

Countdown

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76738676) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76738676>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry , Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Fluff , in the club , Fluff and Humor , Shane is anxious , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Slow Dancing , Drunk Shane Hollander , New Year's Kiss , Fluff and Crack , Costumes , Shane does the absolute most
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 4,730 Chapters: 1/1

Countdown

by [Korain](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya celebrate New Year's together.

Notes

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

“This sounded way better in my head.”

The wigs, mustache, and glasses stared mockingly at Shane.

“You want to dress up for me? This is not very sexy outfit,” Ilya’s voice was flat, “I guess depends on where you put the mustache.”

“Fuck you.”

Shane checked his watch as an excuse to hide his reddening face. 10:30PM, only 30 minutes till their taxi arrived. 30 short minutes for his entire life to fall apart.

Ilya walked over to the hotel bed and picked up a wig. He studied it for a moment before placing it atop Shane’s head. He smoothed out the hair, pulling each strand into place. A small smile snuck its way onto his lips.

“Was this your surprise?” Ilya’s laugh was sweet, endearing.

“No, no, there’s, um-“

A loud knock sounded at the door. Shane breathed a sigh of relief. He turned and opened the door without checking the peephole.

Rose greeted him with a hard hug straight to the chest. Svetlana leaned forward and placed a big kiss on Shane’s cheek.

“Shaaaaaane!” Rose’s laugh was bubbly and light. She pulled a large bottle of champagne from her black and silver linked purse, pushing it into Shane’s unprepared hands.

She quickly sideswiped Shane and ran over to Ilya, giving him a lighter hug. Another bottle was pulled from her purse, a bottle of vodka with a maroon and gold label.

Shane’s heart skipped a beat at Ilya’s face, open and happy.

“Rosey, why is it half empty?”

Svetlana took off one of her heels and stumbled sideways into the mattress. The other girl jumped over to join her.

“We started early,” Rose giggled, “I do makeup better a little drunk.”

Ilya squinted his eyes. “You’re not wearing makeup?”

“I am... but you’re not.” Rose picked up the remaining wig on the bed and twirled it around her finger.

Shane watched nervously as Ilya put the pieces together.

“New Year’s Halloween party?” Ilya’s eyebrows were narrow. Shane shook his head and looked at the champagne bottle.

“Holy shit, Rose, isn’t this like 2k?”

Rose rolled off the bed onto the floor. Her red ruched dress gathered at her thighs and dragged against the hotel carpet. Shane’s eye twitched.

“Little more... lotta more.”

Shane sighed. The costumes would have to be done perfectly for them to be fully unrecognizable. He wasn’t sure they would be able to pull it off in the next, he checked his watch again, 25 minutes.

He picked at his hoodie string, the plastic end coming undone between his fingers. They could do this. They just needed to concentrate and work together.

“Okay, Rose, you start with Ilya... Svetlana, you’re on clothes.”

Rose gave him an overzealous salute and grabbed Ilya’s hand. Ilya rolled his eyes but followed her willingly into the brightly lit bathroom.

Svetlana shuffled over and picked up a pair of sunglasses. They were thin, the plastic only covering about an inch and a half vertically. They reminded Shane of the Matrix.

“I think you in these with the light blue button down,” she tapped her pouted lip, “with the tan trousers, yah?”

Shane nodded, gathering the items in his left arm.

“And then maybe the longer black wig with it... you bought wig glue, right?”

Shane nodded again. He diligently grabbed the black wig and swapped it with the blonde one Ilya had put on him.

“Okay, let’s try it. You get dressed, and I’ll do drinks.”

He felt a bit nervous about changing in front of Svetlana. She’d always been a bit of a mystery, hard for Shane to read in the best of times. He’d felt that way with Ilya at first, too. Maybe it was a Russian thing.

He zipped up the pants and turned to face Svetlana. She was still working on the fourth drink, vodka mixed with the complementary hotel lemonade from the fridge.

He cleared his throat and put on the sunglasses she had picked. A nervous feeling echoed across his chest.

“Oh!” Svetlana handed him a cup, “Okay, let’s just...”

She undid the top three buttons of the short sleeve button down, exposing more chest than Shane would normally feel comfortable with. She then cuffed the sleeves on both arms, stepping back to admire her work.

“Okay, cute. Do you have any rings or jewelry?”

