

Rose's gay boyfriends curse

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Rose's gay boyfriends curse

by [Azamir](#)

Summary

Rose Landry went to theatre school. And had an astounding number of gay boyfriends to show for it.

Honestly, sometimes it felt like a curse to her. And now, with Shane Hollander, she had the bad feeling that it had struck again.

Set during Episode 5.

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Rose Landry is reflecting on her 10 boyfriends, 70% - no, make that 80% - of which have left her for other guys.

Because nobody can tell me that girl hasn't had some kind of crisis with THAT track record.

Notes

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

Rose Landry was born in Michigan as the youngest of four children. Her parents were very white middle class and her father and brothers looooooved Ice Hockey.

When she started acting in commercials and then actually got her first movie roles as a child, it was not a big deal at first. A lot of kids got into child roles as extras or in commercials, few of them actually made it into proper acting as an adult. Her parents had been supportive – no 8-year-old got into a movie casting on her own, much less to and from set. Her mum had been a stay-at-home mum that drove all her kids around – the boys to hockey rinks and Rose to auditions and movie sets.

When Rose decided to stick with acting, her brothers had cheered her on, just as she had cheered them on in university hockey and into the AHL. Still, it meant going to theatre school, and while she still had a few roles here and there during it, it was still school. University, dorm life, though... plenty different from what John had told about his university days in Princeton. He'd been on the athletic scholarship and playing Hockey in the NCAA, though, so it wasn't exactly a normal university experience, at that.

But the rest of it was... theatre school. Theatre kids. Rose hadn't done as much high school as most kids, with the acting she had missed enough classes that she never really joined any clubs, busy with catching up with regular classes already. But she did hang around the theatre kids, some of whom were jealous of her, but most of whom just loved a lot of the same things Rose did.

In the high school theatre club, she met her first two gay boyfriends. She had been sixteen and seventeen, respectively, and honestly, they all had been in it to have someone to go to the school events with. But Jonas and Turner had both been so happy about hanging out with Rose at first, until they realized it wasn't working out because, actually, they liked kissing boys.

She hadn't thought too much about it then. As a teen, you just weren't quite there yet. You had to experiment and that would lead you to the relevant realizations in the end. No harm done, except a few tears cried.

In university, it had started feeling like a curse. She had had six relationships over the course of her university days and... some of those boys she was angry with. Jeremy had wanted her as the test whether he was bisexual. That had been rude.

But the rest...

She sometimes wondered what exactly made her so stupid to always go for gay guys or whether she somehow had a quality that just called to closeted gays.

There had been Patrick, who had approached her for his film project. She had listened to his pitch, a short film done by a group of people from their university, a comedy about being broke and working too much in your part-time job. The crew he had assembled had been fun. Patrick had been fun. And he hadn't been bad at the directing part of it all, and at the end of the short film production they had been together for a while. Until about a month later, when Rose had walked in on Patrick sucking off their cutter in the living-room of his apartment.

He'd been very apologetic, but ultimately stuck with Jonah. They even stayed together for the rest of university, she just lost contact with them after.

Then, there had been Romaine. She probably should have clocked him, but he'd been soooo determined to say that his mannerisms didn't mean he was gay.

Yeah, okay. He was bisexual. But he fell for one of the art majors who helped out with set designs every now and then, and Rose was forgotten.

Calvin had been a real sweetheart. He had left behind his ultra-conservative parents to go to theatre school. Rose was a little concerned about his conservative ideas, but he was eager to expand his horizon and he was good to talk to, in the end. He had never had a girlfriend before, being brought up in purity culture, and maybe she should have clocked it. Well, when they finally worked through his issues about premarital sex, it had been pretty underwhelming.

He still saw it as a breakthrough, though. Wanted to experiment more.

Well, and then he kissed a boy and discovered that that was even better than kissing and fucking girls. Another one.

That was when she really had felt cursed. Adam, her only university boyfriend who had been heterosexual, had turned out to be a cheating dick. It was an arts college, of course there were a lot of girls, and he'd been good at talking to them. Rose had fallen for his charm, and she had been pretty enough – and with actual movie acting roles, which made her a hot topic even at university – that he wanted her as his official girlfriend. He just didn't stop chatting up girls at every event he went to, and ultimately, fucking girls all over the place.

Rose had had an STI scare over the dick and it was what had made her want to be with Calvin, who with his "I want to wait until it all fits until we have sex"-attitude had seemed so very safe after that.

The last one had been Thomas. They had met via her brother, actually – a funny coincidence of one of Peter's friends having a younger brother who went to the same university as Rose did. Thomas also came from a Hockey family, and all his interests were so hetero, Rose hadn't had any inkling until they were in bed together and he was very much not into her. And then he had accompanied Rose to one of the theatre premieres of the university theatre group. There, he met Felix. And for the fucking seventh time in her life, Rose was left for a guy.

