i buried my teeth in everything good

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i buried my teeth in everything good

by bluerosebouquet

Summary

> *MLH Star Shane Hollander Seen Entering Rose Landry's Upper West Side Mansion: Are They On Again?*
>
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>
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>
> "Shane, they freak out when I walk down the street to the bodega," Rose said, idly turning a page in her magazine, "It's not that serious."

Notes

> Y'all I have so many ideas for them I actually can't keep track, my notes app is in shambles.
>
> Respect Rose and Svetlana or feel my wrath!! (They should kiss imo).
>
> Title comes from this song

See the end of the work for more notes

“You’re sure you’re not dating her?”

“No Hayden,” Shane said for what felt like the millionth time, “I’m not dating her anymore.”

“But you’re flying down to New York to spend the weekend at her house?” JJ laughed loudly, and his laughter spread throughout the locker room.

“We’re friends,’ Shane insisted, feeling himself blush traitorously, “I can have a friend that’s a girl.”

“And that friend just happens to be notoriously beautiful actress Rose Landry?” Hayden asked, his eyebrows still raised, “Who you’ve dated before?”

Shane sighed, pulling his t shirt over his head.

“Just because we’ve dated before doesn’t mean we can’t be friends now,” he shrugged, laughing at the expression on JJ’s face, “Really, I said I wanted to see New York and she invited me, it’s not a big deal.”

“Well, give Rose a kiss from us,” Hayden bowed deeply as Shane stood up, and the entire team serenaded him with a truly terrible rendition of “Your Love Is My Drug” as he waved and headed down to his car, leaving the raucous celebration of their win behind him.

The thing was, he really was telling the team the truth. He did want to see more of New York, and Rose had finally finished shooting her last movie in New Zealand, and he had an open invitation whenever he wanted to visit. Their schedules almost never aligned, so it felt like fate when they both had an open weekend, and she had been ecstatic when he had suggested coming down to spend time together.

“Oh my god, *finally*,” she had squealed, and he could practically see her jumping up and down, and smiled to himself, “I have a whole itinerary planned, I’m going to show you the best parts of the city!”

“How do you have a whole-” he decided it was better not to know, “I was thinking of flying in on Saturday morning, if that’s okay with you.”

So Shane had arrived in LaGuardia midmorning, and was greeted by a serious man in a suit, holding a sign with his name on it.

“Um,” he approached him awkwardly, “I’m Hollander.”

“Right this way, sir,” he held out a hand for Shane’s bag, which he handed over reluctantly, feeling a little like a damsel in distress as he trailed him through the airport, seeing a few people point in his direction, and pulling his Metros cap lower over his eyes.

The driver led him to a sleek black SUV that had been left idling in front of the departure gates, and Shane clambered awkwardly in the back, pulling out his phone and texting Rose

immediately as the car pulled smoothly away, joining the line of cars trundling out towards the city.

The car was a little over the top.

Oh come on, I want you to like it here. So maybe you can get traded to New York so we can be closer.

No way.

A girl can dream.

Shane smiled down at his phone, glancing up to take in the sight of the city in the distance.

It really was unlike anything he had ever seen, and he had been to a lot of major cities now. All tall spires and points dotting the sky, seemingly endless, and Shane couldn't help the slightly childish pang of excitement in his stomach as he looked at it.

There might be a universe where Shane considered Rose's idea of him transferring to New York…if it weren't for the fucking traffic. It took over an hour to get from the airport to Rose's place on the Upper West Side, and Shane got more and more antsy as they crawled through the streets of Manhattan, his leg bouncing rapidly as he watched the GPS get closer and closer to their destination.

Finally, at long last, the car stopped midway down a truly picturesque block of beautiful brownstones, and Rose was waiting at the top step for him, waving both her hands in the air.

"Hi!" she called, darting down the stairs and throwing herself into his arms, planting a kiss on his cheek, not sparing a glance for the paparazzi clicking their cameras on the other side of the street, "God, it's good to see you."

"You too," he ducked his head, taking his bag from the driver with a word of thanks, and following her back up the stairs and inside the house.

