

im going to walk into the ocean, never to be seen again

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by [eunoise](#)

Summary

The part of Shane that is not panicking goes soft with how...eager Ilya seems for Shane and Svetlana to meet, for Shane to like her. It's strange, it's new, it's wonderful to be able to think about making plans like this. Dinner with Shane's parents, meeting Ilya's friends, like that's something they can have.

So that's why Shane beats down the urge to crank up the gas on the stove and light a match, gives Ilya a wide and normal grin, and says "Yeah, of course. I'd love to meet Svetlana."

Ilya sighs and his eyes light up and, oh, Shane wants to love him in the light of day. Suddenly, Shane has an idea that will hopefully stop him from doing something rash that will get him on the news and/or in prison. "And you should meet Rose!"

or: shane hollander tries to get over his overwhelming urge to blow up svetlana vetrova with his mind at saturday brunch

Notes

jesus we all have a lot of time on our hands. thank you all for the likes and comments and bookmarks on my last fic. we are all insane i love it and i love them and i love love. idk if this is canon or if i just read this in another fic somewhere, but i gave svetlana a random glamorous job (museum curator). i know nothing about hockey so look at how deftly i avoided talking about it in any meaningful way. i've only watched the show and my local library has a MONTHS long waiting list for the books so i've made up a lot of stuff about our boys that i just find delightful

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

So, Svetlana.

“I would like you to meet her,” Ilya says while making breakfast one day. He’s shirtless, which is awesome. Shane’s back, meanwhile, is suddenly drenched with a cold sweat.

“Y-yeah?” Shane hopes he comes across as totally chill and casual at the suggestion. His smart watch is buzzing with notifications that something terribly wrong is happening to his body. He fantasizes about smashing it on the floor, but then how will he track every metric of his health in real time?

“She is my oldest friend,” Ilya continues. “One of the only good things left from Russia. It is strange to me that you do not know her. That she does not know you.”

Ilya is pointedly not looking at him while he flips the protein pancakes. He’s been trying his hand at cooking lately and he’s making more of an effort than Shane ever has to make something healthy that doesn’t taste like “the inescapable burden of being alive”. Some of the Metros joke sometimes that Shane would eat flavorless, grey mush if it provided him all the nutrients he required to play hockey. To be honest, he still doesn’t get the joke because obviously he would do that? Who wouldn’t? The mush would provide all the necessary nutrients? But everyone else would react like it was a joke so Shane would laugh along and tell them to shut the fuck up and then delete his internet searches for “nutrient slurry”.

Ilya is looking at him. He must have zoned out for a second. Oh, god, he’s still talking about Svetlana.

“You would like her,” Shane is suddenly so grateful that Ilya can’t actually read his mind because, oh boy, would he not be saying that. “She loves hockey. You can show off your party trick!”

The party trick in question is Shane’s ability to name the team that won the Stanley Cup from its inception to the present day. He decided to memorize them one day when he was eleven and when he’s bored, he’ll sometimes write them all down to keep it fresh.

(And, uh, well, if he and Ilya are, you know, in the middle of something and he doesn’t want to, ahem, *finish* too soon, he’ll recite them in his head to calm himself down.

One day, that will work.)

The part of Shane that is not panicking goes soft with how...eager Ilya seems for Shane and Svetlana to meet, for Shane to like her. It’s strange, it’s new, it’s *wonderful* to be able to think about making plans like this. Dinner with Shane’s parents, meeting Ilya’s friends, like that’s something they can have. To love each other in the sunshine. To call each other by their own

names. Shane wants that so bad that the wanting of it has mass, has weight. It's something Shane can hold in both hands.

So that's why Shane beats down the urge to crank up the gas on the stove and light a match, gives Ilya a wide and normal grin, and says "Yeah, of course. I'd love to meet Svetlana."

Ilya sighs and his eyes light up and, oh, Shane wants to love him in the light of day. Suddenly, Shane has an idea that will hopefully stop him from doing something rash that will get him on the news and/or in prison. "And you should meet Rose!"

Ilya's face does that thing it always does when Shane brings up Rose. He's not quite sure what that means, but Shane really hopes that's not the face he makes when Ilya mentions Svetlana. "Right, yes, of course." Ilya nods his head so quickly Shane is halfway worried he's going to strain something. "You will meet Svetlana and I will meet...Rose Landry."

