

How did we not see this?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75785791) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75785791>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Phone Sex , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Developing Relationship
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-15 Completed: 2026-01-01 Words: 6,128 Chapters: 3/3

How did we not see this?

by [buffylover](#)

Summary

Members of both teams start to play detective with their captains odd behavior.

Notes

First time in this Fandom. It's become a mild obsession. Haven't read the books (have them ordered but they are out of stock).

The pattern of this will be a member of one of the teams investigating their captain and then the second half will be sexy times with the guys and hints and where their relationship is headed.

For timeline, I wanted this after Rose and right after Shane's fight with Scott Hunter. So i messed up the timelines a bit, sorry.

Chapter 1: The curiosity starts

Hayden

Hayden had gotten used to Shane's after match routine. They would hit the hotel and their captain would get a call from his mom. They would all tease him for it but Hayden secretly thought it was sweet. I hoped my kids feel that close to me when they are grown. He knew Shane was going to have to explain his fight against Scott Hunter. Hell, he was going to have to explain it to me. He still couldn't understand what Hunter had said that had set Shane off so much. He never got into fights, our golden boy of hockey. He moved over to the area by the balcony to listen in while playing with my phone.

"I know, mom." Shane sounded stressed. Understandable, Yuna Hollander scared the crap out of him. "I know I don't fight. I know. Coach already tore me a new one. I don't need another. I was just worked up from the match and he said something that annoyed me. I don't even remember what it was. I've already sent him an apology text."

He didn't know that. Shane really was nicer than most of us. He replied to Jackie while keeping an ear out to the rest of the conversation. They went over plays and again the thought that maybe Shane needed a little more friends his own age. Jackie had some girlfriends she had been thinking of inviting over for dinner next time they had Shane over. His break up but still 'friendship' with Rose was still fairly new. Shane wouldn't tell him what really happened over then 'we just are too busy to be anything over then friends'. Bullshit. There was something his friend wasn't telling him. There was some private talk among the team that it was 'Lily' from Shane's past. He remembered the blush Shane had every time he was caught texting the girl. The only information Hayden had been able to pry out of the man was she was in Boston. The Hollanders talk a bit more and then Shane is ending the call, promising to call when he's back in Montreal. He wants to pop his head out and tell the captain he's a good boy for talking to his mom so much. But he hears the phone go off again. This is not from the routine.

It rings three times before Shane is answering. "You saw the fight, didn't you?"

He sounds even more annoyed but there is a laugh in the words. "Fuck you. I do not look like that when I'm angry."

Okay, definitely not his mom. Who was Shane cursing at so easily? He starts laughing. "No. I'm not doing that. No. You're crazy."

Hayden puts in his ear buds and tries to give Shane a little privacy. Or at least the semblance of privacy cause his wife is not picking up the phone. "I'm not alone you ass. I'm sharing a room with Hayden that's why. Fuck you can't say that. Are you ever not horny? Why did I bother asking, of course you are."

Shit, his wife needs to pick up soon or he's going to hear things he can un-hear. Her face pops up. "sorry babe. The kids were running around. I think they'll stay in their beds now. Why do you look like that?"

“Ah, I just heard Shane talking to Lily, I think.” He leans close to the screen and whispers it. “I don’t know. He’s cursing a lot.”

“Maybe that’s just how they talk. You said they’ve been texting for a while. ‘Younger Shane’ might curse more. You revert when you hangout with your high school friends. But why do you look like you’re blushing” She actually holds up fingers to air quote. “You know you don’t have to lean in to whisper, the ear buds will still catch your voice.”

They are interrupted by Shane walking back into the room looking very flustered and flushed. He is holding his phone close in. “Oh, hi. I’m just gonna go to the bathroom.”

“Say Hi. I’m on with Jackie.” He turns the phone so Jackie can wave hi to Shane.

“Hi. Sorry. I have to go.” Shane moves quickly into the bathroom.

The second the door closes his wife bursts out laughing. “What the hell? He didn’t even wave.”

“Oh honey. He couldn’t wave cause he was definitely hiding that he was pitching a tent.” He hears her laughing through the words. “You said he was talking to Lily? You’re definitely going to have to put some music on and turn up the volume.”

