How Rose Found Out

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by jsMika2

Summary

Ilya gets to see Shane's real apartment in Montreal, but an unexpected guest interrupts his visit.

Set a few weeks after Ilya and Shane's cottage vacation in Heated Rivalry.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ilya was both completely unsurprised and absolutely delighted to learn that Shane's bedroom in Montreal was just as boring as he had imagined it. A king-sized bed, a navy blue comforter, and a lame hockey book on the nightstand.

The large windows lining one wall had a great view of the city, but that was hardly the most exciting thing in the room when Ilya had his boyfriend warm and cuddly beneath him.

Yesterday, they'd driven back from the cottage in Shane's awful suburban dad car ("You can walk back if you're going to keep making fun of it!") and spent the entire ride trying to ignore that Ilya would have to get on a plane and return to Boston. As they neared the off-ramp for the Ottawa airport, Ilya's phone chimed with a notification. His flight had been delayed.

Over the past few days, Shane had tried desperately to come up with a reason for his boyfriend to extend his vacation even longer, but he couldn't think of anything beyond "I'll miss you if you leave." Which was obvious. And kind of pathetic.

As Ilya had frowned at his phone and tapped at something on the screen, Shane had summoned every ounce of chill in his body (not much) and said with a forced nonchalance that Ilya didn't buy for a second, "We, um, we really shouldn't have you wandering around, you know, in the airport, for, like, hours. Like, if I just drop you off, someone will definitely notice you hanging out at the bar or whatever."

Ilya, who had a very clear sense of where this was going, looked over at Shane, who was staring ahead diligently, like that would make it seem as if he cared less about what he was suggesting. It didn't.

Ilya hummed encouragingly.

"No, we cannot have that. That would be bad, yes?" Ilya said.

"It could blow our cover," Shane said.

Ilya nodded. "Soooo…"

"What if you got a flight from Montreal?" Shane blurted out. "We could have more time together. Or, I mean, you wouldn't have to waste time in the airport."

Then Shane started to freak out a little. Fuck, was he being clingy? Ilya had been at the cottage for weeks, and it had just been the two of them for most of it, aside from the few times they visited his parents at their place down the road. Was Ilya getting sick of him? Was he already fucking up having a boyfriend?

Ilya, who very much wanted to extend his vacation and had just been waiting for Shane to ask him, shot him a crooked grin.

"Bars at Ottawa airport are not very good," Ilya said. "Maybe the ones in Montreal will be better."

Shane bit back a smile as they drove past the off-ramp, changing the destination on the car's GPS.

Now they were lying in Shane's giant bed, snuggled together in a manner so sickeningly sweet that it made Ilya simultaneously want to throw up at himself and never leave this room.

He would have to, eventually, though. He had no idea what time it was – probably late morning, maybe. They had kept each other up until an ungodly hour the night before and then woken up a short while later to fool around some more.

Ilya tucked his face into Shane's neck, while Shane carded his hands through his curls. Shane kissed Ilya's head.

"Are you sure your agent won't be mad that you aren't going back to Boston for a few more days?" Shane asked. From the phone calls Shane had overheard at the cottage, Ilya's agent was a very serious Russian man who seemed used to Ilya's antics, having put up with him since he was a teenager. Shane hadn't understood any of the actual words, but he was well-versed with the exasperated tone of voice Ilya's shenanigans provoked. It was one Shane used a lot.

"Mm," Ilya mumbled, kissing Shane's neck instead of answering.

Shane tugged on the curl he had been playing with. "Ilya."

Shane knew Ilya had things he needed to get done in Boston, something about a photoshoot for an endorsement deal and preparing for training camp with the Bears – the usual tasks required of a famous professional athlete, which Ilya had ignored to hide out with Shane in rural Canada for most of the summer.

"More important things to do here," Ilya said with a smirk. He rolled onto his back and pulled Shane on top of him, so Shane was straddling his hips. "Like you."

Shane put his hands on Ilya's chest to steady himself and blushed. As he bent down to kiss him, Ilya's stomach growled loudly.

Shane laughed. "Way to ruin the mood," he teased.

"I am a growing boy," Ilya said. "Need to eat a lot to be big and strong."

To prove his point, Ilya flipped Shane onto his back easily, making Shane yelp.

"We cannot all be size of a child," Ilya said, just to be annoying.

"Get fucked," Shane said.

"Already did," Ilya said with a grin, sliding off him and out of the bed.

"You have food, yes? I will make breakfast."

