

Three's Company

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Three's Company

by [FestiveFerret](#)

Summary

Towards the end of Ilya's two weeks at Shane's cottage, Rose Landry pays a little visit.

Notes

I had the urge to write an Ilya/Shane/Rose fun threesome fic, so instead I wrote this which is entirely not that at all. But I still have the urge, and I could see how it could fit into this, either as an alternate timeline, or, more likely, as a little fantasy Rose indulges in during this fic ;). Let me know if that's something you'd like to see (pure threesome smut) cause it's in my WIP pile now haha.

Thanks to ashy for beta! <3

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

Hey, babe! Reshoots finished way faster than anyone expected. They ended up cutting an entire character after all (which honestly does not make this movie make any more sense, but it does make it shorter which everyone will appreciate) but I'm free! Headed straight to you, if I'm still invited. I can stay for two whole days! :D

Shane stared down at his phone in shock, not sure what to do or say. Ilya came up behind him and wrapped his arms around Shane's waist. He pressed a kiss to the back of his neck. "What is wrong?"

"Hmm? Nothing." Shane shoved his phone in his pocket.

"Nothing? You look like there is a ghost." Ilya gestured towards Shane's phone with his chin. "Who was that texting you?"

Shane turned in Ilya's arms and hooked his waist with one arm, the other hand resting on the back of Ilya's neck. "You're not going to like this."

"Oh great," Ilya said flatly, eyes narrowing already.

"That was Rose."

"Okay."

Shane petted the little curls behind Ilya's ear on reflex, like he could soothe him like a feral kitten. "So before Hunter, back when you weren't coming, I kind of invited her to come visit me here instead."

Ilya's eyebrows shot straight up. His hands fell away from Shane's waist. "Oh, so I am second choice? Rose fucking Landry is too busy being a famous movie star so maybe Ilya Rozanov can come entertain me instead? Like emergency backup goalie. I am emergency backup boyfriend. You just pull me out of crowd for quick fuck while your girlfriend can't come."

"Ilya!" Shane smacked him lightly on the shoulder. "It was after you said you weren't coming."

"I said maybe."

"Yeah, and when I was high as a fucking kite, I thought you meant that, but after reviewing the tapes stone cold sober, I knew you really meant no. So after getting over my disappointment, I told Rose if she had some time off, she could come for a visit. I was feeling pretty shitty about sitting here alone for two weeks, thinking about everything we wouldn't get a chance to do." Shane crossed his arms.

"So you do them with Rose Landry instead."

"Fuck off, you know that's not it."

"I'm not the one inviting my beautiful ex-girlfriend to our special cottage time."

"Oh, no, you're just the one saying you could marry *your* beautiful ex-friend with benefits, you know, if I don't mind."

Ilya finally broke, snorting out a laugh. "If you don't mind," he echoed, like it was one of the funnier things Shane had said. "But you do mind, so I will not."

"And I'll tell Rose not to come. Okay? I just - I have to give her a good reason or she's going to worry about me."

"Tell her you are on your silent retreat thing," Ilya said, pressing his lips together, failing to hide a laugh.

"Uh, yeah. That won't work on her. She knows, like, everything about me at this point. Everything except you, of course."

Ilya stared at Shane for a moment, looking considering, then he gave a little nod. "You should have her come. Just a few days, yes? I will extend my trip a little so we will not lose any time together. As long as we keep up our workout routine, I can start pre-training a little later."

"We haven't been managing a workout routine," Shane pointed out.

"Oh, we have," Ilya corrected, smirking, his fingers teasing up under the hem of Shane's shirt. "Good cardio."

Shane shook his head, smiling, but then his lips dipped into a frown, his brow creasing. "But you don't like Rose. Why would you want her to come?"

"Something you said..." Ilya sighed, tipping his eyes up to the ceiling for a moment. "She is your Svetlana, yes? Your best friend?"

"Yeah."

"And I tease you but I know I am it for you." Ilya pulled Shane in by his hips until they were pressed tightly together. "I have ruined you for everyone else."

Shane rolled his eyes but it wasn't like it was a lie.

"So, maybe if I meet her, I will like her like you do. And then maybe I don't need to be jealous anymore."

"You *don't* need to be jealous. You never did."

Ilya brushed the pad of his thumb over Shane's cheek. "The only time I have been in the same room as Rose Landry, she had her hands up your shirt and you had not talked to me in weeks."

