

The Getaway

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/58656334) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/58656334>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Rose Landry , Rose Landry & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry , Anya Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	POV Outsider , Shane Hollander's Cottage , Friendship , Mentions of Stalking , Safety , Married Life , Making Out , Love , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Male-Female Friendship
Language:	English
Collections:	GCU Fall 2024 Server Bingo!
Stats:	Published: 2024-09-02 Words: 6,517 Chapters: 1/1

The Getaway

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Rose Landry has a rough year and escapes to Shane and Ilya's cottage for a much needed getaway

Notes

I just love Rose and thought she'd be perfect to view Shane and Ilya's relationship through. I also added a bit of drama, just because
Enjoy 💖

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

“Hi,” Rose said, laughing as she leaned over the console of the Jeep Cherokee she was finally safely inside of, and hugged Shane Hollander.

“Hi,” Shane laughed, hugging her back.

Rose closed her eyes, smiling softly as they just hugged in the front seats of the car. It had been a long time since they had seen one another in person, almost two years, since Rose had been filming overseas.

It had taken a lot of planning and coordinating to make this happen and she appreciated how out of his way Shane had gone to get her to Ontario without alerting the media. It might only be a matter of time before someone figured it out, but for now, she had managed to squeak into Canada with little fanfare.

She was in need of some peace and quiet and Shane and Ilya offering their cottage as an escape for her had been much appreciated.

They finally let each other go and Rose took a deep breath, settling back into the passenger seat. She took off the baseball cap she’d been wearing, adjusting her ponytail, and then removed her sunglasses, folding them in her lap.

“You okay?” Shane asked her as he pulled out of the parking garage.

“I’m fine. Just tired,” she sighed, closing her eyes. It had been a long flight and an even longer week leading up to the trip.

Rose was used to media attention and people being in her face, but this time around, things had been rougher than usual. She’d come back from filming and someone had started stalking her.

She hadn’t felt safe anywhere. Constantly looking over her shoulder, wondering if someone was going to break in. She was scared things would escalate further... it was bad enough that there had been a break in, but she’d been staying with friends in Napa at the time.

Rose had filed police reports and eventually the police had found the person and arrested them, but all of that attention and police involvement had been too much.

She had needed a break from Hollywood.

Shane had been one of the first people to call her, asking if she was okay, volunteering to come out to California if she needed him to. That hadn’t been necessary, but it had been so sweet and so thoughtful, because that was just who Shane was.

She’d compromised by taking him up on the offer to visit during the summer.

Getting some time away was much needed and the Canadian countryside seemed absolutely perfect.

“Do you need anything? Water, food? It’s about a two hour drive.”

Rose opened her eyes and smiled at Shane. She looked at his profile; the sharp line of his jaw, the straight slope of his nose, his long hair tucked behind his ear, freckles adorable as always.

She had missed him tremendously. They had kept in touch, texting and occasionally calling, but she was glad they were finally seeing each other in person.

She was so grateful they’d been able to stay friends. Shane was a really good person.

“I’m okay for now. I have my water bottle,” she said, holding up her nearly full water bottle that had been tucked in her bag that rested on the floor by her feet.

Shane smiled. “Okay. Just let me know and we can stop somewhere.”

“Sounds good,” Rose sighed, closing her eyes again. “I might fall asleep on you.”

“That’s okay. Sleep if you’re tired.”

Rose hummed, still smiling. “Where’s Ilya?”

“He’s at the cottage already, with Anya. We went up a few days ago to get stuff ready and he’s finishing up there. He also didn’t want to like, draw more attention. He and I are a known quantity and we both thought it might be a little too much to have the three of us all together.”

Rose laughed. “Smart. Thanks. I appreciate that.”

They chatted a bit as Shane drove, generally catching up, but Rose was exhausted, and she ended up falling asleep. She woke up as the car rocked, as if on a bumpy road.

“Hey,” Shane said. “Sorry. We’re almost there.”

Rose laughed, stretching in her seat. “It’s okay. Perfect timing really.”

They were driving up a picturesque dirt road, surrounded by trees, and came out into a clearing, where an enormous house waited up a dirt drive.

