

i do it for you

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by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

As he walked past he caught a brief exchange between the two.

“Thanks for cleaning up out here, I know there are things you’d rather do than clean up after us,”

Rozanov laughed and kissed Shane. “Yes, I do not like playing maid for Boiziau and Pike. But I know you will stress if it is not done, so I do it. Go, relax.”

In response, Shane melted into Rozanov. Shit, JJ could understand why. That was actually romantic as fuck. Damn, Rozanov.

(jj and hayden visit shane at the cottage & jj realises there’s more to rozanov than he ever knew)

Notes

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

J.J Boiziau was very much looking forward to hanging out with Shane and Hayden this weekend. He was not, however, looking forward to the prospect of two whole days in Ilya Rozanov's house. With Rozanov there.

Ugh.

Even worse, he'd gotten a text from Hayden this morning confirming that Rozanov would be there the *entire* two days.

Now, J.J was happy for Shane, he truly was. He'd been at the wedding and cheered louder than anyone, except maybe Shane's new teammates, the Centaurs. And he could admit that Shane had looked happy.

He just didn't understand *how*.

For years they'd all hated Rozanov. He was a brutal, dirty player on the ice and had the mouth to match. The man wouldn't hesitate to tackle another player to the boards and skate off without a care in the world. He was notorious for going through women like tissues, liking fast sports cars in garish colours, and loving to party. All of this was the complete antithesis of Shane, who couldn't be convinced to stay out past eleven at night. His idea of relaxing was playing hockey, working out, and reading about hockey. And yes, he was a brutal player who could more than hold his own on the ice, but outside the rink J.J knew that Shane had a heart that was much too soft to be trusted in the hands of Ilya Rozanov.

On his way to Shane's, J.J had stopped off at the Pike residence to pick up Hayden. They'd decided to carpool for the weekend so Jackie wouldn't have to go a whole weekend without a car. Besides, it would give J.J a good chance to give Hayden and himself a pep talk on dealing with Rozanov, too.

Since witnessing Rozanov shed tears at the wedding, J.J had admitted to himself that maybe there was more to Rozanov than met the eye. And for Shane to marry the man, he must have some redeeming qualities. However, over a decade of on-ice taunts and a few particularly brutal tackles from Rozanov, the image of Rozanov as an absolute asshole was pretty much cemented in his brain. And just listening to Rozanov and Hayden interact was enough to see that marriage hadn't changed Rozanov that much. He was still a man who didn't pull his punches, no matter what.

J.J was determined that this weekend wouldn't be a repeat of previous events where Hayden and Rozanov apparently couldn't control themselves from bickering for more than five minutes. Besides, J.J felt that he especially had work to do to make it up to Shane, with the way he'd reacted when he'd first found out about the two of them. Not his finest moment, even he could admit that. So, as painful and hellish it would be, J.J was determined that this weekend he would fake it till he made it. For Shane's sake.

Hayden let him in and they bumped shoulders before he quickly ran back up the stairs, shouting down that he'd be two minutes. J.J made his way through the house and into their kitchen, where Jackie was attempting to multi-task: cooking dinner and attempting to control the kids from creating chaos.

"Hey, Jackie," J.J said, giving her a wide smile.

She glanced up at the sound of his voice.

"J.J," her voice was warm. "How are you?"

"Not bad, thanks. How are you? Still managing to put up with Pike?"

He heard Hayden's outraged shout behind him and grinned. "Dude, I heard that!"

He leaned towards her as he heard Hayden enter the kitchen with his duffle on his left shoulder and his kid on the other. "You know you're a saint for marrying him?"

"Oi!"

"Oh hey, Hayd, didn't see you there,"

Hayden grumbled. "Whatever, *asshole*."

"Language!" Jackie said, gesturing to the kids.

J.J just grinned. He loved the Pikes.

"You better start being nice to me now, J.J, we've got to be a united front this weekend."

J.J noticed Jackie's immediate eye roll response.

