

and i could marry rose landry- ilya pov

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77214636) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77214636>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Svetlana Vetrova , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Possessive Behavior , On BOTH SIDES , Self-Esteem Issues , Shane Hollander Walks Ilya Rozanov Like A Dog , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Not Beta Read , Idiots in Love , Lack of Communication , trying to remedy that , And Failing , toes interlinked while talking about this
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of and i could marry rose landry
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-06 Words: 2,023 Chapters: 1/1

and i could marry rose landry- ilya pov

by [thomashorny](#)

Summary

bringing up svetlana was a low blow. he could admit that. but the mention of rose landry made his world drop away.

or

when ilya brings up marrying svetlana, shane brings up rose.

Notes

ILYA POV YAYAYAYYA

also i need to rewrite the shane pov

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

The cabin was nice. The cabin was too nice. It was making Ilya more than slightly uncomfortable. He wasn't used to this peace. Truthfully, he didn't think he deserved it. Not after abandoning his family, banding his duty, abandoning Russia. No- he didn't deserve the comfort that Shane had offered him. He was the least worthy of this soft love that had been found.

He had always been self destructive to be fair. There was a reason he was on the ice. There was a reason he was so good on the ice. It was an outlet. It was all an outlet. His relationship with Shane was an outlet for his behaviors. The danger was the appeal. That was it.

At least, that was the lie he had been able to tell himself for the past decade. His outlet for destructive behavior was in hockey and in Shane. But this cabin was messing up that lie. Causing it to evaporate like mist. It scared Ilya.

It scared him so much he didn't know what to do. Being scared made him terrible. Just like it made his brother terrible. He couldn't be terrible to Shane; it wasn't in him. But he could push him away.

As much as the other man could try to hide it, his very frequent fits of jealousy were easy to spot to the watchful eye. And Ilya loved watching him. So he had noticed. He had always noticed. Noticed the faint blush that would dust Hollander's cheeks as he tried to act as if he didn't care.

Ilya had quickly learned, through gentle kisses, filled with more love than he had felt in a long time, that Shane Hollander was born to care. Born to be pretty, and kind, and fast, and boring, and all the things that made him so irresistible to Ilya. Born to have somebody that could love him loudly. Someone who didn't have to sneak him into their hotel room every few months to fuck.

This canon was making him face a fact he had been dreading for a very long time: Shane Hollander was it for him. The one. And he could not give Shane the life he deserved.

Shane's jealousy was destructive. That was Ilya's goal. He needed to push Hollander away. Just as he had planned to do- as he should have done- before Shane had his accident. It

should have happened years ago. They never should have happened.

Yet, Ilya could never- would never- regret that moment in the showers. Or any moment that he had spent with his rival. Every sound, every expression, every emotion, every second of their encounters was held in a special space in Ilya's mind. A space that belonged to Shane. Occupied by Shane and Shane alone.

It needed to end. And Ilya couldn't bring himself to end it. No matter how hard he willed himself.

All this mental turmoil brought him to where he was now. Happy, despite all his thoughts. So content, laying across the couch, Shane on the other end stretching out towards him.

It was an odd habit they had sunk into, where they needed to be touching on another in some way at all times. At this time, their toes were lightly grazing one another, a gentle reminder of the others' steady presence. A promise pressed into their skin.

Ilya could feel his thoughts wrapping around him, the silence changing from comforting to stifling in an instant. They were alone. Together. If he did anything now, perhaps Shane would agree to one more night together. Just so Ilya could always remember. Not that he could forget.

Hiding his face behind his phone screen, Ilya willed something interesting to appear. Something distracting. It was perhaps his third time clicking onto a random social media app. Scrolling a bit, he began to slide his finger over to the home button on the small device. Suddenly, he paused his finger hovering over the screen. A picture of Svetlana glared back up at him.

Svetlana was naturally gorgeous. There was no denying it. Funny, talented, his best friend (no matter the distance), stunning, and was an American on paper. On top of all that (here Ilya's eyes slide to his- Shane, only to snap back to his phone), she was a source of tension for Shane. It wasn't dislike per se- no, it was jealousy.

Before he could second guess himself for an instant, Ilya blurted out, “I could marry Svetlana.”

Shane’s eyes slid up to look at him, his head cocked slightly.

Ilya almost wet his pants.

Oh, he wa so fucked. Shane looked pissed. And so scary. And very attractive. He always looked attractive though.

“She’s American. Would be easy citizenship,” Ilya rushed to say, his voice slightly less clear, as he tried to hide behind his phone once more. He nuzzled down into his shirt, his cheeks heating up when he realized even the shirt he was wearing was Shane’s.

Suddenly, his little expedition seemed silly. He just needed Shane to hold him. Make him believe he was worth something, hold him until the world fell away.

As though his mind and mouth were disconnected. “She would do it.” His act at nonchalance was not working and he could feel the other man stiffen in jealousy. The comfortable environment had evaporated completely. For both of them.

Shane’s eyes were narrowed on him, liking an animal eyeing its prey. It was an expression Ilya had only ever seen on the ice, when Shane was planning on pulling out a trick. It was calculating.

“I could marry Rose Landry.”

What. The. Fuck.