"Great! I'll ask her when she's free." Shane shoots Rose a text *SOS EMERGENCY THIS IS NOT A DRILL I AM GOING TO THROW MYSELF INTO THE SUN!!!!* "This'll be fun!"

"Yes. So fun."

(Shane gets a text a minute later, but it's from his mom: *Hey, sweetie, I got an alert saying that something terrible is happening to your body! Call me when you have a second!*)

"Are you dying?" Rose demands as soon as she picks up Shane's FaceTime. She's in Boston shooting for some crime show, which means they have no good excuse to not have this dinner this weekend. In four days. Unless Shane dies? He could die?

"Maybe? No, hang on. I'm fine! It's fine?"

"You're not filling me with confidence. Do you want me to call someone? Someone else?"

"Where are you right now?"

"My trailer. Shane, you're freaking out, which is freaking me out. Whatever you need, I got you."

God, he loves her. The Shane living in the alternate universe where he was straight is probably incandescently happy with her. Fortunately or unfortunately, that's not the universe Shane is living in right now.

"Are you free this weekend? Saturday?"

"I can be." That's not what Shane wanted to hear. "Why?"

"Um, so you know how I'm gay?"

"...I'm familiar."

“Right, of course you are.” She’s probably the person on Earth who is the most familiar with the fact that Shane is gay behind Ilya and Shane himself. He wishes he could erase the memory of the two disastrous times he and Rose tried to have sex from both of their minds. He knows she lied about coming and that’s, like, in the top 10 of things he’s ashamed about in his life. She helped Shane through his sexuality crisis and then she didn’t even get an orgasm out of it. How can he call himself a feminist now! “Um, I want you to meet my boyfriend.”

Immediately, the worry in Rose’s face evaporates and she lights up. “What?! Boyfriend? Oh my god, yes, I’m free for lunch. I’m so free for lunch! When? Oh my god, I’m so happy. What’s his name? How’d you meet?”

“Uhhh, well,” That’s a lot of questions and he decides to answer the first question and hopes she just forgets about the rest of them. “We were thinking about getting lunch at his place on Saturday? He lives in Boston so it kind of works out. And, uh, well, actually, he wanted me to meet one of his friends too. Svetlana.” His voice cracks like it hasn’t since he was thirteen years old and would stare WAY too long at the *Point Break* poster he hung up in his bedroom to help him fall asleep. Which probably meant nothing.

“Oh?” There’s something very careful and very gentle and very menacing about the way Rose says that. “And do we like Svetlana?”

No. “Well, I’ve never met her before, but he’s mentioned her sometimes. They used to, uh…”

“Uh?”

“My boyfriend’s bi,” Shane starts. “Sexual, I mean. Bisexual. So he and Svetlana used to, um, yeah. So.”

“Shane, is your boyfriend asking you to meet his ex-girlfriend?”

“Um, yeah, kind of.” Shane wishes a meteor would strike the Earth and end all life as we know it. God, wouldn’t that be nice?

“I see.” Rose sees a lot, actually. Way more than Shane. He’d love it if she told him what she was seeing right now. “Right. Okay. I’ll definitely be there. I’ll be there *early*.”

Shane sighs in relief. “Awesome. Thank you so much. I do really want you to meet him, though. You’ll like him! He’s a movie guy. He’s got a lot of opinions.” Ilya once ranted for an hour and a half about last year’s Best Picture nominations, which helped him to keep up when Rose ranted about that same thing to him a couple months ago.

“I’m sure he does.” She says that in the same careful way again, like she’s handling a live bomb or performing surgery. “What’s this guy’s name? Does he have an Insta?”

“Oh, um, he does, but…”

“But?”

“You have to promise to be cool about this.”

“Shane, you’re killing me here.”

“I, uh, hang on. I’ll just text it to you.” He’s met his quota today for talking about his feelings to someone who wasn’t Ilya. He opens up his messages and sends Ilya’s profile to Rose. He doesn’t think they’re following each other.

Shane hears the ping on her end that she’s gotten his message. He watches her pull it up and he watches her tilt her head to the side like a confused dog. Then, her eyes widen when she realizes she recognizes Ilya Rozanov’s public Instagram account (@IlyaRozanov81) and what exactly it means that Shane sent that to her.

“Oh my god! Shane!”

“I know. I know!”

