

The trouble with leaving voicemails

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The trouble with leaving voicemails

by [Moonrose8](#)

Summary

“Hi, this is Ilya. I’ll never listen to your voicemail.”

Hayden dropped his phone out of shock.

Or, what if Hayden was just trying to be a supportive friend and stumbled onto a major secret.

Notes

Good morning/afternoon everybody! The spirit of hollanov has overtaken me for the past few weeks and so this story was born. I read heated rivalry back in October and had no idea the show would be this good! I can't even get game changers on my library app since there are about 300 people in line before me wtf! But I know the gist. Anyways, I had to write this immediately after watching episode 5 because of how much I loved Ilya's sassy voicemail message. Enjoy!

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

To Hayden's credit, he really was trying to help out his best friend.

Now, he would be the first to admit he wasn't the most observant guy in the world, but even he could pick up on the fact that Shane was dealing with something troubling and was trying to hide whatever it was from Hayden.

It had only been about 10 minutes since Shane had come back to their shared hotel room and locked himself in the bathroom, running the shower, but Hayden had immediately picked up on the fact that Shane's eyes were red rimmed and puffy. There was no bounce in his step that he had before leaving earlier either.

Hayden considered himself a great friend to Shane, meaning he knew that if he pressed the other man too hard while questioning about what was wrong, Shane would likely clam up and shut down in the way he sometimes did when overly stressed. All Hayden knows is that Shane left early for his "date" with Lily, someone Shane still apparently didn't want Hayden to know about, and came back devastated. It wasn't too hard to put the pieces together that something went wrong with the date. Maybe- Hayden's stomach sank- maybe they broke up? Not that Shane was in a confirmed relationship with this girl, but it was the only consistent girl Shane ever texted for the past couple years so what else was Hayden to assume? Or was it something family related? Probably not though because that would be something Shane would tell him right away, no reason to hide that.

And as a matter of fact, what was with Shane's clothes? Hayden knew Shane's fashion style. It wasn't terrible per se, but there was only so much you could fit in a suitcase and Shane's routine was so set in stone that Hayden could practically recite all of Shane's road outfits and the order in which he would wear them.

Today, Shane had spent practically twenty minutes ruffling his hair in the bathroom mirror and staring into his suitcase figuring out which shirt to wear, stepping outside of his normal pattern of easily picking the top most carefully folded shirt and going with that. At the time, Hayden was unpacking himself so he wasn't paying the closest attention, but obviously he was going to notice that Shane came back wearing all black, unrecognizable clothing. He hadn't been carrying anything with him when he came back either so he had apparently left his original clothes somewhere - possibly with Lily? But then, what had happened?

Hayden heard the shower turn off from where he was relaxing on his own bed where he had stayed practically all afternoon. He wasn't lying when he told Shane earlier that he would make use of the empty hotel room. While it was nice to have a road roommate- Shane had insisted they keep up that routine even though he had long since had the seniority to request a private room and Hayden was fine with that plan- it was also nice to get some *alone* time.

That was also something Hayden thought Shane needed as well. The guy was so wound up most of the season, Hayden was actually glad for Shane to get with Lily every time they were in Boston. Shane was always so relaxed after and he definitely did play better. This was useful since every time they played in Boston, they would be faced with that asshole Rozanov, who always played hard and never pulled his punches.

So it wasn't good that something so reliable to Shane's mood and hockey ability seemed to have hit a roadblock.

The door to the hotel bathroom opened, letting out steam from Shane's shower as the man himself practically stumbled into the main room, wrapped in his towel. It was dimly lit with just their bedside lamps turned on, but Hayden could still see how Shane carried himself like he was in pain. His eyes were no longer as red, but the way Shane's hands were slightly shaking as he searched for his pajamas spoke for themselves.

Obviously Shane was hurting. Hayden had to say something.

"Hey Shane," Hayden started softly as Shane paused with his pajama pants halfway out of his suitcase "Everything going okay with you buddy?"

There. Nice and casual.

Shane seemed taken aback at being directly questioned, but he managed a nod as he glanced back down at his suitcase blinking rapidly.

Well that was something at least. Hayden could work with this.

