

trouble up in hotel rooms

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/74875846) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/74875846>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Accidental Voyeurism , Kind Of , A terribly soundproofed hotel , Hayden Pike and the no good very bad evening , Overheard Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-28 Words: 2,239 Chapters: 1/1

trouble up in hotel rooms

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Summary

Hayden smiles and bobs his head to his earbuds as he crosses the lobby floor, Dunkin' bag swinging in his hand and an icy red Coolatta practically glowing in his other one. His shoes squeak cheerfully on the tiles. A member of the hotel staff in a sharp suit and a gleaming bronze name tag presses the elevator button for him, doors swooshing open just as he reaches it.

He has a box of Munchkins in the Dunkin' bag and everything, figuring he might as well treat himself with the whole, blissful evening ahead, the victory still singing in his veins.

Tonight is gonna be perfect.

*

With Shane disappearing to go and spend time with Ilya, Hayden's pretty hyped up to have some alone time.

Except seemingly everything goes wrong, and it turns out Shane isn't as far from their shared room as they thought.

Working title: hayden x ear plugs

Notes

Happy Hollanov-eve!

I'm so excited, I had to get back to do some writing and get this out of my brain.

Head's up that, hopefully obviously, this fic contains overhead sex that frankly everyone involved would rather wasn't overheard. Unfortunately for Hayden, he has apparently the worst post-win day in the world.

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

Montreal are practically jubilant on the bus back to their hotel - a win against Boston in overtime was a win. Hayden's hand still feels the grip of Callaghan's slightly-too-hard grip, Hayworth looking like he was chewing a wasp, the weight of Rozanov's glare.

Maybe Rozanov just looks at Hayden like that in general, actually.

As if summoned, Shane slips into the seat next to Hayden.

"Hey," Shane says.

This is not just par for the course Shane-speak.

"Hey, man," Hayden raises his eyebrows a fraction.

"I just wanted to give you a head's up that I'll be out for a while," Shane's dark eyes bore through Hayden's skull. *Hayden, I will be out.*

"Okay," Hayden nods once slowly, eyes widening to say *Yeah, I got you, man.* "Wanna watch the newest Fast and Furious when you get in? It just hit Netflix."

Shane could not give a shit about those movies. It doesn't matter, it's not what Hayden's asking.

"I'll be pretty late," Shane might genuinely be starting to blush, the tips of his ears pinker than from the Massachusetts cold alone.

Translation: I'll be out all night banging my dickhead boyfriend and making gooey eyes at him 'til the sun comes up.

"Okay, sure, another time," Hayden replies lightly. He knocks his knee against Shane's and smiles at him.

Shane tries to bite down his own grin as he looks out of the window at the Boston streets, eyes bright.



Okay, the truth is, Hayden is *thrilled*.

Shane's AWOL by now, slipping away before anyone could blink. Hell, he's probably sucking face with Rozanov right now. The thought still makes Hayden twitch, sure, but he's happy Shane's happy.

But still. Fucking *Rozanov*.

And yet, Hayden is so happy. One, for Shane, because his best buddy deserves to get laid. And two, for himself, because that means he gets a whole room to spread out and do whatever the fuck he wants. Shane's an easy guy to share with, all neat and considerate, but still, Hayden is a grown man who can't wait for his own space in the middle of a string of away games.

And to eat mozzarella sticks without his kids grabbing them all. Or Shane side-eyeing his greasy cheesy pile over his own quinoa bowl with kale and whatever-the-fuck.

Hayden smiles and bobs his head to his earbuds as he crosses the lobby floor, Dunkin' bag swinging in his hand and an icy red Coolatta practically glowing in his other one. His shoes squeak cheerfully on the tiles. A member of the hotel staff in a sharp suit and a gleaming bronze name tag presses the elevator button for him, doors swooshing open just as he reaches it.

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Hayden Pike is in Hell.

At least, that's what it feels like.

A wall of scalding air hits Hayden's face as his door swings open. His Coolatta sweats in his hand, panicked. It's hotter than Satan's asshole in here. He punches every single button on the climate control panel, the increasingly rapid beeps matching the energy of his panic. He tries the window. Nope - sealed shut for safety. Sweat rolling down his neck, he dials Reception and waits.