"How are you?" she asked, pulling him down the hall into a plush living room, somehow the perfect mix of modern comfort and old details, with colorful stained glass doors separating the living room from the dining room, "Good flight?"

"Yeah," Shane sat down on the moss green antique sofa she pushed him towards, setting down his bag next to him, "I don't know how you live with this traffic."

"Oh, don't act like you live in a rural area," she waved her delicate hands energetically, and Shane could already feel himself relaxing. It was good to see her. "And anyway, that's what the subway is for."

"You take the subway?"

"I am a master of disguise, Shane Hollander," she smiled mischievously, and he laughed, "We'll probably mostly do cars though while you're here."

“You’re not saying I’m more famous than you?”

“No, but you and me together? I’d rather not be mobbed every ten seconds if I can help it.”

“Right,” he said uneasily, but Rose didn’t seem to notice.

“Come on,” she swept over to him, holding out her hand for him to take, “Let me give you a tour.”

She led him through the house, telling him all about the historic details that she had made sure to keep in the restoration, that it had taken three years before she was really satisfied with it, and that every room was decorated with furniture that would fit the time period in looks, but also would be comfortable today.

“It’s beautiful,” Shane said honestly when Rose finally paused for breath in front of a bedroom on the third floor, “I don’t know much about house restoration, but I know this looks great.”

She smiled at him in a fond sort of way.

“Well, this is your bedroom,” she pointed inside, “You can just toss your bag in there. And your bathroom is right next door. You’re on the same floor as me. You can take a bit, get situated, I’ll be downstairs.”

“Okay.”

She stepped forward, kissing him on the cheek and squeezing his arm.

“It really is so great to have you here.”

A smile stretched across his face, so wide it was almost painful.

“It’s really great to be here.”

They took a few hours to decompress before braving the city, which Shane appreciated. He liked that Rose seemed to know that he might need a little time after a game the night before and a half a day of travel, and was more than happy to prop her feet up in his lap, poring over a magazine while he scrolled mindlessly through his phone.

They were sitting in the same room in silence, each absorbed in their own activity, but it was comforting to have her there, to know that he could talk to her if he wanted to.

Shane was reading about Boston’s win in New York yesterday in a thrilling overtime ending, when a notification popped up at the top of his phone:

MLH Star Shane Hollander Seen Entering Rose Landry’s Upper West Side Mansion: Are They On Again?

Immediately, his stomach sank. He stared at the photo attached to the article; Rose embracing him, kissing his cheek, a wide smile on her face. It sure looked like they were

back together.

“They’re talking about us again,” Shane said, looking at his phone anxiously, “I didn’t mean to cause a big stir-”

“Shane, they freak out when I walk down the street to the bodega,” Rose said, idly turning a page in her magazine, “It’s not that serious.”

“Are you sure?”

She looked up at him, her expression melting from amusement to mild concern when she saw the look on his face.

“Of course I’m sure. They’re always trying to find some story about who I’m dating, you know that better than most people. And it’s not like we’ve sat down and given an interview about how we’re just friends and will only ever be friends.”

He couldn’t help but laugh a little at that, and shifted his shoulders, taking a slow breath in through his nose, trying to calm the anxiety that was crawling up his throat.

“You’re right,” he told her, hoping that his voice didn’t sound too tight, “Sorry it’s just-”

“I get it,” she said gently, patting his knee with her palm, “Just ignore all that stuff while you’re here, and it’ll all be background noise about thirty seconds after you leave.”

Shane thought that was easier said than done, but resolved not to let his anxiety ruin their weekend together. He forced himself to smile,

“So, what’s this itinerary you said you had planned for me?”

Rose grinned.

“Oh just you wait, I’m taking you to all my favorite places.”

Within half an hour, they were stepping into another sleek SUV, and driving off into the city.

“Okay, so we’ll go to the Met first, because you said you hadn’t been, and then we’re having dinner at this fantastic pasta place in the Kip’s Bay. And I’m dying to take you to this fun little movie theater, they’re showing *Streetcar Named Desire* which I know you haven’t seen and you’ll fall in love with Marlon Brando like we all do.”

