

By Any Other Nayden

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by [Frostberry](#)

Summary

“I want to impress Brayden.”

Shane didn't even look up. “It's *Hayden*. Please do not start.”

“I never start,” Ilya said, offended. “I only continue.”

Ilya never calls Hayden by his actual name just to annoy him. Years later, Hayden returns the favour in the most satisfying way.

Notes

A/N: My headcanon is that Ilya has never called Hayden by his actual name to piss him off.

If you cleaned the house enough before guests arrived, maybe the universe would reward you with an uneventful evening. But then Shane ran out of toothpicks, after using them to get non-existent grime off the bit between the sink and the kitchen counter.

It was time for Ilya to meet his best friend, officially off the rink. Now, Hayden was not very impressed when he found Fuckboy Rozanov was in a relationship with Good Boy Shane Hollander. It had been during a road trip that the two himbos went on where Hayden put two and two together. Hayden told him that it reminded him of the good cop, bad cop situation he'd seen in movies.

Ilya was now finishing off the coq au vin that they had simmering on the counter. He had the last remaining toothpick in his mouth. Shane watched as he dipped the spoon into the stew, took one sip, then proceeded to dump the rest of the red wine into the saucepan.

"That's going to make you drunk, Ilya."

"I am never drunk."

"You had a shot of vodka when I announced Hayden and Jackie were turning up in an hour."

"That was a shot of water."

Sure.

It was now ten minutes before Hayden and Jackie were going to turn up. Shane was already panicking. He had just finished smoothing the tablecloth when Ilya appeared in the doorway holding a wine bottle upside-down. He'd taken the fanciest red wine bottle he had in their collection (2008 Domaine de la Romanee-Conti Romanee-Conti Grand Cru, very Fancy Fancy), and then stuck it in a stainless steel bucket full of ice.

"That's fucking expensive-"

"I want to impress Brayden."

Shane didn't even look up. "It's *Hayden*. Please do not start."

"I never start," Ilya said, offended. "I only continue."

Shane pinched the bridge of his nose. Jackie and Hayden weren't even here yet. There was still time for something, such as a miracle, divine intervention, a sudden power outage - to save dinner.

The thing about hosting friends for dinner, Shane had decided, was that it revealed your partner's worst qualities. Case in point: the bell rang, and Ilya decided to get the door instead of looking smug in the background if Shane opened it. Ilya brightened like a man who had been waiting all day to commit a crime.

"Ah! They are here!"

“No,” Shane said quickly, “Ilya, seriously, be-”

But Ilya had already raced to the door and opened it.

“Brayden!” Ilya announced, triumphant, loud enough for Shane to hear from the kitchen.

Shane silently abandoned his theory of an uneventful evening forever.

He heard Ilya say something snarky, which made Jackie laugh. Shane turned off the stovetop and went to greet his best friend and wife.

Hayden came in, looking pale. “I just met Ilya Rozanov at your door.”

“Are you wanting autograph or something?”

“Not particularly, no,” said Hayden. He thrust out a bottle into Ilya’s hands. “Here. For tonight.”

Shane glanced at the bottle. It was a much better fit for tonight than what Ilya had dumped into the wine cooler. Ilya frowned. “I’m sorry, Ayden,” he said, gently, as if he was about to break Hayden’s heart. “I can’t possibly except this. We got a twenty thousand dollar wine bottle out chilling as we speak.”

“It’s Hayden.”

Shane rolled his eyes. He *knew* this was going to happen. Ilya was smart - he knew everyone’s names in the league, due to memorising how they moved on the rink and the last names on their back of their jerseys. “Is he not good at names, Shane?” Jackie asked.

“That’s because of hockey concussions, babe,” Hayden pushed past Ilya and into the lounge area.

“No, Jackie,” Shane interrupted her. “He’s just doing it on purpose.”

She grinned. “What’s my name then, Ilya?”

Ilya pressed his finger to his lips, pretending to think hard. “...Jackie.”

“Last name?”

“Pike, as in fish. It’s nice to meet you. Not sure about the husband yet.”

Hayden looked a bit grumpy. He obviously did not understand Ilya’s sense of humour. Shane swapped the wine that Ilya had been given, and poured the wine into four wineglasses. Hayden swallowed half of it in one gulp.

“This house is beautiful, by the way,” said Jackie, looking around. “First time I’ve been here. I’ll have to bring the kids one day.”

“Sure. We’ll put a tether tennis set in the backyard for them.”

“And a castle,” Ilya added. “I’ll be the prince that needs saving from the top of the tower.”

Hayden looked as if he was ready to growl. Jackie and Ilya looked perfectly relaxed, ignoring (with amusement) an increasingly annoyed Hayden. They sat with themselves facing each other, while Hayden had to get the chair furthest away from his wife because Ilya had stolen his spot.

“The kids love Uncle Shane,” said Jackie. “I think he should be the prince on top of the tower.”

“And Rozanov can be the dragon who guards the castle,” said Hayden suddenly.

“And Zayden can be the faithful donkey.”

He swivelled his head over to a smirking Ilya. “Excuse me?”

Ilya waved his hands lazily. “I’ve seen *Shrek*. I’m cultured, you know, Gayden.”

“Well, I’ve seen *Shrek* five hundred times.”

“He’s not kidding,” said Shane. “Every time I’m at theirs, it’s on.”

