

Put the phone down Shane!

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76909006) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76909006>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Rose Landry
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry , Rose Landry's Friends , Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Voicemail , Drinking , Drunk Dialing , Fluff , Fluff and Angst , Jealousy , Jealous Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Completed: 2026-01-04 Words: 6,129 Chapters: 2/2

Put the phone down Shane!

by [Lynnereads](#)

Summary

Rose and her friends take Shane after a long week while he's on his off season for a fun night out. Having dealt with a lot of stress between the day-to-day stresses of being managed by his mother and everything going on with Rozanov, he takes them up on his offer.

Unfortunately, Rose forgot to take his phone away...

Notes

Author was bitten by the Heated Rivalry bug, also author has not read the books.

Chapter 1: Shane's night off

Chapter Notes

Author got bit by the heated rivalry bug, please enjoy!

Shane had never really intended to stay friends with Rose Landry after they broke up. The thought of their failed relationship always brought on a tough stinging memory fueled by embarrassment. Fortunately for him, Rose kept to her word. She called and texted all the time, becoming a good friend that he could rely on and trust with his most guarded secret. She had once referred to herself as the light shining upon him through the cracks of the closet door, which had earned her a swift but playful punch to the arm.

She never let him isolate himself, especially on those rough nights when all he could think of was Ilya. Which tonight had been. He couldn't sleep and was content to stay in his cabin deep in the woods of Canada, until Rose's name flashed on his screen. She was in the area, shooting for a movie that she couldn't talk about to be released in a year or two. "Couldn't" being the operative word for "Not over the phone". She demanded that Shane had to come see her, seeing that they hadn't seen each other in months. Shane opened his mouth to start his train of prepared excuses he used on everyone else, when the words died in his throat. He *wanted* to go out with her. To not wallow in his own self pity over everything going on. He wanted to go out, to let himself just have this.

For one night, Shane just wanted to let go.

That's how he ended up here, driving a few hours in to town to meet up with her. She met him in the hotel lobby, throwing her arms around him and planting a sweet but obnoxious kiss on his cheek. A flash of images of sneaking up to Ilya's room danced past his eyes. They sat in her room for an hour, him sitting in one of those weird chairs placed in the corner with his feet kicked up on the edge of the bed and her lying across her bed on her stomach, kicking her feet and texting away. She told him about her new movie and how boring it was and how she thought the director didn't appreciate her skills as an actress and only wanted her for her looks and blah blah blah. Shane listened, but only partially. His phone buzzed on the table. Again.

"You going to check that?" Rose asked, nodding towards his phone that had been carelessly thrown on the charger on the nightstand.

"Nope. I don't need to." Shane sighs, taking the phone and showing her the ID. It was his mother again, reminding him of a brand deal that she was trying to push for and a reminder of photoshoots she had scheduled for the following week. Even on his off season he just couldn't get a break.

Don't get him wrong. He loved his mother. He appreciated all that she did for him. His career, his schedule, his brand deals, all of it. She made sure that all he needed to do was show up and perform. Sometimes though... it could still be a lot.

Proving his point further, his phone vibrated again.

Don't forget to wear your watch to the interview! They are watching!

"You seriously need a break. Let's go out tonight! I know that you like to relax during your off season, and I know what you're going to say! I know that-" "Yes." Shane interrupts her.

"What?" Rose asks, finally putting her phone down.

"I want to go out tonight. I need to think about... something else." Shane trails off.

She lets out a squeal of excitement, tapping her hands against Shane's ankles.

She sat up and picked up her phone, calling a few of her cast mates and asking them out for a drink. They were pretty tired, but once she added that the *Shane Hollander* was with her, they jumped on board. About thirty minutes later, Rose, Shane, and four of her friends were tightly packed in a car she had rented when she got down to Canada, looking up the best clubs in their area. They settled on a high rated place that one of her friends had previously told her about, that was 'just to die for'.