“Is that all?”

“Come on,” she nudged him, still grinning, “Let me be your tour guide.”

They spent the entire afternoon in the Met, wandering through the galleries, ignoring the whispering and pointing that occasionally came their way.

Shane had never really had much interest in museums, but even he had to admit that this one was pretty spectacular. He read every single card in the Egyptian section, and stood

transfixed in front of a Monet while Rose circled the entire room four times before pulling him away.

“I told you you’d like it,” Rose told him, her arm looped with his as they walked down the steps, disturbing a swarm of pigeons as they did so, “It’s the best museum in the world.”

“It’s definitely the best one I’ve been to,” Shane said honestly, his feet aching a little, but the smile on his face was genuine, “I loved that Egyptian hippo thing.”

“I could tell,” Rose teased, “You took about nine hundred photos of it.”

“Whatever,” he tried to get away from her, but she pulled him back, her pretty laugh filling his ears, “Where next, tour guide?”

Shane stared out the window at the city as they drove, watching as dusk turned into evening. It was a different experience, the city at night. It was full of jewel bright windows and the glow of headlights, making every corner seem like its own microcosm of the universe.

He wanted to look everywhere at once, take in every inch, but contented himself to the blur of life that surrounded him, and Rose’s hand in his.

The restaurant was tucked back in Kip’s Bay, so that Shane’s nose was filled with the smell of the river the moment that they climbed out of the car. Rose took his hand the moment they were on the sidewalk again, and walked purposefully to a very small restaurant.

It only had about ten tables and a bar, but the door was blocked by a pretty hostess who cheerily asked for their reservation name.

“Smith, Lily. Reservation for two at 7:30.”

Shane’s heart stuttered at the fake first name. Which was stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

“Right this way,” she smiled, leading them to a table in the back of the restaurant, more secluded than the others.”

It was embarrassing how grateful Shane was for that.

They settled down, shrugging off their coats and draping them over the backs of their chairs.

Immediately, Rose was all business.

“Okay, so we’re doing the tasting menu. You’ll get the meat, and I’ll get the vegetarian, and then we’ll have ten pastas to try.”

“You act like you’ve been here before,” he laughed, watching her flip through the menu with good grace, “But I’m not- You know I’m on that macrobiotic diet-”

“Shane,” she held up a finger, “You are on vacation for two days. I am bringing you here for some of the best pasta in the city. I promise, your biotics will not be screwed up after two days.”

Shane looked down at the table.

“You’re right,” he said, smiling at her, “What else are we getting?”

She beamed, and as she leaned forward to point something on the menu out, Shane could see the people at the table directly behind them.

Oh no. No no no no no. This couldn’t be happening.

But of course it could, because this was only a city of eight and a half million people.

Of course he would be seated right in front of Ilya Rozanov at a random little restaurant in a city neither of them lived in.

What was he even still *doing* here? Boston had a game tomorrow.

Not that Shane would know that. He had no reason to keep up with Boston’s schedule unless they were playing Montreal.

Fuck, he looked so good it was almost painful. His hair was slicked back, and his shirt was open, so that Shane could see the planes of his chest, and the glint of the crucifix in between his pectorals. His mouth was quirked in a smile as he looked at his companion, and while Shane could only see the back of her head, he could tell that she was very, very pretty.

Sick jealousy rose up in Shane’s throat, and he tamped it down bitterly. They weren’t anything to each other anymore, Shane himself had made that clear when he had sprinted out of Ilya’s house six months before, and there was no reason he shouldn’t enjoy a meal with a friend, even if Ilya was only a few feet away.

“Shane?” he jolted, blinking rapidly as he tore his eyes away from him, “Are you okay?”

“What?” he looked around, embarrassed, “Sorry I- I zoned out for a second.”

Rose raised her eyebrows, and Shane hurried to continue the conversation, not trying to draw any more attention to the fact that he had just been staring at someone while he was supposed to be at dinner with her.