When she had had her degree and her next role was an actual Hollywood Production, she hadn't really bothered with dating anymore. She was busy, men were either trash or gay, and she had enough going on to not even miss it, really.

There had been a few really nice months with Warren, a sound technician from the first X Squad movie she had been in. But the company he had been with had laid off several people, him amongst them, and he had moved to Europe for a much better job. She'd been happy for him, but long-distance like that was not something that they both had even contemplated. Her schedule was already erratic enough, mix that with timezones and twenty hour flights and it was just not working out. She had seen him post Instagram pics with a sweet looking girl some time ago, and she was somewhat happy for him. He was a good guy.

But her curse...

She had the terrible feeling it had struck again.

It probably had been too good to be true.

She didn't keep up as religiously with the MHL as they had in her parents' house, but she still kept up to date and if she was too beat after a day of shooting to go out, she liked to watch games in the Hotel. She always kept up with the news of who was in the playoffs.

So, of course she knew who Shane Hollander was. And while most Hockey players were a little rough and a lot beefy, Hollander was really cute and far more attractive to her. She had seen pics of him with his Playoffs beard and it looked really funny, too.

When she had heard someone in the bar say "Is that Shane Hollander?", she had paid attention. She had looked around. And yessss, he was here!

She hadn't exactly meant to flirt with him, at first. But the opportunity to meet the guy whose autograph would make all her family jealous was too good to pass up. Her brothers were so unimpressed by all the top-level actors she had met in Hollywood, but Shane Hollander? They would burst with envy.

So, when he had showed up next to her, she had offered him a fry. And they had gotten talking, and he was really nice to talk to. Not pushy and annoying at all. A real Hockey nerd. Which, figures, he had to be, but he did seem to genuinely love the sport. Also, he was very grounded for a high-profile celebrity. Rose had met so many people who had grown terribly pretentious from their fame and money, and her middle-class background didn't mesh well with that. Shane Hollander was just easy to talk to, and surprisingly charming.

They had exchanged contact information, and started dating. He hadn't been pushy about sex, either. Which, honestly, should have been a warning, but he was pretty busy with the ongoing season, all the traveling back and forth for games, and so on.

Well. The first time, she had just chalked it up to a bad day. Not everyone was super sexually compatible from the spot, maybe they needed a little more time to warm up with each other.

But... last night was...

Yeah.

Having Miles there, who had a decent gaydar in general, and him being so into Shane had gotten her thinking as she lay awake afterwards. Shane hadn't reacted to Miles much. But he'd been distracted by something over the course of the evening, and then... Well. Whatever that had been once they were in his apartment.

And in her mind, the pattern had slowly solidified. Shane liked talking to her, he liked being in her general company – but whenever things turned physical, he got hesitant. Awkward. His eyes lost their sparkle. He didn't really initiate anything. He just... went along.

She had seen how confident he was in his body in general, in his home gym and playing hockey. He wasn't hesitant about physically interacting with his teammates or opponents, no, there was just something about interacting with her that made him that way.

As she sat on the side of the set, waiting for her next scene to start, she went through several of their interactions. How Shane had sidestepped her offers of sex several times. How he never talked about girls. Never. And he didn't have to censor himself, like many guys did when they didn't want to make their girlfriends jealous. No, he just didn't talk about girls.

She looked up and gave an annoyed sigh to the studio ceiling. Her curse had most probably struck again.

She'd never heard of a gay hockey player. Were there any? Well, statistically, there must be, but... were they all closeted? That could explain... some things.

Miles showed up next to her.

"Hi Rose. What's the long face for?"

She forced a polite smile.

"Uh, nothing, just bored about all of this taking so long. The costume starts to itch."

He chuckled.

"That it does. But... you took your boy home last night, didn't you? How was Shane Hollander...?"

Oh no.

Rose schooled her expressions. She was an actress, after all.

"I don't kiss and tell, Miles."

He pouted a bit.

"Okay, keep the beautiful man to yourself, then. But if he ever is open to a threesome... please think of me!"

Rose rolled her eyes.

"You're impossible, Miles."

He smirked.

"That I am!"

The director called and they actually had to work again.

But Rose knew, she would have to talk to Shane. Because... She deserved better than to be someone's beard. And Shane deserved better than to go through the motions of something he seemed to hate for the sake of... Heteronormativity.

They'd talk. Soon.

Then she'd know whether her curse of the gay boyfriends had struck again.

End Notes

Rose is precious and I totally get that she WISHES she were a lesbian. I love her. But it's funny to me how she has THAT track record and still hooks up with another gay guy. She should have her gaydar checked out XD.

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