Ilya Rozanov's Boyfriend's Ex-Girlfriend

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77404046.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov is a Menace, Rose Landry Finds Out About Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Jealous Ilya Rozanov, Rose Landry and Ilya Rozanov Meet, Rose Landry & Ilya Rozanov Friendship, Fluff and Humor, Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 4,546 Chapters: 1/1

Ilya Rozanov's Boyfriend's Ex-Girlfriend

by synchronik

Summary

Shane comes down the hall, hands shoved in his pockets, making eyes at Ilya that beg "please behave" and behind him is Rose Fucking Landry. The actress. The woman Ilya had seen in the club, her hand up Shane's shirt. The woman Shane had fucked. Twice.

They are doing nothing when the doorbell chimes.

Well, not nothing; they are, as Shane would say, *relaxing*. On the couch in front of a movie neither of them is really watching, feet up, Shane leaning back against him, his hand in Shane's hair. They have fucked, showered, eaten and Ilya is scrolling his phone thinking idly about tempting Shane into something that would require another shower when it happens.

Shane sits up, looks at him.

"They are your parents," Ilya says. Since the conversation with Shane's parents three days earlier, David and Yuna Hollander have been very careful, very polite, about texting or calling before showing up to the cottage, but.

The doorbell chimes again.

Shane pushes up off the couch. "I'm sure they just forgot something," he says, an apology. "Be right back."

He is not right back. Over the low volume the television, Ilya cannot make out the words but he hears Shane's tone of surprise and then a high feminine voice that is definitely not Yuna Hollander's.

Ilya hits the MUTE button, trying to listen, but still the words are indecipherable, although Shane's voice is getting closer, along with the click clack of high heels on the tile.

Ilya stands up.

Shane comes down the hall, hands shoved in his pockets, making eyes at Ilya that beg *"please behave"* and behind him is Rose Fucking Landry. The actress. The woman Ilya had seen in the club, her hand up Shane's shirt. The woman Shane had fucked. Twice.

She is thinner and taller than Ilya remembered, and her mouth drops open when she recognizes him.

"This is, um, Rose," Shane says, gesturing to Rose Landry like a host on a game show. "Rose, this is Ilya, my, um . . ."

"Boyfriend," Ilya supplies.

"Yeah, um," Shane says.

"Ilya *Rozanov*?" Rose shouts happily, punching Shane in the arm. "You're dating *Ilya Rozanov?*"

"Yes," Ilya says. "This is what 'boyfriend' means."

"Can I hug you?" Rosa asks, coming down the stairs into the living room. "I have to hug you! I am *such* a fan. Your mid-air tip-in against Philadelphia was just the most amazing shot I've

ever seen!"

"Okay," Ilya says, because that was, in fact, an excellent goal, and Rose bounces into his arms, gives him a quick professional hug. She smells like citrus perfume. Over her shoulder, Shane mouths sorry. Ilya glares at him.

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While Rose freshens up and calls her people to let them know she's arrived, Shane drags him into the bedroom.

"I'm sorry," he says before Ilya can even speak. "We made plans before you said you would come and I forgot to call her and—"

"She cannot stay here." Ilya shakes his head, pacing back and forth in front of the windows. He can still smell her perfume. "She should go, now. Back to Ottawa."

"It's almost ten," Shane says. "It's a two-hour drive."

"So? Her car has lights, yes? What is the problem?" Ilya flings his hands up.

Shane steps in front of him, stopping him. "Ilya. C'mon."

"She is your ex-girlfriend," Ilya complains.

"I. Am. Gay," Shane says and then glances over his shoulder like he's afraid someone's listening. That, that right there, is why Ilya does not want Rose to stay. This was supposed to be *their* time, their private time, and now here is someone else who has fucked Shane and he is supposed to be nice and let her stay? "You have female friends," Shane is saying. "Why can't I have female friends?"

"My friends are not *here*, Shane!" Ilya protests.

"I didn't tell you I wanted to *marry her*, Ilya," Shane snaps back, and okay. That is fair.

Ilya sighs. "Tomorrow."

Shane grimaces. "Actually, her flight's on Sunday afternoon, so . . ."

