

Rose Who?

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Rose Who?

by [Beeslouisee](#)

Summary

Four months into dating Rose Landry, Shane finally admits the truth: he's gay. Desperate to tell Ilya, he goes to the club hoping to make things right. But the night doesn't go the way he expects.

Or—

A twist on the nightclub scene.

Notes

This isn't meant to be taken too seriously—I just wanted to write some smut. What's new.

But if, like me, you were disappointed that they went their separate ways after the nightclub scene, you're probably in the right place. 😊

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

Chapter 1

It seems the closet is made of glass, because Rose is lying opposite me, her eyes warm with sympathy.

‘Shane,’ she sighs softly. ‘You can tell me.’

I don’t think the best time to come out to anyone is when you’re lying in bed with them. Especially not your *girlfriend*.

Well. After this, ex-girlfriend.

‘Are you gay, Shane?’ she asks gently. ‘It’s okay if you are.’

My whole body shakes when I nod at her question. She takes it well. Of course she does. She’s amazing—I never expected anything less—but it’s still terrifying.

My lips tremble. My eyes burn. I don’t trust my voice.

Rose doesn’t push. She just scoots closer and wraps her arms around me, steady and warm, like she always has been.

We stay up most of the night talking. I open up—well, as much as I can. I’ve never been good with words. But she doesn’t rush me. She nods in the right places, lets the silences stretch, and somewhere along the way everything between us settles into something easy. Platonic.

I feel lighter.

I begin to wonder why I haven’t done this sooner, but I already know the answer. Because I was scared. Because admitting I’m gay would mean confronting my feelings for someone.

Someone who takes over every spare brain cell that isn’t occupied with hockey or my family.

Someone who, right now, has no clue how much they mean to me.

I’m still in bed with Rose, but I have this overwhelming urge to text Ilya. Right now. I want him to know.

All of a sudden, it feels like I’m keeping this excruciating secret from him—one that’s sitting heavy in my chest, impossible to ignore.

But I don’t reach out. I’ll get through the night with this all-consuming urgency, and tomorrow I’ll be brave enough to say it out loud.

To him.

If anyone has the right to know I'm gay, it's Ilya. We've been playing games for too long. I've been too scared to open up, to let him in—but for some reason, I'm done with playing. Done with wasting time.

Maybe this is the lightbulb moment people talk about.

And believe me—the light has never felt brighter.

Today is the day. I decide not to alarm him with some dramatic message asking to meet up. He's sensitive—startles easily, despite what people may think about him—so I figure it's better to tell him in person.

We've never talked about our feelings for each other. Not really. But when he asked me to stay over at his place, I knew.

I knew exactly what it meant. And like the coward I am, I panicked. I left. I got a fucking *girlfriend* instead of confronting what was right in front of me.

There was no more Hollander and Rozanov. In that moment—the one I've replayed in my head far too many times—we were just Shane and Ilya.

And I want that. More than anything.

I know he'll be at the club tonight. I've told Rose my plan, and she's agreed to help me.

We're staying friends, which I'm relieved about. She's great—and I really do want her in my life.

For now, she's happy to stay my "*girlfriend*." Publicly, it makes everything easier—especially with Ilya. It was her idea, and logically, it works. We'll still have to watch ourselves, but the optics matter. If I'm seen with Rose, no one will look any closer.

Right now, as I pull on a round-necked white T-shirt, I've never felt more alive. Me and Ilya—we're made for each other. We haven't spoken in a while, but he'll understand. I know he will. As soon as he sees me, he'll see the regret written all over my face.

He'll know Rose isn't mine and never has been.

He knows me. All too well. And I'm finally willing to accept that—to let him in.

When we arrive at the club, Rose slips her arm through mine as we walk inside. The perfect couple, in everyone else's eyes. Meanwhile, my body is thrumming with want for someone else.

Someone I can't wait to get my hands on.

It's a private club. I've already imagined how ravenous we'll both be when we finally see each other. How we'll slip away, discreetly, into the bathroom—how I'll let go, and Ilya will be there to catch me.

The club is busy. I was expecting it to be, but I always forget how much I hate the hustle and bustle—the noise, the bodies, the way everything feels too close, too loud.