"Boys--"

J.J groaned. "I can't believe we're spending two days in the same house as *Rozanov*."

Hayden huffed out a laugh. "Bet you never thought you'd say that, huh?"

Never in his wildest dreams.

"Just be nice, boys." Jackie said. "You know how much this means to Shane,"

She was right. He was determined to put Shane's mind at ease. Especially because of the way their other teammates had reacted. He wanted to show Shane that him and Hayd weren't like those other assholes. But it was still going to be painful to be nice to Rozanov. Just the thought of it sent a chill down his spine.

"I'm always nice." J.J said, which made Hayden roll his eyes "But I'll make sure Hayden is too."

"I'll be nice if Rozanov is." Hayden muttered under his breath.

Jackie's eyes narrowed. "Hayden--"

"But he always starts it!" Hayden was almost whinging now and J.J couldn't help himself from cracking up.

"Hayden, are you the dad or the kid here?"

She gave JJ an amused smile.

"Traitor. Come on, dude, let's get on the road."

It hardly took any time to make it to Shane's house; the roads had been practically empty. When they pulled up into the garage, Hayden parked next to an obscenely bright yellow Ferrari. J.J pointedly tried to ignore Hayden's comment about 'overcompensation', no matter how much he agreed with it, and grabbed his duffel from the boot.

"Just be nice," J.J said.

Hayden rolled his eyes. "Yeah, like you don't agree with me."

"That's not the point," J.J said, but he laughed. "Come on, or I'll tell Jackie on you,"

"Yeah, right, she'd doesn't scare me,"

J.J raised a brow. "So, you'd be completely fine with me telling her that you said that, right?"

Hayden looked at him in alarm and J.J cackled. "Dude, you are whipped!"

"Asshole. Just shut up and come on."

They made it to the front door, and knocked. It swung open, revealing a tall man with blonde curls.

Rozanov.

Great.

"Hey," J.J said.

Rozanov nodded in response. "Boiziau."

"Where's Shane?" Hayden asked, ignoring Rozanov completely.

J.J elbowed Hayden and he coughed. "Fine. Hello, Rozanov. Where's Shane?"

Rozanov smirked at Hayden. "Shower. Sorry about that."

The meaning was lost on no one. JJ flushed slightly, feeling awkward. Hayden scowled.

“Well, are you coming in?” Rozanov smirked. “Or are you as slow off the ice as you are on it?”

Hayden’s scowl deepened.

Christ, J.J had his work cut out for him.

They entered through the hallway and into the open living room and kitchen space. It was a great house, all light and open and modern.

Thankfully, as soon as the door closed behind them, Shane appeared.

He smiled when he noticed them. “Guys, you’re here early!”

J.J clasped him on the back. “It’s good to see you, man. I’m still not used to not seeing your face everyday.”

Hayden laughed. “I know, it’s totally weird going almost a decade seeing this mug all hours of the day to almost never. We miss you, dude!”

Shane smiled wide but it didn’t reach his eyes completely. Clearly, there was still some not-so-positive feelings on that front. Not that J.J could blame him; the rest of their team had been pricks about the whole relationship thing. J.J would be lying if he was wholly comfortable with the whole Rozanov thing, and he'd definitely said some things he regretted regarding the whole 'tripping' incident, but Shane was his friend, and when he'd invited J.J to his wedding, there hadn't even been a question of J.J not going. Unfortunately, only him and Hayden had felt that way.

He'd never asked Shane whether the rest of the team had even responded, and he wasn't sure he wanted to know. And he definitely wasn't going to bring it up with the team, either. After the last time Shane's name had been mentioned in the Voyager's locker room, it had ended up with Hayden and J.J sporting bruised and bleeding knuckles, and more than a few of the other players sporting bruised eyes. The coach had then banned Shane Hollander's name from being mentioned. J.J thought it was a damn shame. And he knew some of the other players were coming to regret how they'd treated Shane, if only because they no longer had one of the best goal scorers in the league.