"I get it," Shane said softly. "I wish we could have been honest with each other back then."

Ilya shrugged. "We are here, now."

"And we're alone together with total privacy for the first time, and you're telling me I should invite Rose to come for a few days - which means I will have to tell her about you and me - and use up some of that precious time?"

"I think so, yes." Ilya pulled Shane in for a quick kiss. "Better than coming up with some reason why you can't. Do you want to see her?"

Shane nodded. "I want to tell her. I don't want to keep this secret from her, especially now that my parents know, and I'd really, really like you to meet her too. I want you to like her and I want her to know you. She's great. She likes chirping me almost as much as you do. I honestly think you'll like her." He shrugged. "But that doesn't mean she has to come. I could just tell her about you, and she'd understand why I wouldn't want her to come anymore."

"Is okay. I would like to meet her too. So maybe now, or maybe some time during the year."

"Yeah, it's pretty hard for us to find time to hang out during the season, but maybe."

"Up to you, lyubimyy. I am happy either way."

"Okay, I'll think about it."

And he did. He thought about it for an hour, then felt bad about leaving Rose hanging. So he called her.

"Shane! Hey!" There were loud traffic noises in the background.

"Hey. How's it going?"

"Great! I'm soo happy to be free. And now I have like two full months off which feels so good. How are you? How's the cottage? Are your parents leaving you alone?"

"Uh, yeah. Sort of. Well. It's kind of a long story."

"How long? I have to run in like two minutes."

Shane took a breath in then let it out. "What if I tell you at the cottage? You still want to come? I can pick you up at the airport."

"Yes! I'd love to. I can fly out tomorrow morning. Don't pick me up at the airport. I'll take a car. It's stupid for you to drive that far round trip."

"Um. Rose? I should tell you before you come out. I - uh. I have someone else with me here."

There was a long pause. "Like...someone?" Rose asked in a sing-song. "Like a someone-someone?"

Shane huffed out a laugh. "Yeah, like a someone-someone."

"Well then oh my god, I should not be coming out and ruining your romantic cottage week, Shane. I'll see you another time."

"I asked him about it and he was fine with it. I want you two to meet, actually. He's staying for a few weeks, so a couple days is fine. I just - like I said, it's kind of a long story, but I want the chance to tell you about it."

"If you're sure."

"I'm sure."

"Okay." Rose still sounded hesitant. "But promise me you'll kick me out the second you don't want me there anymore."

Shane smiled. "I promise."

"Okay, it's a deal. But don't pick me up. That'll just take even more time away from you guys."

"Actually, you know that long story? I really want the chance to tell it to you before you meet him."

**

Ilya paced back and forth along the full wall of windows in Shane's cottage, occasionally looking up to admire the light glinting off the lake, but more often looking up sharply at the repeated imagined crunch of tires in the driveway.

Shane had actually shared his location with Ilya before he'd left. "So you don't worry I've been hit by a bus." But Ilya had felt like an idiot refreshing it on repeat, especially when Rose's flight was clearly late getting in, so he'd set his phone aside.

But then he hadn't been able to do anything else besides stand around and wait for them anyway.

Ilya had been here for nine days. It had been blissful the whole time, right up until David Hollander had caught them. But even that hadn't gone as poorly as it could have, and the Hollanders had been good about not coming by too often. Ilya had checked his training plan and his schedule and decided he could stretch his trip from two weeks to eighteen days.

The truth was: he'd never hated Rose Landry. He couldn't really. What he hated was the way thoughts of Shane and Rose together made him feel. And not really because he was jealous - with all the women he'd slept with it really wasn't fair to be mad that Hollander had one entire girlfriend he slept with twice - but because he felt guilty.

He knew he hadn't *made* Shane gay. But if Shane weren't, he could be with Rose and everything would be so much easier for him. And even though that had nothing to do with Ilya, he couldn't help but feel, deep down, like if he weren't in the picture, maybe Shane could have made it work with her. Like he really had ruined him for anyone else.

He tried not to feel that way. He knew it wasn't fair. It wasn't fair on him or on Shane, and it wasn't at all how sexuality worked. But even though Ilya knew, intellectually, that Shane was only interested in men, he couldn't fathom looking at Rose Landry and not being interested.