Rose, like most people who followed sports, had seen Shane’s cottage on ESPN, but seeing it in person was a whole other experience.

In all their years of friendship, Rose hadn’t been here. The cottage was, as she had come to understand, Shane’s safe place. It was where he went to escape, where he and Ilya had been able to be together, so she understood why Shane had fiercely protected it.

But now that they were out and *married*, more people got to spend time there, and it was pretty freaking sweet.

“Holy shit, Shane,” Rose said, practically gawking at the enormity of the place. It was most certainly *not* a cottage, it was a *complex*, in the shape of a house.

Shane laughed. He had such a nice laugh, boyish and happy. It made her smile. He had been laughing and smiling more since coming out, which warmed her heart.

Shane pulled up toward the cottage’s garage (how many cars could that thing fit? Six?) and Rose watched the front door of the house open. Ilya stepped outside, looking summery and relaxed. Rose wasn’t sure why she always seemed to forget how *tall* he was.

He was wearing a pink tank top with a pineapple pattern on it, black shorts, and slides. His curly hair was pulled back into a little ponytail, some curls hanging around his ears. Had Ilya not been a hockey player, Rose was pretty sure he’d have done well in show business or modeling. He certainly had the looks for it.

Shane had done a great job snagging himself a ten. But then again, Shane was also a ten, so it fit.

Shane parked the car and cut the engine, Ilya making his way down the path to the driveway.

Shane looked at Rose and Rose looked back.

“Thank you for all this,” she said, feeling weirdly emotional. Shane smiled softly and hugged her.

“Of course. It’s no trouble at all.”

Rose sighed and hugged him back, before they let go of each other, and got out of the car.

“Hi,” Ilya said to Shane and Rose watched them exchange a brief kiss. “How was the drive?”

“Smooth sailing,” Shane replied. “No paps or anything.”

“Good,” Ilya said, smoothing a hand down Shane’s back, before looking up at Rose. He smiled at her crookedly, his eyes crinkling, and Rose smiled back.

“Hi, Ilya.”

“Hi, Rose.”

They hugged and Rose was struck, as she always was, by how good Ilya smelled.

“Thank you so much for having me. I really appreciate it,” she said, looking up at him.

“No problem,” Ilya replied, his expression warm. “We are happy to have you.”

“Do you want to take her inside and I’ll grab her bags?” Shane asked.

“Of course!”

“Shane, you don’t have to...”

Shane gave her a look and Rose laughed, holding up her hands. “Okay, okay.”

“Anya will be happy to see you,” Ilya said as they went up toward the house.

“I’m excited to see her!” Rose replied, completely jazzed. She loved Anya. She was just the sweetest little love.

They walked up the short path to the front door and Ilya opened it for her. She thanked him and stepped inside. Anya came bolting to the entryway, tongue lolling out of her mouth.

“Anya! Look who it is!” Ilya exclaimed.

“Hi, sweetheart!” Rose cooed at her, letting the dog smell her hands, before petting her soft head and floppy ears. “Oh my gosh you’re so cute! Hello, girlie! How are you?”

They spent a few minutes with the dog, giving her pets and kisses, before continuing into the cottage.

“I will let Shane show you around,” Ilya said with fondness in his voice. “But this is the living room, the kitchen is here, the bathroom.”

Ilya pointed out each space, giving Rose time to take it in, and boy was there a lot to take in.

She followed Ilya into the kitchen. From what she could tell so far, the cottage was gorgeous, and very Canadian. It looked lived in, too, which Rose liked. Neat, but not sterile.

There was an unfolded blanket tossed over an armchair, dog toys all around, a pair of glasses on the coffee table, a partially full glass of water.

She had noticed pictures from Shane and Ilya’s wedding and more recent ones of them together on the walls, which was really nice to see.

“Are you hungry? Thirsty?” Ilya asked her, standing by the kitchen island.

“I’m starving actually.”

Ilya smiled at her. “We have food!”

Rose laughed. “Perfect!”

Shane found them in the kitchen not too long after. Rose sat at the counter while Ilya made her a sandwich, which was so silly, because she could make her own, but he insisted because she was their guest.