He sputters for a minute before his brain lets him respond. Looking towards the bathroom he can feel a sense of embarrassment at what his wife is saying putting it together. “No. He wouldn’t do that. Shane is a good guy. He wouldn’t make me listen to that.”

“You told me guys get teased for doing it all the time. Just you’re turn babe. Sorry.” her laughter gets louder as he tries to join her but Shane had never done this before. What if Lily was making him do things he didn’t want? Shane didn’t have much life experience outside of hockey. The captain so focused on only one part of his life Shane seems younger then most of them. What is Lily pushed Shane too far? “Oh crud. Sorry babe, I hear crying. Gotta go.”

He quickly starts some music after his wife’s face disappears to keep from having to hear Shane jack off in the bathroom. He can’t shake a protective feeling for Shane. There were stories of crazy fans who got players into trouble, who had stalked and attacked. Some had catfished players and used them for money. Hell, two rookies had naked pics leaked when they refused to pay. It hadn’t caused too many waves but he could see something like this rocking Shane or his career. The ‘Golden boy’ might lose some sponsors if he had dick pics leaked. Was he sending Lily dick pics. What if he was sending worse? Maybe they should try to meet her? Make sure she wasn’t using Shane. Sending a couple texts off to other teammates to see if anyone has met Shane’s girl Lily but he only got a ‘No’ ‘nope’ ‘not yet’.

He’s been texting this girl for years and Shane’s never had anyone meet her? Hayden’s kids knew Shane as an ‘uncle’ but Shane had been hiding this woman away from all of them. All his teammates. Shane was mostly private except for hockey and his last relationship with Rose Landry was only in the public because of Rose being a famous actress. He wondered if Shane had more private girlfriends that he wasn’t telling them about it? He’s Shane’s friend. He should know these things and be able to protect his friend.

After a decent amount of time Shane walks out of the bathroom, clearly embarrassed and not looking at Hayden. He's flustered but Hayden is struck by how relaxed Shane looks now. Not just the post nut relaxation but the complete peacefulness on Shane's face. He didn't think anyone who hadn't seen difference in how Shane showed the stress of captaining a match, winning and handling all the interviews from reporters and then his own family and the calmness Shane was showing now. It was a complete 180. In fact, Hayden wondered if he had ever seen Shane this relaxed before. Even when away from the hockey rink and relaxing at his house Shane never looked this peaceful. He's never seen him look this content.

He has no excuse for what he does next other than a terrifying idea of needing to protect Shane. He goes online and orders an Airtag to slip into Shane's jacket next time he goes off to be with Lily. He knows it's wrong but he needs to keep his friend safe. He hopes he's home before Jackie gets the package or he's going to have to have one hell of an explanation.

"Hey Shane." He can't help but ask. He is Shane's best friend and he deserves some teasing. "You're seeing Lily in Boston next week, right?"

"Yeah, man. After the match." He tells his friend. Thankful that he doesn't have to say sorry for jacking off in the bathroom. "I'll probably crash at her place so if they put us together in the hotel you'll get a room to yourself."

"Good, sounds like you definitely need it." he has to tease him. Laughing he watches Shane roll over facing away.

"Fuck off" But the man is laughing too.

Shane

Closing the bathroom door behind him hold his phone up and looks at the screen trying to get his brain to work correctly. The view is from Ilya's.....No, Rozanov's face looking down his body at his very hard cock. Which the man was slowly stroking. "Hollander, look what just hearing your voice does to me. Don't you feel bad you can't be here to take care of it?"

He does. Fuck it. He really does. He wants to be on his knees in front of Rozanov with his hands in his hair guiding where it goes next. Shane knows it's the only time he gives up complete control of what is happening. It's not sane. Or healthy. He should probably talk to a therapist about it. About how only Ilya can make him feel this out of control but safe. Palming his cock through his pants he tries to keep a low moan out of his mouth. Letting a little anger rise up.

"Fuck you. I am in a room with others. Thank God Hayden is talking to his wife." He snaps at the screen. The perfect view of Rozanov's cock making his knees weak. He can see a single drop start to leak from the tip. The ache in his chest becomes overwhelming.

"Then you'll have to be a quiet good boy." He can hear the arrogance in Rozanov's voice. It shouldn't turn him on this much but it does. It really does. "Drop your pants, show me, Hollander."