When they got there, they found a table in a VIP section and ordered rounds of drinks. It was nice, her friends were nice, the people were nice. It was a nice night. They asked him about his last season, he asked them about their movie and latest interviews. The more they talked, the more comfortable he became. He was on his second drink of the night when he started dancing with Rose and her friends, the alcohol melting away his anxieties and insecurities. He didn't have to worry about who was watching or if he was doing it right or if he looked out of place. To outsiders, he was dancing with his girlfriend and her friends on a fun night out. The tabloids hadn't figured out that they had broken up, and he was happy about it.

After the third drink, they got more personal. He opened up about his mother and his frustrations of having no time to himself, they opened up about their struggles with how much they give themselves to Hollywood.

"Sometimes, a guy just wants to go get coffee and flirt with the barista without it being national news!" One of her friends, Bradley, groaned. He raised his hands, "Celebrity news! Bradley Stevens likes decaf and has entered the dating field!" He drags his hands through the imaginary newswire. Shane giggles, playing with his straw in his mouth.

"I just want to do normal things again. I like going to clubs, but sometimes I want to go to a nice normal bar with my family without being bombarded by paparazzi and crazy fans! Just because you follow my instagram doesn't mean you get to talk to my mother!" Another one of her friends chimes in, who's name had been long forgotten as he'd been up and dancing for most of the night.

"I know exactly what you mean." Shane sighs, a breath of relief that someone understood him. Sure, nothing could compare to the stresses of being a Hollywood celebrity and the insane fan group that trailed behind them. That doesn't mean that he didn't have to worry about the same thing though. People following him, taking pictures, wanting to know exactly what he was doing to prepare for the next season and if anything that he was doing would prevent him from performing his absolute best. It was the same exhaustion.

"I had to build a whole cabin just to have some peace and quiet to myself. Private property, makes sure nobody can just... invade my privacy, you know?" Shane paused, trying to put the words together through the buzz of the alcohol in his system.

"You have a whole cabin? Ugh, I wish I had a cabin!" One of friends, Melanie, whined. "LA doesn't really have cabin building space."

"It's really nice." Shane described it to them. The lake, his private dock, the specifics of the tiny details of each thing he added to make the place more himself. He loved talking about it. He tried to open up to Ilya over the years about his love for architecture, but he always seemed bored and uninterested. Shane knew he was listening, he knew he cared, but he didn't know exactly how deep that care went. A sting shot through him. Even when he wasn't talking about hockey, he still thought of him. Shane waved down the waitress, ordering another round of drinks for the table.

"Not to mention trying to date. You can't even tell who wants *you* or just want to date someone famous and to be spoiled. It's exhausting." Steph sighed. He liked Steph. Rose and her were playing love interests in their new movie, but Steph made sure that no matter what Rose was always comfortable in their more intimate scenes.

"That's why I just don't date! Guys are so god damn confusing all the time, and the tabloids can't find shit if there isn't shit to find but the whole thing is just so exhausting." Shane added, the words tumbling out of his mouth faster than he could stop them. His heart stopped. Rose's eyes snapped to him, concern pouring through her gaze. He opened his mouth to say something when Melanie slammed her fist on the table.

"Damn right! Men are the worst! I'll drink to that!" Melanie raised her shot and clinked it against Shane's, sending him a wink. The message was clear. *This is a safe place.*

Everyone raised their glasses, clinking them together and shouting agreements over the noise of the party. Shane took a shaky breath, taking his shot too. This is a safe place. Nobody cares. Nobody is listening. Nobody is watching.

He meant what he said. Men were the worst, and keeping such a big secret was exhausting. Years of sneaking through hotel lobbies, up elevators, through the back of buildings, all for a few hours of stolen kisses and hook ups. At first it was easy, being a secret. It was hot that they were hooking up when they shouldn't be. The danger of it all was excited. After years though, he wanted something stable. Something real. He didn't even know he wanted that until Ilya had said his name and shattered the illusion that they were nothing but casual. Now he knew, the thought of being something real had soaked down into his bones, cut deep into his body and made a home for itself, eating away at everything he thought he knew.