“Eat,” Shane said to her, pouring Rose a glass of seltzer, because he knew that she loved seltzer. “I’ll give you the tour after. Make yourself at home.”

Rose ate, both Shane and Ilya sort of just grazing on snacks they had out, mostly fruits, the three of them catching up. Rose smiled watching Shane and Ilya together, talking over each other in a sweet, excited kind of way, playfully bickering.

It reminded her a little of her parents and she was warmed by that.

Rose had seen them a few times after the wedding, visiting her in California during the hockey season when they'd been there for away games, before she'd gone to Europe for filming. She had enjoyed just seeing how much more at ease Shane was, especially with Ilya. They were really good together and it felt good to see her friend so happy.

And Ilya was a charmer for sure. He was exuberant and extroverted, though this seemed to be more complimentary to Shane's more reserved, introverted nature. He didn't outshine Shane, if anything, he just made Shane shine more. And vice-versa.

After eating, Ilya cleaned up while Shane took Rose on a tour of the cottage, which really was more like a compound.

It was the perfect getaway spot. No wonder this was where they had escaped to. She could only imagine how special this place was for Shane and Ilya.

And Rose relaxed immeasurably at knowing that she had this amount of privacy. She hadn't felt this way in a long time.

"Hey," Shane soothed, pulling her into a hug. "You're okay."

Rose sniffled and leaned into him.

"It's been a fucking shitty year," she said.

"I know. I'm so sorry, Rose."

She sighed, letting herself be comforted.

"Thank you for letting me stay for so long. I don't want to intrude..." she said, wiping her eyes.

"It's okay. And you're not intruding. The place is huge," Shane chuckled. "If you want your own space, you can have it. Whatever you need or whatever you want to do, it's all yours. I'll show you where everything is and you can just help yourself. If you want to borrow one of the cars, whatever."

Rose smiled wetly at him. "You're too sweet."

Shane rolled his eyes. "You're my friend. It's no problem at all."

Rose laughed. "Thanks, buddy."

Shane finished giving her the tour and showed her to her room. He helped her bring her bags up and Rose had some time alone, unpacking, and unwinding a bit.

Anya came up and found her, which was sweet, and she sat on the floor, petting her for a bit.

“Must be nice to have a little more feminine energy in the house, right?” Rose asked Anya and Anya licked her face. Rose took that as a yes.

They cuddled for a bit longer before they both went back downstairs together.

Ilya ushered everyone out to the deck where Shane was grilling burgers, Ilya having made a side salad, and the dressing. There was a wine bottle on the neatly set table and Ilya poured Rose a glass.

It was cool outside in the fading light, but absolutely gorgeous with the lake in the background. It was peaceful and Rose could see why Shane loved it here so much.

The burgers were delicious and so was the salad. Ilya and Shane were hilarious, telling Rose about how they cooked together, and then arguing over who was recounting a story correctly about trying to make a recipe from Shane’s maternal grandmother. Rose couldn’t stop laughing.

She didn’t last long after dinner, fading pretty fast because of the jet lag and just how stressed she’d been, only to finally feel like she could breathe. She was wiped.

She appreciated how chill Shane and Ilya were. There was no pressure for her to hang with them or to perform. She could just be herself, do whatever she needed, it was relieving.

She went upstairs, to the guest bathroom that was all hers, stocked with whatever amenities she might need; including extra hair ties, body wash, shampoo, tampons, and pads. It made her laugh and her heart glow.

It was nice to be thought about.

She showered, changed into her pajamas, did her whole face routine, and slid into the king sized bed, falling asleep almost as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Rose woke up the next morning feeling well-rested. She spent some time just snuggled under the blankets, before checking her phone, and the time.

She got up, not even bothering to fix her messy bun all mussed from sleep, and went downstairs.

She could hear Shane and Ilya in the kitchen and smiled.

“Shut up!” Shane hissed. “Rose is still sleeping!”

“She is on the other side of the house. She cannot hear,” Ilya laughed and then protested as it sounded like he was being whacked with something (an empty paper towel roll maybe?).

“Asshole,” Shane huffed, though he sounded fond about it.

Carefully, Rose crossed the living room floor, watching Shane and Ilya in the kitchen.