Sitting up a little more against his pillows, Hayden thought for a second. What was it that people always say? Oh yeah. "You know Shane, if there was anything you wanted to talk about- anything at all- you know you can tell me right? Because I swear I'm a good listener, Jackie tells me all the time. I mean I can shit talk with the best of them but I know when to shut up you know?"

That got a small smile out of Shane. This was going well so far.

But then Shane's face absolutely crumbled and he covered his face with his hands. Hayden heard a noise and oh no Shane was crying.

In all the years of knowing Shane, Hayden had never truly seen him cry. Shane usually kept a tight lock on his emotions around others, even with Hayden although he did seem a little more relaxed when it was just the two of them. Shane would of course get a little choked up if a movie they were watching had an emotional scene but for Shane to be crying out of the blue, something was really wrong.

Hayden leapt up from his bed and slid next to Shane who was now sitting on his bed folded over and sobbing. Hayden knew that some people didn't like touch when crying but damn if his friend didn't look like he needed a hug.

"Shit Shane, what happened? What's wrong? Can I hug you buddy?"

Hayden didn't want to make things worse, but Shane seemed pretty inconsolable otherwise so Hayden wrapped his arms around his friend and tucked his head against his chest.

"Whatever it is, you can get through it okay Shane?" Hayden gently rubbed Shane's back as he rocked them back and forth. "You know, sometimes it's better to talk through whatever is

going on instead of bottling it up, Jackie is telling me all the time. I know I struggle telling her about some of my problems too”.

Shane was quieting down a bit now and was sniffing softly. Hayden sighed in relief.

Shane mumbled something that was too muffled for Hayden to pick up.

“Hmm? What was that, Shane? Sorry, my ears don’t work as well anymore, got hit in the head too much last game.”

Hayden could just see a small smile on Shane’s face at that, thank goodness.

“Nothing you can help with.”

“Nothing I can help with? Now that’s some bullshit Shane, you came in here looking like a wreck- no offense man- crying your eyes out. I think I might be able to help with something at least?”

Shane had stopped crying now but still kept his head tucked against Hayden’s chest. Hayden decided to push a little.

“Was it something with Lily?” Hayden tentatively asked. “I know you were with her earlier and you guys have been talking for ages. Something happen?”

Shane stiffened in Hayden’s arms and he knew he had guessed correctly.

“It’s okay if you don’t want to tell me everything man, but I hate seeing you like this.” Hayden hesitated and then pushed forward to ask the burning question.

“Did she, you know, did she break up with you?”

Shane’s eyes started tearing up again. Fuck.

“She doesn’t deserve you,” Hayden said quickly. “Shane, you are the sweetest, most amazing guy a girl could ask for. If she doesn’t see that, then she is crazy.”

Shane was shaking his head.

“No, it wasn’t hi- it wasn’t her fault,” Shane insisted, “It was mine.” Shane’s voice broke on the last word and he hid his face again.

Well shit. Hayden hadn’t really expected that.

“You don’t know that, Shane. If she did something to you-”

“No!” Shane sat up, wiping his eyes quickly, “She didn’t do anything wrong. I was the one who ended things because I can’t- *I can’t*- And Shane was crying again. Hayden needed to clear this up now or his friend was going to get dehydrated or something.

“Look Shane- come on sit back up- yeah like that- I know today has been pretty tough right? And we have a big day tomorrow. So why don’t we order in food, I know there are some places around here that make some healthy shit you like and watch a movie? Hm? That sound okay?”

Hayden sure hoped so. He knew that it wasn’t always best to push things off for later, but Shane seemed no closer to opening up to Hayden than usual. Sometimes the best thing to do was come up with a decent distraction and face everything in the morning.

After Shane nodded in agreement, Hayden slowly extracted himself from Shane and got himself and his friend a water bottle. Then he went on his phone and looked for the unhealthiest healthy place he could find to order from. Hayden swore to himself to talk to Shane again after tomorrow’s game. They couldn’t put off this discussion forever.

And then Rose Landry happened.

Hayden couldn’t understand it. Shane was finally in a public relationship with a gorgeous woman who seemed all over him and for some reason, his friend still wasn’t happy.

Well, maybe that was a lie.