The shift in his attitude did not go unnoticed. Rose took his hand and dragged him back on the dancefloor. Dancing with her was easy. It was simple, it was fun. It helped his thoughts of Ilya melt from his mind, even for just a moment. Shane wouldn't say they're dancing close, but it was close enough that anyone looking wouldn't know they weren't together anymore. The music was pulsing around them and the people around them were just as chaotic. He felt a presence sneak up behind them and he turns to see Bradley with a few shots, more specifically shots poured into a vial and colored with god knows what to make it seem festive and fun. He was lightly bouncing with the music as he moved carefully through the crowd.

Rose grinned, reaching a hand out for him to hand one of the shots to her when he shakes his head no. She furrows her eyebrows when he brings the vial up to her mouth and she gets a silent memo. She gently takes the vial in between her teeth and tips her head back, swallowing the liquid easily. It was impressive, and despite being a fully fledged homosexual, he could admit that it was hot. Brad turned to him, pulling another vial out.

Oh shit.

He replayed the image of Rose doing this just moments ago and nodded his head lightly. Brad grinned and brought the vial up to his mouth. Shane could smell it. The strong alcohol was nothing compared to the weak flavoring they tried to mask it with. He gently got his teeth around it, afraid to break it when he realized it was just plastic, and tipped his head back. He isn't too proud to admit that he nearly choked on it, the horrible taste burning as it went down his throat. He only hoped he looked half as good as Rose did when she took her shot,

He dropped his head down, dropping the shot down in to his hand and let out a deep groan, announcing his displeasure to the pair around him. Rose was beaming at him with pride, clapping her hands and cheering loudly over the music. Shane tried to match her energy, the alcohol hitting him hard. His balance shifted, almost falling over just standing still. Rose broke out in giggles as Bradley caught his arm, forcing him back upright.

"Looks like you're done there, Shane." She giggled, taking Shane's hands in hers. Shane nodded in agreement, interlocking their fingers. He was craving touch, connection, anything. She gently led him back to the table, ordering waters for everyone.

Everyone seemed to be in the same headspace as him when they got back to the table. Too drunk to dance, but drunk enough that the night was definitely not over. They were laughing, practically falling over each other as they did so. Steph was typing away on her phone, quietly asking about the check and how they were getting back to their hotel room, clearly over the night. Shane and Rose decided that they would split the bill, arguing the others could buy their Uber's back to the hotel. Melanie peaked up hearing this.

"No! The night is still young! I've been locked up in that hotel all week, please!" She whined, clasping her hands together in a pleading motion.

"Well... what about Shane's place? You said it had a bunch of rooms, right?" Brad asked, looking across the table to him.

"Please Shane! Pleaaaaase!" Melanie begged, giving her best puppy dog eyes.

"Well..." Shane trailed off. No one but his parents had ever been to his cabin, except Rose one time very briefly. He wasn't even sure if she came all the way in. The rest of the group followed in her lead, pleading and begging Shane. He looked to Rose for guidance, who was not begging. She understood that he liked his privacy, but her eyes deceived her cool demeanor.

"Alright. Alright! One night, then you all go home." Shane sighed, followed quickly by celebratory cheers from the table.

Melanie grabbed the bill as it hit the table, arguing that since Shane was such a gracious host she wouldn't make him pay the bill. Shane was a little grateful, since the friend that had been going around the room had been trying to pick up women by buying them drinks. Shane realized he must have gone home with one because when they scanned the room, he had ditched them. They sent him a quick text that they were headed out and Bradley called an Uber for them. Standing outside the curb, the cold Canadian air breezing past them helped sober Shane up. Shane closed his eyes, crossing his arms over his chest. He was thinking of him again.

He wondered if Ilya were here, if he would put his jacket over his shoulders. He'd seen plenty of tabloids of him standing outside clubs with women, doing the same thing with them. Would Ilya hold him from behind to keep him warm? Would he keep a hand on the small of his back, gently rubbing to soothe him from all the noise? No. Not him. Ilya would probably put as much distance as he could between them, making sure that no one could anything out of context between them. A wave of sadness felt as if it was going to crash over him, before Rose snapped him out of it. She wrapped her arms around him, hugging him from the front. She had a weird way of knowing when Shane was coming down, and always wanted to do what she could. He wrapped his arms around her too, swaying back and forth gently. They were both pretty drunk still.