They stood side by side, wearing what were probably their versions of pajamas. Shane in a baggy t-shirt and basketball shorts, his hair pulled up, Ilya in sweatpants and a t-shirt, his curls looking extra wild. They were both bare foot.

Ilya had an arm around Shane and kissed the side of his head, before he sipped from an Ottawa Centaurs coffee mug.

Shane snuggled into his side, both arms wrapped around Ilya, and Ilya rested his cheek on top of his head. Ilya murmured something in what must have been Russian, kissing the top of Shane's head, and Shane squeezed him, replying, also in Russian.

It was a sweet moment, intimate and soft, and Rose felt kind of bad interrupting.

"Good morning," she said.

Both Shane and Ilya turned to look at her, smiling. They didn't jump apart or anything, which was relieving. She was glad to see them, especially Shane, looking so comfortable. And as they should be, they'd been married for three years.

"Good morning," Ilya said, his arm still around Shane.

"Did you sleep okay?" Shane asked, releasing Ilya so he could turn toward Rose.

"Great actually," she replied. "Like a rock. The bed was so comfy."

"That's good to hear," he said with a smile.

"Shane worked very hard on finding good mattresses," Ilya chimed in, taking a sip of coffee. "Or so he tells me."

"I did!" Shane protested, chuckling, before turning back to Rose. "Do you want coffee? Tea?"

"Coffee would be great."

"I can make you a latte or a cappuccino," Ilya offered.

"Whatever you guys are having is fine."

Ilya poured her a cup of coffee.

"Milk? Sugar?"

"Both, please."

"How many sugars?"

"Three is great."

"Oh my god," Shane huffed.

“What?”

“You and Ilya and your sweet coffee.”

“Shane is just saying that because he is boring.”

“I’m not. Sometimes I have some milk in my coffee.”

“Wow! Milk! So adventurous.”

Shane made a sour face and Rose couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Such a dick, Ilya.”

“But you love me.”

“I’m questioning that.”

Ilya didn’t seem deterred by this though, leaning in, close. Shane sighed, rolling his eyes, and gave Ilya a quick kiss.

“Now go away.”

Ilya laughed and went to the fridge. Shane was shaking his head and Rose giggled from the lip of her coffee mug.

Rose sat at the kitchen island and Ilya asked about what she wanted to eat. Rose watched both Ilya and Shane fondly, each of them taking on a task for breakfast, moving around one another like a well-oiled machine.

Ilya made scrambled eggs and toasted bagels, Shane setup butter and cream cheeses. Anya went from each person, seeking out pets, and some cheese from her dad.

Rose chuckled as Ilya gave her some, making her do a few tricks to “earn” it. It was very cute.

They talked about different things they could do around the cottage and in the area, or if Rose wanted some time to herself. Shane and Ilya had work out schedules to keep, though things were slightly more lax because it was the summer.

Rose definitely wanted to do some yoga, so she and Shane planned for that, while Ilya would take Anya for a nice long walk. Shane teased Ilya about not being flexible, to which Ilya replied that he didn’t need to be the flexible one. The insinuation was clear but it was definitely meant to be teasing and flirty.

Shane blushed so hard his entire face was red and Rose couldn’t help but laugh. Ilya just looked pleased with himself.

“Rude,” Shane grumbled.

They ate outside on the deck because it was a beautiful day, just talking, enjoying the warm weather, and the calmness of being here.

“This is so nice guys,” Rose sighed.

“Right?” Shane replied.

“I can see why it’s your favorite place.”

“Yeah. It’s just... really relaxing and so far removed from everything. No one will bother us.”

“Has anyone ever tried?”

Shane shook his head. “Not that I know of. And I can’t imagine anyone being that ballsy enough. It’s private land so trespassing comes with some pretty hefty legal penalties.”

Ilya made a noise of agreement.

“I really needed this,” Rose sighed.

“We are happy to help,” Ilya assured.

They lingered outside for a bit long before cleaning up and heading back in. Ilya got ready to take Anya on a walk and Shane and Rose planned their yoga. She changed and met Shane in his gym, which was stupid nice.

They did a whole flow together in quiet company, moving through each position. It felt good to move her body like this, relieving all the tension she’d been holding.

