

kiss and make-up, interrupted.

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Summary

montreal loses, and shane is not happy. he comes home to ilya, who loves rage-baiting his boyfriend way too much, and shane cannot handle it right now.

an argument ends in ilya walking out.

but they're not apart for too long. ilya doesn't want to leave things how they were, so he comes back for some good old make-up sex.

but rose is a good friend, and comes over to surprise her upset friend with a movie night.

or

rose walks in on shane and ilya

Notes

people commented on my other fics asking for rose walking in on them to be written, and i love to please the people!

i hope you guys enjoy <3

Montreal had a very rough start to the season. 4-1 to the New York Admirals, and Shane has already been poked fun at one too many times.

He enters into his apartment, borderline slamming the door behind and immediately drops his bags to the floor, kicks his shoes off and flops over and onto his sofa, a long sigh leaving his mouth.

“Hi.”

Shane almost jumps out of his skin, “Jesus christ!” He looks up to see his boyfriend, Ilya standing above him.

Ilya lets out a laugh and leans down to kiss Shane’s forehead, then walks round to the sofa and lifts Shane’s head so he can sit down where it was formerly resting, letting Shane rest on his thigh instead.

“Did you watch it?” Shane asks, hoping Ilya says no.

“Yes.” Ilya replies. “Was amazing.”

“Fuck off, Ilya.” Shane spits. “Was a fucking shit show.”

“You didn’t let me finish. Was amazing how bad your team were, captain.” Ilya jokes, caressing Shane’s hair.

Shane smacks his hand away and jerks upright, shooting Ilya the dirtiest look. “I am *not* in the mood for your shit right now, Rozanov.”

“No?” Ilya questions. “Too bad. I have a lot of jokes about Montreal losing.”

Shane is literally at boiling point. He stares ahead, trying extremely hard to focus on breathing.

“Okay. I am sorry.” Ilya fakes a pout.

Shane relaxes into the sofa and tries to wipe the scowl from his face.

“Sorry that you lost to four hundred year old Scott Hunter.” Ilya purses his lips together to stifle a laugh.

Shane shoots up and turns to face Ilya, “You are such a fucking asshole! It was one game! I don’t shit talk your shitty team every time you lose! God knows I’d run out of things to fucking say.”

The smile completely drops from Ilya’s face and Shane gets ready for Ilya to snap right back at him. Instead, Ilya just gets up, calmly and silently, and walks to the kitchen.

He grabs a glass and runs it under the tap, taking a drink. Shane is still waiting for an explosion. Somehow the silence is a thousand times worse than them yelling at each other.

“Yeah, you’re quiet now.” Shane mutters. Usually Shane would let it go by now, obviously sensing he’s upset or angered his boyfriend, but he’s had one push too many, and he wished Ilya would have dropped it when he asked him to, “Amazingly bad team. That’s fucking rich.”

“Yeah, ‘shitty team’ that I joined for you, Shane!” Ilya yells. “Everything, always for you!”

“For me...” Shane scoffs. “For a Canadian citizenship.”

Shane knows that isn’t the case, but he’s not exactly thinking with logic, he can only see red.

Ilya raises his eyebrows, pausing, maybe waiting for Shane to take it back, for him to apologise. But when all Shane does is cross his arms and stands his ground, Ilya calmly places his drinking glass into the sink, pats his pockets to check for his phone and heads straight for the door, picking his shoes up on the way out.

Shane can’t quite believe he’s walking out on the argument until the door slams shut with such force that the frame on the wall shakes.

Shane stands still for a while, not knowing what to do with himself. He’s still shaking from anger, and he hadn’t even noticed he had been tearing up. Did Ilya really walk out on an argument? They said they would never do that, but maybe it’s best if they both take a second to breathe.

Shane reaches for his phone he had left on the sofa, and in the commotion, he hadn’t even noticed the vibrations coming from his phone in his pocket, Rose had called twice.

He was about to text her that he’ll call later, when she calls for a third time. He swipes to answer.

“Hey, Rose.”

“Shane, hey! What do I have to do to get you out tonight!?” Rose asks, and Shane can just picture her cheesing at him to try persuade him to say yes.

“Uh, not tonight, sorry. It’s been a shitty day and I can’t be anywhere other than home right now.” Shane sighs.

“Come on, Shane, the game wasn’t that bad. Please... come out!” Rose pleaded.

“Sorry.” Shane apologised.

Rose groans, playfully, “Okay. You’re just gonna sit at home all alone?”

“Yup.” Shane replies plainly.

“Okay, babe. Text me if you need me, alright? Love you okay!? I’ll see you soon!” Rose exclaims.

“Love you.” Shane hangs up the call.

He’s so thankful to have Rose still in his life as a friend, even if it means her trying to drag him out almost every other week.