“Yeah, Ilya gave me some for my birthday.”

“Perfect, I picked those out! Put ‘em on and then I think you’re set, besides the wig of course.”

Shane felt a bit like a doll, but didn’t entirely hate it. He went into the bathroom to fetch his toiletry bag.

Ilya stared at him through the dirty mirror with dark brown eyes and rosy red cheeks. Another blush crept up Shane’s neck.

“I’m basically done. We’re the same shade, so I just did some quick touchups and then a tiny bit of contour and blush.” Rose brushed Ilya’s blonde hair to the side and blew on his cheek.

The brown eye contacts and hollowed, contoured cheeks made Ilya look not of this world. He kept looking at Shane through the mirror, searching up and down his body, gaze landing conveniently on Shane’s exposed chest.

“Looks really good, Rose, thank you,” Shane’s voice came out a bit dry. Ilya’s lip quirked up. He blew Shane a kiss.

“Yes, of course! I have your contacts once you’re ready.”

“Okay, let me grab- oh wait, hang on.”

Shane stepped out of the bathroom and brought back two cups, one mixed drink and one cup of straight vodka.

Ilya sniffed his cup and grinned.

“Rosey, I taught you well, yah?”

Rose hit his shoulder and took a sip of her drink. Svetlana had poured her’s especially strong. Shane could smell it as he walked out of the bathroom.

The bartender in question had already opened up Rose’s expensive champagne bottle and started pouring more glasses. Shane grabbed one and drank the whole thing.

Svetlana laughed and poured another round, Shane drank the whole glass again.

“I can do this all day.” Svetlana poured a third glass of the sweet, fruity drink. Shane burped and then covered his mouth, embarrassed.

Svetlana quickly glued down his wig to his forehead. Shane felt that this might actually work.

“Did the promoter say anything?”

Getting into the bar undetected was the biggest risk Shane had considered. If the bouncer recognized his or Ilya’s ID, they would need to be careful, like they always did. Shane didn’t want that. He wanted to be two regular people celebrating the New Year. He’d never had that experience before.

Svetlana glared at him in response. Shane nodded and smoothed out his shirt. Maybe he needed another drink.

“Shane, ready for you!” Rose called from the bathroom. Shane thanked Svetlana before collecting his mixed drink and champagne.

He passed Ilya in the doorway, getting his ass smacked hard as he walked through the threshold. Ilya winked at him but said nothing further.

Rose was fixing her wavy hair in the mirror. Shane sat down in the office chair that had been dragged in front of the sink.

“You look really good,” Shane felt the champagne bubbling in his stomach.

Rose smiled.

“How nervous are you on a scale of one to ten?”

Shane looked down at his lap. He studied the half-finished drink for a moment, the smell of vodka bringing him back to another night in a hotel room with Ilya years ago. He blushed.

“Probably an eight.”

Rose took out a dark pink lipstick pen from her purse. Her focus drifted from her mouth back to Shane’s curled form.

“I’m excited for you. This is something you deserve... after all these years.”

Shane downed the mixed drink with a grimace. Svetlana must have poured more vodka into it when he wasn’t looking.

“I think it’s something I need to do,” Shane coughed as the vodka burned his throat.

Rose hummed and closed her lipstick pen. Her eyes were watery as she washed her hands.

“You’ll love it. Being with him, I mean.”

“I already do.”

Rose’s hand was warm as she cupped his cheek.

“I know, but there will be a day when he won’t be a secret, when you’ll hold his hand without thinking. You’ll get there, you both will.”

Shane smiled. He knew she meant every word.

“Now,” she turned away from him, “let’s get these contacts in, shall we?”

He popped his neck and took a breath. He considered saying a prayer, but Rose was already gripping the back of his head with surprising power.

“Wait, wait-“ Shane cringed as she stuck the contact directly into his eye. He held his breath as she reached over and did the other.

“Sorry, it’s always better to do it quick. So you don’t psych yourself out.”

Shane met his eyes in the mirror. Piercing blue, a close match to Ilya’s day-to-day.

“I thought it would be fun for you guys to swap,” Rose crossed her arms. Shane turned his head to the side and studied the contacts. They looked real. She must have bought a high quality pair.

“Thanks, for everything.”

Rose wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

“You’re gonna do great.”