She felt safer, too. Not that she couldn’t take care of herself, but being around two professional hockey players certainly helped. Rose didn’t think anything bad would happen, but it helped knowing that Shane and Ilya wouldn’t let anything happen to her if they could help it.

“You okay?” Shane asked when they’d finished.

Rose nodded. “Yeah. It’s just been a lot, you know? I think this is the safest I’ve felt in a while...”

Shane smiled at her, his expression one of soft concern, and he reached for her hand.

“You wanna talk about it?”

Rose shrugged. “There’s not much to say. It was scary. I felt so violated and powerless. It was awful. I think I just needed to get some space to feel like myself again. And I feel safe here.”

Shane nodded as he listened, squeezing her hand. Rose squeezed back.

“We want you to feel safe here. Ilya is scary as fuck when he wants to be so, he’ll scare anyone off if he has to. He’s done it plenty of times for us when journalists got a little too

nosy.”

Rose laughed. “I appreciate that.”

Shane smiled. “We’re here for you.”

“I know. Thank you. It means a lot to me. I needed the support and I’m so grateful to you and Ilya for being there.”

“Of course.”

“It is really awesome here, Shane. This is perfect for you guys.”

Shane smiled, looking pleased. “Thank you. Yeah. I love it and I was so happy that Ilya ended up loving it, too.”

Rose smiled.

“I like that you put me at the other end of the house,” she teased. “I can’t hear you guys having sex so don’t worry.”

Shane flushed and Rose giggled. He was so easy to tease.

They finished in the gym and parted to shower and change.

Ilya was back by the time Rose came downstairs, playing with Anya in the living room. She joined them, talking with Ilya about his walk with the dog, and her gratitude to him and Shane for allowing her to stay with them.

“Of course!” Ilya replied. His expression was more serious than Rose had ever seen it. Ilya was charming and affable. Rose rarely saw him doing anything other than smiling, so seeing the shift in him was strange.

“There were some things that were hard for me and Shane, after we came out. But I cannot imagine a stalker,” he said, looking at Rose. “Are you okay?”

Rose smiled and nodded. “Mostly. I was telling Shane that I’m in therapy, which helps, but I just needed to get away for a bit. Feel a little more at peace.”

Ilya nodded in understanding. “We are glad you feel safe here.”

“I do. Thank you.”

Shane came down a few minutes later and joined them. Ilya left not long after so he could shower, giving Shane a kiss, before heading up the stairs.

“You two are so fucking cute,” Rose giggled.

Shane shook his head, smiling, and blushing.

The days spent at the cottage were restful and restorative.

Ilya and Shane were great with giving Rose her space if and when she wanted it, while also including her in things. They would usually have meals all together, she joined them for a few walks with Anya, kayaking out on the lake, swimming in the pool, and one trip to the local farmer's market.

She'd worn a hat and sunglasses and hadn't been recognized, which was a true miracle. She was greatly amused to find that Shane and Ilya were well-known by everyone there, and not just as famous hockey players, but Shane and Ilya, the neighbors.

It was sweet and Rose enjoyed the way that they interacted with everyone there, especially the kids. They were so gracious and kind and funny. Ilya introduced some of the braver kids to Anya and had her do tricks for them. It was absolutely precious.

Rose was just happy to watch and appreciate how Ilya and Shane managed their fame. It was a little different for pro athletes than it was for movie stars but she thought they navigated things so well, so naturally, and doing it together must have felt good.

People were excited to see Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov *together*. It made her heart glad.

"Sorry about that," Shane said as they finished up their rounds at the market.

She shook her head. "Don't be. I'm enjoying just watching you guys."

One of the things that Rose was really enjoying about being at the cottage was having the ability to observe Ilya and Shane together. Rose loved watching people. It was one of the things she liked about acting, being able to explore human nature and behavior and expression, based on things she had seen in real life.

Shane and Ilya were perfect for that.

They weren't hiding how they felt about each other just because she was around or even when they were in public. They didn't exchange a ton of PDA but the nice part about living with them for the two weeks was being able to see their affection.

When Rose and Shane had been together, Shane had been a lot more reserved. Anxious. Uncomfortable. Nothing about their short-lived relationship had felt natural, besides their conversations and inside jokes.