She inclined her head, like she wanted to turn around and look at who had so thoroughly caught his eye, but he pressed on, determined for Ilya not to notice him.

Rose ordered a glass of red wine from the waiter who clearly recognized her, and, impulsively, Shane ordered a gin and tonic, deciding that he was going to have to drink to get through this.

“Look at you,” Rose said proudly, “I don’t think I’ve seen you drink anything other than water or ginger ale since the first night I met you.”

Shane smiled weakly at her, trying not to let his eyes wander to the table over her shoulder.

“Like you said, I’m on vacation. And you’re not being fair, you’ve seen me drink beer.”

“Someone that has half of a beer every two months isn’t what I’d call someone that enjoys drinking,” she grinned, and he resisted the urge to throw his napkin at her in this nice restaurant.

Their drinks and appetizers arrived at the same time, and Shane took a sip of his drink, feeling the burn of the alcohol down his throat, and savoring the sound of Rose’s laugh as she told him about the terrible movie she had just finished shooting.

The food really was good, and Shane found himself going back to bite after bite, enjoying Rose’s company and the atmosphere of the little place.

And the pasta. *Fuck*.

He hadn’t had pasta in…he didn’t know how long. Their waiter meticulously explained each dish when a new one arrived, and made sure to set the plates in the middle of the table, so they could split them evenly.

“I have an idea,” Rose said, as Shane lifted his fork, staring between the two dishes, trying to decide which one to attack first.

“If we don’t eat this pasta in the next minute, I’m going to die,” he deadpanned, and her eyes sparkled as she threw back her head and laughed.

“Okay, okay, but we should try and figure out which pasta we like the best out of all of them. Like, a ranking.”

“I- Just pick our favorite out of the two?”

“Yeah, it’s more fun with a tasting menu like this.”

Shane shrugged, he didn’t think he had ever had a tasting menu in his life.

“Sure, can we eat now?”

The thing was, the pasta was worth the wait. It was perfect, every single dish, and he liked discussing which one was their round winner with Rose. She was much more of a foodie than he was, but never made him feel bad for not knowing what ingredients or flavors were, and didn’t mind if he picked a favorite “just because.”

He was having such a great time with her, he even managed to forget who was sitting so near them, especially when his glass of gin and tonic had been refilled, and the restaurant had seemed to get warmer and warmer, so he felt heat high in his cheekbones and a little fuzzy at the edges.

That was until he shifted in his seat, and was looking straight into Ilya’s eyes.

He blinked, feeling heat creeping up his neck, separate from the alcohol, suddenly grateful for the low light of the restaurant for hiding the blush he knew was spreading across his skin.

Rozanov arched an eyebrow at him, looking arrogant and smug and every bit as handsome as Shane remembered.

Not that he thought about him much.

Or at all.

Especially not at night.

Especially not when he touched himself.

“Shane!”

Fuck, he had done it again.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” he said apologetically, feeling terribly guilty for treating her like this. she didn’t deserve it, and he couldn’t explain it, “I-”

Rose seemed to pick up on his discomfort and anxiety, and patted his arm, a little bit of comfort that he didn’t feel like he deserved.

“Um excuse me, I was telling you all about the riveting movie that I’m in, how are you not enthralled?”

Shane smiled tightly.

“What’s this one again?”

“The dinosaur movie. In space.”

He managed a laugh at the serious expression on her face.

“You’re so right, I can’t believe my mind wandered at all for that.”

“Who are you staring at?” Rose made to look over her shoulder, but Shane grabbed her hand, shaking his head vigorously. Ilya was still staring at them.

“Don’t look-” he said frantically, trying not to fully panic, “It’s-”

But Rose had decided to retrieve something out of her purse, and made a business of pulling out her lipstick, before turning slowly to face Shane, her eyebrows so high they almost disappeared into her hair.

They stared at each other for such a long time that Shane’s eyes started to water. Finally, Rose opened her mouth, and his anxiety immediately skyrocketed. He couldn’t do this, he couldn’t face it. She was going to figure it all out and run to the tabloids and it would all be over.