Ilya: I need to tell you something you already know

Svetlana: Good. So this will be quick.

Ilya: Lunch on saturday 11am? my house

Svetlana: I’m free. What kind of wine does Jane like?

Ilya: Ginger ale

Svetlana: Of course. Surprised Jane doesn’t already have sponsorship with them.

Ilya: Don’t bring that up during lunch. sore spot

Ilya: Rose Landry will be there

Svetlana: Oh?

Ilya: Don’t.

Saturday arrives despite Shane’s prayers. There was a brief spark of hope when there was a freak storm on Thursday that caused filming delays and flooded the basement of the Boston Museum where Svetlana works, but both women assured Shane and Ilya that they wouldn’t miss lunch for the world and wrapped up with their work quicker than anyone could have predicted.

Shane can tell Ilya is nervous because he changed his clothes ten times over the course of an hour. Ilya can tell Shane is nervous by the way Shane has run out of things to clean in Ilya’s apartment. Ilya had to physically drag him away from the oven cleaner. “I pay people to do that, Hollander! I need oven to make lunch!”

Rose moved heaven and earth to be able to come to lunch today - apparently her director on the show called it the “performance of a lifetime” with how she nailed everything in one take and she had an Emmy in her future - so she made good on her promise to arrive early.

Ilya swears in Russian and spills raspberry jam on his shirt. “Sveta would never be early. Must be Rose Landry.”

“I’ll get the door.”

“No. Do not let her in! I cannot meet Rose Landry with jam on my chest like one of Hayden Pike’s many toddlers.”

“Then go change. You have a million shirts on the floor of the bedroom.” Shane brushes past Ilya to get the door, pecking on him the cheek as he walks past. It’s so endearing to see Ilya so nervous, but he’ll see. Rose is harmless. They’re, you know, nothing alike, but Shane really does think they’ll get along. They have the movie thing at least. What can he talk about with Svetlana? He knows she’s a curator at the Boston Museum, specializing in European Art. Shane doesn’t know anything about art! He had to hire a stylist to tell him that he couldn’t wear sneakers with everything! She threw out his salmon-colored shorts and, like, ten of his polo shirts! He *liked* those.

What do they have in common besides the fact that both know what Ilya feels like inside of -

Shane closes his eyes and counts backwards from ten before he starts banging his head on the walls until he has a heart attack and dies. He opens the door and immediately engulfs Rose in a hug. “Oh my god, I’m so glad you’re here.” He pulls back and tries not to smush the box she’s holding up. “What’s that?”

“I stopped by this donut shop in town that I like. Don’t worry, Shane, I got a healthy option for you.” Shane’s not quite sure that there is such a thing as a healthy donut, but he appreciates it all the same. “Where can I put these? Where’s the guy?”

“I’ll take them,” Shane grabs the box - it was worryingly heavy - and leads her inside. He sees her looking around out of the corner of his eye and he knows, truly, that the place is beautiful and spotless and they didn’t leave any lube or condoms out where God can see. He knows that, but he’s still on edge nonetheless. “Ilya’s, um, freshening up.”

“Sure.” She takes a seat at the stool by the kitchen island and he sees her take in the spread. This is the first time Ilya’s cooked for someone who wasn’t Shane, who would eat anything as long as it was put in front of him as long as it had the proper balance of carbs and protein and was also deeply in love with Ilya, so this would be the true test to see if all of his efforts to learn how to cook amounted to anything. “Smells good. I didn’t realize you were cooking.”

Shane smiles. “Actually, Ilya’s the one doing the cooking. He’s great!”

Ilya emerges from the bedroom in a dark tee that would hide any future stains well-enough and jeans that hug his ass so well that Shane has to stop himself from reacting like a cartoon

wolf. All hearts eyes and *AWOOGA AWOOGA*. Ilya freezes when he sees Rose. Shane is the only one who sees the split-second of panic in his eyes before he settles back into himself.

Ilya returns to the kitchen and pulls the rolls out of the oven. He slides next to Shane and sets the rolls out to cool. “Thank you, Shane, but you are very easy to impress because you are used to eating food that tastes like cardboard. Rose Landry, do you know what Shane likes to eat for dessert?”

“I know! You liked the chocolate lava cake we had at that Italian place in New York.”