"Oh my god! Rose Landry! Can I get a picture with you please!?" A young girl's voice made Shane open his eyes. Two girls were standing next to them, their phones out, one clearly recording them but acting like she was being subtle.

"Absolutely!" Rose broke from their huddle, asking Shane to take the girl's phone.

"Uh... can Shane be in the picture too?" She asked awkwardly. Shane handed the phone off to Bradley, scooting next to the other side of the girl. He kept his hands stuffed in his pockets and threw up a smile, waiting for the flash.

"EEEEK! Thank you soooo much, I loved your last movie!" She squealed, running off into the club they had just come from.

The Uber finally arrived and they all piled in. He leaned his head against the window, his body warm from the alcohol. Rose sat next to him, her perfume dancing around him. He gave the address and sat up more, feeling Rose nudge him. She showed him reels on her phone the whole way, taking small breaks to take selfies and text people back.

While it was a long drive, Melanie made it feel shorter. Her and Steph talked loudly the whole time, singing and gushing about going to *Shane Hollander's* personal cabin. They kept

everyone's spirits high and their buzz going, keeping everyone from falling asleep. When they finally got to Shane's place, they practically fell out of the Uber, the alcohol really hitting them despite sobering up a little bit over the drive. Shane helped them all inside, giving a quick rundown of where everything was. He only asked that they stayed out of his room. He heard a gasp and spun around, seeing Rose staring out across the lake.

"You didn't tell me it was this gorgeous!" Rose gasped, pointing out the window where his warm path lights reflected off the water.

"Can we swim? Please! Please! Please! Please! Ple-" "Okay!" Shane cut Melanie off. She immediately ran out, stripping quickly as she did so. Shane blushed and quickly looked away, hearing a loud splash before allowing himself to turn back around. All of her clothes trailed out to the lake. All of them. Rose scolded her, picking up her dress and her underwear as she followed her. Shane grabbed some towels from one of the spare bedrooms before it dawned on him what was happening. They were skinny dipping in his lake, while they were drunk. If he were more sober, he would have put a stop to this, citing how dangerous it was and all the possible things that could happen before a tiny voice sparked inside of him.

You wanted this. A night off. Let yourself have this.

Shane took a quick breath and went to his closet to get swim trunks, which he had plenty of. He was fine swimming at night, but not getting completely naked in front of a group of Rose's friends. He'd already shared enough with them tonight.

He changed quickly, bringing out spare trunks for anyone else who did not want to get naked, only to find that everyone else was naked and in the lake. Shane left the folded clothes and towels on a chair and walked down his dock.

"You coming in with us Shane?" Rose asked, swimming up to the dock. She folded her arms over the top, tilting her head over her folded arms and gave him her best puppy dog eyes. He could see that she also had joined the 'no clothes in the lake' club and quickly averted his eyes, despite having already seen... everything.

Shane answered her question by swiftly jumping in the water. It was cold, despite it being the summer. It felt great against his alcohol warmed skin. They swam for a while, splashing each other and staying near the shallower end near the cabin, still wanting to be safe. Would Ilya do this if he were here? Would he wear trunks and get in the lake with them while they're drunk? No, no Ilya would have been one of the first to take off his clothes and jump in. He would have made sure to drag Shane in, whether he wanted to go in or not. He appreciated that Ilya knew when to push Shane. When he needed to get out of his comfort zone and do something for himself. Shane leaned back, allowing himself to float for a minute.

He wasn't sure how long they swam, all of them eventually just floating around in a peaceful silence for a while. The temperature had dropped significantly before they decided to get out. Shane got out first, being the only one dressed. He handed out towels and their clothes, telling them where they could shower and sleep as he did so. Shane realized there were only four bedrooms, and just told Rose he didn't mind sharing. It's not like they hadn't slept together before, they'd had sex before, so sharing a bed was nothing.

By the time he had made his way inside, Steph and Brad had gone to shower while Melanie had found his liquor cabinet and was pouring shots for the group. She had poured two shots when Shane stopped her.

"It's getting late, I think that everyone is pretty tired." Shane argued, placing his hand on the neck of the bottle. It was his vodka, the vodka he's bought specifically because it reminded him of Ilya. Ilya had told him it was the best non-russian vodka he could find in Canada.