Shane rested the side of his head on her arm. He’d been lucky to meet her, even luckier to have her as a friend.

“Rose! Shot!” Svetlana’s voice called. Rose smiled one last time at Shane before departing the bathroom.

He took in another deep breath. The feeling in his chest was the same he felt when he had traveled for games too many times in a row, a deep misplacement from his usual sense of self. His eyes fell shut as he leaned his head back against the chair.

A hand softly touched his jaw. He looked up to see Ilya’s smirking face.

“You look pretty,” his voice was deep and alluring. The dark eyes brought out the paleness of his skin.

The rapid shift of his heart every time Ilya looked at him worried Shane. He worried that once he was this far in, he’d never be able to piece himself back together, should something happen.

He blinked hard and tried to clear his head.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya’s face was passive, worried.

Shane brought his hands to the back of Ilya's thighs. He felt the warmth under his palms. Ilya was real; he was here with him. Another breath forced its way through Shane's lips.

"I don't know."

Ilya stroked his cheek and shifted the false hair away from his eyes. He could feel every nerve in his body activate as the blonde man lowered his head.

Ilya's lips were soft but firm, and Shane drank up every ounce of comfort they provided.

Ilya pulled away quickly, still concerned.

"You don't have to worry," he placed another quick kiss to Shane's eyebrow, "I'd be happy sitting here in this room all night, long as you are there."

"I just want everything to be perfect," Shane's voice was barely a whisper.

"Rosey brought my favorite vodka, you look like model, the night is already perfect."

The nerves slowly eased in Shane's chest. He grabbed Ilya's hand and kissed the top of it, hoping the unspoken words would be clear.

Ilya's lip quirked up. "Actually, I am not drunk yet, so not quite perfect, yah?"

"I can fix that." Shane's voice was bolder now. He pulled Ilya back out of the bathroom to meet the girls, who immediately greeted them with shots.

"Taxi's here in 10, drink up, boys."

The elevator ride down passed in hazy frames. Lots of grays and browns. Shane hung onto someone's shoulder and got pulled into a yellow car.

"Paradise club, please," Svetlana's voice was sturdy. Shane didn't understand how she could drink that much and still sound fine.

"I'm from Russia, you know," Svetlana replied from his right. Shane covered his mouth, not realizing he had said that out loud.

Ilya grumbled something from the passenger seat that made the driver laugh, which made Ilya grumble more.

Shane looked out the window at the dark, rainy streets of New York. The lights blurred and danced against the glass, drawing long, colorful lines across the watery streaks. He pressed

his cheek against the cool surface, humming along to the radio.

He felt calm, content even. Normally, New Year's was a holiday that came with a blend of melancholy and exhaustion. He caught Ilya's still worried stare. Tonight would be different. They deserved that much, as Rose had said.

"Here okay?"

"Yes, thank you."

Shane shook his head and tried to concentrate. He opened the taxi door with numb, tingly hands. He commanded his legs to move one in front of the other. Perhaps a cup of water was needed.

Ilya grabbed his waist and held him steady. Shane pressed his cold face into his neck. Through the drunken haze, he pushed down a quell of anxiety.

Ilya pulled him tighter into his body, like a shield from the crowded city streets.

"Rosey, you made me look like Russian spy."

Shane covered his mouth. Rose had stuck the moustache onto Ilya's lip in the elevator, saying something about blending in better. Paired with the 2018 New Year's glasses, he certainly looked the part.

"Stop. Stop saying Russian spy," Svetlana's voice was strict.

Shane giggled, bringing his finger up to stroke the mustache. Ilya bit his finger. Shane giggled harder.

"Okay, Ilya, take those glasses off. Get serious."

Ilya took the glasses off but kept the moustache. Shane had started to take a liking to it. Or maybe he was just drunk. Yeah, he was definitely just drunk.

Svetlana greeted the bouncer with a kiss on the cheek and wide, fluttery eyes. She pulled Rose over and giggled, pretending to find everything the man said funny and clever. Shane had seen her work her magic plenty of times.

Within minutes, they were in another elevator with a young, attractive man who spoke animatedly with Rose. Shane distantly worried if he should have had Rose dress up too. She drew a lot of attention. Maybe that was a good thing, though. It certainly took all thoughts off the random long haired man with black sunglasses on and...