His pants are falling before he can finish a thought. He should be embarrassed but it feels so good freeing his cock that he just can't feel bad about it. Placing his phone on the counter he angles it so he can drop to his knees and be in full view. He knows what Ilya.....Rozanov wants to see. He joins his pants on the floor showing off for the other man.

“Good boy.” He smiles at the heavier breath coming from Rozanov. Glad he's not the only one effected by this. “You must be a quiet boy. Put two fingers in your mouth. Imagine they are mine.”

God he feels so weird and dirty doing this. But the fingers go in and he's imagining the last time they were together. Fingers getting wet before sliding somewhere else. He just hopes Rozanov isn't going to make it put them there. Fuck. A part of of him really does. He whimpers around his fingers wishing he could start fisting his cock but he's waiting for the order to. The permission.

“You need this after that fight, don't you, Hollander? Need me to call you a good boy and help you forget everything else?” Rozanov is now moving his hand faster and his breathing is becoming less controlled. Shane is inching closer to the screen watching. A little distracted by the amount of drool slowing leaking out of his mouth. He's sinking into the place in his mind that only Rozanov has ever brought him to, a peaceful place where he doesn't have to please a crowd. He doesn't have to lead a team. He doesn't have to worry about his parents pride in him or the pressure they lovingly put on him. He just has to be a good boy for Rozanov. It's not as deep as when they are in person but he already feels the stress from the day start to melt away.

“That is beautiful. Fuck, Hollander. Is your cock aching for it yet? You need me there to show you have good it can make you feel.” Fucking asshole still hasn't let him touch himself.

“Yeshh. Pleash”. The extra spit in his mouth making his words slur. The ache hurts now. He needs to touch himself. The panting is getting louder in his ears. Thanks to his spendy ear buds he can proactially hear the wetness from Rozanov's hand on his cock. The sounds of breath and skin are overwhelming. “Pleash. Pleash.”

“Good. Now you are begging. Start jacking your cock, Hollander. You have to catch up. If I cum first I'm making you wait till tomorrow.” The fucking nerve. The arrogance in his voice let's Shane know he means it. Catching some spit from his own bottom lip he quickly wraps his hand around is aching cock and starts sliding it up and down his cock giving a light twist at the top trying to catch up to the man on the screen.

He's not sure he's going to beat him but Rozanov knows what he need. “Fuck, Hollander. Wish it was my hand wrapped around your cock making your body shake. Behind you sliding my cock deep in you. Deeper then any man can fuck you. Ruin you for any other man. Make you mine. Fill you with my cum. Would you like that, Hollander? Would you you like to feel my cum in you? Leaking out of you for hours after I've left?”

Somewhere along the litany of filth he closed his eyes to focus on each word from Rozanov. Feeling Ilya's eyes on his he opens his. The screen is no longer showing the perfect cock of the Russian but his beautiful face. His eyes are practically all pupil from lust. “Yesh, pleash. Pleash. Need ish.”

The eyes seem to bore into his chest. “Cum for me, Hollander.”

The orgasm hits him like being slammed in the the boards around a rink. He has has the piece of mind to move his fingers to covering his mouth to keep the obscene sounds muffled. He doesn't look away from Ilya's eyes as his orgasm wracks his body. “Fuck, Hollander”

He smiles knowing watching his finish forced Ilya's own orgasm. He feels a swell of pride in his chest for being a good boy. He just watches for a few minutes letting his brain reset itself, enjoying Ilya's beautiful face as he's having is own orgasm. Giving a little shake he puts up the tiny boundary in his mind, Rozanov. He knows they are not ready to have the talk yet. They've only been back at sex for a few months since Rose was moved firmly into the friendzone.

The screen moves quickly to show Rozanov's face and the perfect muscled lines down his chest and stomach to his still hard cock. “Look at what you did to me, Hollander.”

I know I have a dopey grin as I view the splattered cum all over the stomach and chest. I wish I was there to taste it. “You should be here. Clean up the mess you made.”

“Mmmm.” His smile gets even bigger at their similar thoughts.

Rubbing his free hand through the cum. Shane would be grossed out but Rozanov seems to love it. “Feeling better, Hollander?”

He nods his head. “Words, Hollander. I need to hear your words.”