And that was even before he'd gone on his self-destructive Rose Landry YouTube binge when he'd found out about their relationship. She was perfect for Shane. But Shane didn't want her, he wanted Ilya. And that, stupidly, made Ilya feel guilty. Because Ilya was, without a doubt, the worse choice of the two.

And he wondered, sometimes, if Shane felt the same way, if he resented Ilya for the fact that he was a man and Shane wanted him. Because even if he couldn't have made it work with Rose, he could have been fine on his own, if Ilya hadn't pushed him to give in to whatever this was and risk both their livelihoods, maybe even their lives.

"Fuck," Ilya hissed under his breath. Wishing loneliness on the man he loved because it was better than loving him was some tragic fucking shit. It wasn't what he wanted. He wanted Shane. He wanted to make Shane happy. Even with their fucked up circumstances. And one of the ways he was going to do that was to get along with Shane's best friend.

A light laugh drew Ilya's attention back to the front of the cottage. He'd missed the actual crunch of tires entirely, but now he could see Shane and Rose marching up to the front door, Rose's bag slung over Shane's shoulder. Ilya stepped forward and pulled the door open before Shane had to fumble for his key.

Rose stopped on the steps and stared at him, a surprised smile plastered on her expressive face.

Ilya offered an uncertain one in return. "Ah, Shane you told her, yes?"

"He did," Rose said, stepping forward, "but I'll be honest, a part of me still thought it was a prank."

Ilya spread his arms. "No prank. Is me."

"Incredible." She hopped up the steps and right into Ilya's arms, squeezing him into a hug.

Ilya raised his eyebrows over her shoulder at Shane who just smiled with obvious delight at Ilya's fluster. Ilya realized he was just standing there with his arms out and returned the hug. Then Rose stepped back. "Sorry, I'm a hugger. Also I'm just...wow. I'm so happy for you guys? Like I know it's all kinds of fucked up but I'm just really glad Shane has someone who cares about him, cause he deserves that, you know?"

"Yes, I do know."

Shane cleared his throat. "Okay, let's go. Inside."

Rose laughed as Ilya stepped back and let her inside. She followed Shane down to the guest rooms to pick one for herself, and a moment later, Shane came jogging back upstairs. Ilya leaned back against the kitchen island, looking out at the lake. Shane settled in beside him and slid his hand over Ilya's. "You okay?" he asked.

"Hmm? Oh, yes, of course. I am going to like her. I think maybe she gives you as much shit as I do."

Shane snorted. "Maybe more."

"How did she take it? In the car?"

Shane shrugged. "Not too bad. She already knew I was gay so she was mostly just excited I had someone in my life. She follows hockey but not in the way some other people do? So the rivalry thing wasn't big for her. Her only concern was she'd heard you were an asshole and she was worried about me."

Ilya slung his arm around Shane's shoulders and drew him in against his side. "Is true."

"Oh, so she has a right to be worried about me?"

Ilya swung around so Shane was trapped between his body and the counter, tucking his hips against Shane's, finding the ways they were two matching puzzle pieces. "Yes, she should be very worried. I will not be nice to you," he purred.

Shane's head tipped back and he let out a soft hiss of air that Ilya suspected would have been a moan if Rose weren't just a staircase away. "Fuck, Ilya. Save it for bedtime, will you? We already traumatized my dad."

Ilya laughed and dropped his face to the place where Shane's neck met his shoulder. "Okay. I will be good today. And then tonight, you can be the one who is good for me."

"Deal."

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, and Shane shifted a little, pulling back out of Ilya's hold, but not as far as Ilya expected him to go. He kept his arm slung around Ilya's neck, their hips pressed together, and he leaned forward to press a quick kiss to his lips. It was nice to see Shane relaxed in their relationship around someone else. He wasn't quite there yet with his parents.

"Aww, you guys are so cute," Rose cooed, stepping into the kitchen. She was wearing sweat pants and a t-shirt but somehow managed to make them look incredibly stylish. "Now, I was promised a lake."

"The water is fucking freezing," Shane said.

"It's refreshing," Ilya insisted.

"Guess I'll be the tie-breaking vote!"

**

It didn't surprise Shane at all when Rose voted for refreshing and joined Ilya in the water. As she liked to remind him, she was a Michigan girl, and she could handle a little cold water. Shane sat on the shore, watching them squeal about reeds touching their legs, dive down for little rocks, and shells, and continuously threaten to pull Shane in with them.

