

and i could marry rose landry

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by [thomashorny](#)

Summary

mentioning svetlana at his cabin was worse than when ilya scored a goal against shane on his ice

or

ilya and shane are not normal about one another's relationships and it shows

Notes

got this idea from a tiktok comment

YAAYYA I LOVE THESE TWO SM

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

Svetlana. It was a name that had come up many times and never failed to make Shane jealous. Jealous of the obvious close relationship she had with Ilya. Jealous of how undeniably good they looked together. Jealous because she could be seen in public with Ilya. Shane could not.

Another detail of note was that Shane was not a jealous person. Or he used to not be a jealous person, but Ilya Rozanov sliding into his life had changed all that. The idea of the Russian man with anyone besides Shane was a thought that was best avoided when possible. It made Shane almost physically ill to think about.

The cottage had been a wonderful idea. Away from the buzz of the hockey world and any other outside forces. It was only Ilya and Shane, drawn into each other's orbits, being frightfully domestic in a way they had never allowed themselves to be with one another. And that's what they were doing- just being.

Unfortunately, Ilya had not seemed to notice Shane's jealous behaviors (or he had and chose to entertain them), so all it took was one comment as they sat together on the couch to put Shane on edge.

It had been a normal night. No, it had been a perfect night. They had gone swimming that day and had spent time playing stupid video games on the couch, before making dinner alongside each other, their limbs constantly coming in contact with each other. They had finally retired to the living room, where they sat comfortably now, both stretched out at opposite ends of the couch, with their feet lightly brushing.

Ilya's eyes had flicked up from his phone screen a few times in the past minutes, as if he were turning an idea over in his head. His eyes darted again, and just as Shane was about to say something to break the silence, Ilya finally spoke.

"I could marry Svetlana," Ilya almost sighed, his gaze locked onto the screen in front of him, an uncaring air about him that could be nothing but fake. If there was one thing Shane had learned throughout the years with the Russian it was that Ilya cared about everything. Even when he acted as though he didn't.

Shane's eyes raised from his own task to peer at the man on the other end of the sofa. His gaze was probing and did nothing to hide his jealousy. Jealousy at the thought of Ilya with anyone else.

"She's American. Would be easy citizenship," Ilya added casually, eyes still on his phone. Then they quickly darted up, gauging the reaction of the Canadian. "She would do it."

The final comment almost made Shane scoff aloud. Of course she would do it; anyone would do it. He was the lady (people) killer, Ilya Rozanov.

Any other day Shane might have entertained the conversation. Forced his jealousy back as best he could, so he could at least appear to be a normal person and not at all obsessed with his rival. But it wasn't any other day. Shane felt safe and protected and brave enough to shoot back without thinking.

"I could marry Rose Landry," he shrugged. "She's also American. From Michigan. With three brothers." As soon as he had said it, Shane felt guilt flood through his body. He would never marry Rose. She deserved better than a marriage where he would be thinking about another man. And there was only one person in the entire world Shane would ever want to marry (a thought he tried not to ponder for too long. It would only cause unnecessary pain and acknowledgment of emotions Shane wished did not exist).

He was about to rush out with an awkward laugh to diffuse the situation, to make his comment appear a joke- no matter how bad it might have been.

Then Shane stopped short. Ilya's eyes were trained on him, his phone having been clicked off and thrown to the side. His gaze was sharp, all his attention trained on the opposite end of the couch.

"I thought you said you were not...what word did you use...compatible," Ilya spat out, as if the words were venomous on his tongue.

A light blush colored Shane's face, as he tried to sink lower into the cushions of the couch. "Well, she could be my beard." At Ilya's furrowed eyebrows Shane explained further, "My

cover up for being gay.”

For one of the first times since meeting him, Shane could almost see Ilya hesitate. He clearly had much to say, but there was a dangerous line that they were both treading, and they were very close to crossing it.

“Is different for you. You do not need American citizenship. I need American green card to get out of Russia.”

And he did have a point there, but Shane had caught a glint of possessiveness, as well as something deeper, something unnameable, in Ilya’s eyes at the mention of Rose Landry. And he was hooked on it already.

“I don’t know. It would be a good image. For both of us. Anyway, I like her. She’s very nice.” Now he was taking it a bit too far. His mouth was running faster than his brain.

“Oh, you like her now.” Ilya’s accent was thicker now, his gaze darker than before.

It was silly to imagine Ilya being jealous. Ilya had people falling all over him. Begging to be with him. So, Shane responded with this being his perception. “Not like that. If...,” suddenly Shane sighed. “Actually, forget it. Just, do you want to marry Svetlana?”

“She is pretty. We are friends. Would not be the worst fate,” Ilya replied swiftly, his focus still on Shane. “But you and Rose Landry were not friends before dating, yes?”

Shane finally had enough and broke eye contact. “I admire Rose’s work. She’s fantastic at what she does.”

“So you would marry her?”

“No, I wouldn’t. She deserves better than what I would give her.”

“Hmm,” Ilya mused. “Same goes for Svetlana. She is too good to be stuck with someone who does not fully love her in that way.”

Shane’s head jerked up. His heart suddenly felt much lighter. Ilya wouldn’t marry Svetlana.

“Anyway, I don’t think I could be with anyone without thinking about this adorable fucking Canadian, who is boring, but has the cutest freckles ever.”

Shane’s face split into a grin. Sure, the future was uncertain, and neither man knew how their relationship would turn out (if it turned into anything), but there was security now. At least, more security than before.

End Notes

also...do we want ilyas pov of this?

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