Melanie sighed sadly, staring at the poured shots.

"I don't want to waste these." She sighed sadly.

"We can drink these, then you should head to bed. And shower. That lake is... kind of gross." Shane chuckled.

Melanie broke into a smile, picking up her shot and handing Shane's his.

"To ending a great night out." She said, clinking their glasses together and throwing back the shot. Shane nodded, taking his shot as well. He put the glasses in the sink and waved a quick goodbye before heading up to his room. Rose was in the shower, his closet left open where he is guessing she got a set of clothes.

Ilya liked stealing his clothes too. He'd lost many shirts suspiciously soon after a night with Ilya. The first few times, he assumed it was just his clumsiness or hotel staff stealing hockey memorabilia, but after the fourth or fifth time, the dots connected. He'd always been too scared to steal one of Ilya's.

Shane's phone sat on the end of his bed, staring a hole into him. It was a bad idea. He knew that. He knew it was stupid as he picked up the phone. He knew it was stupid as he hovered over Lily's name. If he were a sober man, he would have put it down and gone to bed. He pressed the call button quickly. He just wanted to hear his voice. Maybe yell at him. Apologize for last time. Maybe he'd just sit and quietly listen to his voice. Did Ilya still have his number? Did he delete it after last time? Did he even want to hear from Shane? Did he-

"Hi. This is Ilya. I will never listen to your voicemail."

Shane sat quietly for a moment.

"Hey! It's me. I... I wanted to... I don't know..." Shane groans, running his hand down his face in frustration. He hadn't even thought he'd get his voicemail. "I miss you. I can't stop thinking of you. You fucking asshole. I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. Actually, I did. You're an asshole, and I miss you. I want... I want your clothes. I want your smell. I want... I don't know what I want. I want you. I know that. You and your... you. Ness. Your you-ness. Is that a word? I don't care." Shane sighs, leaning his back against the window behind him, letting himself slide down to the floor. The last shot of vodka finally hitting his brain.

"I want... a blanket. I'm cold. And hot. My insides are hot. My outsides are cold. I hate drinking. I'm wet. I wish you were here, we... I would have had more fun. I had fun. I'm drunk. I miss you. I'm sorry, this doesn't make sense. I need a nap. And a ginger ale. Oh my

god, I need a ginger ale." Shane sighs, trying to sit up to get one. The room began to spin around him and he chose to lay on his back instead.

"I don't... I don't feel good. I wish you were here. You make me feel good. I... I like you... a lot. A lot more than I should. I like you so much it scares me." Shane admitted quietly.

"Shane? Who are you talking to?" Rose called, finally ending her shower.

"It's just Ilya!" He calls back. "Ilya... Iillyyyyyyaaaaa..." Shane repeated his name, liking the way his mouth felt when he said it. Just like he did when he said it at his house. "Ilya Ilya Ilya." He murmured, closing his eyes, his grip on the phone loosening.

"Shane! Put the phone down! No! No! No!" Rose rushed out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped tightly around her. She kneeled down quickly, taking the phone from Shane's hand. Shane gave no protest, half asleep on the floor.

"I'm so sorry... uh..." She removed the phone from her ear and checked the caller ID, "Lily. Shane had a little too much to drink tonight. He's okay! Uh... Shane fell asleep. So... goodnight!" She waited a moment for any sign that someone was on the other end of the phone. She hung up and tossed the phone on the bed. Ready to scold Shane about drunk calling, she turned, realizing he had finally passed out on the floor.

"Shane! Shane, wake up. Now!" She nudged him. He fluttered his eyes open for a second, groaning quietly in protest. "You need to get in the bed. You can't sleep on the floor, Shane. Get up!"

Shane quietly stood, swaying heavily as he did so. Rose helped him get out of his wet trunks, handing him a change of clothes. Rose went back to the bathroom so he could have privacy to change, and so she could change out of her towel. When she got back, Shane had put on his underwear and his shorts and had tossed himself on the bed, half under the comforter. He was out, and probably for good this time. Rose huffed a quiet laugh and adjusted the comforter so he was fully under it before climbing in on the other side.