“Yes. I feel better. Thank you, Rozanov.” His voice is a little wrecked but he feels so calm now. Content. A little voice in the back of his mind whispers 'happy'. “You? Did you like that?”

“No, I came all over and hated it.” He rolls his eyes. “Of course, Hollander. Watching you cum always makes me want to join you.”

“Good. I'm glad. That was intense.” He starts to clean up grabbing a small towel from the counter. He'd die if Hayden found any evidence of his actions. “Will I see you after our match next week?”

“If you still want to, yes.” Rozanov is smiling sleepily now. “Get to bed, Hollander. You need it after fighting Hunter for my honor.”

“Asshole. I wasn't fighting for your honor. I was fighting for mine. He said I was sounding like you. Huge fucking insult.” He laughs and loves the face Rozanov makes.

“Your English is bad, Hollander. You mean huge compliment. You must still be confused from your fight.” He makes a grumpy face. “Is honor to sound like me.”

“Dork. Okay, okay. It wasn't too bad.” He raises his hands in surrender to the man.

“Go to bed, Hollander. You clearly need your rest.” He is trying not to laugh and keep the grumpy face to Shane.

“Sweet dreams, Rozanov.” He reaches up and ends the face time. Looking around to make sure there is nothing left to clean up he tucks everything away and opens the door expecting some teasing from Hayden but the man seems to be doing something on his phone. Changing quickly and getting into bed he feels sleep coming fast. He's just too relaxed to so much other then sleep.

“Hey Shane.” Shit. Here comes the teasing. All the guys have done it as some point so he'll just accept it and apologize. “You're seeing Lily in Boston next week, right?”

“Yeah, man. After the match.” He tells his friend. Thankful that he doesn't have to say sorry for jacking off in the bathroom. “I'll probably crash at her place so if they put us together in the hotel you'll get a room to yourself.”

“Yeah. Sounds like you definitely need it.” Hayden starts laughing.

“Fuck off.” He rolls over and lets himself fall asleep while his friend laughs at him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The teams continue to get curious about their Captains.

Cliff Marleau prided himself being Rozanov's best friend on the on the team. They drank together and hit the gym together and left bars with girls after clubbing together. He had met Svetlana and gone home with her a few times so he had met Rozanov's friends. But he never had met Rozanov's Montreal girl Jane. The man had never brought her around. But she had always been a in the back in the man's life for the past few years. But now it had become a near constant amount of texting that was making Romanov annoying to be around. Who the fuck was this girl?

Looking over at their captain laughing at something from his phone. They are grabbing drinks after practice with a bunch of guys from the team. "You're girl coming the match this weekend, Cap?"

The Russian jerks his head up to look around. "What?"

"Your girl. Jane. You always disappear after a match when we play Montreal. She's definitely coming." Cliff laughs and a couple guys join him the conversation.

"How long have you been with her?" Varkov leans into view looking over Ilya's shoulder he reads.

Ilya scoffs. "Not together. But yes. She will be here. What can I say? She can't resist me."

The guys laugh and continue teasing but Cliff can't stop thinking about it. He needs to know. Watching Rozanov for a few more minutes he starts to get a plan. Sending off a text to Svetlana "Do you know who Rozanov's Montreal girl is, Jane? He's texting her again. And I need to know. It's driving me insane."

After practice he checks his phone. "No. Never met her. But good luck. If you meet her, let me know."

Frustrated he lets himself make a bad decision. He's just going to have to follow Rozanov after the next match.

Ilya

He watched the scene in front of him. Shane...Hollander laid spayed out on his bed over his near wall size screen. Being rich was fun. "Show me. Show me, baby."

Hollander shook his head clearly embarrassed. "Please. Don't make me."

Smiling at his lovers whining. "You know you need to. Just do it."

Pulling legs up a little Ilya gets to see his present sliding into Hollanders perfect body. "I had that molded after my cock. Do you like it?"

"I like yours more." The beautiful man moans. "Fuck. Just hearing your voice wrecks me. How can you do this to me?"

He wants to say because you love me but bites his tongue. Can't let it be too much. "Because I'm the only one who gets to see you like this. Completely free to be the good boy you are, just for me."

"I want to be." Shane looks directly at the camera. "Please let me cum, please."