“Also, it’s Hayden.” Hayden poured himself another wine.

“Okay, Jayden.”

Shane rolled his eyes and got up, putting his wineglass on the coffee table. Ilya caught his hand and kissed the back of it, making sure Hayden noticed (he glowered).

“You’re not a caveman,” said Shane. “Stop being petty.”

“I need to prove to Rayden you’re mine.”

“He’s married,” Shane pointed out. Jackie at this point was laughing, and that’s when Hayden slammed his wineglass down and walked out.

“Oh dear,” Jackie muttered, walking off after him into the backyard.

Ilya tried to look very innocent as Shane set the bowls on the table. He put the wine glasses down next to where each person was sitting.

“He has no sense of humour,” said Ilya.

“He does, just not *your* sense of humour,” Shane replied. “Being on opposite teams for so long, it’s bound to take a while to go from dealing with Hockey Rozanov to Shane’s Rozanov,” Shane put the basket of bread in the middle between the wineglasses. “Give him time.”

Hayden and Jackie returned not long after. Hayden had a gleam in his eye.

Oh no. Shane decided to ignore The Gleam, and after that, Hayden seemed strangely willing to let Ilya call him whatever he wanted.

A few years later, they got married. They got married at the Cottage, with a small gathering in attendance. Hayden was Best Man for Shane, while Svetlana was Best Woman for Ilya. Ilya decided to call Hayden by his name for only for this wedding day. a sort of truce. They'd had been waiting for a long time to get married, after Hayden's children married them at their home while they were watching them one day.

They signed their marriage certificate, had their photos taken until their jaws were sore, and then moved on to the main course, in which Ilya had chosen Coq au Vin for himself. The caterers, a famous wedding company bound by an NDA, had truly outdone themselves. The meal was set up in the garden, with fairy lights twinkling overhead, while a stack of hockey sticks sat in the corner, commandeered by the kids until it was time to sit down for dinner.

"Go on, say his name properly to him," said Shane. Ilya pretended to look a little uncomfortable as he patted his napkin and set it down. Hayden was waiting by Shane's side.

"H-H-H..." Ilya couldn't say it. He'd gone so long without saying *Hayden*, he had given him every name under the sun, including this year which he'd gone through a print out of Male Names starting with H. He'd called him Henry the day before. "...Payden Hike."

"You asshole!" said Shane. "You promised!"

Ilya sighed. He officially Gave Up.

"Hayden."

Hayden stared at him for a few moments, the roast potato in his fork dropping on his plate. "No."

"No?"

"I don't think I can handle him saying my name, it's weird."

"Wait till you see his best man's speech, then," said Jackie, who was on the other side of Hayden. She was bridesmaid for the night, and the kids were sitting opposite them instead of on a round table, snacking on chips and holding some of the hockey sticks that had been originally in the corner of the yard.

Ilya looked at the three of them, eyes narrowed. "What about it?"

"It's enlightening," said Shane. "You'll enjoy it."

"But the best man speech by Hayden has to be about *you*," Ilya pointed out. "Svetlana isn't doing one."

“Oh, I made sure I wasn’t doing one,” said Svetlana, slyly. She grinned from Ilya's side. “I read Hayden’s. It’s perfect.”

After dinner, Ilya and Shane tapped their wine glasses. The small crowd fell silent.

Hayden got up to the microphone. “I am Hayden Pike, best man for this evening. Just letting you know that Shane and his husband were actually married at my house by my daughters,” he nodded at Ilya, who had the flower headband on that Jade and Ruby had given him. “...I am not sure if I should be the one giving this speech as I was technically the one that outed them in a FanMail video...”

“Get on with it, Hayden.”

“Yes, Igor,” said Hayden. He got out his notes. “I have known Shane for a long time, but not Ivan. I had a dinner with Iakov a few years ago. He has never called me by my name, until today.”

The small crowd chuckled. Ilya narrowed his eyes at Hayden, who was smirking like he knew exactly what he was doing. Shane, sitting across from him, shook his head subtly, trying not to laugh.

“Over the past few years,” Hayden continued, “He has stolen pucks, intimidated entire locker rooms, and somehow convinced a group of grown men, fans around the world, and even journalists to never, ever call me Hayden. My real name has not been uttered *once* on television this year.”

Laughter rippled through the garden. Ilya’s hands gripped his wineglass as he tried to look dignified while secretly bracing for the next punch.

“Through it all,” Hayden said, softening his tone, “he has been a loyal friend and, I suppose, will be a good husband to Shane. Tonight, I just want to say thank you, Shane Hollander, for being brave enough to marry him. And thank you, Innokentiy, for finally acknowledging that I exist under the name Hayden, at least for one day.”

Ilya let out a short laugh and shook his head. Shane grinned at him and raised his glass.

Hayden raised his own glass. “To Shane and Ilya. May your life together be full of love, laughter, and minimal name confusion.”

The crowd cheered. Jackie clapped so hard she almost knocked over her glass. The kids waved hockey sticks like ceremonial swords.

Ilya leaned over to Shane and whispered, “He is relentless.”

Shane laughed quietly. “You knew exactly what you were signing up for.”

Ilya sipped his wine and glanced at Hayden. For today, the truce had held. He had said Hayden’s real name. He could live with that.

It was going to be a long marriage.

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