Hayden knew just how devastated Shane had been only a month or so ago over Lily, and clearly Shane wasn’t over her. Hayden had tried to be as supportive as possible to Shane about his new relationship. For the first time, Shane actually had a girlfriend that he introduced to Hayden and the team which Hayden had taken as a good sign, but Shane’s smiles never truly reached his eyes. Sure, whenever Rose was around, he seemed a little brighter, but then there would be a lull in conversation and Hayden would catch Shane staring off into the distance with a blank look on his face.

Now though, even Rose seemed to not brighten up Shane’s mood. Hayden hadn’t seen her on the Jumbotron the last two games they played and when Hayden brought her up, Shane practically waved him off.

So maybe that relationship was fizzling out now too. Hayden did feel terrible about it. Shane really did deserve someone to care for and the only consistent girl like that was Lily.

He really had meant to talk to Shane after that one game, but there was a club and Shane had seemed so engrossed with Rose that Hayden didn’t want to bother him. Maybe he should have tried harder then to get his friend to open up.

Well, something had to be done now.

This was a stupid fucking plan. Hayden knew what he was doing could blow up in his face and make his friend pissed at him beyond belief but Hayden was absolutely sick of seeing Shane mope around their hotel rooms sighing every twenty minutes.

All Hayden knew was that Shane had apparently broken up with Lily, and he was devastated about it. Which meant that if Hayden could get the two of them together to talk, they might be able to work it out and get back together. Since Shane had been the one to pull the plug and was this heartbroken about it, Hayden had high hopes that maybe their years long *something* would be strong enough that it could be mended.

Hayden would be the first to admit that his friend wasn't the most easy to communicate with, *but* Hayden had seen for years just how happy and giggly Shane got whenever messaging Lily. He knew they talked on the phone as well for the amount of times that Shane made a transparent excuse to go out into the hallway for a few minutes and then came back in bright red.

So all that was left was for Hayden to somehow get Lily's number and call her to convince her to meet back up with Shane so they could talk.

Dumb idea, Hayden knew.

The opportunity came about two months after Shane started going out with Rose. Hayden was at his wits end after a terrible game where he had contributed next to nothing. He already felt awful and then he had come back to his hotel room exhausted and dealt with two hours of moping Shane. At least *he* had scored a goal, but Shane was always the hardest on himself.

When Shane gathered his clothes and went to shower, Hayden took his chance.

Shane's phone was lying on his bed locked, but it would have been impossible for Hayden to have lived with Shane for this long without memorizing his phone password. Even though there was little to no privacy in hockey, phones were usually off limits for snooping on, except of course for the rare prank. Trying to convince himself that this was for a good cause, Hayden quickly typed in Shane's code and unlocked the phone.

Navigating to Shane's messaging app, it took himself a second to scroll down to Shane's and Lily's last conversation. Clearly, they really hadn't talked in a while so Hayden hoped he was doing the right thing. Even though it was tempting, Hayden didn't open any of Shane's other messages, although he did see that Rose had last messaged Shane three days ago saying "Any luck with him?" with no response. Hayden had no clue what that could mean. Maybe they really were breaking up, which was good for Hayden's plan, even if it probably sucked for Shane.

Lily's last message was dated the same night everything went wrong and it was a simple "come over?" Hayden was a good friend who only debated with himself for twenty seconds about snooping some more, so he clicked on the profile to pull up Lily's phone number instead of opening the message thread. After copying Lily's number on his own phone, Hayden closed out of everything and set down Shane's phone exactly where he found it. Luckily, there was a phone shaped indent on Shane's bed so that was easy to do. Hayden leapt back over to his own bed and a minute later heard the shower water turn off.

Now what?

Does Hayden just flat out message Lily? *Hey, I know Shane broke up with you but he has been super sad so can you guys get back together and bang so my friend gets back to normal?* No, Hayden was going to have to think about how he wanted to go about this. And not tonight either, that was enough adventure for one day.