He won't be here yet. It's too early for him.

"Boring time," he'd call it.

The thought makes my insides flip. No one around me would know—I'm as calm and steady as ever. But beneath my neutral expression and unwavering voice, I'm vibrating with excitement. With need.

I *need* Ilya.

Rose tries to calm my nerves by dragging me onto the dance floor. She's playing her part, her hands warm beneath the hem of my T-shirt, and it's grounding. Between the bright, coloured lights and the music thumping in my ears, it's all a bit too much—but worth it, if it means seeing him.

She leans in and pecks my cheek, pulling me close to whisper in my ear.

'Are you okay?' Her breath tickles my skin.

A tentative smile tugs at my lips. Probably the first one all night.

'Yeah. Nervous.' I cough softly and pull back, smoothing my T-shirt down with my palm. 'Thanks.'

She smiles in reassurance, swaying to the beat as she keeps a loose hold on my forearm. My hands slip into the pockets of my jeans, and I probably couldn't look more boring if I tried.

But I don't care. People know me by now—dancing and nightclubs just aren't my thing.

I slink away from Rose, my eyes skimming over the sea of people. I've been searching for him all night, desperate to catch a glimpse of him.

I know he'll be here. It's just a question of when.

I take a seat at the bar, where the back pats and awkward small talk from acquaintances are starting to wear thin. I'm getting antsy now, my skin prickling with something I can't quite pin down—frustration, anticipation, nerves. Maybe all of it. I feel too hot, too restless in my own body.

I knock back my drink. I've been sticking to ginger ale since I arrived. I need to be sober for this—for the conversation I'm about to have.

I know the words by heart. I've rehearsed them so many times in my head.

Then something inside me flares—sharp and sudden—and I'm off my stool, weaving my way towards the restrooms. I need out. I can't take it anymore. The nerves have taken hold, my stomach flipping over and over. It's all too much.

I cut across the dance floor, pushing through bodies, the music pounding—

And then I stop.

The lights strobe across the crowd, sweeping over skin and movement before landing perfectly on my worst nightmare.

Ilya.

He's turned sideways, a girl pressed firmly against him, their bodies moving together in time with the music. She's swaying, grinding, and he dips his head to her ear, teeth grazing her earlobe.

I'm standing here. Staring.

Waiting for him to look up.

Why isn't he looking for me? He *knew* I'd be here. Why didn't he come to *me* first?

Who is she? Did they come here together?

The questions tangle and pile up until I can't even separate them anymore, drowned out by the sound of my own heartbeat pounding in my ears.

My whole body is consumed by it.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

My feet are glued to the floor. I wait for the moment he catches my eye. I expect it any second—but it doesn't come.

Instead, I have to watch his hands move over the curves of her body, confident and familiar. The way she presses so boldly against him without hesitation, like she belongs there.

He responds by leaning in close, licking at her neck, his hands groping her breasts. And my eyes track every careless movement, every inch of space he gives her that I thought—stupidly—was mine.

The longer I stand here, the tighter the knot in my stomach burns. Jealousy feeds it, stoking the heat until it spreads through me, fierce and consuming.

I'm flushed, teeth clenched, pulse roaring in my ears.

I swear I'm going to *kill* him the second he looks at me.

Then he does.

Like he heard the opportunity of a challenge. Like he wants to test me.

Our eyes meet, and my heart stops. The whole club seems to fall away, the noise dropping out until it's just the two of us, here and now.

He's going to leave her and come to me. I can feel it—we're magnets, pulled together by something inevitable.

As his gaze locks with mine, the jealousy and rage drain from my body. My mouth twitches, threatening a smile.

Then his nostrils flare. His brows knit together. And he leans in to murmur something in her ear.

He's dismissing her. He wants me.

He's mine.

Then she nods.

And he takes her hand.

He shoots me one last look—sharp and unreadable—before turning away and leading her off into the crowd.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

It's a familiar game of cat and mouse—until jealousy flips the script.

Chapter Notes

I'm normally very chatty but today I have nothing to say other than here's some smutty, smut. 😊

Tears sting my eyes as I try—and fail—to hold them back.

This is the worst night of my life.