"Two *days?*"

"A day and half," Shane says, rubbing his hands up and down Ilya's arms. "Please. She's a good friend. Please."

Ilya scowls, but they both know the decision has already been made. Rose Fucking Landry will be staying until Sunday afternoon.

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"Be nice," Shane hisses back at him when they come out of the bedroom.

"I am always nice," Ilya answers.

Shane snorts. Rose is on the couch in the living room, feet curled up underneath her, attention on her phone. She is sitting in Ilya's spot.

When she notices them, she smiles. "Would you mind if I just crashed? The flight was murder."

"No, of course," Shane says. "Let me show you to your room."

As she passes Ilya, she goes up on tiptoe to brush a kiss to his cheek. "You and I are talking Raiders offense tomorrow, my friend," she tells him and squeezes his wrist. "Good night."

"Good night," Ilya manages.

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Shane is gone for almost twenty minutes. The guest rooms are on the lower level, on the other side of the house, so Ilya cannot hear anything, even with the TV off. He does not actually think that Shane and Rose are fucking, that is ridiculous, but he's still annoyed that his boyfriend and his boyfriend's ex-girlfriend the famous actress are alone together somewhere in the house. He goes down to the water and, out of spite, smokes a cigarette.

Shane finds him out there. He's brought a blanket from the back of the couch, but despite the cool night, Ilya shrugs it away.

"I'm sorry," Shane says again. "Thank you for letting her stay."

Ilya shrugs again, glaring at the water. "Is fine."

"Uh huh. You seem fine," Shane says. He takes Ilya's cigarette away and throws it into the lake, then hooks his chin over Ilya's shoulder, his arms around Ilya's waist. "I know it's an interruption—"

"It is fine," Ilya repeats, crossing his arms over his chest. "Why not let this woman stay and take up your time? I only have nine more days here, why not give her two?"

Shane leans back, his eyebrows pulled together. "Nine more days?"

"Yes, I leave next Sunday."

"You're *leaving?*"

"Yes, Sunday! Two weeks, Hollander, that is what you said."

"But . . ." Shane presses his lips together. "That was before."

"Yes, before Rose Landry showed up and—"

No." Shane shakes his head. "*Before*."

Ilya rolls his eyes. "I don't know what 'before' is."

"*Before*," Shane repeats, like saying it again helps. "Before *us*. I guess since then I just assumed you would stay. Do you have to go back to Boston next week?"

Ilya blinks. "You thought I would stay." It's strange, but the idea never occurred to him.

"Well, yeah." Shane kisses Ilya's neck, rests his cheek against Ilya's shoulder. "I mean, unless you can't."

"For how long?" Ilya asks.

Shane kisses the side of his neck. "Forever. Duh."

"Hmm." Ilya covers one of Shane's hands where it rests on his ribs with his own and wonders if Shane can feel the racing of his heart. "Maybe," he says, but he means yes, and he knows Shane knows it.

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Despite Shane's sweetness, Ilya pushes his hands away later when they're in bed. "Not tonight. We have guests." He sniffs, pulling the sheet up to his chest.

"What are you even talking about?" Shane asks, tugging at his shoulder. "She can't hear anything! We fuck in hotel rooms with people right next door!"

"No." Ilya shakes his head. "This is punishment."

"Punishment!" Shane flops back onto his side of the mattress, his hands in his hair. "You're such a fucking asshole!"

Ilya rolls onto his side away from Shane, discreetly adjusting the bulge in the front of his own briefs. Forever or no, Ilya intends to annoy Shane for allowing a house guest during their special two weeks, which has already been interrupted twice by Shane's friends and family, and if he has to suffer to do it, he will.

***

Ilya wakes up on Saturday with a hard on and a terrible view: his boyfriend and his boyfriend's ex-girlfriend doing yoga on the lawn, in full view of the bedroom windows. The glass is coated, Shane had told him, so it's hard to see in, but view out is crystal clear. Shane and Rose Fucking Landry grinning at each other while they do all sorts of contortions. Ilya can hear the peal of her laughter, faintly through the glass.

He watches for a second, scowling. Rose is better at yoga than Shane, more flexible, her little ass in the air as they bend down to place their palms on the ground. If he were not in love with his stupid boyfriend, he would . . .