Seeing them goofing around together clarified for Shane exactly why Rose had been the perfect person to help him realize who he was and what he wanted. She and Ilya had a lot in common. She was cheeky and funny, scarily perceptive, and not afraid to say the quiet thing out loud. She was confident and secure but also fully admitted to needing people in her life, people who cared.

If Shane couldn't fall for Rose Landry, he couldn't fall for any woman on earth. And if he had any excuse for believing he might be able to fall for her, it was that he'd already been in love with Ilya by then, and so many of the things he loved about Ilya were things he loved about Rose too.

She also gave him something Ilya couldn't, back then, which was honesty. She didn't pretend there was another reason they were breaking up. She didn't dance around the issue, hoping Shane would figure it out. She seemed to get, really early on, that Shane did best if she was clear with him. He wasn't really sure he'd have made it all the way to figuring himself out if Rose hadn't pushed him, not with all the things he and Ilya weren't able to say to each other at that point.

He couldn't really describe the feeling of watching Rose and Ilya goofing around happily in the lake. He wondered if it was similar to how Hayden felt when he looked at his family. It was a different kind of happiness than he felt with his parents. And out here, at the cottage, where he'd always been separate and cut-off from the rest of the world, he was able to forget about the part where he was looking down the barrel of another decade, or more, of keeping this a secret.

He had this, now, and he wasn't thinking about anything else.

**

Shane stretched out on the dock, hands behind his head, eyes closed, and let the sun hit every inch of him. He had ended up taking a quick dip in the water, after the midday sun had had its effect, and he was still damp, but it was drying rapidly, little droplets occasionally sliding off his stomach to the smooth wood beneath him.

He heard soft footsteps and then Rose settled in beside him. Shane squinted his eyes open to take her in. She was sitting with her arms wrapped around her knees, looking out at the lake. "Ilya went up to start dinner. Told me to tell you he'd handle tonight's spaghetti if you clean up after."

Shane laughed lightly. "If you saw what a mess he makes when he cooks, you'd know I got the short end of that stick."

"I think he wanted to give us a chance to talk," she said, grinning down at Shane with her soft but perceptive eyes. She saw through him gently, like she coaxed his walls down; Ilya was more like a bulldozer. A sexy bulldozer, though.

"Is there something we need to talk about?" Shane asked.

Rose reached over and squeezed Shane's knee, then left her hand there, holding his leg against the side of hers. "When I came here, I thought there was a chance I was going to have to be the one being like, *girl, run.*"

Shane laughed. "What does that even mean?"

"Well, I knew what he was supposedly like! And I googled him and everyone says he's a bit of a dick and I was like oh shit, if he's a dick to Shane, no one else knows. I'm going to have to be the one telling you that you deserve better."

Shane sat up, tense now. "Do you...think I deserve better?"

Rose smiled at him sadly. "I mean, yes, but not better than Ilya. You both deserve better than..." She waved her free hand in a random and somehow all-encompassing gesture.

"Yeah," Shane agreed. He ran his finger through a water droplet clinging to his big toe and squinted out at the light reflecting off the lake. "Do you..."

"Hmm?"

"Do you think it's too much?" Shane copied her gesture. "Like, do you think we can...I dunno. Make it?"

"Oh, sweetheart." Rose rested her head on his shoulder. "I think so. I hope so. I mean, I don't know. You love him, right?"

"So fucking much."

"I can tell you that that man is completely head over heels for you, so you don't need to worry about that." She bumped her shoulder against his. "All you can do is try, right? And be honest with each other."

Shane laughed without humour. "We have a lot of practice not being honest with each other."

"Well, I'm on your guys' side."

Shane gave her a genuine smile. "Thanks."

"And I like Ilya. He's good for you. I might keep him myself, actually. You should give me his number."

"He'll like that." Shane lay flat again, closing his eyes against the bright sun. "He was jealous of you, you know."

Rose laughed. "Can't lie, I kinda like that." She winked at Shane. "Can we do s'mores tonight?"

Several hours later, the three of them sat around Shane's fire pit, Rose and Ilya with marshmallows on sticks, Shane watching in amusement.

"You have to keep turning it," Rose insisted. "Until it's golden brown on every side."

"Why do I not just shove it in for ten seconds and get it over with."

Rose winced. "Oh my god, Shane, I'm so sorry."