Shane eyed Ilya's "costume". He'd put the 2018 New Year's glasses back on, much to Svetlana's chagrin. He looked ridiculous with one eye sticking out of the 0 and another through the bottom of the 8. Shane laughed without realizing.

"Do I look sexy?" Ilya whispered into his ear.

The black V-neck and tight trousers fit his body sinfully. Shane turned his mouth to Ilya's ear. "Always."

They stepped out of the elevator on the 40th floor. The hallway into the club was dimly lit with red lights. The man led them to the main dancefloor and bar, already packed with sweaty, jumping people.

"Drinks are on me for the ladies," he grinned at Rose again and hugged the two women. Svetlana whispered something to him before walking away. The man watched her go, a sparkle in his eye that Shane almost found sweet.

He didn't have a chance.

The other three followed Svetlana to the bar, the loud music making it difficult to order drinks. Rose grabbed Shane's arm and held, excitedly bouncing up and down.

Svetlana handed them iced glasses, all bright red with a pineapple garnish at the top.

"Drinks are on Vadim tonight, *ladies*," Svetlana's face broke out into an evil grin, "let's make him regret it, yah?"

"He's going to think we're alcoholics," Rose accepted her drink and took a sip. Svetlana nodded excitedly.

Shane turned around and eyed the room for anyone he knew, anyone who looked like they watched hockey. The crowd was mostly women, with the occasional man dressed in a full suit. Colorful lights beamed down upon the dancefloor, illuminating bright dresses and drunken faces.

Ilya flicked his cheek, "Stop worrying. Drink."

Though not a sustainable way of dealing with his anxiety, Shane listened wholeheartedly and downed his glass. He then grabbed Ilya's glass and downed that one too. Ilya shook his head and set the empty glasses down on the bar top.

Svetlana grabbed Shane's hand and led him swiftly onto the dancefloor. She spun him around, giggling when he bumped into a scary man in a bright orange suit.

He'd always felt a bit awkward dancing, too aware of his surroundings, but tonight he felt good. No, he felt great. The liquor had settled in his stomach nicely, convincing him that every move he made was hot and smooth.

Svetlana sang along to the catchy Latin song blasting through the speakers. He didn't know the name, but was pretty sure he recognised the English speaker. He swung his hips, appreciating how easily Svetlana danced and weaved through the people around them.

A warm body came up behind him, grabbing his hips and pulling him backwards. Brown eyes met his, the eye contacts doing something iniquitous to Shane's pulse.

Rose appeared on his left, spinning around with Svetlana.

“I need to find someone hot for midnight!” Svetlana shouted over the music, standing on her tiptoes to scan the crowd.

“Same!” Ilya shouted back, earning a punch from Shane.

“Fuck you.”

“Anytime.”

Ilya’s hands worked their way up Shane’s chest, pausing at the sensitive part of his nipple. Shane forced himself to not look worriedly through the crowd.

Ilya casually brushed his fingers repeatedly over the sensitive bud. Shane casually increased the movement of his ass against Ilya’s pelvis. Two could play at that game.

The song shifted to something faster paced. He felt a hum of approval through the press of Ilya’s chest against his back. The contact sent a thrill of arousal through his core.

Shane noticed that the majority of the crowd was doing a similar dance during the chorus, moving their arms and kicking one of their legs. He held back a laugh watching Rose and Svetlana try to copy the crowd.

“You know this song?” Ilya’s voice was loud in his ear. He leaned his head onto the man’s shoulder, wanting Ilya’s body to press against his back.

Shane shook his head, “I only really listen to jazz and classical.”

“Figures, boring.”

Shane rolled his eyes and moved himself off Ilya’s body. He tried to copy the dance move he’d seen in the crowd. He clumsily waved his hands and legs, body shockingly stiff for a starting hockey player.

Ilya narrowed his eyebrows and did the dance perfectly, throwing his head back to show off his jaw and muscled neck.

Shane rolled his eyes once again. It wasn’t fair.

Ilya laughed at him and leaned back in, “Do you want another drink?”

Shane shook his head; he’d already had too much and was starting to feel a bit sick.

“Okay, I’ll get champagne before midnight comes. I’ll be right back.”

Shane nodded and turned back to Rose and Svetlana.

“Five minutes, Shane, get excited!” Rose cheered.