Ilya sits up in bed. He has agreed, reluctantly, to let Rose Fucking Landry stay at the cottage for another day and a half. But that doesn't mean he has to be nice about it.

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Except for the melon he's slicing, Ilya has the food ready when they come in, a heaping platter of fresh French toast.

"Ilya, oh my God!" Rose gasps, coming around the island to kiss his cheek. He flexes when her hand rests on his bicep. He has put on a tank top for exactly that reason.

"Since when do you cook?" Shane asks, his eyes narrow.

"What?" Ilya shrugs. "It was recipe."

"Too bad I can't eat it," Rose says, gazing at the platter with wide eyes. "I have reshoots on Tuesday, and I have to fit into my costume."

"Ridiculous." Ilya beams down at her. "You are too skinny. Just one piece."

"You don't have to eat it," Shane interjects.

"Are you?" Rose asks.

"Of course, he is," Ilya says. "Come, sit here." He spreads a hand on Rose's back, right above the waistband of her white yoga pants and leads her to the nearest chair. He holds her in place as he pulls a plate in front of her and flips a piece of toast onto it, then drags the bottle of maple syrup within reach.

"I mean, just one," Rose says, drizzling the tiniest bit of syrup onto the bread.

"Or two. We won't tell." He rubs her back, winks at her.

"You're the absolute worst influence," Rose says, cutting into the French toast.

"Yeah, he is," Shane says, too loud. Ilya winks at him, too.

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After they've eaten (Rose stuck to one piece, but Shane had had four), Ilya leans over the counter toward her, chin propped in his hand. "So tell me about this movie, the reshoots. Are you hero? Or, ahh . . . the word for woman who is rescued." He snaps his fingers. "The, um?"

"Damsel," Rose supplies.

"Yes! Damsel. You are this?"

"No, no." Rose waves her hands. "I don't want to talk about me. Tell me about you. When did you get together?"

Ilya raises an eyebrow at Shane, who looks like he wants to sink into the floor. "It's complicated," he mumbles.

"He's so open," Rose says to Ilya, like she's telling a secret. "That's what I like about him."

Ilya smirks. "Me, too."

"Oh my God," Shane mutters at the same time that Rose gasps the same thing.

"Wait!" She claps one hand over her mouth, the other grabs Ilya's shirtfront. "Is Ilya the *peg?* Like, *thee* peg?"

Shane ducks his head, blushing. "I'm not . . . this is. I have to shower." He stalks out of the room.

"He's adorable when he gets worked up," Rose says, gazing after him fondly. "I hope I didn't hurt his feelings."

"What is this 'peg'?" Ilya asks.

"When we . . . broke up, I guess, you'd call it, Shane told me that he was more of a . . . receiver than a giver when he was with men."

Ilya's mouth drops open. "He told you this?"

She nods, dipping her finger into the remnants of the syrup on her plate and sticking it in her mouth.

"What else did he tell you?"

"Not much," she says. "He was pretty upset when he realized I had guessed." She puts a hand over Ilya's. "I'm glad he has you. You're serious about him, right?"

Ilya nods. "We are, um." He glances away. "Yes. The most serious."

"Good." She pats his hand, then pops up to kiss his cheek before hopping off her chair. "He deserves it."

Ilya watches her go. He still doesn't like her, but he agrees with Rose Landry about some things.

***

In the afternoon, Rose makes Ilya sit next to her in the shade ("I *cannot* get a tan or they will murder me," she explains), and breaks down every problem she is seeing with the Raiders' team. She is mostly right, and her animation when she talks about the sport reminds him of Svetlana. "I'm not talking about you, of course," she says, one hand on his knee. "You're an artist. But you have to replace Tomlinson. He can't win a board battle to save his life! I could get a puck off him!"

"This is what I am saying, but they don't listen to me!" Ilya declares. "Shane, is this not what I tell you?"

Shane, sitting in a lawn chair nearby scrolling on his phone, a frown on his face, doesn't look up. "Every day."

"Every day!" Ilya declares. "You must call my coach, tell him I am right. He will listen to a famous movie star."

Rose laughs. "Anything for Shane Hollander's boyfriend."