“This is very cute,” Rozanov said. Hayden rolled his eyes.

Shane jumped in, clearly trying to head off whatever comment Hayden was biting back. “Here, I’ll show you each to your rooms and you can unpack and sort yourselves out.”

He ushered them up the stairs, whispering behind him at Rozanov. “Behave!”

“Anything for you.” Then he said something in Russian J.J couldn’t understand.

Shane blushed and J.J smiled at the sight. Already, this was turning out to be completely different from what he'd expected.

The three of them had agreed to get up at a decent time to get out onto the lake with the kayaks. And, no, it was not Shane nor Hayden's version of early. It was J.J's version. The normal person's version.

He'd been ridiculed when he'd suggested getting up at 9.a.m, with Hayden immediately saying that J.J wasn't going to know what had hit him when he finally had kids.

Whatever. It was a great day already, balmy and sunny, so at least he wasn't being forced to get up early and be cold too.

Once he'd gotten ready, he wandered into the room Hayden was staying in, thankfully finding Hayden already up and fully dressed.

A similar look of relief was matched on Hayden's face when he saw J.J. "Dude, thank god you're here. I am not going down to the kitchen myself in case Rozanov is there alone. He's ten times worse without Shane."

J.J laughed. "Come on, you drama queen,"

However, as they made their way into the kitchen, J.J couldn't help but be relieved that Rozanov was no where to be seen.

"Dude, this is so weird," J.J said lowly. "I can't believe I'm in Ilya Rozanov's kitchen. What if he comes in? What are we supposed to talk to him about?"

Hayden scoffed. "I wouldn't worry, he's too much of an asshole to have a normal conversation,"

J.J snorted, opening up the fridge to see if they had eggs. Shane had said he'd stocked up on food for their visit, and that they should help themselves.

When he opened the fridge, the first thing he saw was one of Shane's disgustingly healthy smoothies with a post-it stuck to the front which read: *Gone to walk Anya. You are welcome for gross drink. Ilya.*

There was even a little heart drawn next to the name.

Damn, Shane had this man making his breakfast and writing him notes?

Whatever JJ had envisioned seeing this weekend, it had not been this.

He guessed it made sense, they were married after all. Naturally, Rozanov would be different in his own home than he was in public. And J.J knew a big part of being a celebrity was playing a role, but still. He'd met Rozanov a few times now and he'd seemed exactly the same as on the ice: a complete asshole.

Once Rozanov came back from walking their dog, he mostly stayed out of their way. It wasn't too hard. The house was a huge mansion with loads of rooms; which meant J.J was amused every time Shane called it 'the cottage'.

Occasionally during the day J.J saw the other man around the house, but him, Shane and Hayden spent most the day outside, so mostly Rozanov had been absent. They'd kayaked out onto the lake in the morning and then swum for a few hours. Hayden had complained he was starving so Shane had pulled out the barbecue. They'd spent the rest of the day soaking up the sun and lounging around drinking beer and eating barbecue. J.J could admit why Shane loved it out here, looking at the sparkling, peaceful lake.

Eventually the sun had disappeared and it had been time to go back inside. J.J and Hayden had been forced to drag Shane back inside to get changed before he started cleaning up after them all. He'd admit they didn't leave it in the best of states, what with the food and drink and towels strewn all over the deck, but sue him, this was supposed to be their holiday.

Once he'd changed, he made his way back downstairs. The other two weren't down yet so he wandered towards the backyard to start grabbing some stuff to bring back inside.

Instead of the empty deck he'd expected, he saw Rozanov cleaning up outside. J.J knew Shane was a bit of a neat freak but he'd always pictured Rozanov to be a complete slob. He'd expect that if Shane would allow it Rozanov would hire a personal cleaner. There had once been a segment filmed in the Boston Bear's locker room and videos of Rozanov's cubby had gone viral on twitter for being an absolute wreck.