I'm rooted to the spot, my thoughts spinning so fast I feel untethered from reality, like I might be hallucinating.

How could he do that to me?

I don't know how long it's been before my phone buzzes.

A text. A hotel address. A room number.

He is such a *dick*.

I hate him. I actually hate him.

But I don't. Because I—

I can't even think about that right now.

I should ignore it, but I don't.

Before I can decide whether this is a good idea, I'm already moving. My feet carry me towards the exit, fingers mindlessly requesting an Uber.

I'm going.

But not to confess my feelings.

If he wants to play cat and mouse, then fine.

This time, I'll make him chase.

'You fucking asshole.' I shove him back against the wall the second I cross the threshold of his hotel room.

'Be nice, Hollander,' he says, smirking as his back hits the plaster. 'I left gorgeous girl for you.'

We're still pressed close—too close. My hands are fisted in his shirt, his breath warm against my cheek, the space between us charged and fragile. Dangerous.

'Fuck you,' I snarl.

This isn't how I imagined the night going. There are too many feelings colliding in my head, all of them sinking straight into my gut—and worse, my heart. When I came out to Rose, it felt like a weight lifting, like something that was locked inside me finally opened. I was ready to give Ilya access to the most delicate parts of me.

But not like this.

Not on his terms.

'I'd like to, yes,' he says, raising a brow, then eyeing me from head to toe.

Stepping back, my hands curl into fists before I can stop them.

The anger knots low in my gut—hot, humiliating—and I've never wanted him more. He knows it. He drags his bottom lip between his teeth.

'I don't think *I* would.' And I mean it. I didn't come here to fuck.

'Get on your knees and suck my dick,' he says. There's a playful edge to it—like we're in a locker room, like it's banter.

There's no sincerity. None of the softness I had gotten used to.

Was it all an act? Was I just... convenient? Safe. The only option every time he wanted to fuck a man.

'No,' I grit out, lips pulled tight. My body is wound taut with tension.

He's relaxed. As calm as ever.

He pushes off the wall and begins to circle the hotel room, unhurried.

'Then why are you here, *Shane*?' He says my name like he's bored already. I'm surprised he didn't accompany the sentence with a yawn.

He moves closer, and my body betrays me—every nerve lighting up, every instinct screaming his name.

‘Because I...’ I hesitate. Fuck. ‘Because you *asked* me to come here.’ My voice cracks despite my best effort. He smiles.

‘Yes. Because I wanted to fuck you.’ He says it so matter-of-factly, like I’m a piece of meat.

I’m devastated—and so fucking turned on it hurts. I’m hard against my jeans, barely holding it together.

I’m going to give in, but I can have some fun first.

‘Then hurry. I need to get back to—’ I swallow, suddenly unsure if this is a mistake.

He’s waiting for me to finish.

And then he’s behind me, pressing into my back.

‘I need to get back to Rose.’

‘Rose, who?’ he asks, his voice betraying him.

‘My girlfriend.’

I feel it immediately, the way he stills, then his body slumps as a quiet sigh escapes him.

I have the upper hand.

‘You have girlfriend?’ he says, trying to sound cocky, but his voice lilts, like he’s asking for confirmation.

He knows I’ve been dating her. Pictures and videos of us have been plastered *everywhere*—there’s no way he could’ve missed it.

‘Yeah,’ I say, and let it sit between us.

He presses a lingering kiss to my neck. It’s soft—like he’s trying to tell me something, like he’s imprinting a message I’m meant to decipher.

‘If you want me to fuck you, you are staying the night.’

He says it with such conviction and the challenge settles over the room.

Then he’s gone from behind me, and it feels cold without his presence.

He walks to the bed slowly, casually, wiggling out of his jeans before starting on the buttons of his shirt.

Fuck.

He always does this. Shifts the ground beneath my feet. Puts me on the back foot *again*.

My saving grace is that he doesn't know. He doesn't know that there's no girlfriend waiting for me. No one to get back to.

So I cross the room in two quick strides, bat his hands away, and take over.

I manage one button before we're staring at each other.

Our breathing syncs, then we're gone.

We're kissing—hands grabbing at each other's bodies, hungry and desperate. It's been too long.

Why do we play games? I hate it.