Ilya had expected Shane to go about his average line of interrogation. Questioning that might not be objectively jealous (if you were fucking deaf).

Shane Hollander- perfect, Canadian Shane Hollander- was playing his game. Shane Hollander was poking the beast he knew was there. And it was working. Ilya could not help it.

The idea of somebody else touching Shane was something he could not even entertain. It wasn't fair of him. He knew that. He had started it.

Still, he let his phone drop to his chest and his eyes to meet the other man's. His thoughts barrelled through his head, so loud it was like wind in his ears. Shane had told him- had insisted- that nothing ever could happen between him and Rose Landry. And it had comforted Ilya. He could give Shane what he wanted. What he needed.

In an instant, Ilya snapped back into the present, forcing his roaring thoughts down into the depths where they had come from. Shane had been saying something, but it had flown completely over the Russians head.

"I thought you were...what word did you use...compatible?" Ilya tried to keep the edge out of his voice. He failed miserably. His voice came out rough and choppy, his accent thickening on the words, as his emotions heightened. He sounded downright livid.

Shane caught that edge in his voice as well, it would seem, as his eyes began to dance around the room, searching for anything to focus on besides Ilya.

He opened his mouth to respond, closed it, paused for a moment before opening it again and saying, "Well, she could be my beard."

Ilya's face screwed up. He was familiar with the English word beard, as in the facial hair, but he had a feeling that was not the context of its use here. Usually, he would ask a teammate, or even Shane, but neither of those options were applicable at the second.

Thankfully, Shane caught his look and interpreted it correctly. "My cover up for being gay," he explained gently.

Ilya took a deep breath and allowed Shane's words to sink in. It was perhaps a bit cruel of him for getting a rush of happiness at hearing that Shane was gay. It was a silly sentiment, Ilya knew. He knew Shane was gay. Fully. But the reminder of it was oddly soothing, knowing that Rose Landry could never be anything more than a friend to the Canadian. They still would not be compatible.

Ilya suddenly felt the urge to explain himself. Explain why he had mentioned Svetlana (ignoring how he had gotten the exact reaction he had desired), why it would make sense to marry her, why it had even crossed his mind. Why Shane marrying Rose Landry was not the same. Would not ever be the same.

"Is different for you," Ilya began quietly, his fingers wrapping around one another, seeking a way to distract himself from what he was saying. "You do not need American citizenship. I need American green card." Ilya felt himself deflate slightly. He had dug his own grave and he did not want to lie in it. "To get out of Russia."

And that is what it always was: a need to get out of Russia. A place that had not been his home since he had found his mother's dead body. Since he had found a new family on the ice.

Shane seemed to be mulling over his words, formulating a response. He was logical. He could believe that all Ilya wanted was American citizenship. Hopefully, he would not see it as the measure it had attempted to be. A measure to push Shane away.

"I don't know," Shane mused, more to himself than anyone else. "It would be a good image." He paused for a second before continuing, "For both of us. I think. She's very nice." Ahh... Shane was rambling. He was looking for a distraction in the conversation to escape through.

"Oh, you like her now?" Ilya couldn't help but inject just a small amount of playfulness into his voice, though it was most overshadowed by the predatory tone his voice took on, his accent still thicker than usual.

"Not like that," Shane let out a panicked yelp, that was most likely an attempt at a laugh. "If..." he began and then stopped himself by shaking his head. "Actually, just forget it. Just,

do you want to marry Svetlana?"

Now Ilya wanted to laugh. The idea of desiring to marry anyone was ridiculous to him. Anyone outside of a certain Canadian hockey player with the cutest freckles and sweetest blush. He would never want to do it. He just wanted to escape. To escape it all. But he couldn't say that.

"She is pretty. We are friends. Would not be the worst fate," Ilya glanced down. He could never admit to being sickened by the idea of being with anyone besides Shane. His attention retrained on what had sent him down the path. "But you and Rose Landry were not friends before dating, yes?" It was a very important distinction. She had been brought into his life with the intention of romance. Ilya had been raised with Svetlana.

A moment passed. Then another. The seconds stretched out into a seemingly endless silence. Finally, Shane found his voice again. "I admire Rose's work. She is fantastic at what she does."

Avoidance. Working around the question. But it was all the answer Ilya needed.

"So you would not marry her?" He needed to be certain before doing anything drastic.

"No, I would not. She deserves better than what I would give her."

Ilya could feel a smirk rise to his face. Maybe Rose was Shane's Svetlana. "Same goes for Svetlana. She is too good to be stuck with someone who does not fully love her in that way."

It was like a whistle only Shane could hear had been blown. His head jerked up, his eyes wide. It was silly of him to think that Ilya could be with someone else. No matter how close he was with Svetlana. The urge to soothe the other man, to apologize through words for his earlier statement, hit Ilya like a bus.

“Anyway, I don’t think I could be with anyone without thinking about this adorable fucking Canadian, who is boring, but has the cutest freckles ever.”

Shane’s ear splitting grin was worth all the trouble in the world, in Ilya’s not-so-humble opinion.

End Notes

geeked vs locked in

i have so many story ideas for this universe. i want to make a wlw rose/svetlana fic because i love them

take care of yourselves!! kudos and comments always appreciated 😊

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