Shane threw up his hands and raised them up and down, making Svetlana laugh. He laughed too.

The three of them jumped around to another fast song. Shane felt like his dancing was improving, but the giggles from Svetlana had made him feel otherwise.

“Where’s Ilya?” Rose’s voice cut through the music.

“Bar.”

Rose pointed her head in the direction of the bar.

“You should go find him.”

Shane stared at her, confused.

“Before midnight.”

Recognition flashed over Shane’s face.

“He said he’s coming back.”

Rose shook her head, “You only have two minutes. Go!”

Shane’s eyes went wide. He rushed through the crowd, not seeing Ilya in line at the bar.

People shoved their shoulders through him, trying to refill their glasses before the countdown began.

“Okay, okay, okay!” The DJ’s voice rang loud over the speaker, “One minute to 2018, New York let me hear it!”

“Shit, shit, shit,” Shane muttered, checking his phone. There was one missed text from Ilya, sent five minutes ago: *I found a booth.*

“45, 44, 43...”

Shane summoned all of the hockey maneuverability he’d ever been taught. He spun around a tall woman with wavy red hair, dodging person after person as he ran to the booths.

“30, 29, 28...”

He caught Ilya’s eyes, following the blonde man’s waving hand. Two drinks were set on the circular table.

“23, 22, 21...”

“I got you drink, just in case.”

“I can’t believe I got here in time,” Shane muttered, mostly to himself. The sea of people crowded around the table, making it nearly impossible to get through now.

“Yes, you looked like Scott Hunter coming over, gah, gah,” Ilya mimed someone falling over. Shane didn’t have the heart to be annoyed.

“12, 11, 10...”

“Drink?” Ilya asked again.

Shane shook his head, “I’m done drinking.”

“8...7...6...”

“It’s ginger ale.”

Shane felt himself grinning. It really was the little things.

“3...2...1!” Shane shouted, turning to Ilya.

The crowd cheered as Ilya pressed his lips to Shane’s for the first time in public. Shane felt a warm possessiveness spread through his chest. He was Ilya’s, as Ilya was his. The world ought to know how much he loved the man before him.

Ilya deepened the kiss, pulling Shane forward with his muscular arm. His tongue pushed past Shane’s lips, sending sharp tingles down Shane’s spine.

It was as if they sat in a bubble, a small environment just for them. Shane pulled away, a soft whisper on his lips.

“Happy New Year, Ilya.”

“Happy New Year, Shane.”

He picked up his ginger ale and clinked the glass with Ilya’s champagne. His eyes drifted down to the man’s mouth as he drank. A bead of champagne ran down Ilya’s lip. Shane moved the glass away from the other man’s mouth and licked up the bead.

Ilya stared at him with dark, gilded eyes. He reached down and pressed a hand to Shane’s inner thigh, moving it dangerously high before drawing it away. He leaned to Shane’s ear.

“Do not start something you don’t intend to finish, yah?”

Shane swallowed, tempted by the offer. Any other day, he would have left immediately.

“Let’s dance for a bit, *yah*?” Shane mimicked Ilya’s accent and started walking back over to the dance floor. Ilya followed him and smacked his ass.

Shane turned as Ilya grabbed his waistband, pulling him forward by his empty belt loops. Shane blushed at the contact.

He moved his body against Shane’s, something clearly on his mind. Shane could tell what he was thinking by the press of hardness on his thigh. Ilya licked his lips as they swayed.

“Does this feel weird to you?” Shane asked, breaking the tension.

“Nope.”

Shane nodded, “It doesn’t feel as weird as I thought it would. Maybe it’s the costumes.”

“Our costumes are shit.”

Shane laughed, knowing it was true. Ilya’s mustache had long since fallen off, and the contacts didn’t help much in the darkness of the club. He was now just Ilya with brown eyes. Not that Shane minded.

He ran his palms up Ilya’s torso, admiring the hard strength riddled within his body. His hands wandered up Ilya’s chest and neck, pausing at the short hairs on his nape. He peddled the hairs through his fingers.

Ilya’s hands grabbed onto his ass and held. He massaged the muscle, bringing his body closer. Shane rested his head against his shoulder, allowing Ilya’s masculine scent to overtake him.

