

Ordinary Day

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76152081) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76152081>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyia Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Drunken Shenanigans , Domestic Fluff , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-21 Words: 2,160 Chapters: 1/1

Ordinary Day

by [Eye_of_the_Dragon](#)

Summary

what if hayden and shane are like drunk girls, and ilya is the dd
im not sure if there's a plot, or if it's just vibes

Notes

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

Ilya knew Shane needed this. That is why when Hayden had pitched the idea over a phone call three weeks ago Ilya swallowed down his feelings about his husband's best friend and had encouraged him to agree.

It had been a long few months, things were improving, but Ilya could see the toll it had been taking on Shane. Starting a new season with a new team after a heartbreaking betrayal of Montreal. Suddenly being asked questions about something that had been a secret for over a decade. Accusations about tripping, about throwing the game. It had been a lot.

So Ilya was more than happy to be the designated driver, dropping Shane off at the local sports bar to spend a few hours drinking with Hayden, and then picking him up at the end of the night. He had offered to stay, but Hayden had whined about wanting a night with his "Bro" like the old days and Ilya relented.

He trusted Shane and Hayden to take care of themselves, to be responsible, as they so often were. Drumming his finger tips idly on the steering wheel as he stares at the front door of the bar, waiting, humming to himself.

He had only texted Shane 5 minutes ago that he was there to pick him up, but Shane wasn't tardy, and something about the small wait made his nerves fire.

He debates sending another text when the door finally swings open with too much force, Shane and Hayden walk out together, arms on shoulders and leaning close. It is nearly impossible to tell where one body ends, and the other begins. They're dipping and swaying, each step slow and deliberate. Their heads dipped close, small giggles falling from their lips with every clumsy step.

Ilya watches, his chest warm with affection at the sight of his husband loose and happy. He lets them stumble a few more steps before extracting himself from his car and making his way over to help.

"You look like you had fun, yes?" His voice is laced with amusement as he takes Shane's free arm and puts it around his back, arm coming to rest under Shane's shoulders offering more stability to the two drunk athletes.

“Ilyyya.” Shane’s voice is soft and sweet as he stares up at Ilya, cheeks flushed pink from the drink. “We had so much fun, thank you. You’re the best.” Then Shane does something very stupid, he tries to stand up tall to kiss Ilya on the cheek.

The result of this, Ilya might have been able to predict if he were an outsider watching in. Shane standing up tall pulls Hayden’s shoulder up straighter, which topples the carefully constructed balance he had found.

His leg nearest Shane lifting, going forwards - back, there is no way he can find purchase and he’s falling backwards.

The arm wrapped around Shane tightening in reflex as he falls, pulling an equally uncoordinated Shane down with him.

Thanks to sobriety, Ilya manages to keep his legs under him as the two fall into a heap, his hand sliding off Shane’s back up his arm until all he’s holding is Shane’s hand and looking down at the two crumpled forms shaking with laughter.

Ilya can’t help the laugh that bubbles up his chest and erupts from his mouth, “Let us get you home, huh?” He teases easily.

Using the hand still holding Shane’s, Ilya gently pulls his husband back onto his feet. It’s harder and takes longer than it should considering Shane doesn’t let go of Hayden.

With the two finally standing, Ilya starts moving slowly towards the car, keeping a tight hold on Shane’s hand. “How is Pike getting home? Wife picking him up?” Ilya glances around the parking lot for Jackie’s car but comes up blank. The two men to his side start giggling again.

“He’s gonna have a slum- a slum- , a sleepover.” Shane stumbles over his words, interrupted by giggles and hiccups. It shouldn’t be the cutest thing to Ilya. It is.

Ilya schools his face and holds in the sigh that threatens to fall. He doesn't dislike Hayden as much these days. The man had been a good, no a great friend to his husband. He had stood up for him, and stood by him despite what the rest of the team did.

But Hayden was annoying. And that would never change.

"Okay, well, let us get you in the car then for your slumber party." Ilya's a little smug at knowing an English word that had evaded his husband, Shane doesn't take the bait, he just smiles impossibly soft and climbs into the car.

Hayden climbs in the back seat, as a testament to his drunkenness, instead of sitting like a civilized person, he simply sprawls across the back seat- face down flat into the seat a low groan falling out.

"You two will need water when we get home." Ilya comments, starting the car smoothly and pulling out of the parking lot.

"We're going to watch a movie. Do you want to watch it with us?" Ilya did not for a moment believe the two men in his car would make it half way through putting the movie on, let alone watching it.

But with Shane's big brown eyes staring at him, he can't deny him anything. "If you want me to, of course."

"UGHHH" A groan comes from the back seat, Ilya glances in the rearview mirror to see Hayden has turned his face now to look into the front seats, cheek plastered to the seat.

Shane turns back a furrow in his brows. "He can watch it. Don't be, don't be mean."

Ilya fights to keep his eyes on the road, but when he glances back at Hayden again the man is making the face of a petulant toddler. "He does not want me interrupting your date, I

understand. I am very distracting for you.” He slides a hand across the center console and lightly grips Shane’s thigh. His thumb rubbing the denim gently.

Shane turns back, the drunk flush on his cheeks deepening to something else. He sucks in his lower lip, pupils blown wide. Ilya loves it, loves the effect he has on Shane after all these years. He opens his mouth to reply when his whole upper body is jerked forward with the force of Hayden kicking the back of his seat.

