana definitely knew he was into guys sometimes.

“Come in,” she said, maybe a little too sensually.

Shane Hollander's feet remained firmly planted on the floor and his eyes darted once again towards the elevator.

Before he could make a run for it, Svetlana took his hand and none too gently pulled him into Ilya's apartment.

He followed. Rather flat footed, but he didn't fight her.

Excellent, she thought.

“I'm Svetlana,” she said when she'd gotten him on the couch. A light of recognition went off in his eyes.

Interesting. He'd heard of her.

His eyes shuttered quickly. Guarded.

“I'm Shane Hollander,” he said unnecessarily.

“Oh, I know who you are, *Shane*,” she said, smiling a sultry smile. “You scored two goals tonight and won by one, which means you won the game for your team. You must be eager to celebrate. Let me pour you a drink.”

Before he could respond, she poured two fingers of vodka into the glass she'd pulled out for Ilya.

Shane said nothing. He took the drink from her, but didn't sip it.

Svetlana wondered what had brought Shane to Ilya's apartment in the first place – drinks? Video games? Continuing a fight from the rink? She couldn't imagine them talking – but she wasn't about to waste time on it.

“Soooo nice to finally meet you,” she said, “You're even more attractive in person.” She brought the backs of her fingers to his cheeks. “It's those freckles.”

Shane blushed a dark red.

Svetlana opened her mouth to speak, but stopped when she heard the door. She was nearly in Shane's lap. If Ilya saw her so close, maybe he'd get the hint. Hopefully he'd be down. He'd probably try it once. He liked to call Shane boring, but there weren't many hookups hotter

than Shane Hollander, and Ilya had to see that. And maybe if he wasn't down, he could make himself scarce long enough for Svetlana to have her way with Shane. Then they could get back to... whatever exactly it was that Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander were planning to do in the privacy of Ilya's penthouse.

"I'm here," she called out in English, for Shane's benefit. "And I brought the good stuff."

Ilya's footsteps practically raced to the living room.

After a moment of silence, she heard, "Sveta-" from the hall before he reached the living room. He froze when he saw Svetlana half on top of Shane on her couch.

Shane looked like a deer in the headlights. Come to think of it, so did Ilya.

For a moment, Svetlana's bravado faltered. Ilya hadn't invited her over in a while. Maybe it had been a bit presumptuous of her to have-

No, fuck that. It's not like he'd brought a girl back with him. He couldn't be too bothered.

She did ease back from Shane and she heard him let out an uncomfortable breath.

"Hollander," Ilya said gruffly, but his voice cracked.

"Rozanov," Shane said, equally strained.

Interesting, Svetlana thought. Ilya was so suave, and he didn't have anything to say right now?

"Maybe I shouldn't have come over without telling you," Svetlana offered as an olive branch.

"Yeah, you shouldn't have," Ilya agreed, voice still oddly strained.

Svetlana hadn't expected that. She'd expected him to grab another glass and sit down with them. Then Svetlana could have made her pitch.

"You need to leave," Ilya said, eyes on Svetlana for a long moment before darting to Shane for the briefest second. There was something almost apologetic in his eyes, but she didn't feel like it was directed at her.

"Alright," she said, glancing between them but standing up smoothly. "Keep the vodka. Enjoy. Have a good night."

She saw herself out and Ilya didn't follow, but just before she closed the door, she heard Ilya say, "I didn't invite her. I didn't know she was coming." Now the note of apology was much stronger and more sincere.

It wasn't until she was out the doors and on the street outside that she understood.

"Oh my god," she breathed into the night air. She *had* interrupted a hookup tonight.

Ilya Rozanov had invited *Shane Hollander* over for a hookup. Shane knew where Ilya lived and was comfortable going to his apartment.

This wasn't the first time.

“Oh my God,” she muttered quietly to herself, “I thought if he ever sent me away, it would be for *Jane*.”

She stopped abruptly.

“Jane!” she said, a puff of cold air following her words into the night sky. “Jane. Shane.” She tried it out. “Oh my GOD.”

Shane would be on an early flight tomorrow to...somewhere. She didn't know Montreal's schedule, but he'd be out of Ilya's apartment early.

Assuming Ilya hadn't had the locks changed by then, Svetlana would wait just long enough to be sure that Shane Hollander was gone and demand every juicy detail from him. She'd break down the door if she had to.

Shane Hollander.

Maybe someday she could get that threesome after all.

End Notes

I'm on Tumblr @frizzlyanya and positively desperate for someone to gush over this show with.

Please let me know if you have any thoughts on this, kudos make my day and comments make my whole life (and end up on my fridge).

Works inspired by this one

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