They had been playing at this for over an hour and he had already finished so he decided to be kind. "Okay. You've been a good boy. You can cum."

He smiles at the speed of Hollander grabbing his dick and stroking quickly to his orgasm. Rozanov was nearly moved to tears watching his boy cum. He truly hadn't seen anything that sexy since the last time he made Hollander cum. He lets the man relax and come down from his high. Just appreciating his view. After a while Hollander rolls over and looks back at the camera. "Thank you. I needed that."

He looks so calm and peaceful post playdate. "Hard day?"

"Yeah. Had morning skate, a shoot and a meeting with the coach. I was just a lot. I shouldn't whine." He shakes his head trying to put up his walls. Ilya hates it.

"You aren't whining. You deserve to have fun too. I definitely did." Looking down he sees the shirt on the floor with the evidence of him having fun twice while watching Hollander. It was so much fun playing with the man. He hadn't even hooked up with many girls lately. They didn't compare to playing with Hollander. Very few things did.

Hollander looks at the camera while the sex haze leaves his eyes. Ilya would love to keep it there forever. "We still meeting up after the match?"

"Of course, I beat you. Then fuck you through my mattress. Is good day." He smiles at his boy.

"Dick." Standing he gets a show of Hollanders beautiful body. "I'm going to shower. I'll see you in two days."

"Sweet dreams, Hollander."

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The teams converge and find our boys

Hayden

Hayden joined his team in the locker room after the match. Boston won 5-4. Everyone was playing incredibly well it just wasn't their night for a win. Rozanov had been on fire. Hayden had been impressed with the asshole. Focusing on Shane while he changes trying to see if he's going to do his normal routine of checking his phone and then going to Lily's. Hayden brought the air tag with them to the arena just in case Shane left from here and not the hotel.

“Hey man. I'm gonna head out from here to Lily's. You get the hotel room to yourself.” Shane isn't looking away from his phone while he tells him. Hayden is happy he thought ahead and hid the air tag already.

Shane races through a shower and change and is giving a quick wave as he leaves. Hayden feels bad as he brings his own phone up and turns on the 'find my tag' in the app. Waiting for it to load and then wait until Shane is in the same area for a while and then go scope it out. See if he can see Shane coming or going. After about 40 minutes Shane's is at the same address he orders an Uber and heads there.

Cliff Marleau

Ilya was in yelling at the high of the win over Montreal in the locker room. But after looking at his phone with blush took off into the showers before Cliff could even tease the Russian. He decided he wanted try to beat Ilya back to his place so joined the man in the showers. Ilya is teasing a rookie who only got a few minutes on the ice and got slammed into the boards by Hollander.

“He hits hard. You have to be able to dodge the fast ones, yes.” the team laughs with their captain. “He will learn.”

Ilya is faster then the rest. Clearly trying to get out of the locker room as fast as he can. Jane must be waiting for him. Cliff hurries and gets to his locker, changing right as Ilya exits the locker room. Cliff is only a couple minutes behind him. Getting to his car and heading to where he knows Ilya lives. The captain has hosted a couple parties for the the team. He can feel the excitement of finally getting to know the identity of Jane. Posting at a bar that has a view of the front door to the building he waits.

No women who look like anyone Ilya would go for go into the building. He does notice a guy getting dropped off by an Uber who looks vaguely familiar but he can't place him, does the code to get into the building. He goes back to focusing on women. No one comes. He orders a beer and keeps watching. He wonders if Ilya is even there. Sipping his beer he just waits.

And waits. Until Hayden fucking Pike gets out of an Uber and looks around. The man is a decent skater but a total idiot. Pike goes to a corner and waits for about ten minutes. Then Cliff can't wait anymore going out. "Pike. What the hell are you doing?"

"Cliff. Not that it's any of your fucking business but I'm looking for someone." He's looking at his phone like he's expecting it to tell him something.

Pike is best friends with Hollander. Pieces start to come together in his head. "No way. No fucking way."

The man, the familiar one. Shades and a hat. Shane Hollander. "Are you tracking Shane fucking Hollander?"

Pike looks at him like he grew a second head then back at his phone. "Yeah. I am. I'm trying to see his girl Lily."

"We are stupid. Come on back to the bar with me. We'll chat." He pulls the smaller man over. They sit and watch the building. "Start talking."