A sharp seventeen minutes and one very overheated maintenance guy later, Hayden wheels his suitcase down the hall after Kayla, a hotel employee with braids whose beads click pleasantly when she walks.

"We're so sorry about that, sir," Kayla says, dark eyes wide and earnest. "Some of the rooms have newer units that have been playing up now that the weather's changing and their settings are different. We'll get you to your new room in no time."

"Don't worry about it," Hayden smiles and takes a pull of his drink, now unfortunately warm. It's kinda just red water, the taste super diluted. Bummer. The Munchkins, he's pretty sure, are gonna be one indecipherable blob of dough and frosting.

"Here we are," Kayla glides out of the elevator to a door, three floors up and way over to the side from where the original one was. She taps the card to the door to let them in. "This is the more historic part of the hotel, some really beautiful features in here."

“Yeah, wow,” Hayden can’t really tell but clocks the claw foot tub and enormous bed - these rooms were *nice*, way more plush than the twin he’d been assigned to share. “Thank you. All good here.”

“Shall we hold your other key card at the desk, and give it to your other guest when they get here?”

“Uh,” Hayden clears his throat. Shane would probably die of embarrassment if the desk handed him a key card at seven o’clock in the morning. “No, we’re good. I messaged him already.”

“Okay, perfect. Is there anything else?” Kayla asks. Hayden shakes his head. “Alright. Have a great night.”

“You too.”

Kayla clicks the door shut behind her.

Hayden gets to work. He runs a hot bath and calls down to room service. They don’t have mozzarella sticks, which is a bummer - so he orders cheesy jalapeño poppers instead. Close enough. The spice might even be nice. He turns on the TV and gets an irritating gray screen, none of the tech options changing it. He presses the power button and throws the remote back down with a huff.

He goes on his phone for a while instead. He scrolls as he soaks, watching stupid videos on his phone until the water is decidedly cool and it’s a bit too chilly. He climbs out and dries off, pulling on a fluffy robe as he heads back into the room.

He swivels hopefully when he hears a door-y noise, striding to the door and spying through the peephole. Nope, must be a neighbor.

The new neighbor must turn on the TV which makes Hayden huff. *OK, tech genius*. It’s a sports show, he thinks. Hayden would recognise the pattern of sports commentator voices anywhere. He kinda listens for a while, the rhythm kind of soothing. He actually startles a little when the guy on the other side of the wall groans something at an apparently shitty play onscreen.

Hayden feels a sort of companionship with this fellow lone stranger. It’s kinda nice. He and Shane would probably be watching some sporty talk show right now, or half watching it as they scrolled on their phones next to each other.

Hayden texting Jackie and Shane texting Rozanov, apparently.

Jesus.

He perks up and gets out of his head when his jalapeño poppers arrive.

It turns out that jalapeño poppers are not enough like mozzarella sticks to scratch that itch, and also, his tongue is on fucking fire.

Hayden's eyes stream and his mouth fucking *burns*. He goes to stick his tongue under cold tap water, eyes pouring and snot running from his nose. So much for that nice moisturiser Jackie got him.

He cleans up with a tissue and heads back to his new bed to the *bang* of a nearby room door falling shut.

Two low voices come from next door now, the TV droning gone. The neighbor must have turned it off, which is kind of a shame, it was pretty nice background noise. What did the Social team call it? Room tone? It's kind of quiet otherwise, which is pretty eerie. This part of the hotel was old, right? Was this shit *haunted*?

The replacement conversation that Hayden has instead of the sports show isn't totally clear, maybe the odd word is like, distinguishable. Maybe 'oh sure' and 'check.' A dull *thud* and low laughter. Hayden wonders if the guys were at the game. He opens his phone and gets settled against the fat pillows on his bed. In a few swipes he's contently scrolling through his feed again when he hears it.

Unh, just loud enough to hear through the wall. Now the original guy's voice, another *unh*.

What with the fleeting thought about being haunted, Hayden's brain glitches, but then –

Oh. *Oh, those were fucking springs squeaking.*

Hayden closes his eyes for a second and sighs. Of course, not just a boy's hockey weekend, but the guy next door is getting laid. Date weekend, maybe? Or maybe they just saw the game and are fucking now, whatever.

Good for him, everyone but Hayden is getting some tonight, apparently. But man, he *really* wanted a chill night.