Shane, who had been staring like a doofus at his very hot naked boyfriend, shook his head. “Well, I haven’t been here for a while, so the grocery situation isn’t great. You might need to get creative.”

Ilya hummed in acknowledgment as he walked toward the kitchen.

“But not too creative!” Shane called after him. Shane had spent the past few weeks learning that Ilya’s dietary habits were genuinely alarming. He was convinced that if Ilya’s blood were tested in a lab, it would be at least 50 percent Cherry Coke.

Shane got out of bed and headed to the bathroom to take a quick shower. A moment later, he heard cabinets opening and closing in the kitchen.

“Be careful! One of the pantry shelves is kind of messed up!” He called as he turned the water on.

Down the hall, Ilya heard Shane yell something at him, but it was muddled by the sound of running water.

Ilya’s clothes were scattered around the living room along with Shane’s – they hadn’t had much patience once they had arrived at Shane’s apartment last night. He grabbed his sweatpants off the floor and pulled them up so they sat low on his hips.

In the kitchen, he looked through the fridge (empty) and the cabinets (also empty), searching for food. He opened the pantry and saw what looked like pancake mix on the top shelf. Fuck yes.

Ilya couldn’t believe his luck as he reached for what had to be the most un-Shane-like breakfast item imaginable. It was high up, a stretch even for Ilya, so he assumed maybe Shane stored it there to keep himself from indulging. Ilya jumped a little to grab it, but as he did his elbow knocked into the shelf below it. The pots and pans on it teetered to one side as it came loose. Ilya, gripping the box, froze in an awkward position to avoid sending the whole thing crashing to the ground.

Right at that moment, someone knocked on the front door.

“Shane!” A woman’s voice called from the other side. “Shane Hollander!”

Ilya held his breath. Fuck. He could still hear the shower running, so he knew Shane wouldn’t be able to handle this. Maybe if he stayed quiet, whoever it was would go away. But the knocking continued, and his arm was cramping from holding up the heavy shelf.

“Shane, I know you’re in there!” The voice called, followed by more knocking, which at this point was closer to banging.

And then the shelf dislodged completely and about a half dozen pots and pans clattered loudly to the ground. Ilya swore in Russian as he danced away to avoid getting crushed by falling kitchenware.

For a moment there was just silence. Then the knocking started again. Who the fuck could possibly be at the door?

“Shane, I can hear you!”

The worst part was that the box he had found wasn’t even pancake mix. It was protein powder. Fucking Hollander.

“You open this door right now or I swear to god I’ll tell go get your neighbor and tell her you want to invest in her pyramid scheme!”

Shit, this was a nightmare. Shane was going to freak out, and he had already been freaked out yesterday when he snuck Ilya up to his penthouse. Shane was terrified that his neighbors would notice he was home and that he had a guest with him. Even more so that they would find out who that guest was. They had taken the back entrance to the building from the underground parking garage, and Shane insisted they wear hoodies, sunglasses, and baseball caps like a cliché of every famous person who had ever tried to avoid drawing attention to themselves.

“Shane!” Somehow the banging was getting even louder.

Ilya strode to the door and yanked it open. On the other side was a slender woman with dark hair.

“Jesus, how is someone so small so loud?” Ilya asked as he grabbed her wrist and yanked her into the apartment.

He looked down at the woman. He knew her. Anyone who had seen an X-Squad movie would know her.

Rose Landry stared up at him, shocked.

“Oh, fuck,” they said as they recognized each other.

And right at that moment, Shane walked into the room. He was rubbing a towel into his hair, which was still wet from the shower.

“Ilya, I told you not to touch the pan—” Shane started, and then stopped when he saw his shirtless boyfriend holding his ex-girlfriend by the wrist.

“Oh, fuck.” Shane dropped his towel in shock. Ilya let go of Rose.

Rose looked between the two of them, noting the fresh hickey on Ilya’s chest above his tattoo and the Boston Bears hoodie Shane was wearing that was much too large for him. Then she glanced at the clothing scattered across the living room – including the pair of Ilya’s boxer briefs on the back of the couch – and an expression of diabolical glee appeared on her face.

“Shane Hollander, you little slut,” she squealed, delighted. “Good for you!”

Shane looked like this was anything but good for him. He looked like he wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

Ilya watched Rose ignore this and pull Shane into a surprisingly powerful hug for someone whose weight Ilya could easily bench press. Shane blushed a shade of pink so deep his freckles nearly disappeared.