Shane was adorable and silly. He was a good conversationalist when he felt comfortable around you. But things between them had only ever been friendly, really. No romance and certainly no attraction, at least on his end.

So seeing Shane with Ilya was like being able to see Shane in technicolor after only experiencing him in black and white.

The way he looked at Ilya with such tenderness in his eyes, how he smiled every time Ilya entered a room, even in the way he talked about his husband. Ilya was Shane's favorite

person and his love for him was obvious.

And Ilya certainly wasn't trying to hide his affection for Shane. He looked at Shane with unabashed adoration, as if Shane had hung the moon and all the stars. It made her heart happy. Shane deserved that kind of love and she was so glad that he had found it in Ilya.

Truly, everyone should have someone who looked at them the way Ilya looked at Shane. It was the stuff of romance novels.

They held hands and brushed up against each other whenever they stood close, always finding themselves in one another's space, drawn together like magnets. They had the kind of familiarity that came from years of being together. They riffed off of one another.

They laughed *a lot* .

Rose loved seeing them together. She loved being able to have this tiny window into their relationship. They really were so good together and she was glad that they didn't have to hide that any more.

She caught them poolside through the window on the stairs this particular afternoon after she'd come in from a solo run.

Their laughter had caught her attention. They were splashing each other, making a ruckus, and just general roughhousing, like kids. Rose couldn't make out what they were saying exactly but they both looked happy.

She laughed softly, watching Shane wrap his arms around Ilya's neck as they waded in the pool, Ilya pulling him closer, tilting his head down to kiss Shane. She walked away from the window, heading upstairs, letting them have their moment.

She showered and changed, taking her time, and then went downstairs, making herself something small to eat, assuming that Shane and Ilya were still outside by the pool. She had her headphones in, listening to Chappell Roan's *The Rise and Fall of a Midwest Princess* , dancing a little to the music as she ate her yogurt.

She cleaned up the small mess she'd made and then went in search of the bathroom. She wanted to sit out in the sun and read. It was nice not having an agenda.

The cottage was enormous and there were a lot of doors. She headed down a hallway and opened what she thought was the bathroom.

It was not.

Several things happened at once: the chorus for *Femininomenon* started playing through her headphones, she realized that this was not the bathroom but the laundry room, and Ilya and Shane were currently locked in a very heated embrace; Shane was seated on top of the washing machine, with his legs wrapped around Ilya's thighs, his hands in Ilya's curls, as they made out.

“Shit! Sorry!” Rose said, once Shane spotted her. He had tilted his head back for Ilya to kiss his neck and opened his eyes, which had gone wide at seeing her in the doorway.

She slammed the door shut, embarrassed, and also amused, because *of course* this was bound to happen.

She turned off her music, took out her headphones, and went to the living room, unable to stop herself from giggling.

“Oh my god, Rose,” she heard Shane say as he came down the hall, his husband following after, a huge grin on his face. “I’m so sorry.”

“No, Shane, it’s fine,” Rose laughed. “This is your house. You’re allowed to have sex with your husband whenever and wherever you want. I was looking for the bathroom.”

Ilya sounded like he was trying to hold back laughter and lost, covering his mouth as he cracked up.

Shane was blushing furiously, his face and all down his chest were red.

“Fucking hell,” he breathed, running his hands into his damp hair, and then down his face. He looked like he wanted a hole to open up in the floor and swallow him up.

“It’s fine,” Rose chuckled, reaching out to pull her friend into a hug. “I didn’t see much.”

Ilya was still wheezing with laughter, trying to catch his breath.

“I’m so sorry,” Shane said to her, then to his husband, “you’re the fucking worst.”

“What did I do?” Ilya huffed, laughter still in his voice.

“It’s not funny,” Shane replied, but he was laughing, too now.

“It is!” Ilya exclaimed.

All three of them were cracking up, Anya pacing around them, barking in concern at all the commotion. Ilya knelt down to soothe her. Shane was still all red and Rose couldn’t help but giggle.

“I was going to read on the deck for a bit so... if you guys wanna get busy, I’ll be preoccupied.”

Shane’s blush returned in full force. “Please, please don’t say that.”