Shane grumbles something that sounds similar to a, "thank you Rose," and Rose huffs a quiet laugh.

"Anytime Shane. Sleep well."

Chapter 2: Ilya looks at his phone

Chapter Summary

Ilya comes back from his early morning run to find a voicemail from none other than Jane. Why is Jane calling him?

Ilya punches in the code to his front door, drooling over the idea of collapsing in his shower. He had pushed himself this morning harder than he usually does. As he had regularly since... no particular point in time. He swings the door open, taking a moment to listen out in case Svetlana had snuck into his house again while he was out. Deciding that she was not hiding around the corner, he kicked his shoes off by the front door.

He makes his way to his bedroom, stripping his shirt off and feeling disgusted as the sweat stuck to his skin. He uses the gross shirt to wipe himself off a bit more as he made his way to his bathroom. He passed his bed, seeing his phone still plugged in on his nightstand where he left it before he left. He had been doom scrolling last night and had forgotten to charge it and decided to just leave it here. It wasn't like he was expecting anyone to text him. Not like before.

He remembered that every chance he had, he made sure that his phone was plugged in or charged enough to survive the next time he would be near a charger. He always wanted to make sure he was available in case *he* texted. Ilya shook his head, wanting to push him out of his thoughts.

Ilya quickly got in the shower, hoping the hot water would melt away how awful he felt, outside and inside. The memory of how he felt watching Shane leave danced behind his eyes. After he ruined everything. The wound was still fresh, pulsing and bleeding and exposed, no matter how far he pushed it down and tried to force himself to get over it.

Ilya rested his head against the wall, crossing his arms over his head and allowing the water to run down his back. He thumped his head against the wall a few times, hoping it would force the memory out of his head.

Ilya lost track of how long he stood there before he started actually washing himself. The water warming his skin and washing away the stink and soothing the soreness that was settling into his bones.

When he got out, he dried off quickly and threw on a pair of sweatpants. He decided he wanted to make some food as he styled his hair calmly in the mirror and finally left the bathroom. As he was walking through his room, he remembered his phone.

It had been hours since he last checked it. What if Svetlana called? Or his father? He really didn't want to deal with his father. His health had been steadily declining recently. He should check it.

He walked across the room, quickly yanking the charging cord off of it before scrolling through all of his notifications.

Svetlana texted, telling him that she was out of the country again. His brother texted with an update on how his father was doing. Hockey news update. Jane left a voicemail. Spam email, spam email-

Jane left a voicemail.

Ilya's heart dropped to his stomach. Why was Shane calling him? He called him early this morning, sometime while Ilya was out on his morning run. Ilya did the mental math and realized it was close to midnight there. Why was Shane calling him in the middle of the night? Was he okay? Was something wrong? *Does he need me again? Did him and Rose break up?*

Ilya took a quick breath and clicked on the notification, holding his phone up to his ear.

"Hey! It's me. I... I wanted to... I don't know..."

He was slurring his words. He was drunk. A smile broke out on Ilya's face, unable to stop it as he felt it grow the more Shane spoke. Shane was drunk calling him.

"I miss you."

Ilya closed his eyes, sitting back against his bed.

"I can't stop thinking of you. You fucking asshole. I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. Actually, I did. You're an asshole and I miss you."

Ilya chuckled softly. He wished he had gotten him drunk one of the nights they had been together, he was cute when he was drunk.

"I want... I want your clothes. I want your smell. I want... I don't know what I want. I want you. I know that. You and your... you. Ness. Your you-ness. Is that a word? I don't care."

Ilya froze. Shane wants him? After everything? And he wants his... clothes?

"I want... a blanket. I'm cold. And hot. My insides are hot. My outsides are cold. I hate drinking. I'm wet. I wish you were here, we... I would have had more fun. I had fun. I'm drunk. I miss you. I'm sorry, this doesn't make sense. I need a nap. And a ginger ale. Oh my god, I need a ginger ale."

That made Ilya laugh outwardly. He was definitely drunk. He liked drunk Shane, except when he was yelling at him. That wasn't fun. He wished he had been there. He wished he could have seen Shane like that, all drunk and soft and easy. He wanted to be there to take

care of him, hold him, stroke his hair, maybe help him with his hangover. Be there to bring him his ginger ale.