He flops himself back onto the sofa and lets the tears fall.

Shane wasn’t exactly sure when he fell asleep, but he could tell something had caused him to stir. He comes to a little more, rubbing his eyes and sitting himself up. He checks his phone, he had only slept for an hour.

And suddenly, a noise comes from his stairwell. He stops moving to listen out. Why would anyone be there right now? The other apartments are empty, and Shane’s not expecting anyone.

Oh fuck I’m about to get murdered he thinks. I’m about to get murdered and my last ever hockey game was a car crash. And Ilya. Shit. The last thing we did was argue. Shit.

Shane hears keys outside and he immediately runs to the door, grabbing the only weapon-like thing laying in his minimalist surroundings, a bowl that holds his keys.

As the door opens, and a tall figure appears in the crack, Shane readies the bowl up high and makes a hollering sound out of sheer fear.

“Jesus, Shane!” Ilya calls out. “A bowl? Really?”

Shane’s panic drains and he lowers the ceramic down, clutching his chest with his other hand.

“Jesus, Ilya!” Shane yelps. “You scared the shit out of me, why didn’t you text?”

Ilya steps inside, closing the door behind him and taking the bowl from Shane’s hand to return it to its place on the shelf, “I was driving. I just end up here. I didn’t want to leave things how they were.”

Shane’s heart softens.

“Yeah.” Shane mumbles.

Ilya kicks his shoes off, leaning slightly against the glass on the stairway. The pair stand in silence for a few seconds, and Shane realises Ilya is not going to be the one to break it first.

Shane doesn't want to be either, but he knows, realistically, that he was the one to take it too far.

"Maybe... I was a little out of line." Shane stares at the ground, mumbling so quietly that it's barely audible, but Ilya heard.

Ilya raises an eyebrow and tilts his head to try meet Shane's eyes, "Sorry, what was that, Hollander?"

Shane looks up through his brows, sighing, "I took it too far."

Ilya shifts his weight off the wall and steps closer to Shane, "Sorry, I need you to repeat, my English, you know? I think maybe sounded like an apology?"

"You're a dick." Shane can't stop the smile that's creeping onto his face.

"Shane, please, the only apology I can understand is 'I'm sorry', keep it simple!" Ilya wraps his arms around Shane, tickling him as he passes his waist.

"I'm. Sorry." Shane forces out.

Ilya's face beams with a smile, and he plants a kiss onto Shane's lips, "Not so hard, hm?"

"You say it too!" Shane pleads, but Ilya just stares at him plainly.

"I am sorry you cannot take a joke." Ilya nudges his forehead with his nose, "I love you, next time I will hold the jokes when you are mad, okay?"

"You're not saying sorry?" Shane scoffs.

"Uh. no!" Ilya protests.

"Ilya!?" Shane whines, "I said it, you have to say it too!"

Ilya lifts his hands from Shane's waist and grabs both sides of his cheeks, "Hollander, you called my team shitty and said I joined Centaurs for Canadian citizenship all because I joke that Scott Hunter was better than you, I let you give fake apology. You will not make me say sorry."

Shane's cheeks become rosy with embarrassment and guilt. He didn't mean that, not really. He doesn't want to linger too much in that feeling, so he crashes his lips to Ilya, but to his shock and dissatisfaction, Ilya pulls his face away.

"I think maybe you owe me a better." Ilya nudges.

Shane opens his mouth to speak but Ilya hushes him.

"No, no. You know what I mean, sweetheart." Ilya says softly.

Oh.

Shane nods, trailing his hands slowly from Ilya's waist, down to his waistband. Just as he's about to pull his bottoms down, Ilya stops him.

"I think we maybe go upstairs, and I think you maybe you can show me, hm?" Ilya asks.
"Show me how sorry you are."

Shane doesn't even hesitate before grabbing Ilya's hand and leading him upstairs.

Rose was such a good best friend. She knew this. She knew her friends knew it, and she relished in this.

Acts of service had always been her love language, any time any of her friends were down, she couldn't let them just sit alone in that.

Rose searched around in her burgundy leather handbag for the extra set of keys Shane gave her, finally noticing the little Hollander jersey keyring he had attached to them.

Rose entered the key into the keyhole, twisting it to open the door, and letting herself in to Shane's apartment.

"Surprise!" Rose sing-songed.

But Shane wasn't in his usual spot, on his sofa. His TV was still on at a loud volume, but he wasn't there watching it. Maybe he was bummed enough to call it a night at 8PM and just forgot to turn it off?

Rose shut the door behind her and walked further in to the open plan living room, she could now hear movement coming from upstairs, signalling that Shane was up there, and probably awake.

Rose removed both her shoes before hanging her jacket up and creeping her way up the stairs.