The rational part of his brain recognized that she would never do that, but the other part was louder, more obnoxious.

“Isn’t that-” she started to say, but Shane stood up, so quickly that he nearly knocked his chair over. She stared up at him, startled, and he stammered, trying to come up with some excuse,

“I’m sorry,” he shook his head, “I think I just need a little air.”

“Are you okay?” Rose asked, making to stand up with him, “I can come with you-”

“No that’s- that’s okay,” he said, trying to put her at ease with a smile that he knew didn’t reach his eyes, “I’ll be back in a few.”

He stood up, squeezing his way out the front door and into the chilly night air. There was a railing directly in front of him, leading down the street, where he could hear the water a block or so away, and he leaned against it, trying to force as much of the cold metal against his skin as he could.

He was being ridiculous. It shouldn’t make any difference that Ilya was there. He was there with Rose, in the city to have a couple of days to himself. He wasn’t going to let Ilya Rozanov and his stupid pretty face ruin it for him.

He had closed his eyes, listening to the never-ending sounds of the city around him, so focused on himself that he didn’t even notice the familiar weight leaning next to him.

He opened his eyes and nearly jumped out of his skin.

Ilya was staring at him, a cigarette in his mouth, and a smirk on his face. Shane stared back, not even sure what he was supposed to say, his insides twisting with that palpable desire that he would do anything to squash.

“Are you having a nice time?” Ilya said quietly. It felt like a taunt, and Shane was angry, angry that they couldn’t have more, that what they were was destined to be a secret. Angry that he didn’t seem to care at all. And angriest of all that this was all his fucking fault for running away in the first place.

“I *was*,” he snapped, turning away from him, “Until you decided to show up.”

“I was here first,” he pointed out, but Shane didn’t care, he was drunk and didn’t give a fuck what was true and what wasn’t at the moment.

“You could have picked any other restaurant!” he raged, “But instead you decide to bring your girlfriend to this one. In New York! And you have a game tomorrow in Chicago so you shouldn’t even be here.”

Ilya’s eyebrows lifted briefly, before immediately knitting back into a sort of disdainfully arrogant look.

Shane wished that it made him worse looking.

“You are the one that brought *your* girlfriend to this restaurant.”

“Oh my god,” Shane threw up his hands, exasperated beyond belief, even though Ilya had no way of knowing how many times he had had to explain this, “She’s *not* my girlfriend!”

“Looks like your girlfriend to me,” he said stonily, folding his arms.

Shane was about to argue, before something seemed to penetrate his hazy brain.

“You’re jealous,” he said simply.

“I am not,” Ilya said forcefully, but he didn’t meet Shane’s eyes, “I have not ever been jealous of anything, Hollander.”

“Oh yeah?” Shane felt looser, less reserved, more willing to push back, “Then why do you look so pissed?”

It felt like the rest of the world had melted away, fading into the background as Ilya’s eyes moved slowly from the city around them to Shane’s face.

He looked at him hungrily, like he couldn’t get enough, and Shane mirrored him, taking in the faint flush high on his own cheekbones, though he didn’t seem to be as drunk as Shane was.

God, he loved the way his mouth looked.

Ilya reached forward, and Shane didn’t care that anyone could see them, that they were twenty feet from a packed restaurant, that there were probably a thousand cameras on them in any given direction. He couldn’t help the little noise that was dragged out of the back of his throat when Ilya held him by the chin, tilting his face upward to look into his eyes.

“What do you want, Hollander?” he asked, eyes searching his face.

Shane wanted him. He wanted him all the time, maybe forever, but he was so terrified of that fact he knew that he would probably never admit it.

“Admit it,” he sounded far more confident than he felt.

“What?” Ilya’s breath ghosted across his face, and Shane shuddered, trying to push towards him unconsciously.

“Admit that you’re jealous I’m here with Rose.”

He expected him to push Shane away, to tell him to go back to his date and pull himself together.

Instead, his eyes wandered down his face, resting on his lips again.

Shane felt like his whole body was tingling.

