

can't get you off my mind

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is perfectly happy with this set up -- the world thinks he and Rose Landry are the perfect all-star couple. But deep down, Shane has been harboring a rather unhealthy crush -- for Rose's personal security officer, no less.

Flufftober day six: late night talks

Notes

This one's a little bit of a stretch but I still think she's fun!! Thank you as always to dntat and Anna for betaing these bad boys!!

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

They've had a good amount to drink. More than Shane usually would indulge in, but he always has a hard time saying no to Rose. Sure, she's not really his girlfriend – it's a publicity stunt relationship, after all. But Shane does still love her, a lot. Like a sister! Just so long as the press never knows, then it's smooth sailing.

It all came about when they met at a party in Montreal. JJ invited Shane to a last minute get-together at his friend's restaurant, and Shane hadn't wanted to go, initially, but meeting Rose had made it worth it. At first, he'd really tried. At first he thought it could work, because he was repressing the truth. Honestly, at the time he wasn't absolutely positive if he was gay or not. But when sex with Rose fucking Landry didn't work, he had to face the music.

Except he wasn't quite ready to face the music yet. So instead of breaking it off, he and Rose had agreed to continue the ruse until Shane was ready to come out, on his own time, on his own terms. They've only been faking it for a few months now, but Shane feels the expiration date looming. This gig has been fantastic for his career, and he's entered a more public domain, has become something of a household name because of his attachment to Rose. And being seen regularly with the same man has been good for her image, too. People are already speculating when Shane's going to pop the question, which is, quite frankly, hilarious.

Besides, Rose deserves to find the right man for her. Shane doesn't want to hold her back, and he knows that's what she wants, even if she insists she's happy with this arrangement for now. And, if he's being honest, Shane wants to find the right man for himself, too. Which brings him back to tonight, as he stumbles back into Rose's home, her shoes in his hand and Rose in his arms. As they enter the living room he stumbles, and a warm hand grabs his elbow and steadies him.

Ilya.

Ilya, who is their shadow when they're out. Who fends off the paparazzi and makes sure no one invades their personal space. Ilya, with his gorgeous halo of fawn curls and those perceptive hazel eyes that melt through Shane's facade and see into who he truly is. Yeah, Ilya is kind of a problem.

Shane settles Rose onto the couch, and she lets her head fall back into the pillows as she blows out a big breath. "M so drunk," she giggles, and her hand finds Shane's, squeezing his fingers tightly. "C'mon, boyfriend. Let us go to bed," she trills the words like a bird's song, and Shane can't help but laugh as he shakes his head at her. He's tipsy, too, but not nearly as drunk as her. Shane hauls her up from the couch and slings her arm over his shoulders, then wraps his own arm around her waist. Ilya moves to her other side and catches her as she tilts, and between the two of them they manage to get Rose into her bedroom.

"I got it from here," Shane says, his cheeks flushing as they help Rose sit on the edge of the bed.

Ilya hesitates, like he's going to insist, but shakes his head with a small chuckle. "Yes, is your territory now," he says, his words shaped by his gorgeous Russian accent. Shane finds himself staring at Ilya's lips as he speaks, which only makes him flush deeper when Ilya

clears his throat. "I will –" he gestures to the door. "If you need anything, you can call for me."

With a dumb little nod of acquiescence, Shane watches the door close behind Ilya.

"You liiiiiike him," Rose sing-songs again as her hand runs through Shane's hair. Her cheeks are bright from the wine, and Shane scoffs, shushing her as he stands up and tugs at the sheets of her bed.

"He's literally right there, he can hear you."

"So?" Rose wrinkles her nose as she wobbles to her feet and shucks off her dress. It's nothing Shane hasn't seen before, and he just hands her a t-shirt and some pajama shorts from her dresser. She flings her bra across the room and tugs on the t-shirt, and tosses the sleeping pants away. "Would it be so bad? If he knew?" She crawls into her bed and pats the space beside her, but Shane shakes his head.

"I dunno if I'm ready, Rose." He sighs. "I'm not tired yet. Gonna go have some water and maybe a sandwich before bed," he says with a chuckle. Rose pouts, but nods. With a gentleness he only holds around Rose, Shane presses a kiss to her forehead. "Love you. Get some sleep."