“Oh, yeah, that was good.” It was mostly good because the waiter had been speaking in a thick French accent the entire time, but when he dropped the lava cake on the ground the *third* time on the way to the table, he said “Man, fuck this, I quit” in a perfect American accent and walked away. The restaurant comped them their entire meal and Shane and Rose laughed so hard they cried. Shane and Rose smile at each other at the memory and he doesn’t spot Ilya looking between them with a sour look on his face.

Shane’s not a big chocolate guy. Ilya, on the other hand, hides stashes of them all around his apartment and Shane’s. He’s not sure why he does that since he knows that Shane’s not going to touch any of it.

“Wrong.” Ilya practically sings the word. “His favorite dessert is orange slices.”

Rose scoffs. They’ve had this argument before. They will have it again. “Fruit is not a dessert, Shane.”

“Thank you, Rose Landry!”

“You don’t have to say my full name every time you talk to me, you know?”

Ilya shrugs. “Is fun to say. Hard to believe big movie star Rose Landry is in my house about to eat my food.”

“Well, it’s hard for me to believe I’m in Ilya Rozanov’s house. My dad would kill me if he found out I was here and didn’t slash your tires for what Boston did to Detroit last year.”

“It is still early. You will have many chances to bring honor to your father and his horrible hockey team today.”

“Hey, that’s my horrible hockey team too!” And Shane has forgiven her for that already, but she’s never really put much stock into hockey rivalries - if Shane or Ilya said they were Patriots fans, they would be having a different conversation entirely - so she’s smiling when she says it.

“My condolences.” And that was Ilya’s serious face and Ilya’s serious voice, but not his serious eyes. Seemingly against her will, Rose smiles back at him.

Shane feels lightheaded with relief. This is going great. He doesn’t know what he was so worried about.

Then Ilya and his phone light up. “Ah, Sveta’s here!”

Never mind. Shane is going to burn down the house. Then, Ilya will be homeless and he will be forced to move in with Shane and wear his clothes and use his spare toothbrush and cook delicious, healthy meals in his mostly unused kitchen and never, *ever* leave.

Ilya tells them both to stay here and while he greets Svetlana at the door.

Rose manages to control herself until Ilya leaves and then hisses at Shane, “What do you need? Orange slices? Xanax? A gun? What’s the game plan?”

I’ll take the gun, he almost says and he shakes the thought out of his head. He’s spending too much time in America.

“The plan is that I meet my boyfriend’s ex-girlfriend and you stop me from biting his leg off.”

If Rose is weirded out by that, she does a good job of hiding it. “I found her Insta. She’s gorgeous. Into artsy stuff. I don’t think she’s dating anyone.”

“Wait, how did you find her? I tried looking her up too and I couldn’t find anything.”

“I scrolled down Ilya’s Instagram until I found a post where she was tagged? What did you do?”

Well, now Shane feels dumb. “...I Googled ‘Svetlana.’”

Rose waits and then raises her eyebrows when she realizes that’s the end of it. “Just ‘Svetlana’? No last name?”

“I never asked.”

“Not even ‘Svetlana Ilya Rozanov’?”

Damn, that would’ve been smart. “No.”

Rose gives him a look like his mom did when he was four and he told her he wanted to be one of Santa’s elves when he grew up. “It’s a good thing you’re so pretty.”

“Yes, we are all very grateful.” Ilya walks back in with Svetlana and, you know what, Shane’s glad he never found any pictures of her because she’s stunning and if Shane knew that was what she looked like this entire time, he would have shaved his entire head, including his eyebrows.

“Shane Hollander,” Svetlana says. Her accent is more subtle than Ilya’s, but it’s there and that’s when Shane makes up his mind to start taking Russian lessons. “It is nice to finally meet you. I brought prosecco. It’s like ginger ale.”

Shane knows what prosecco is. He’s a grown man. “Not really.”

Svetlana shrugs and pushes past Ilya into the kitchen. “Is fizzy.” She opens up the fridge to put the prosecco in and steals one of Ilya’s fridge chocolates. She slaps away Ilya’s hand when he tries to snatch it from her. “And Rose Landry. Big fan. We watched that movie you were in where you played a Russian ballerina spy. We should watch it if we have not been poisoned by Ilya’s cooking after lunch.”

Rose bends over and puts her face in her hands. “Noooooooooo! You watched that? No one watched that movie! I am so sorry. I had, like, a week to work with the dialect coach before we started filming.”

“I can tell.”