The squeaking stops, replaced by the low voice of the first guy - totally unintelligible. Well that's fine - Hayden doesn't *want* to know. Overhearing people having sex is a side effect of being on the road so much. Hayden ups his phone volume and scowls at his nightstand where there is definitely not a fucking radio, which would be super useful right now.

The moaning next door starts up again and just gets louder.

"Oh, God, right – yeah th – come on, give – just — three, yes, th—"

Hayden sighs and gets up and starts rifling through his bag for his Bose headphones. On-ear, noise-cancelling good enough to drown out a plane of snoring hockey players - those should give the neighbors some privacy.

Except he doesn't have them, apparently. Shit. Were they still on the plane? Did he have them in the locker room? Were they –

"Ah, fuck — just — ready — God, Ilya—"

No.

No.

No, no, no, no, no.

Hayden launches himself at his discarded sweats and frantically digs in his pockets.

Loud groaning seeps in from next door, and it's not in English. *Oh, Jesus fucking Christ.*

Hayden scrambles so desperately for his earbuds that they almost skitter out of his hands. He rams them in his ears and rushes to his music, and –

A familiar noise chimes. They're basically dead, refusing to play anything without a charge.

Hayden stares at the dud, traitorous case in horror as the springs squeaking gets progressively louder –

Hayden goes into the bathroom and yanks the shower dial but it doesn't *do* anything. He realizes, with a sort of sinking feeling, that he never checked how to use it with his bath earlier. He didn't rinse the tub, the old suds frothing on the porcelain sides.

"Yeah? You — just like — yeah?"

Okay, well those springs are going fucking crazy. Shane sounds out of breath, like he's running. Like —

Like he's on top. Not like — Like, Jackie when she's on top, kind of on top.

Hayden is going to put his brain through the hotel laundry for even bringing that up to him.

Even through the wall, the sound of a hand smacking an ass is unmistakable.

Hayden is going to drown himself with the showerhead when he eventually turns the damn thing on.

He puts the tap on full blast but that doesn't help. He can never look at his best friend's face again. There are plenty of guys that would blush and shrug off their buddy hearing them have sex, maybe even get a kick out of it. Something to laugh about.

Shane is not one of them.

Flushing the toilet grants Hayden maybe seven seconds of reprieve.

Oh *God*.

"Yeah, th — right there — oh my God—"

Hayden dashes and fumbles for his phone, almost dropping it and cracking the screen as he swipes to open his phone and turns the volume all the way up, stupid sounds blasting through the tinny speakers.

It does *something* – Hayden’s shoulders drop a little as he zeroes in on the phone. He has no idea what the screen is showing. It doesn’t matter. He swipes to all the trending music snippet videos, the stupid audio is covering up squeaking mattress and moaning and —

Well, for a few minutes.

Until the next *thud*.

And then the headboard starts slamming into the wall.

Quickly and repeatedly.

Hayden closes his fucking eyes.

“Oh fuck - God - fuck, my God—”

Maybe Hayden can transfer. Far away. Out West, maybe. Jackie has a cousin in Calgary. Or they could try California, he thinks he heard something about San Jose.

“—not wait, yes? — need it.”

Hayden is going to use Clorox as ear drops. He dashes to the bathroom and wrenches the shower dial again, almost collapsing with relief at the hiss of pipes this time, but the jet isn’t deafening. Fuck’s sake.

“Yeah, yeah — my face — me, fuck —”

Hayden sits on the closed toilet lid and hangs his head, feet getting wet from the mist of shower spray. The duet of moaning and groaning crescendos next door until at last, at *fucking last*, it falls blissfully quiet.

Just, like, with the new information ricocheting around his head that that fucking asshole just fucked his best friend’s brains out then came on his face.

Great, thanks.

His feet squelch as he stands to turn the pathetic goddamn shower off, and pads back to sit on the bed. Next door, there’s the glug of pipes as a tap runs. Hayden scrubs a hand over his face as the pipes stop, and voices resume as the quieter, unintelligible volume.

Hayden sighs and rips open his Dunkin’ box, tearing off a hunk of dough covered in cinnamon. Or cocoa. He’s not sure anymore. He can hear Shane and Ilya talking animatedly as he considers it. Despite himself, Hayden smiles when he hears them laughing.

End Notes

Sorry, Hayden.

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