Rose grinned at him and Ilya came up behind him, wrapping his arms around Shane, and kissed his shoulder, perching his chin on it. He smiled brilliantly at Rose.

“I like you, Rose.”

“I like you, too, Ilya,” she laughed.

She went over to the coffee table, grabbing her phone, and her book. "If you remind me where the bathroom is, I'll pee and then be out of your hair."

Ilya showed her to the bathroom, winking at her, before he went back to retrieve Shane.

By the time Rose went out on the deck, the two of them had disappeared.

That night, things had settled after the laundry room incident.

Rose was curled up in an Adirondack chair, wearing one of Shane's sweatshirts, wrapped in a blanket in front of a nice fire that Shane had made. Ilya had opened a bottle of wine and was handing out glasses.

"Thank you," Rose said, accepting the glass.

Anya was curled up with her, her head in Rose's lap, and Rose stroked her soft ears.

"I feel so special right now," Rose said, smoothing her hand over Anya's head.

"She likes you," Ilya replied, smiling fondly at Anya. "She is not a picky dog but she has favorites."

"I don't rate," Shane sighed. "She's still holding a grudge against me for not letting her sleep with me while Ilya was in the playoffs."

Ilya chuckled. "Probably."

Rose laughed, patting Anya's side gently. She had seen Anya with her dads and while Ilya was the obvious favorite, she adored both of them.

"Does this remind you of Michigan?" Shane asked, looking up at Rose.

"It does, yeah. A very similar vibe."

A loon called in the distance, crickets sang in the grass, and under the crackling of the fire, she could hear the soft lapping of the water against the shore and dock.

"It reminds me of summer. Like, what a true summer feels like..."

"Me, too," Shane agreed. "Exactly."

"Did you have anything like this in Russia, Ilya?" Rose asked.

Ilya was mostly bathed in shadow, the fire light catching in his golden-brown hair, making it look more red.

"Not really. My father had a house, in the country, but not close to water. This was new for me."

Shane smiled at him, fond and loving. “The loons scared the shit out of him.”

Ilya shrugged. “They sounded scary. I had not heard one before.”

Rose chuckled. “They can sound scary, yeah. Eerie. But cool, too. They’re used a lot in scary movies because they sound like that.”

“Really?” Shane asked.

“Mhm.”

“I had no idea.”

“Today you learned!”

Anya sat up, wiggling her way off of Rose and out of the chair, trotting over to Ilya. He smiled down at her, petting her, before scooping her into his arms. He talked to her in Russian, both Shane and Rose watching him, smiling.

“What’re you saying to her?” Rose asked.

Ilya chuckled. “That she is my sweet little donut and I love her so much.”

He kissed Anya’s head and she licked his cheek lovingly.

“She is a sweet girl,” Shane agreed, reaching out to gently wiggle her foot in his hand.

“You guys are so fucking cute.”

Shane smiled, averting his eyes, looking both bashful and pleased. Ilya just smiled.

“We know,” he said and Shane smacked his arm with the back of his hand.

“What? You want me to lie?” Ilya asked his husband.

“You could try being humble every once in a while, you know.”

Ilya made a dismissive noise and Rose laughed.

“Are you seeing anyone, Rose?” Ilya asked.

Rose took a sip of wine. She hadn’t told anyone about Matteo, not even Shane, but that was mostly because she’d been so swept up in all of the mishegoss with the stalker. Matteo had been amazing through the whole thing, supportive and kind and worried. But he was in Italy, working at his family’s bakery, and coming to the US wasn’t as simple for him as it was for her to go to Italy.

She’d told him about her plan to go to Canada and be with her best friend and his husband for two weeks, and then coming to see him in Italy. He’d been understanding and supportive, which had been wonderful. He was wonderful.

She was just afraid that talking about it would jinx it. She'd managed to keep him out of the spotlight and it was only a matter of time before it all came out, some tabloid getting a picture or something.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked them. It was unnecessary because she was very well aware that they could. Both Shane and Ilya nodded solemnly at her.

"I am."

Shane's eyes went wide. "You are? Really? Who?"

"Shane," Ilya laughed.