Pike starts to tell him about a Boston girl of Shane's named Lily. The years of text and secreting away to meet up. He tells Pike about Jane. Ilya's Jane. The story is far too similar for them to be different people. "Pike. This is Rozanov's building. The one Shane is in."

"Why would Shane be visiting Rozanov. Maybe Jane has a condo in the building too." Cliff decides then that Pike really is an idiot.

"Did you take too many pucks to the head, Pike? How likely is it that Ilya and Shane would have basically the same story, girl in Boston, girl in Montreal. They're with each other. Shane Jane. Ilya Lily. They aren't even trying." He tries to explain. Pike looks shocked but can't argue.

They order alcohol and wait. He sends off a text to Svetlana "How likely is it that Rozenov's Jane is actually Shane Hollander? You know your guy. Shane's buddy followed him to Rozenov's building. Will let you know."

They sit and compare stories for what feels like hours. Each one switching off with a different time Shane or Ilya disappeared and how all the times line up when they were playing each other. It's almost stupid how much lines up.

Ilya

They laid in bed after he had fucked three orgasms out of his boy. Shane looked bliss-ed out but was holding back on something. Laying his head on Shane's chest he enjoys the slow beat

of his heart. Reaching up he traces the freckles on his beautiful face. "Just tell me what you're thinking about, Hollander. We need to sleep."

His boy looks scared for a moment then his eyes start to fill with the shine of tears. "I love you, Ilya. I love you."

Ilya buries his face in Shane's neck mumbling "I love you too"

"I love you so much I don't know what to do sometimes." Shane holds him closer using his considerable strength. It feels like home. They talk. A knot of stress that he didn't know had wrapped around his heart starts to evaporate.

"Oh, I got something for you." Shane hops up and his beautiful backside is on full display as he goes out the room. His beautiful front is even more breathtaking when he comes back. All this in a man who loves him. He's a lucky man. Shane holds up something shiny. "Keys to my condo in Montreal and the cottage."

Ilya feels his heart pounding in his chest. But he is not done yet. "I also want to add you to my medical paperwork, so you can get information about me if I get injured."

"Is risky, Shane. We cannot." Ilya can see the yearning in Shane's face. He wants this. "If we are found out it would be bad."

"I get that." Shane says climbing back into the bed. Moving gracefully up to meet Ilya's mouth. "But if I had to chose. I'd chose you."

I'd chose you. I'd chose you. I'd chose you.

Ilya can feel those words echoing throughout his mind. Taking away his ability to think. To respond. The enormity of Shane's word overwhelm him. His body responds by becoming nearly painfully hard. He can feel his breath starting faster as Shane pushes him down back on the bed. Those words remove any resistance he has to Shane holding him down. His next words shatter Ilya's mind and heart. "Loving you feels better than hockey."

He thinks he can feel tears leaking down the sides of his face into his hair. Shane loves him more than hockey. No one has ever loved him that much. Grabbing Shane pushing up into his perfect body he pulls his face to Ilya's and captures his mouth. Swallowing the filthy moan as he impales himself fully into Shane. Rolling them over he wraps Shane's legs around his waist and starts to feverishly pound into him. The passion of what they've confessed is driving them to go as hard as they can. Which since they are both professional athletes is dangerously hard. He starts to spout words he's not sure if they are English or Russian. "Mean more to me than anything, anyone ever has. Would stay like this forever. Never leave you. Need you. Love you. Crave you."

Their orgasms hit at the same time Ilya throwing his head back with a silent scream while Shane sobs his name. Ilya has never felt so content. They cuddle and kiss and whisper loving things to each other until Shane is grossed out and has to shower. Ilya laughs at him. "I'll order us food from nice bar down street. They have salmon and veggies you can eat. I'll get real food."

“Dick.” Shane laughs as he goes to shower. Ilya orders the food basking in how happy he is. He has Shane. He is best hockey player in league. Everything else will be fine.

To be good boyfriend he changes the blanket so Shane won't think the beds dirty. Lays out sweats and a shirt for Shane. Taking his turn in the shower passing Shane. “Go wait for nice lady from bar. Give her big tip.”

“I'm taking the money from your wallet. Dick” Shane slaps him on his ass in passing to towel off and get dressed. Heads down to wait outside the building.