The music changed to a slow song. Shane linked his fingers across Ilya’s back, swaying side to side with the mellow beat. Ilya leaned his head atop Shane’s.

Shane figured he should be worried about getting caught. He’d exhausted the thought over the course of the past decade, planning for every possible scenario. It would happen eventually, that much was certain. They would be ready when it did.

He breathed in hard again, the walls he normally felt inside dark hotel rooms and private properties nonexistent in this space. The feeling likely wouldn’t last in the daylight, that would take time, but he would enjoy it tonight.

“I see why now.” Ilya’s baritone voice reverberated through Shane’s chest.

“Hmm?”

“I see why you tried. With her.”

Shane turned his head, following Ilya’s gaze to find Rose and Svetlana dancing together in the middle of a crowd of people. Rose spun Svetlana in circles, pressing their hands together and doing a sloppy rendition of the Waltz.

“I’m glad you like her,” Shane confessed.

Ilya hummed and turned his attention back to Shane.

“She is good for you.”

Shane smiled. “She said the same thing about you.”

“Then she is smart woman.”

Shane pushed his shoulder, but did not deny it.

“Should we join them?”

“No,” Ilya’s grip on Shane’s waist turned firm, “we shouldn’t.”

Shane didn’t reply, instead he pushed his lips forward.

There was something so intoxicating about someone fitting so perfectly into his life. Shane didn’t understand how he’d held this feeling at bay for so long.

Ilya groaned against his mouth, hands roaming across the man’s back. Shane arched into the touch, wanting to give him more, wanting to give him everything.

How could it have ever been anyone but him?

“Hey,” Shane’s breath danced against Ilya’s, “let’s go.”

Ilya exhaled and nodded. Shane knew he understood what he meant.

“I’ll tell the girls.”

Shane patted his shoulder and headed towards the exit to hail a cab. He wondered if this was what normal people did on normal weekends. Was this what he had sacrificed all these years?

The wind was bitter and cold without the drunken blanket he’d had on the way in. He tucked his chin into his shirt collar, not wanting to get sick for evening practice tomorrow. Though he had a feeling a lot of the team would be calling in “sick”.

He raised his hand for the yellow cab, sensing Ilya join him at his right. The two stepped into the backseat with secret, murmured whispers. They were Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov, two of the most famous hockey players of this generation. They were that and so much more, things more important than hockey and money and headlines.

The walk to the hotel lobby was serene. Drunk people passed them with cackles and screams. Shane paid them no mind.

Ilya held open every door for him, clicking the keycard to room 1506 with a smile and a laugh.

Shane pressed his body to his immediately, pushing him against the wall. Ilya got down to his knees and took him apart breath by breath.

Later, when the sun had long since risen across the New York City skyline, Shane distantly remembered that he’d meant to set an alarm for his 12 o’clock flight. He jumped up with a start, but was pulled back into Ilya’s chest.

“It is 9. I set an alarm for 9:30.”

Shane’s chest fluttered, knowing that Ilya’s flight didn’t take off till 10PM that night.

“Thank you.”

“S’okay, I fucked you too good to remember such petty things.”

Shane rolled his eyes and grabbed his phone to make sure his flight was still set to take off. His eyes widened at the 9 missed calls from Rose and 4 from Svetlana.

“No phone,” Ilya grumbled.

“No, I think something...”

Shane clicked into Rose’s text to find a news article. His heart dropped. This was the moment. They’d been too risky, too careless. He gritted his teeth and clicked the link.

Ilya, sensing his anxiety, moved his head in the crook of his shoulder.

“What’s wrong?”

The news article loaded a blurred image from last night. It was a picture of Rose and Svetlana, pressed together in a liplock. The second image showed them dancing together, Rose with a wide smile and Svetlana clad in Ilya’s missing mustache.

Shane huffed a breath, then another, then a laugh. He clicked back to Rose’s text chat.

Ur welcome, xoxo

Ilya studied the message, snorting as he clicked back onto the news article.

Rose Landry comes out as bisexual? The movie star was seen on New Year's with a gorgeous female companion. Scroll for more pictures that will make you feel miserably single.

“Guess they were not fooled by the moustache, yah?”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya grabbed his chin, turning his head to the side and bringing his lips to the corner of his jaw.

“Gladly.”

End Notes

We love women

Alsooooo stay posted for the hotel scene in part 2

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!