Ilya lifts her small hand to his mouth and kisses the back of it, twice. Rose Landry makes it very hard not to like her.

***

Normally, swimming in the lake means trunks. He and Shane share half a dozen pair between them in the past week, black, red, blue, all of them coming down to around mid-thigh. Good for the lake, with waves, and seaweed. But Ilya had also packed a pair for the trip, ones that were not good for lake swimming, but that were good for making the people who you wanted to notice you, notice you. They are black, and small, like a bikini for a woman, barely covering his ass. He has to adjust them a few times to make sure everything will stay where it needs to stay. Once he is confident he can walk without one of his balls dropping out of the suit, he slings a towel around his neck, slides into his deck shoes, and heads out past the firepit where Rose and Shane are sitting.

She is half-turned toward the door and sees him first, her jaw dropping open as he gets closer. The path to the water takes him right past them, so Rose can get a good view, front and back. Shane twists around to see what has caught her attention, and his eyes widen. He jumps up and hustles over, falling in step.

"What are you *wearing?*" he hisses as they make their way down the slope.

Ilya stops, glances down. "Swimsuit."

"Barely!" Shane says. "That's not one of mine."

"No. Yours are boring. I brought it with me."

"Rose is here!"

"Yes. I think she likes it." Ilya waves to her over Shane's shoulder, smiling. Rose gives a dazed smile and wave back.

"She's not supposed to like it!"

"Do *you* like it?" Ilya asks, switching his gaze from Rose to Shane's dark eyes blazing in front of him. Shane can't help it, he glances down. Ilya smirks.

"Oh my god, fuck you," Shane mutters. "Go swim if you're going to."

"Mmm. Go hang out with your ex-girlfriend."

"I will!" Shane stalks off.

When Ilya turns to toss his towel on a nearby rock to keep it dry, Rose wolf-whistles at him. "Nice ass, Rozanov!" she shouts. He smiles in spite of himself.

***

The lake is not as much fun without Shane to harass, so he gets out in maybe twenty minutes. Rose has gone somewhere, and Shane is alone at the firepit, palms pressed together between his knees.

Ilya goes over, showers Shane with water from his hair.

"Asshole," Shane mutters, but there is none of his usual spark in it.

"What? What is it?" Ilya asks.

Shane rolls his eyes.

"No, this—" Ilya rolls his eyes dramatically "—says nothing. Use words."

"You're *flirting* with her," Shane says.

"Yes. So?"

"You can't *flirt* with her," Shane says.

"You are the one who brought her here," Ilya says. "I am asshole, what do you expect?"

"No. It's not. *Ilya*." Shane meets his eyes then, and Ilya sees that look, the same look from the couch when Shane told him not to marry Svetlana, the watery, flushed, brave look that made Ilya want to weep himself.

"Oh, no." Ilya crouches down in front of Shane. "All this with Rose Landry is joke."

At first, Shane won't let himself be kissed, but Ilya persists, pressing kisses on his cheek, his chin, his neck, until Shane turns and gives him a real kiss, one that ends with Shane tilted back on the firepit couch, flushed for a better reason, and Ilya testing the limits of his swimsuit. Ilya pushes himself up on one arm before they get too carried away, pats Shane's face with the other hand.

"So you'll stop," Shane asks, sitting up, wiping his mouth on the back of his hand.

"Probably not." Ilya gives him a kiss. "But I love you."

"Fuck you." Shane scowls. "I love you, too."

When Ilya stands up, he sees Rose coming out of the house, a glass of lemonade in each hand. She is watching them, one glass pressed to her heart. When she notices him watching her, she toasts him with the lemonade, and blows a kiss at him. Ilya pretends to catch it.

***

Rose makes them dinner, a salmon and orzo thing that Shane unsurprisingly loves, and Ilya has to admit is pretty good, for healthy food. Ilya stays back and washes the dishes, a chore that he is only supposed to have to do when Shane cooks, but he knows that his offer will impress Rose and that will annoy Shane. He's beginning to think Shane's annoyed face turns him on.

After he finishes, Ilya makes cocoa in the Keurig and brings it out, balanced carefully on a cutting board, because he could not find a real tray. Rose and Shane are curled close together in front of the fire, Rose hugging Shane's arm to her, his hand on her knee. "This is so romantic," she says. "Shane Hollander, I didn't know you had it in you!"