“Don’t be weird. Weirdos.”

Shane throws a drunk dirty look over his shoulder before his eyes burn a hole in the side of Ilya’s head again. “I can be weird. If I want to.” He’s mumbling a little as he talks, his eyelids are getting lower.

Ilya’s eyes flicker over to take in the soft open expression on his husband's face and he feels his heart thump heavily. This was everything he wanted.

The rest of the drive was quiet and peaceful. Was what Ilya wished he would be able to tell people later when they asked about this night.

Unfortunately Hayden had heard the faint sound of a song he recognized playing on the radio and had requested Ilya to turn it up. To Ilya’s surprise, it appeared this was one of the few songs Shane also knew.

This meant Ilya had to listen to two drunk men sing a terrible rendition of some Canadian song he’d never heard about an Ordinary Day.

He hadn’t minded the first 2 minutes, he had found it endearing and sweet seeing his normally quiet husband singing his heart out. It got less endearing when his husband then decided to pull out his phone, connect the bluetooth to the car, and put the same song on repeat for the remainder of the drive.

Enthusiasm for singing along never waning.

Pulling into the parking garage for their Ottawa penthouse Ilya breathes a deep sigh of relief, and an even bigger feeling washes over him when he can turn the car off and finally end the repeating song.

Getting a drunk Shane and Hayden up into an elevator and all the way up to their penthouse proved to be an incredibly difficult task.

Shane was clinging tightly to Ilya's arm, hands wrapped firmly around his bicep, cheek smushed into his shoulder. His fingers tightening every so often as he gave an appreciative hum.

Ilya's other hand was being used to grip the collar of Hayden's shirt firmly. His elbow locked, holding the other man at arms length, but keeping his feet under him like some type of clumsy marionette.

He pushes Hayden towards the buttons on the elevator like a toddler and instructs him which buttons to press, on the ride up he leans Hayden against the elevator wall and places a foot against the other man's to prop him up.

When the elevator finally dings open and reveals the entry way to their place he grabs a hold of Hayden and walks forwards, feeling like he has an octopus clinging to his side with every step.

"You are so hot." Shane mumbles into his shoulder, turning his face to stare up at Ilya.

Ilya grins back easily, "I know this. You are very lucky I am so hot and so nice, I bring drunk husband and drunk rat home from bar."

Instead of reprimanding Ilya Shane just giggles unabashed and tightens his fingers. Ilya has to lean Hayden against the wall again to pull out his keys.

This time he forgets to use his foot to prop Hayden up, and Hayden had clearly been used to not having to think toppled sideways and slid to the floor - “Ah shit”

Ilya looks down, then back at the door, then over to his clingy husband. He turns back to Hayden, “You, wait.”

Then Ilya is bending with his knees to scoop Shane up, arms around the other man’s legs, folding him in half over his shoulder.

“Ilya!” Shane’s voice comes out high and surprised, a broken giggle following.

Ilya carries Shane to the couch, places him down and wraps him in a blanket before placing the remote on Shane’s lap. Shane stares at it blankly. “For your movie?”

“Oh! Right! Hayden, we’re gonna watch a movie!” He’s yelling now, voice hoarse from the singing in the car.

Ilya turns back and sees Hayden still slumped against the wall in the hall, head thrown back staring at the ceiling. He wouldn’t mind leaving the man there for the night, but he wants to have sex in the morning, and pissing off Shane is no way to achieve that goal.

So Ilya holds back his sigh and walks towards Hayden, grabbing one of the other man’s arms and throwing it over his shoulder, he picks him up smoothly.

“Hey, yo, man, what the -” His words are cut off when Ilya drops him onto the couch a few feet away from Shane.

“Thank you, I think it is proper English. You know manners don’t you, Pike?” Ilya teases as he moves away from the couch towards the kitchen.

He hears Hayden yelling for him to shut up behind his back and all he can do is laugh.

He returns to the living room a few moments later with bottles of water and a bowl of fruit for his husband to snack on, a movie is playing on the tv, but when he rounds the couch the scene makes him pause.

Hayden had crawled closer to Shane and put his head in his lap, and Shane had dipped to the side now resting his head on Hayden's back. The two snoring softly, ending the night in a similar pile to the one they'd been in earlier.

Ilya's cheeks hurt from smiling so hard, he can't help but take his phone out and snap a quick pic of the two.

He considers posting it on his instagram, putting this memory into stone for the world to see. He thinks Shane wouldn't mind too much. He also thinks maybe Shane has stepped far enough out of his comfort zone for one night, and tomorrow morning he would ask for permission before posting. Just in case.

Ilya grabs another blanket out of a basket beside the couch and tosses it over Hayden's legs, moving to readjust Shane's gently before flicking off the living room lamps and tv.

He leaves the water bottles on the coffee table and puts saran wrap on the fruit bowl before putting it back into the fridge.

Then he scoops Anya up from her bed and carries her into the bedroom. "If Shane can have a sleepover then so can we, hm." His voice is soft as he places the dog on the bed and changes into his sweats. "You can't tell him, it will be our secret." He whispers as he lifts the blanket and climbs in beside her.

That night he dreams of his life, the peace he had found, had built, and he felt happy.

End Notes

This was an edibles fic

i just thought, Ilya would take care of drunk shane and hayden

and here we are

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