But then it leads to this—his tongue deep in my mouth, his nails digging into my skin.

It's feral. The only time I can let go. I don't need to think. I can be whatever he wants me to be.

I need him in my mouth, and before I can even register it, I'm sinking to my knees.

'Fuck, Hollander,' he says, and I feel the tension melt out of him beneath my hands as they slide down his torso. I tug his underwear down; his cock springs free, already rock-hard, and I take him straight into my mouth.

He doesn't waste any time. His fingers twist in my hair, tight. It hurts—but I like it—and then he's pulling me down onto his cock.

It's rough, exactly what we both need.

'You leave your girlfriend at the club to suck cock, Hollander.' It's not a question—it's a statement, pleasure dripping from his voice.

'My cock,' he huffs, seeking confirmation. I can barely hear him. I'm blissed out, filled to the brim with him, throat full—and I wouldn't have it any other way.

I moan around him. I'd only *ever* want his cock.

He hisses like it's too much—too intense—so I slow down, giving him a moment of reprieve.

The tension in the room is thick; there's a current thrumming between us.

This is the strongest it's ever been. I feel off-balance. Like I have a considerable lack of control—It's unusual, but freeing.

'You were made to suck cock,' he says. If only he knew how true that was. His breathing's heavier now; he's hitting the back of my throat, showing me no mercy—like he's needed this just as much as I have.

‘Hollander,’ he groans. It’s lyrical, laced with pleasure, so I pull off.

I’m not leaving here without him inside me. I need to feel the ache for days. It might be all I have left of this. Of us.

‘Get on the bed,’ he demands, and I whine at the instruction.

I’m still fully clothed, so I strip slowly, folding my clothes while he watches me, eyes fixed like I’m prey. I love giving in to his demands—the unfamiliar hum of submission is intoxicating.

Then I’m on all fours, needy and waiting.

He stands behind me and pulls me to the edge of the bed. He inspects me—his warm hands roaming over the flesh of my cheeks, sliding down my thighs, back over my body, then grabbing at my shoulders before settling between my shoulder blades and pushing me down harshly into the mattress.

Everything feels sweet and syrupy, slowed down, like I’m savouring every moment.

There’s rustling behind me, probably grabbing supplies but I’m already gone—floating on a cloud of pleasure. I’ve never needed to worry with Ilya. He’s always in control. He always tells me what he wants from me.

Then he circles my hole. Slowly. Not going any further.

I’m whining, throat vibrating, obscene sounds escaping me.

‘Please, Ilya,’ I whimper.

He presses firmer against me and I’m moving back to meet him, searching for more contact.

He holds me open with one hand, massaging my entrance with the other. Then he spits. Loudly. The sound alone makes my cock ache—I’m gone. There will never be anyone else who makes me feel like he does.

His saliva runs slowly down my crack, warm and slick. It tickles and I squirm, but he grunts and taps my ass—playful, but firm.

‘Shane,’ he says boldly, and I know—it’s a warning.

He grips my hips and holds me still, possessive, like I’m his. Only his.

Then he goes back to torturing me with slow, unhurried movements.

Just as impatience spirals into a painful, desperate need, he pushes in. He does it like he’s expecting resistance—and then his finger stills.

I can practically hear the way his head cocks to the side in curiosity.

‘Ah,’ he says as his finger moves smoothly in and out of me. ‘You planned this.’

‘Yeah,’ I choke out, awkwardly angled, my mouth filled with drool. It’s undignified—but it makes me feel like I’m bent up just to serve him.

‘I need you to fuck me.’

‘Does your girlfriend know you are slut for cock?’ he asks, pleased and sarcastic.

‘Ilya,’ I warn, my voice strained.

He keeps working me open, then he abruptly removes his fingers and steps away.

I’m left here—ass up, covered in drool. I feel exposed, humiliated, and so desperately needy it makes my skin buzz.

‘Answer.’

‘Yes,’ I say reluctantly, my whole body prickling with heat.

‘Try again,’ he says, his voice smooth, completely unaffected.

‘Yes, Ilya. She knows I’m a slut for fucking cock. Now *fuck me* until I scream,’ I huff out.

‘Good,’ he says. ‘Get a pillow. You cannot wake guests with your noise.’