He frowned, hesitating. Should he go outside and help? He imagined trying to make stilted small talk with the man who'd once almost knocked out his front teeth and decided against it.

He turned away and headed to the living room and turned on the tv, flicking through the channels until the sports channel came up. Hayden and Shane joined him a moment later, before Shane headed out towards the back yard.

After a few minutes, J.J stood up and stretched. "I need a piss,"

"Thanks for the announcement, J.J," Hayden said.

J.J put his middle finger up in response.

He made his way through the house towards the bathroom at the back. On his way, he passed the glass doors that led out to the deck and caught a glimpse of Shane in Rozanov's arms.

He almost grimaced at the sight before he caught himself. But it was just *so* bizarre. For a decade, JJ had thought they'd all despised the man. They'd spent *years* shit talking him. To

see Shane so comfortable and affectionate with him was still slightly jarring. It was nice to see his friend so happy, though.

As he walked past he caught a brief exchange between the two.

“Thanks for cleaning up out here, I know there are things you’d rather do than tidy up after us,”

Rozanov laughed and kissed Shane. “Yes, I do not like playing maid for Boiziau and Pike. But I know you will stress if it is not done, so I do it. Go, relax.”

In response, Shane melted into Rozanov. Shit, J.J could understand why. That was actually romantic as fuck. Damn, Rozanov.

“Thank you,”

“Yes, well. You make it up to me later, yes?” Rozanov’s tone shifted to something clearly flirty and that was J.J’s cue to get the hell out of there before he heard something he couldn’t unhear.

On Sunday, they’d planned to watch basketball game that was on. Shane wasn’t much of a fan of any sport other than hockey, but J.J had convinced him it was necessary.

Rozanov came in at half time.

”I am off. Bye, Pike. Boiziau.”

He turned to Shane who was at the end of the sofa and kissed him softly.

”Bye, *moy lyubimyy*, I will see you later.”

He left the room, twirling his car keys round his fingers. A few moments later, J.J heard the purr of an engine he was sure was that outrageously orange Porsche sitting in the driveway.

“Where’s he off to?” J.J asked.

“My parents house,”

J.J was surprised but he schooled his face, not wanting to make a big deal out of it.

Hayden on the other hand, had no issues voicing his surprise. ”Rozanov goes to your parents house by himself?”

Shane just nodded as if this was normal. “Yeah, I think him and my mum are cooking dinner together today. He might bring back some of this desert they make as well, if you guys are

lucky. It's really good."

J.J thought he'd have a hard time picturing Yuna Hollander and Rozanov hanging out, but it actually made a lot of sense. They were both very no-bullshit and obsessed with hockey.

"That's nice, dude." J.J said. "Is he close with your parents?"

Sue him, he was fishing. But now he'd started to see this other side of Rozanov he couldn't help but dig to see more.

Shane smiled. It was so sappy J.J was desperate to make fun of him for it but he almost couldn't bear to.

"Yeah, him and my dad do puzzles together all the time."

"Dude, what? Puzzles?" Hayden laughed. "And he makes fun of *me* because I spend all my time doing kid stuff?"

J.J huffed a laugh.

So, this is what the notorious asshole Rozanov spent his weekends doing; cleaning up for Shane, making him smoothies, cooking with Yuna, and doing puzzles with David.

If, before this weekend, someone had asked JJ to guess what Ilya Rozanov spent his summers doing, any one of those things wouldn't even be in his top 100 guesses.

He was beginning to see there was so much more to Shane's husband than JJ had ever given him credit for.

Shane snorted at Hayden's response. "I know, and he calls me the boring one!"

J.J laughed, watching Shane's face. The love was palpable on his face just from talking about the man. God, they were absolutely sickeningly sweet. He turned his attention back to the game. He could admit now that he'd been worried for nothing. Ilya Rozanov was clearly more than he let on.

End Notes

30/11 EDIT: TYSM EVERYONE FOR THE LOVE!! 500 kudos in 24hrs is INSANITY
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