“Sveta,” Ilya says sharply and then he says something to her in Russian, quick and harsh, and she rolls her eyes and replies and if that’s something that is going to keep happening all afternoon Shane’s going to call a Russian translator and invite them over to lunch too. Maybe they’ll be a secret Russian assassin too and make everyone in this room die. Wouldn’t that be nice?

So Svetlana’s great.

He knows Ilya’s mentioned that Svetlana knows hockey, that her father was a goalie which probably means he was an insane person, but that fact never really registered in Shane’s mind because as soon as Ilya even says the first syllable of her name, Shane starts hearing the screams of the damned.

But Svetlana is awesome. She talks about art in a way that makes Shane actually interested. His dad is a museum guy and his mom loves him so they always go to at least two whenever they travel. His mom will look for the “important” pieces of art on the online catalog the night before and create a checklist of art they need to look at in order to successfully museum. Shane and his mom would compete over who could find each piece of art the fastest while his dad meandered around in the background reading the plaques next to the paintings and sculptures. (The next time his family goes to a museum, his dad will finally have someone to talk to about what he read while Shane and his mom run around.)

And, god, he knows some active hockey players who wouldn’t understand half the shit Svetlana was saying about the sport. She’s making observations about Shane’s own team that leaves him thinking that she’s in the walls of their locker room somehow. Briefly, he entertains the idea of introducing Svetlana to his mother, but he shuts down that line of thinking because he gets too scared.

And, really, he’s trying *so* hard not to think about this, right? He’s trying to think about literally anything else, but he can’t help but notice it because he’s so attuned to everything about Ilya. Ilya started *breathing* differently one day and Shane noticed over *FaceTime* and bugged him until he admitted that he doesn’t like the smell of the new cologne that’s sponsoring him.

(“What is *musk*? Where does it come from? Animal butt?”)

But - okay fine, he'll say it - Svetlana and Ilya look really good together. Not just "good together" in the way hot people always look good together because they're so hot. They look good together because, fuck, Ilya's so comfortable around her, in a way that Shane's doesn't usually see. They joke around and say things in Russian to each other and Svetlana doesn't need to ask where the bathroom is and she knows where all the secret chocolate is and Shane just can't stop thinking about *I could marry Svetlana*.

Shane feels like a crazy person? Is this what going crazy feels like? He's had that thought at several different points throughout his life and they've all felt different and they've all had something to do with Ilya Rozanov.

The lunch passes by in a blur. He didn't throw up during it, which was his fourth biggest fear about what would happen during that lunch, behind "Rose is an ordained minister and Ilya and Svetlana get married right in front of him", "oh actually Ilya *can't* cook and Shane poops himself until he dies", and "moose", which is always just kind of a general anxiety he has ever since he saw one walk out of the lake and he realized how big they were.

Then, despite Rose's loud and desperate protests, Ilya pulls up the Russian ballerina spy movie and wow that accent is *not great*.

Svetlana disappeared to the bathroom during the first scene that was spoken entirely in "Russian" while Ilya's eyes lit up like he was watching a Hayden Pike EPIC fails compilation.

"You sound like dying animal, Rose Landry," Ilya notes blandly, more interested in watching Rose writhe around in shame on his sofa than her character, "Karolina Federova," kill people sexily. "More accurate than your Russian, at least."

"Put me out of my misery!"

Ilya laughs, but it's not his mean laugh and Shane hopes Rose can hear that.

He's so distracted by Rose and Ilya that he doesn't notice Svetlana sneak up behind him, a box underneath one arm and a pair of thigh-high boots in her other hand. "I need to bring these back to my car. You will help me, Shane Hollander? Be a gentleman?"

"Uh, yeah, sure," he looks back at Rose, who is now hitting a laughing Ilya with one of his two throw pillows while he holds the remote out of her reach, and decides not to interrupt them while they're bonding. Svetlana shoves the box into Shane's arms and he follows her to her car.

"I was never his girlfriend and I wouldn't marry Ilya for citizenship, just so you know," Svetlana says as soon as the door shuts behind them, but she keeps walking. Shane is impressed with how he didn't trip and fall and start screaming into the sky. "It is a joke we've always said. It's a bad one. I'm sorry. Sometimes he makes it hard to love him."