Rose released him and turned to Ilya. She eyed him from head to toe in a way that made Ilya feel both a little objectified and pleased that she was obviously checking him out. He crossed his arms over his bare chest, not out of modesty but because he knew it would make his biceps look bigger.

“I was going to ask what was so interesting that you couldn’t answer my texts,” Rose said to Shane. “But I guess now I know the answer.”

“I am very interesting,” Ilya agreed.

“Oh my fucking god,” Shane said, ready to combust from sheer mortification.

Shane took a moment to wonder how having two of his favorite people in the world in the same room together could be so awful. Then he looked at the matching smirks Rose and Ilya were wearing – which clearly said *I’m going to embarrass the living shit out of you* – and immediately understood.

If he weren’t polite to the point of parody, Shane would have some stern words for his doorman about letting Rose up here.

“Not that I’m not happy to see you,” Shane said, even though he really was not happy to see Rose, “but why are you here?”

“Filming is way behind schedule, so I’m staying in Montreal a bit longer,” Rose said. “And you’d told me that you’d be back in town this week. And then I texted you maybe a dozen times yesterday and today and you didn’t answer. So I came to investigate.”

“Oh, sorry. Um, I was, uh, busy.” Shane had actually been getting railed by his boyfriend nonstop for the last 12 hours or so, but he would literally rather die than say that out loud. From the look on Rose’s face, she had made that assumption herself.

“Well, are you going to introduce me?” Rose asked, clearly enjoying this.

Ilya smiled like a shark that smelled blood. He was going to be so brutally annoying about this. “Yes, introduce us, Hollander.”

Shane didn’t know what crimes he had committed in a previous life to deserve this, but they must have been severe. Maybe he had been a murderer, a serial killer. What else would warrant the twin shit-eating grins leering at him from his kitchen?

“Ilya, this is Rose Landry,” Shane mumbled.

“But I know you already know that,” he added, bitter.

Rose looked like the cat that had caught the canary. Or had caught her friend in the middle of an illicit hook-up with his longtime rival.

“And…,” she said, gesturing to Ilya.

“Rose, this is Ilya Rozanov,” Shane said, his blush only getting darker. Shane’s ears went some deep red color that Ilya didn’t know the English word for. He was having so much fun. “My soon-to-be ex-boyfriend.”

Ilya laughed and Rose clapped her hands together in glee. Ilya had decided to make peace with his lingering jealousy over Shane's brief (and failed) attempt at dating a woman once he realized he could ally with Rose to annoy Shane. It was a small sacrifice to tease him more effectively.

“Mr. Rozanov, I am beyond pleased to make your acquaintance,” she said, adopting a playfully formal manner and extending her hand for Ilya to shake.

“Miss Landry,” Ilya drawled in a sultry voice. “Call me Ilya.”

Then he winked and bent to kiss Rose’s hand like she was the fucking Queen of England. Shane was going to kill him, but it would be so, so worth it.

“Shane, I like him.”

“Yeah, I made that mistake, too.”

“I’m charmed.”

“It’ll pass.”

“I’m serious. I’m swooning.”

“Just wait. He’ll be single in about five minutes.”

“Aw, Hollander, don’t be grumpy,” Ilya said, as though he wasn’t the one tormenting Shane. He slid over to Shane, slung an arm over his shoulders, and kissed his cheek with a loud smack.

Shane pushed at his chest.

“Knock it off,” he grumbled. “And go get a shirt.”

“Nooo, why am I being punished?” Rose, who had been very blatantly ogling Ilya, complained.

Ilya’s lips quirked. “I don’t think you’ve ever told me to put more clothes on before.”

Shane glared. He looked like an angry kitten. It was adorable.

Ilya smiled and trotted off to go find the t-shirt that he had tossed across the living room the night before.

“I have so many questions,” Rose said.

Shane sighed, resigned to his fate, and got ready to explain how he had fallen in love with the most obnoxious man in the NHL.

End Notes

Epilogue:

All three in Shane's living room, with Ilya sitting annoyingly close to Shane.

Shane to Ilya: "I can't stand you."

Ilya, gesturing to himself: "You do not have to stand. My lap is right here."

Shane, blushing so hard he might die: "Fuck you."

Ilya: "At least buy me dinner first."

Shane: "Shut up. It's barely even noon!"

Ilya: "Lunch, then."

Shane: *sighs*

Rose, laughing: "Shane, weren't there any nice guys in Montreal?"

Ilya, to himself, confused: "Why does everyone keep saying that??"

Shane: "I'll literally never know."

Ilya, still to himself: "I am nice guy, and I am in Montreal right now."

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