Ilya pauses. They have not heard him, do not know he is there.

Shane's laugh is low and comfortable, in a way it rarely is. "Yeah, this place really relaxes me."

"This place, sure," Rose says. "But I think it's more than that. God, no wonder you weren't into me." She slaps his knee. "How can I compete with Ilya Rozanov?"

"I was into you," Shane says.

Ilya cannot see Rose's face, cannot see her eyes roll, but somehow knows that she is doing that. "Please."

"What? You're amazing."

"Yes, I am!" she declares. "But you two . . . I don't know. He makes sense for you."

"Yeah." Shane's head bobs in agreement.

"Do you love him?" Rose asks.

Shane nods. "Yeah. Yeah, I do."

"Good." She ducks her head to his shoulder. "Because I do, too."

Ilya feels his face getting hot. "Okay, cocoa!" he announces, so they both turn around.

"Ugh, could you be more perfect?" Rose asks, reaching up for a cup.

"No," Ilya answers. "Not possible."

***

He sits next to her, and they sip their cocoa and he only flinches a little bit when the stupid wolf bird howls. Shane glances at him over her head, amused, but Rose doesn't seem to notice. Despite Ilya's previous protests, it *is* relaxing to sit in front of the fire and watch it dance in the dark air. Someday, he is going to fuck Shane in front of this fire, make him sit on his lap and ride him, and watch the firelight flicker off his skin.

"When did you know you were gay?" Rose asks, interrupting the fantasy. "If that's not too personal."

"Hmm?" Ilya asks before understanding her. He shakes his head. "No, not gay."

"Ilya likes men and women," Shane mutters.

"Oh, *really*." Rose scans him up and down. Her smile is suggestive, but in a friendly way, the way women smile at their friends' handsome sons or their sisters' charming boyfriends. Not real, not offering anything. "So what you're saying is I should have met you first?"

"Hey!" Shane protests weakly.

Ilya grins.

"Since you're the one who goes both ways, you should be in the middle," Rose declares, and clambers over him, so that he is between her and Shane. She twines both arms around one of his, holds his hand, weaving their fingers together, and tips her head to his shoulder. Ilya glances over at Shane. His eyes are on locked on Ilya's hand intertwined with Rose's, his expression still and sad.

"Hey," Ilya murmurs and with his free hand lifts Shane's chin, kisses him softly. He holds his arm up and Shane ducks underneath it, shifts until his cheek rests over Ilya's heart.

***

"Can I ask you something?" Rose whispers, later. She whispers because Shane is asleep, his head on a pillow in Ilya's lap, holding Ilya's hand to his chest like a teddy bear. He is on his back, his face turned toward them, his freckles dancing in the firelight.

"mm," Ilya agrees.

"You won't miss women?"

Ilya shrugs, gazing at Shane's face. "Sure, yes, probably. But he is it for me, I think."

Rose squeezes his arm. "You're so lucky," she tells him. "He's the best guy. If he weren't gay, *I* would have married him."

Ilya sits silent, stunned by the word. Married. Just a few days ago he had mentioned marrying Svetlana for a passport and Shane had reacted like Ilya had stabbed him in the gut. Ilya hadn't really understood. Of course, he wouldn't do it if Shane did not want him to, but marrying Svetlana would not have interfered with him and Shane at all. It would just have been for convenience, practicalities, not love, not like that.

But now, hearing this beautiful, famous woman talk about marrying Shane, *his* Shane, even though she means it as a compliment, Ilya understands.

***

Shane wakes up a little while later, embarrassed when he realizes he's been asleep. "Sorry, sorry," he mumbles, running his hand through his hair.

"No, it's fine," Rose assures him. "I should get to bed anyways." She rises, leans down to kiss first Ilya's cheek, then Shane's, and heads back to the house, carrying the cocoa cups on the tray.

Shane flops back down into Ilya's lap. "What did you guys do while I was out?"

"Nothing." Ilya runs a thumb over Shane's cheek. Freckles in the firelight. "Talked."

"About what?"

"About how she would marry you."

Shane scoffs. "I'm gay."