Shane barked out a laugh, but it took Ilya a moment longer.

"Oh, ha, ha, yes. Don't worry. I do not treat Shane like marshmallow. He is not that soft." He winked at Shane, whose stomach fluttered a little under Ilya's attention.

"You have to cook it slowly, cause they burn really easily," Rose explained.

"Okay." Ilya's tongue peeked out from between his teeth as he focused on perfectly roasting his marshmallow.

When it was done, Shane handed him the graham crackers and chocolate and Rose showed him how to squish it together into a sandwich. "And then you eat it!"

Ilya shoved the whole thing in his mouth, and Shane was deeply distracted by a strand of melted sugar catching on his lip. He wanted to lick it off, even though marshmallows weren't part of his performance diet.

Ilya nodded appreciatively. "Is good." He licked his finger, and Shane swallowed hard. "Hollander, you should have one."

"No, thanks. I'm not interested in a sugar rush at ten p.m." Though a rush of another nature was making itself known, so Shane adjusted his seat. Ilya smirked at him, annoyingly perceptive as always.

"Okay, I will eat yours." Ilya stuck another marshmallow on his stick.

Rose looked back and forth between them then yawned and stretched rather unconvincingly for a professional actress. "I'm going to turn in. You guys have a good night." She leaned over to kiss Ilya's cheek then stood and rested her hand on Shane's shoulder. "Sweet dreams, my dears!" She jogged back up the steps, and Shane heard the sliding door open and close.

He shifted across the loveseat until he was pressed up against Ilya, then he gave into the urge to kiss the sticky mess off his face, cupping his cheeks between his hands.

Ilya grinned. "Can't even wait for your friend to be out of sight," he teased.

"I don't think Rose is shockable."

Ilya hooked Shane's waist and drew him even closer. "We could still try." His fingers teased under the hem of Shane's shirt.

"Or we could go back to our very private bedroom."

**

Back in their very private bedroom, Shane insisted they brush their teeth and get ready for bed before anything else, because once he was on their mattress, he knew he wasn't going to be able to get himself up again.

"Thanks for being nice to her," Shane said, after he'd spit his toothpaste in the sink.

Ilya raised an eyebrow at him. "You think I was holding back from challenging her to fistfight all day or something?"

Shane shook his head, smiling. "No, I just mean it's nice to see you trying, giving you guys a chance to be friends. I want you to be friends."

"We will be friends. I like her a lot."

"Good. She wants your number." Shane led the way to the bedroom, and tucked himself under the sheets. Ilya crawled in on the other side and immediately burrowed himself into Shane, shoving his face into Shane's neck, skating his palm up Shane's side. "Good," Shane repeated, like he'd still been mulling it over. "You have a lot to thank Rose for, really."

"I do?"

"Yeah, I mean if not for her, I don't know if I'd have had the guts to come and talk to you in Tampa."

"Because that is how you realized you were 'completely gay'? Your two 'total disasters' with her?"

Shane paused for a moment, then leaned back, meeting Ilya's eye. "That wasn't what did it. I was still in complete denial at that point."

Ilya sat up. "Really?"

"Yeah. I - I didn't tell you? I guess I never did. You always got weird and tight when I talked about Rose so I never told you the whole story."

"Okay," Ilya said, hesitantly. He wasn't really sure if he wanted to know more.

"She broke up with me and straight out asked me if I was gay. Said it was obvious she wasn't doing it for me."

"Whoa."

"She said it nicely," Shane insisted. "It was...it was the only time anyone ever just asked me point blank. She asked me if I'd ever been with a man and when I said yes, she asked if I'd ever told anyone that before. Then she asked me if it was different. If it was better."

"What did you say?" Ilya asked softly.

"I said it was better," Shane said roughly, his voice threatening to break. "I - when I was with her, all I could think about was you. And it wasn't just the sex. It was...all the things. When

she held my hand, I thought about your hand. When I woke up next to her, I wanted it to be you. Looking back, I can't believe I was as stupid as I was, thinking I had any hope of making it work with her. She was probably just watching me flounder around with a huge *I Love Ilya* shirt on, trying to figure out how to gently draw my attention to it."

Ilya hummed with delight. "Now that is definitely a shirt I want you to make for real."

"In your dreams, Rozanov."

"As if I need more dreams to have about you."