Ilya finishes a quick rinse off and glances at his phone. Text from Svetlana “Idiots for your and Hollanders team are there. Watching building.”

Fear spikes through his body grabbing sweats and tee running out the door barefoot.

Hayden

Hayden was on his 4th beer and well on his way to a good buzz exchanging instance after instance of when Shane took off after a match and Cliff confirming Rozanov taking off from the arena instead of going out with any of the team.

“But why wouldn't he tell me? I'm his best friend.” Hayden bemoaned while Cliff gave him the same look Jackie does when he's said something stupid.

“Dude. If either of them is gay it's gonna mess up the entire league. They are two of the best. If they are dating then every game they've played against each other is going to be reviewed and argued.” Cliff is looking conflicted. “I get it. I'm pissed Rozanov didn't tell me, but I get it. This could ruin their lives.”

“Shane would never let Rozanov win. You've seen them. They play fucking hard against each other.” Hayden thinks over the past matches. Shane has fought hard for almost all of them. “Rozanov wouldn't throw a match either. He's a dick but he wouldn't do that. Do you think they've be traded off if they got found out?”

“It's possible.” He doesn't want to think about Rozanov getting traded off. The league wouldn't do it right away but it would change everything. “I'm not fucking telling anyone.”

He wouldn't do that to Shane. “I did say he was my best friend. I just hate that he didn't tell me. Did he think I would tell? And what about Rozanov? We've all seen him out with tons of girls.”

“No idea, man.” Cliff thinks about all the times he knows Rozanov has hooked up with a girl. Was it all just a lie? He glances at the building and then grabs Hayden's arm as a guy looking just like Hollander walks out and just waits. “Hey. Hey. Hey. That's him. He's waiting for something. Let's go.”

“Yeah, that's him. Those aren't his cloths.” Hayden and he put money down and take off realizing they are following a hostess with a bag of food walking towards Hollander.

Hollander doesn't see them and greets the hostess and hands over money. He turns and is entering a code by the door. Fuck, he knows the code to get in. Hayden yells out "Shane. Wait!"

He hates how Shane flinches and looks up in horror. His best friend should never look at him like that. He looks younger. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

Hayden throws his hands up. "Same. What are you doing here?"

They converge at the door and Hayden is just as shocked to see Rozanov joining them, still with bare feet. He looks slightly less shocked than Shane. More angry. "Come on. Not outside."

Shane looks too shell shocked to process any of Hayden's questions. Cliff just nods his head to Hayden. "Pike. Let's go."

The elevator ride up is awkwardly silent as Rozanov stands between them and Shane. Like he's trying to shield Shane from his best friend. They go into the condo and Rozanov motions them over to an island bar with chairs while he and Shane move around to the other side. "You still need to eat, Shane. I heard your belly talking."

Shane mutters 'ass' but they move around the kitchen in sync grabbing plates and silverware. Rozanov pouring them vodka and moving them in front of Hayden and Cliff while a ginger ale is moved in front of Shane with a kiss to the back of his head. Hayden feels his stomach drop as the scene reminds him of dinner with Jackie. Years of practice.

"So. What do you want to know?" Shane finally looks at him. He can see the fear but he's determined.

"Fuck. What? How long? He's Lily?" Hayden can't believe it.

"Yeah. He's Lily. I'm Jane in his phone." Shane glances over at Cliff. Between the two of them the story comes out. Years of texts and meet ups. Years of lying. "So that's us. We are dating. And when we retired, probably marriage. We can't come out yet. But you're our friends. What are you going to do?"

Cliff starts to laugh. Hayden can't help it but he starts as well. Shane is clearly loved so Hayden doesn't feel too bad. And Rozanov doesn't seem like an ass to him. It's gonna be a hard road but he's not telling anyone.

"You're good. I'm not telling." Cliff beats him. "And you're Hollander's best friend. So I think you're okay."

"I won't tell either. But I really don't want to hear anything about the sex." Hayden starts to see anger in Shane's eyes. "Not cause you're gay but just cause I hate Rozanov."

"Don't worry. I won't let him scare you with stories of our love." Rozanov leans over and hugs Shane from behind while sticking his tongue out.

It's so easy and domestic that it's embarrassingly easy to see. They should have noticed sooner.

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