"Yes, that is why she won't."

Shane reaches up and touches Ilya's face. "She thinks I'm lucky to have you."

"She's right." He fakes a bite at Shane's fingers.

Shane laughs and sits up again to kiss him. "You're such an asshole."

***

Shane seems resigned to remaining platonic while Rose is visiting, giving Ilya a chaste good night kiss and turning off the light like he's not expecting anything else, but something about the day has made Ilya want to touch him, be close to him, take care of him, so in the dark, he caresses Shane's arm, mouths his shoulder.

"Mmm," Shane says. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing. " Ilya slides a hand over Shane's chest, belly, the bulging cotton of his underwear. He nips at Shane's shoulder, feeling Shane's cock swell.

"I thought we weren't . . . oh," Shane sighs as Ilya slips a hand under the elastic. This, this is what Ilya wants, always and forever, Shane with him, feeling things that only Ilya can make him feel.

It’s only a moment before Shane is hard, the head of his cock poking out from under the waistband of his briefs, his hips pulsing up in to Ilya's hand. Ilya slides down the mattress and pulls them off. He lies on his stomach between Shane's thighs, hooking them over his shoulders wrapping his arms around them, so that Shane can't get away when Ilya closes his mouth on Shane's cock.

"oh god," Shane moans. His arms are straight at his sides, fists clenched, like he can't believe what is happening. Ilya sucks him in, applying steady pressure, tongue and lips, in time with Shane's undulating hips. But when Shane tries to speed up, Ilya pulls off.

"No," he says. "Let me."

Shane nods eagerly, eyes wide and watching as Ilya takes his cock again. Ilya sets a moderate rhythm, his arms firm around Shane's thighs, not rushing, not changing. Steady. Predictable and unavoidable. Inevitable. Shane trembles. Ilya knows he wants to speed up, to fuck Ilya's mouth with abandon, he can feel it in the quick twitches of Shane's legs and the tension in his thighs.

"Please," Shane gasps. "Please, Ilya."

He doesn't need to beg. Ilya is not stopping. But he is not rushing, either.

He lets Shane's cock slide almost out of his mouth, closes his lips around the head and sucks, his tongue swirling. Shane throws his head back.

"oh god, oh fuck, Ilya," he pants. "Ilya, *Ilya*."

Shane's chest is flushed, his face is flushed, his hands grip at the sheets like he wants to tear them in half, and all he can say, all Ilya hears, as Shane comes and comes and comes, his whole body shaking, is Ilya's name.

***

Rose leaves around noon the next day. While Shane puts her bags in the car, Rose grabs Ilya's hand. She stands on tiptoe and gives him one of her professional hugs. "Thanks for being cool about this. I wouldn't have come if I knew."

Ilya nods. "I know."

"You're my favorite of all of my ex-boyfriends' new boyfriends."

Ilya smirks. "Yes. Because I am the hottest."

"No, because you're the sweetest." She plants a kiss on his cheek, then pauses, bites her lip. "I know you're not planning on saying anything at the moment, but if you do, you can count on me. I know some really good PR people, and I have, like, a squillion followers on social media. Whatever you need, okay?"

Ilya is touched, despite himself. This woman who has interrupted his vacation and slept with his boyfriend is maybe the closest thing to a sister he has ever had. Rose Fucking Landry.

"Okay," he says. "Okay, thanks."

She squeezes his hand and skips down the stairs to say goodbye to Shane. When Shane hugs her, he lifts her off her feet, and seeing the two of them together, seeing someone else truly love Shane, makes Ilya smile.

"Hey, Rozanov," Rose calls over the roof of the car as she's about to get in. "You're also the hottest!"

Shane, coming up the steps, frowns at him. "What's *that* mean?"

Ilya shrugs. "I am very hot."

***

"Is Svetlana like her? Rose?" Shane asks as Rose's car backs down the driveway.

"No," Ilya says, waving as Rose beeps and pulls away. "But also, yes."

"Hey, um." Shane shuts the door behind them, turns the deadbolt. "Where's that swimsuit you had on yesterday?"

When Shane's phone rings twenty minutes later, playing the cheery pop song assigned to his mother, neither of them notice it.

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