“Have you kissed her while you’ve been here?” he asked quietly, and Shane couldn’t help that his mouth curled up in triumph.

“I thought it didn’t matter to you.”

Ilya seemed to chew his words before he spoke them.

“Just tell me. Have you kissed her tonight?”

Shane thought about lying, just to see what it would do to him, but he settled on the truth instead,

“No.”

Immediately, Ilya seized him, dragging him forward, and kissed him hard on the mouth. Shane melted into him instantly, his hands coming up to tangle in his hair, sighing against his lips.

Fuck, there was nothing better than this. Nothing better than Ilya’s mouth and his tongue and the sounds that he made when he held Shane against him.

He had missed this. Why had he been so fucking stupid? Why had he run away when Ilya had finally been vulnerable with him?

Why would he *ever* run away from him? From this.

“Fuck Hollander,” Ilya said against his lips, his hands gripping his hips hard enough to bruise. He walked Shane back into a small alley between the restaurant and its neighboring building, pushing him up against the rough brick and devouring him, swallowing him down so that Shane was reduced to nothing more than a complete mess, desperate for anything that Ilya would give him.

It was stupid, reckless, dangerous. Everything that Ilya loved and Shane hated. But Shane found that he didn’t care, not when he had been starving for this, for Ilya, from the moment he had left his house a few months before, leaving words hanging in the air that he was too afraid to face.

He wanted to tell Ilya that he saw the expression on his face when he had left that day that day every time he closed his eyes. It haunted him, he regretted it every day, and he would do anything to take it back.

Instead, he kissed him harder, trying to tell him without words.

For once, it was Ilya that broke them apart, looking around the dark alley, and grinning, so that his teeth were reflected mutely in the flickering light above them.

“Look at you, out in the open and everything,” he held Shane back as he struggled to kiss him again, “But I know this is not what you want.”

“What do I want?” Shane asked, more petulantly than he had meant to.

“I’m at the Soho Grand,” Ilya said immediately, straightening Shane’s shirt, both of them still breathing heavily, like they had just run miles, “Room 2014.”

Shane looked away, back out across the city. He knew he shouldn't, and he also knew he wanted to more than he had maybe wanted anything in his life.

"No pressure," Ilya kissed him, gently this time, but it didn't stop Shane chasing him, wanting more. Just a little more. "But if you're free tonight…"

"I'll have to- Talk to Rose," he mumbled, and Ilya rolled his eyes, huffing in an endearingly annoying sort of way.

"Just come if you can, I know you want to."

"Ilya-" Shane could see his heart stop as he said his name, but Shane had decided he liked the way it felt in his mouth, "I do want to."

"Then come," he said again, pulling Shane closer again, "Rose is not your mother either."

Shane thought about the excuses he could make to her. That he had met someone in New York the last time he was here, that she had reached out when she saw the pictures, that he knew Rose wouldn't mind, he'd be back before morning…

He knew she wouldn't believe him.

"I should go back- Back in," he said finally, trying not to see the edge of disappointment in Ilya's eyes, "But- I'll try. To get away tonight. I'll text you."

The smile that stretched Ilya's face was worth twice its weight in gold.

"Wait," he paused, "What about *your* girlfriend?"

Ilya's laugh filled his ears, and Shane grinned in spite of himself.

"That is Svetlana, I told you about her. She has a place here, so we thought we'd meet for dinner. Make a night of it. She already gave me up as a bad job and went home, probably to fuck someone else."

"That doesn't bother you?" he asked tentatively, watching his face, which was half hidden in shadow. He shook his head, dragging his lips from the side of Shane's mouth to his jaw.

"No," he murmured against his skin, "It doesn't bother me. You are the only one that bothers me."

He shivered at the tone of his voice, at the promise that was hidden there.

"You bother me too, just so you know."

Shane kissed him lightly before pulling away, letting their fingers linger together as he moved towards the front door, checking his appearance in the glass and trying to smooth down his hair.