As he leaves Shane turns the lights out, Rose rustles in the sheets as he closes the door softly behind himself. Shane kicks his shoes off and pads back into the living room, assuming Ilya locked up and left for the night. Usually he makes sure they get home safe and then leaves, but tonight Shane is surprised to find him sitting on the couch, frowning at the phone in his hand.

"Err, everything ok?" Shane asks, knowing how strange this looks. Ilya looks up and catches Shane's gaze, then gives him a half grin.

"There are still some photographers out front so I figured I would wait for them to leave."

"Oh." Such a kind thing for him to do, but Shane assumes he gets paid decently well to be here, so it probably doesn't hurt to stick around. Ilya holds his phone up and Shane can see he's tapped into Rose's security cameras, and Shane nods in understanding.

"I'm gonna go sit on the deck out back, do you wanna...?" Wow, that was probably weird. Why would Shane invite his girlfriend's personal security to sit on the deck with him? But Ilya shrugs and nods, and Shane feels a little less stupid. They head out onto the back deck and Shane starts up the gas firepit, removing the lid before lighting it. They each take a chair with a few feet separating them, and Shane grins up at the stars, enjoying the crispness of the LA fall. He'll have to get back to Montreal soon to start the hockey season, but he's really been enjoying this summer and some of the fall with Rose in LA, plus he found some fantastic training opportunities which he thinks will really help his game.

The idea of leaving Rose makes his heart stutter, just a little. He's grown so comfortable with what's between them, and LA has become like something of a second home for his lonely heart. And when he looks too hard at it, he knows he'll also miss Ilya. They've built a

tenuous relationship, and it's obvious something unspoken sits between them, something Shane is afraid to unleash. But tonight, he's toeing closer with this little late night rendezvous.

"You will go back to Montreal soon?" Ilya asks as he leans back in his chair. Shane looks at his face, sees the way he gazes up at the wide night sky, and sighs with want. He can't lie to himself when he's drunk – he's never desired someone as much as he wishes for Ilya. Sure, Shane has had crushes; a few on fellow players, some on Rose's friends. But they've all been fleeting. He could suppress them, push them down and ignore them.

For some reason, Ilya sticks with him, like a thorn in his side made to drive him crazy. He fixates on Ilya's curls and how they'd feel wrapped around his fingers. When he closes his eyes he sees Ilya's, and when Rose kisses him when they're out in public, he wonders if Ilya's lips would be as soft as petals, like Rose's are. He wants and he yearns and his heart begs him to acknowledge this delicate little thing that could bud into something beautiful, if only he would be brave.

"Y-yes," Shane manages, and he clears his throat as he runs a hand through his hair. "Pre-season starts next week, so I fly out in a few days," he says with a little shrug, trying for nonchalance but feeling an ache in his chest at the idea that he will leave behind both Rose and Ilya.

"Will you be glad to be home?" The question is a double edged sword, and Shane thinks for a moment, tries to find the best way to address it.

He treads lightly, not wanting to give too much away, but unable to make his drunk mind produce sober words. "I'll miss LA. And Rose. And you."

It hangs there, because it's awkward, and Shane wishes he could rewind time and take those two words back. Sure, he and Ilya talk when they're out. Ilya goes everywhere with them, and they've built a relationship. But it's always been professional, and Shane knows he's crossing a line here.

But he doesn't employ Ilya. It's not like... weird, right? His brain is spiraling a little, but when he looks over at Ilya, his lips are quirked up into a small grin.

"Me?" Ilya teases, and he reaches out with his shoed foot to tap Shane's bare one. The fire pops and crackles, and the crickets chirp, and the moon beams down at them, and Shane decides – fuck it. For once in his life he's going to do something for himself. For once in his life, he's going to be bold and embrace what could be instead of worrying about what has passed.

"Yeah, I... you're pretty great, you know? Like, you've helped me and Rose out so much, and you're also like, really hot, so..." Shane shrugs, and his tongue feels numb with the words he's just spoken. He holds his breath and waits for Ilya's shock, but it doesn't come. Instead he just laughs, Adam's apple bobbing, chin jutting up as if he's squaring up for a fight.

“That explains so much,” Ilya says calmly, and his fingers steeple in front of his face as he looks calmly over at Shane, giving him the floor again.

“What do you mean?”