"I don't... I don't feel good. I wish you were here. You make me feel good. I... I like you... a lot. A lot more than I should. I like you so much it scares me."

Ilya's heart stopped at the confession. Why couldn't he have been home to pick up? Give them a minute to talk and explain?

"Shane? Who are you talking to?"

Right. Rose. Rose Landry was in the background, far but not too far. That's why all of this started, why he hadn't been around. She took him from her. Shane had settled down. With her. Anger boiled in him, jealousy blooming quickly in its path.

"It's just Ilya! Ilya... Illllyyyyyaaaa... Ilya Ilya Ilya." Shane called back, repeating his name over and over again like he was obsessed with the way it sounded. He heard the phone lightly thunk against the floor as he assumed he dropped it. He could hear Rose muttering something as she got closer to Shane. He wanted to jump into the phone and push her away from him. It should be him taking care of Shane, not her.

"I'm so sorry... uh... Lily. Shane had a little too much to drunk tonight. He's okay! Uh... Shane fell asleep. So... goodnight!"

Ilya dropped the phone from his ear and into his lap. He pushed Rose's voice from his mind, thinking only of Shane. Shane's voice. So vulnerable. It should've been him in his room, him taking care of Shane. He knew exactly what he needed, how could she possibly think that she knew what he needed? It wasn't fair.

He wished he could stop thinking of her. Her hands on him. Her drinking with him. He wondered...

He quickly looked up Shane Hollander and Rose Landry, and there it was. Shane's eyes were wide and distant, standing next to some girl between him and Rose. Shane was dressed nice, nice and comfortably, just how Shane always dressed. After him and Rose got together though, he started wearing nicer clothes. Sometimes, on a very late night, he wondered if he started dressing nicer to impress Ilya. That was just a small voice in the back of his mind though. Surely, it couldn't actually be true.

Ilya zoomed in on Shane, studying him. There were a group of people in the background too, some he recognized from popular movies that he had seen. They must be some of Rose's friends. Two girls and a guy, who seemed quite attractive. Another spout of jealousy sparked through him. He wondered if Shane had checked him out, compared him to Ilya, maybe even drunkenly danced with him. He quickly got off the picture, not wanting his anger to get out of control.

He scrolled again, seeing another celebrity news page.

Breaking News! Rose Landry and Shane Hollander are STILL an item, despite rumors of their NASTY BREAKUP!

Below was a picture, which was credited to have come from an instagram page. He couldn't help himself. He went down the rabbit hole. He went on his personal page, not the one he used for his public image that had a basic tag he doubted anyone could trace back to him, and clicked on her instagram.

She was walking towards Rose and her group of friends. She was far, but Ilya could make out their clothes. Shane was standing outside the bar, his arms crossed over his chest and his eyes closed, gently swaying back and forth on his feet.

Rose stood in front of him, slipping her arms gently around him and resting her head gently on his chest. Shane willingly opened his arms and wrapped them around her. He rested his head on top of hers and took a deep breath. Ilya was... furious. He wanted to fly to Canada and push them apart. It should be him. Not her. He should have his arms wrapped around Shane, keeping him warm in those cold Canadian nights, taking care of him at his hotel.

But he couldn't. They couldn't. Despite everything, despite knowing exactly what he wanted and where he wanted it from, he couldn't have it. He couldn't have him. Rose may have been safer, but that didn't mean it was right. His rage turned to sadness.

He watched the rest of the video, clearly recording Rose. He didn't care. Shane was still there, half in frame. He untangled himself from her after they asked her something and agreed to take a photo with them. He smiled, but not his real smile. The one he wore during meetings and photoshoots and in the public eye. Not the one Ilya had seen countless times behind closed doors of their hotel rooms and Shane's apartment. The one he had seen in Ilya's house before...

Ilya stared at their last conversation, before finally deciding that he needed to reply. Even if it didn't lure Shane back into his arms, he didn't want him to think he was blowing him off.

Lily : Get your beauty rest Jane. Drink your ginger ale and eat something.

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