Shane pressed a kiss to the tip of Ilya's nose, his hand cupping his cheek. "All I told her was that I was gay, but all I could think about was that I knew there was no doubt I wanted you. Like I just couldn't lie to myself anymore. I couldn't pretend you were the asshole everyone thinks you are - not after all the time we've spent together. It just felt stupid all of a sudden, that we were pretending this was nothing."

Ilya swallowed hard, his eyes tingling a little. "When you came to the bar, at the All Stars game, I thought you were going to tell me you and Rose were engaged."

"Really?"

"Yes. I had seen the news. I thought it was real. You were in love with her." Ilya let out a tight breath. "You seemed so happy, with your new clothes, ordering a beer, smiling so much."

A shaky laugh fell out of Shane. "I think I finally felt like I knew what I wanted. It was a weight lifted. And if I couldn't have it, then okay, that was up to you, but I wasn't tied up in knots trying to figure it all out anymore. And she'd found out this secret I'd been carrying for so long and she still loved me."

Ilya brushed his fingers through Shane's hair. "And your parents found out and they still love you."

"And you love me."

"Yes, I do."

"I can't believe we actually made it here." Shane laughed again, leaning back on his pillow and closing his eyes.

"Is pretty crazy. But also pretty wonderful." Ilya pushed up so he was pressing Shane to the mattress, arms braced on either side of his head. "I sometimes think maybe I have never been as happy as I am now."

"Ilya," Shane breathed, arching up against him, eyes staying closed.

Ilya bent and traced a line of kisses down Shane's neck. "Shane."

"I think you should fuck me now."

Ilya grinned against Shane's skin, nipping at his nipple as his hand slipped between Shane's legs. "Oh, how about that, I can be even happier."

It was a long time before they fell asleep.

**

Ilya looked up as Rose walked across the lawn to where he was perched on a rock, sipping a mug of tea. He'd wanted a cigarette but it wasn't even noon and he knew Shane would be disappointed in him if he had one. So instead he was stuck with something called "Soothing Mint Renewal" whatever the fuck that meant.

"Hey," Rose said, arriving at his side. "I'm about to head out."

"Oh, so soon? Why not stay for lunch?"

She grinned. "Here, I thought you'd be happy to get Shane all to yourself again."

"I think, I don't mind sharing him a little bit, if it is with you."

"Aww, wow. I'm so honoured." She put a hand on her chest, then dropped it to Ilya's knee. "Well, I hope you're prepared to be my friend, cause I don't do friendship halfway."

Ilya chuckled. "Sounds good."

"And I know I'm supposed to, like, give you that talk where I say if you hurt him I'll kill you, but I don't think Shane needs me fighting his battles. And I'm also more worried about other people hurting him, you know?"

Ilya nodded gravely. "Yes, I know."

"And you too."

"Ah, but you said you looked me up, so you know I can fight back."

Rose let out a sigh, and the hand that was still on Ilya's knee squeezed. "Well, call me if you need someone in your corner."

"I'm glad to have you on our side," Ilya said. "He is it for me, you know?"

"I *don't* know, but I hope someday I will, cause that sounds amazing." She looked over at him cheekily. "Does that mean you're going to propose?"

Ilya laughed. "Someday, yes. I think so. If he will have me."

Rose squealed like a six-year old seeing a guinea pig for the first time. "I want to be a bridesmaid!"

"Hm, maybe. If Hollander is even still talking to you by then."

Rose punched him in the thigh. "I dunno, Ilya Rozanov, I think you might be succumbing to my charms. Maybe it'll be you I'll be standing up for? You think about that?"

Ilya gave her a genuine smile. "I would be honoured."

"I'd better go." She kissed Ilya on the cheek. "I can't imagine how hard it is to keep a secret like this. If you need someone to talk to, or someone to third wheel your dates so they don't look like dates, or just someone to text who you don't have to lie to, I'm here, okay?"

"Thank you."

"This was really fun."

Ilya pulled her into a hug. "Goodbye. Hopefully you can come again next summer."

"I'd love that!" Rose said, already backing up towards the sliding doors where Shane was waiting for her. "Bye!"

Shane smiled through the glass at Ilya, open and genuine, hopeful and beautiful, and Ilya let himself believe for a moment that the whole world could be like Rose. Because he'd give almost anything to see the love of his life smile like that, every day, for the rest of their lives.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I'm on discord and tumblr as FestiveFerret :D

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