She could see Shane's light leaking from the gap in his bedroom door, Rose chuckles to herself, knowing Shane is going to get the fright of his life when she opens the door and jumps in to surprise him. She composes herself, before grabbing onto the doorknob, slowly twisting it, then throwing the door open.

"Surpri- Oh my god!" Rose screams.

Ilya was literally inside Shane. The pair of them shout out and scramble to cover themselves. Rose instinctively covers her eyes, but is frozen in place.

“Oh my god, oh my god, is that Ilya Rozanov!?” Rose shrieks.

“Rose! Get out!” Shane hollers.

“Right! Shit, Oh my god, I’m so sorry!” Rose tries to step back, her eyes still covered, she trips as she scrambles for the door, yelping, and shutting it behind her as she exits.

Ilya and Shane are silent, the only noise being their heavy breathing filling the room.

“Twice this happens.” Ilya laughs in disbelief, “Of all people to see me fucking you like this, it had to be Rose Landry.”

“I think we might be cursed.” Shane laughs as he gets up, grabbing his sweatpants and stepping into them.

“Eh, at least she knows now. She knows you’re mine now, hm?” Ilya leans to kiss Shane.

“Ilya.” Shane pushes him off “I’ll go down and talk to her. You can stay here.”

Ilya scoffs, “Yeah, no. I will come too.”

Shane looks back to Ilya as he opens the door, smirking. He wouldn’t admit it to him, but Shane found jealous-Ilya extremely hot.

Shane hesitantly walks down the steps, reaching a frazzled Rose, who is sitting on the edge of the armrest of Shane’s sofa.

“I’m sorry you saw that, I didn’t realise you were coming.” Shane says.

“I brought DVD’s and chocolate. I thought we could have a movie night to cheer you up, I’m sorry!” Rose apologises.

Rose laughs and Shane does too, they both shake their head in disbelief. Rose because she can’t believe she just walked in on her best friend having sex, with Ilya Rozanov of all people, and Shane because he can’t believe someone has caught them not once, but twice now.

Ilya jogs down the stairs and wanders over to Shane, lingering closely to him, leaning his weight against the kitchen island, “Hello, Rose Landry.”

“Hello, Ilya Rozanov.” Rose greets back.

“Ilya is my boyfriend.” Shane states.

Rose raises her eyebrows, “Boyfriend? Wow!”

“Yes.” Ilya immediately replies, “Boyfriend.”

Shane rolls his eyes at his needlessly jealous boyfriend. “Boyfriends is a newer thing... but Ilya and I are not exactly new.”

“Ten years.” Ilya adds, not being able to stop the smile from creeping onto his face.

“Consecutively?” Rose asks.

Shane realises how that might sound to Rose, and jumps in quickly to clarify, “Not whilst we were together! We didn’t even text for those three months.”

Ilya’s smile immediately drops from his face, again.

“Oh, no! I wasn’t really thinking about that. I just mean, wow. Long time!” Rose reassures.

Ilya has to take a deep breath, the memories of those three months making his heart hurt slightly.

Rose rests her head in her hands

“Gosh, guys. This is crazy. I think everyone in the world is totally convinced you guys hate each other.”

Ilya wraps his arm around Shane and pulls him in, “Only sometimes.”

Shane shoots him a death glare.

“Sorry if I don’t sound too happy for you guys. I think I’m still trying to shake the image from my head.”

“Oh is not too bad, Rose, nothing you have not seen before... with Shane, anyways.” Ilya teases.

“Ilya.” Shane warns, and he and Rose go red.

Ilya chuckles, but then quickly stops after realising this only made himself angry at the thought of Rose and Shane together. Ilya clears his throat and adjusts himself, as if Rose and Shane could hear what he was thinking.

“You know, Shane. I did think you seemed really happy recently.” Rose beams.

Ilya and Shane share a loving look between each other.

“Listen, I’ll get you boys get back to it, but Shane, I will leave those DVD’s and chocolates here, and I will be back soon for a movie night! And you can tell me everything, okay?” Rose stands up, reaching out to give Shane a hug.

“And Ilya, I know it’s been ten years, so you probably know what you’re doing, but you better treat him right, okay? He’s a good one.” Rose winks to Shane.

Ilya stops himself from rolling his eyes and smiles, “Yes. I do.”

“Good! Okay...” Rose makes her way to the door, opening it before lingering, looking back to the two boys, “Love you Shane. Ilya, take care, alright? Have a great night guys.”

“Yes.” Ilya waves goodbye.

“Get home safe.” Shane smiles, closing the door behind Rose, then walking back over to Ilya.

“You don’t have to be a dick to her, you know?”

“I like her.” Ilya states. “For you, anyways. She is a good friend to you.”

Shane is surprised at this, “Then next time don’t torture her.”

“Better friend than Hayden.”

“Shut up.”

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