Rose smiled. "His name is Matteo. He's an Italian baker. We met when I was in Europe. I've been trying to keep him a bit of a secret if I'm honest. I don't want to put the evils of the paparazzi and media on him, you know?"

Both Shane and Ilya were looking at her with understanding.

"That makes sense," Shane replied.

"How long have you been together?" Ilya asked. "Since filming?"

"Yeah," Rose replied. "A year in a half, give or take. I'm going to see him. I'm flying out from Ottawa to Rome."

"Aww, Rose."

Rose smiled. "You wanna see a picture?"

"Yes!" Shane exclaimed.

Rose pulled out her phone and found a picture of Matteo. He had stayed with her at the villa she'd rented and she'd taken the picture when they'd gone for a picnic. It was her favorite picture of him. She handed her phone to Shane, watching him look at the picture, Ilya leaning over so he could see.

"He is very handsome," Ilya said.

"For real," Shane agreed.

"He is. And he's sweet and kind. I like him."

Shane handed her her phone.

"I'm glad you met your baker."

Rose laughed. "Me, too."

She talked a little more about Matteo, unable to help herself, gushing a bit, but Ilya and Shane seemed happy to listen. It was nice talking about him and nicer still to have people that

were happy for her, and supportive.

She watched them, too, the way they had shifted closer, Shane cuddling into Ilya's space, and Ilya wrapping an arm around him.

Rose liked the way being with Ilya made Shane all soft, how at ease he was with him, and not feeling like he had to hide that. It was so lovely to see and she was really so glad for them.

Being around the fire was cozy and the wine was making Rose sleepy. She ended up throwing in the towel, Ilya and Shane refusing to let her go back to the house alone, which made her laugh.

The fire was doused and they all went back up together. Rose wished them goodnight and listened to them bustle about the kitchen, talking in hushed tones as she went back up to bed.

"Thanks so much for everything, Ilya," Rose said, hugging him goodbye in the living room. "It was so good to see you and spend time here. I really needed it."

"Of course," Ilya replied. "You are welcome any time."

Rose smiled at him. "Thank you. And... thank you for taking care of my friend."

Ilya smiled, his expression soft. "I love him very much."

"I know. And I'm glad. He deserves that. I'm glad you have each other."

"Me, too." Ilya chuckled softly. "Have fun in Italy with your Matteo. I hope everything works out."

"Yeah," Rose nodded. "Me, too."

They parted and she knelt down to say goodbye to Anya when Shane came back in the house, the car loaded to take Rose to the airport.

"Ready?" Shane asked her and she nodded.

"Drive safe," Ilya said to Shane. "And safe flight."

"Thank you," Rose said. She went out to the car, watching Ilya and Shane say goodbye. They held each other, talking softly, and she smiled as Shane rubbed his nose against Ilya's, and kissed him.

"I love you," she heard him say as they pulled away. "I'll let you know when I'm on my way back."

Shane was going to be doing a lot of driving today and Rose was very appreciative of that.

"I love you, too," Ilya replied. "Yes. Let me know."

“I will,” Shane laughed.

He got into the car with Rose and they both waved to Ilya and Anya as they pulled out of the driveway and to the airport.

When they arrived, Shane helped her with her bags.

“Thank you for doing all of this,” she said, wrapping her arms around him. “Thank you for having me and driving me and everything.”

Shane hugged her close. “Of course. Anytime. Seriously. Whenever you want to come out. It was so nice having you... and we were happy to help.”

“You did. So much.”

Shane squeezed her and Rose closed her eyes.

“Let’s make plans to see each other sooner than, like, a year or two.”

Rose laughed. “Deal.”

They leaned away to look at each other. “You and Ilya are really cute together. You look happy.”

Shane smiled, blushing deeply, his face scrunching up in the way it did whenever he was happy. “Thank you. Yeah. I am. We are.”

“Good. You deserve it.”

“Thanks.”

They hugged again and finally parted.

“Safe flight. Have a great time with Matteo. Tell me everything.”

Rose laughed, gathering her bags. “I will.”

She waved to Shane as she headed into the airport, feeling so grateful to have such a caring friend.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#) or [Bluesky](#) to get updates on what I'm working on!

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!