By the next morning, Hayden had the message drafted. After typing and deleting about fifty attempts, this was what he was left with. Not perfect at all since Hayden wasn't the greatest with words all the time, but hopefully not terrible enough that Lily would immediately block him or make the situation worse:

Hi Lily, this is Hayden, Shane's friend. So sorry that this is out of the blue and unexpected but Shane has been feeling and playing awful for these past months and I know it all has to do with how he feels about you. I don't know anything about your relationship, or why Shane decided to end it, but he was a completely different and brighter person when he was with you and I really want my friend to be happy. Is there any way that you would text or call him to talk? I know he would answer.

Hayden knew he was overstepping a bit but he couldn't bring himself to care as much because it's not like the situation could get any worse. Taking a deep breath, Hayden sent the message, turned off his phone, and tossed it off to the side.

Well, nothing to do about it now but wait. It was an off day today and Shane was out with a couple teammates exploring San Francisco. Hayden was asked to go as well, but he insisted that he just wanted to laze around and call Jackie. Actually that wasn't a bad idea anyways, he could do that while he waited for Lily to get back to him.

Just as he was reaching for his phone again, he heard a chime. Hayden fumbled the phone as he raced to put in his password and sure enough, Lily had texted him back:

Lily

Fuck off Pike.

What the fuck? Okay, so Lily knew about him which would make sense if Shane maybe told her about him but still. Rude.

Hayden

I know this is awkward but it is affecting his hockey. He misses you, I know it.

Hayden cringed a little but whatever, it was true.

Lily

Tell him to talk to Rose about his problems.

Ooh okay so Lily knew about Rose. Well, it was on all the tabloids and it was all any podcasters would talk about when discussing hockey so that was expected. The thing was though, Hayden didn't think Shane and Rose were really dating anymore. That phone message Hayden saw was a few days old and Shane had been just brushing off the guys' chirps about her with a frown for the past weeks instead of blushing like he did in the beginning. Not that Hayden wanted to be a homewrecker, but he knew his friend.

Well fuck this, Hayden wasn't good at just saying things through text anyways and Jackie was always trying to get him to use his words. Hayden was just going to call Lily and try to talk it out, if it worked, all the better.

Hayden clicked the call button and listened to the phone ring. He honestly didn't think Lily would pick up right away after that conversation, but he had to try.

The phone kept ringing and ringing and then-

"Hi, this is Ilya. I'll never listen to your voicemail."

Hayden dropped his phone out of shock.

What. The. Fuck.

What was *Ilya Rozanov's* voice doing on the voicemail of Shane's ex-girlfriend?

Hayden's brain was spiraling so hard and he felt sweaty and cold at the same time. Because really. What else could it mean?

In all honesty, maybe Hayden should have realized it sooner. It sure would explain some things about why Shane kept Lily so secretive and private.

Wait. Lily. Ilya.

Hayden smacked himself on the forehead.

Now what did he do? Shane was out with his teammates and no way was Hayden going to just spring this on him. Hayden had just been trying to get his friend back together with a past girlfriend, not interrogate him on why he had been in a secret relationship with fucking Rozanov for years. And that's not even touching on the fact that Rozanov was a *man*.

Hayden knew how the hockey world could be but some of Jackie's friends were gay and Hayden had no problem with them. He would be supportive of Shane with that no matter what. However, the man in question was a completely different story. Clearly they don't hate each other like the media has been pushing for years, but how could this have happened in the first place? And how long has this been going on?

Hayden was overwhelmed with all the connections he was putting together and Shane wouldn't be back for hours. Hayden decided to just all this information in a calm manner, maybe call his wife, and never, *ever*, mention this to Shane. He would just have to be extra supportive and watch out for his friend.

Fucking Rozanov.

Hayden dragged his hand down his face.

Well, the all-star game was coming up in a week or so and Shane would be face to face with Rozanov there. Maybe they would sort their shit out. They would have to talk at least a little since they would be on the same team.

Hayden had to laugh a little. Of all the ways to figure this secret out, it was just by simply calling Lily's number.

It reminded him of a time when Hayden had stopped JJ from prank calling Lily about a year ago after practice when Shane was in the showers.

Now *that* would have been a scandal.

End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed! I've been absolutely devouring any and all POV outsider fics in this fandom and had to immediately write one of my own. Everyone who comments is getting a warm snickerdoodle because I was baking all morning!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!