Shane opens his mouth to protest, but he doesn't know how to put his protest into words. He knows first hand how hard it has been to love Ilya, how painful it can be, but not because of

Ilya. Ilya is the easiest part of loving Ilya. The loving part is easy too. It's everything else that hurts.

"Sometimes it is hard being his friend. His life was hard. Many people have hurt him. His father, his brother, his mother."

It is in that moment that Shane feels a connection with Svetlana, bone deep and rock solid. Shane will never, ever admit to Ilya how this happened because Ilya loves his mother - devotedly, mournfully - so Shane loves her too.

But he can never forgive her for letting Ilya be the one to find her.

Isn't that terrible? Isn't that awful? He hopes Irina could forgive him for feeling like this, but knowing a feeling is terrible doesn't stop the feeling from happening. That's something else Shane knows better than most people.

Svetlana looks back at him and he sees the understanding in her eyes. She nods at him, like he's passed some kind of test.

"Sometimes, he acts like he doesn't know what to do with love that doesn't hurt him. It makes him mean. His father liked him that way, cold like the ice, and he was shameless about it. He had no problem with calling him weak in front of people, blaming his sweet mama for making him that way." Svetlana turns to look at him. Puts her hand on his arm. She's very warm. "You make him soft, Shane Hollander. Thank you."

(Absurdly, Shane thinks *that's not what Ilya was saying last night!*)

Shane says nothing. He swallows down a sob and pinches the tears from his eyes so they don't fall. "You're wrong," Shane says eventually. "Um, loving Ilya is really easy. He makes it really easy for me, even when he doesn't mean to."

He can't stand to look at her anymore - can't stand that gentle, disbelieving, *grateful* look in her eyes - so he looks down at the box he has cradled under his arm. Her shampoo, her lipgloss, the sweater she left here, a couple bottles of nail polish, a pair of sunglasses, a biography of a Russian author, one of the depressed ones. "And, um, you can leave this stuff here. If you want. It doesn't bother me."

If Shane from fifteen minutes ago heard him say this, he would shoot him in the head, but Shane from fifteen minutes ago doesn't exist anymore and he doesn't know where to get a gun anyway. Well, they are in America. Shane is always half-expecting to just see one on the side of the road.

Svetlana gives him the realest smile she's given him all day and takes the box from him anyway. "I actually do need all of these things back," but she grabs the shampoo from the box and brings it back to the house with her.

Shane and Svetlana return to a tentative truce between Rose and Ilya, if a truce looks like Rose standing next to the TV and pointing at some actor, screaming “If you don’t think he deserved the Oscar for this performance, you’re out of your goddamn mind!”

“I am not saying he is bad actor! I am saying that Bulgarelli deserved the Oscar and the Academy is biased against comedy!”

“Get out!”

“This is my house!”

“Boring,” Svetlana drawls, plopping herself on the couch next to Ilya. “If you are going to scream over television, put on hockey.”

“It’s the middle of summer?” Rose says, but Svetlana finds the remote underneath Ilya’s butt and pulls up a recording of a hockey game.

“Ooh, New York vs. Vancouver 1994! That’s a good one,” Shane settles in next to Svetlana on the couch. Ilya looks between them like he’s seen a ghost.

And then he smiles, all teeth, all light.

What else is Shane supposed to do except kiss him?

!!StreamTSIOutNow!!! @popalerts

👁👁 Rose Landry spotted leaving Ilya Rosanov’s house while shooting in Boston for Crime and Punishment: CSI

godssilliestsoldier @girl_kisser69

okay for anyone new here let me tell you why rose landry rebounding from shane hollander with ILYA ROSANOV is the craziest shit ive seen something evil is happening i would die for her (1/15)

Rose: Why does this keep happening to me?

End Notes

FOR THE RECORD, i DO NOT think ilya's mom is a bad person and neither does shane, but her death hurt him deeply and shane loves him enough to hold the anger on his behalf, whether he wants him to or not. like how you hate your friends' exes they got back together with or you hate your friends parents for fucked up things they did that your friend laughs about now. maybe that's just me

i may or may not write the rose/ilya side of this evening where we get to witness shane's breathtaking hypocrisy (oh your boyfriend is making you have lunch with his EX????? his EX who is beautiful and glamorous who you share your feelings and vulnerabilities and INSIDE JOKES??? how could someone do such a thing to you lol) any parallels you might see between the characters/relationships were there on purpose except for the ones that are there by accident.

happy new year!

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