For two people with a primal need to fuck, Ilya—the master of rage-baiting—enters me excruciatingly slow, checking in with every movement. I’d be grateful if I didn’t want him to rail me into another fucking *year* at this point.

I’m begging, stripped of whatever dignity I thought I had.

Why I ever expected this to be a romance-worthy declaration of feelings is beyond me.

But this *is* our language. This is how we communicate. Maybe I should’ve learned to listen by now—but when I’m being fucked slowly into the mattress, my body coiled like a tightened spring, it’s hard.

So fucking hard.

‘Ilya, please,’ I plead, for what feels like the millionth time. ‘I need you—harder. Deeper. *Please.*’

I’ve never had to beg for it to be rougher before. Normally, it’s our default. Not tonight.

Ilya is draped along my back, his lips never leaving my skin.

I’m being kissed. Licked. Bitten.

‘P-please,’ it stutters out of me, my face hot and pressed into the fabric, the material imprinting my skin. My neck is tight as he thrusts.

‘This is punishment,’ he says.

‘W-what for?’

It’s too much talking. Words don’t make sense right now.

One deep thrust—and then his mouth is at my ear.

‘I did not like seeing you...’

He nips hard.

‘With her.’

‘Ahh,’ I whine as he angles for my prostate. ‘A-are you jealous?’

‘I think yes.’

He presses a firm kiss to my shoulder—and then he’s pounding into me. I can’t even answer.

I wasn’t expecting him to admit that. Ever.

A deep sense of gratification overtakes me, something bubbling low in my chest—the feeling I get when I’ve just won an important game.

It’s a high like no other.

I can’t even smile; my face twists as he drives in faster. Hungrier—relentless against my prostate.

‘Oh my f-fucking g-god,’ I choke as I come.

Coming with the knowledge that the usually unbothered Ilya Rozanov is jealous. It means something—but right now I’m panting, spilling over the bedding as he tenses and grunts behind me.

‘S-shane,’ he squeaks, his strained voice familiar—and yet something I haven’t heard in four months.

Four months too long.

Then we collapse into a sweaty pile, catching our breath.

‘I did not like it,’ Ilya admits as we lie tangled together, his fingers grounding me with slow, steady patterns against my sweat-slick skin.

‘What—the sex? You could’ve fooled me.’

‘No. You with Rose.’

I wasn't expecting that. I peer up at him, searching his face.

‘We broke up.’

‘I know,’ he says, nodding subtly.

‘How? I haven’t told anyone.’

‘I know you. You are not cheater, Hollander. Boring, yes. Cheater, no.’

‘Why were you jealous?’

‘I just did not like it. Made me hurt... here.’ He brings a fist to his chest.

‘Ilya, I’m gay.’ I blurt out as some sort of reassurance. I’m not used to him being so honest. So vulnerable. It’s my turn.

‘And yes—grass is green. Sky is blue.’ he says, light and airy, with his signature eye roll and pout. His lips are gorgeous.

But of course that would be his response.

‘Don’t be a dick.’ I sigh, in defeat but happy nonetheless. ‘Anyway. Rose said she can be my cover. It means we could spend more time together?’

He nods, trying to act unbothered, but the smile on his face says otherwise.

‘She can be available for roleplay. Yes? Having jealousy is fun.’

‘Yes, Ilya. I’m sure *A-list celebrity Rose Landry* would be delighted to feature in our foreplay.’

‘Fine.’ He rolls his eyes playfully. ‘Looks like boring, not jealous sex then.’

‘Shame,’ I manage, as he squeezes my hand—and I’ve never been more excited by the prospect. It’s an unspoken declaration. I feel on cloud nine, like we’ve loosened one of the walls we’ve been chipping at for so long, even if it hasn’t fully fallen yet.

‘Anyway. You did not come here for sex... so why did you come?’

He knows me. Too well.

‘It’s not important. I’ll tell you another time.’ And I mean it. For the first time, I don’t feel rushed to spill my heart out—reassured by the quiet certainty that we’re already on the same page.

Maybe this is just another round of the same game. But for once, I’m not mad about it.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, I'm always interested to hear your thoughts in the comments. 😊

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