Rose was sitting at their table, her arms crossed and her eyebrows raised. He opened his mouth, ready to apologize, but she pointed silently at the chair he had vacated, and he sank into it, feeling like a child that was about to get told off.

"So," she said, her arms were still crossed, but she didn't look angry, "You have something you want to tell me?"

"I-" Shane looked around. None of the tables were paying them any attention, and he did want to tell her but- But he couldn't. He just wasn't brave enough. "Not here."

She narrowed her eyes, taking him in slowly, like she had never seen him before.

"Fine," she sat back demurely, placing her napkin back in her lap, "You missed the last course. Too bad, since it was the best one so far."

"Too bad for me."

"But not for me, I got to finish both of them."

Their conversation was more stilted for the rest of the meal, and Shane felt guilty.

Rose asked for the check not long after he returned, and they fought silently over who would pay the bill. Rose eventually won out, and they made their way back to their waiting car, traveling in silence all the way back to her brownstone, which looked a lot less welcoming than it had that morning.

Or maybe Shane was just terrified of what was coming.

"So," Rose rounded on him the moment they were inside the house, "You and Ilya Rozanov?"

He felt like all the air had left his lungs. Had they been that obvious?

But he was so tired of lying. About who he was, about where he was going.

And Ilya.

Fuck, he was so tired of lying about Ilya.

"It's- Complicated. It's been- Off and on for- A long time."

"What's a long time?" she asked, looking eager.

Shane couldn't look her in the eyes, he knew how crazy it was going to sound to her.

"Since- Since before I got drafted. 2009."

Rose's face shifted slowly. She seemed to be doing some kind of math in her head, and Shane hurried to explain.

"We were- We were off when you and I were-"

“Shane…Seven years?”

Her voice was quiet, and she looked so sad. So sad for him.

“It- Yeah. It’s been mostly sex for a lot of that time. And for a long time it wasn’t even that. It just- Yeah. Seven years.”

Rose watched him, and he shifted uncomfortably under her gaze. Was she going to tell him he was stupid? That he was clinging to something that didn’t and wouldn’t ever really exist with Ilya Rozanov? That he should move on and find someone that it was actually possible to be with?

Instead, she grabbed the Metros cap that he had left next to the couch before dinner, and shoved it on his head.

“Go,” Rose said, pulling his hat low down on his face, “They’re not outside. Now’s your chance.”

“You really are a- Great friend,” he said awkwardly, and she rolled her eyes, shoving him in the shoulder.

“I know I am, and please tell your extremely annoying guy that I expect you back in the morning. Just because this is happening doesn’t mean our itinerary is going to get fucked up.”

Shane laughed, his head tilting down towards the ground.

“Understood.”

She kissed him on the cheek.

Half an hour later, Shane was knocking on the door of room 2014 in the Soho Grand, his hands in his pockets, and his heart in his throat.

Ilya pulled open the door at once, seemingly shocked that Shane was there at all. Shane took advantage of his stunned silence and slid past him into the hotel room, which smelled like clean sheets and Ilya, that very specific smell that Shane thought he could recognize anywhere; a little minty and a little like tobacco and a little something undefinable. It all came together to make his blood race.

“I didn’t think you’d come,” Ilya said, watching Shane with his back against the door.

He had taken off his dinner clothes, and was dressed in a familiar set of sweatpants and worn t shirt. Just the sight of him made Shane’s mouth water.

“Well I’m here,” he sounded much more confident than he felt, “I thought you were going to prove how not jealous you were.”

Ilya’s mouth lifted up in a devastating smirk, one that Shane associated with getting shoved into the boards and then bent over his own kitchen counter an hour later.

It made his heart race in anticipation.

“Come here, Hollander,” Ilya was already stalking towards him himself, and Shane met him in the middle, crashing together like water and land. They kissed desperately, like they needed each other to breathe, and Shane dragged him to the bed, pulling him down and readying himself to drown.

They had to make up for lost time, after all.

End Notes

Love y'all, thank you for reading! <3

PS: the restaurant mentioned is Nonna Dora's in Kip's Bay; genuinely one of the best meals I've had in NY, and that's saying something.

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