“You think I don’t know you are not in love with Miss Landry?” Ilya taps his temple and winks at Shane, and Shane runs a hand down his face.

“I mean, no... well, yes, I love her, I’m just not in love with her. I’m...” He pauses and lets his head fall into his hands. “God, why am I telling you this? Oh, because you’re hot! Shit, I’m a mess,” Shane mumbles more to himself than to Ilya. Ilya’s hand rests on Shane’s knee, and when Shane looks up, his face is much closer now. Those hazel eyes meet his, and Shane can see each strand of gold and green and brown all threaded together. He’s peering back at Shane curiously, and Shane partially wants to curl up into a ball and disappear, but mostly... mostly he wants.

“Just breath, Shane,” Ilya instructs, and his thumb moves over the inside of Shane’s knee, which sends a shiver down Shane’s spine. He does as instructed and takes a deep breath, counts to four, then lets it out for four. He repeats this once more then nods, signaling he’s ok.

“Thanks,” Shane mumbles, and Ilya waves it away.

“Is nothing.”

They’re quiet for another moment as they both stare up at the moon. She’s bright and full, softly rounded and buttery in color, and Shane thinks maybe getting this out there is for the best. Besides, he’s sure Ilya has signed a copious amount of NDAs, and this has to be covered by them.

“I’m gay,” he admits quietly, because it feels amazing to get it off of his chest and say it out loud. He kind of wants to shout it up at the moon, to let everyone hear, but it’s well after 2 AM and he knows better than to create a disturbance at Rose’s house this late.

“And I am bisexual,” Ilya says, his muscled shoulders shrugging again. Shane blinks over at him, and then they both break down in a fit of laughter. Ilya’s hand is still on his knee, and the warmth from his skin is so lush, it makes Shane feel dizzy. Shane takes a leap, and puts his hand over Ilya’s. Ilya turns his hand so their fingers lace together and squeezes.

“So I’m not crazy – you have been making eyes at me!” Shane accuses, though it’s mostly in jest. He had noticed, though, the way Ilya’s eyes would linger on him, how his hand would linger at the small of Shane’s back when he escorted them past the paparazzi, how he was so attentive and kind and... yeah. He’d definitely noticed.

“Me? Never,” Ilya says with a serious face as he shakes his head. He taps his phone and looks at the screen, then sighs.

“Everything ok?”

“The paparazzi are gone.” Ilya lets the statement hang, and Shane nods, dumbly, barely understanding the meaning there. “I should go,” Ilya spells out for him.

“Oh.”

“Oh,” Ilya agrees, and he stands, tugging Shane up with him. They’re closer than Shane expected, and it’s impossible to miss the way the air buzzes between them, strung with thick tension. Shane knows Ilya won’t make the first move – he’s a professional, and he’s never proved himself to be anything but.

So Shane is brave. He makes a decision, he sticks to his guns, and he leans in, his mouth a breath away from Ilya’s, and whispers – “Can I kiss you?”

Ilya’s breath hitches, Shane can hear it, they’re so close. His hand settles in at the dip of Shane’s waist, and he nods. Shane’s eyes flutter closed as he closes the distance between them, and –

Oh.

Kissing Rose was never like this. Heat curls in the pit of his stomach at the softness of their lips pressed together, and his fingers fist into the collar of Ilya’s shirt, tugging him in closer so their bodies are flush. Shane wants to get lost in this feeling. He feels like he’s swallowed the sun, and now her rays are radiating through him, warming him from the inside out. He’s sure he’s going to combust from it.

Ilya’s lips move against his, and Shane opens to him, lets his tongue trace his lower lip then skim against his own tongue. He tastes like campfires and stardust, and Shane would bottle it up and hold it to his chest forever if he could. A horn honks in the distance, and both men startle, breaking them apart. When they realize what it was, they both laugh, and Shane falls against Ilya’s chest as he lets out a slow breath.

“Thank you. That was amazing,” Shane says against Ilya’s neck. His fingers have made their way to the nape of Ilya’s neck, and Shane plays with the soft curls there as he lets out a small sigh.

“Was a very good first kiss,” Ilya agrees as his fingers squeeze Shane’s waist. “Definitely will not be the last,” he promises.

End Notes

Let me know what you thought with kudos and comments!!

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