

Weirdo in the Hoodie

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Weirdo in the Hoodie

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

JJ patted Hayden on the back when the video sprung from the collision to Hayden's punches. Honestly he was pretty impressed with himself. He was able to get a few good swings at Marlow in before the refs separated them- but that wasn't important right now. He could feel good about it after he knew Shane was okay. Besides, for some reason Hayden wasn't focused on his form while punching. He didn't even notice the rest of his teammates' fighting for Shanes honor.

For some reason his gaze lingered on Rozanov.

Rozanov who looked pained at Shane crumpling. Rozanov who seemed scared for his rival. Rozanov who wore his heart on his sleeve while skating up to Shane. Did Hayden get punched so hard he started seeing things?

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Or,
Hayden starts putting together the puzzle of Ilya Rozanov while on his way to the hospital to visit Shane. Too bad he has no idea that Shane Hollander is also a part of this puzzle.

Notes

Episode 5 has been consuming my life and has officially brought me back to writing. It's been awhile since I've done any kind of creative writing so hopefully this isn't formatted weirdly.

This also is mainly using the show as cannon but I will still be using the original team names you cannot take those from me. Also much as I miss the "They can see us" part of the book it is definitely more fun to play around with the tv show adaptation so I can't even be mad.

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

Chapter 1

Hayden really *really* didn't want to see the footage of Shane's injury. Seeing it happen in person was bad enough. Watching his best friend get carted off the ice was even worse. But now his asshole coach decided that everyone had to stay after the game and rewatch one of the worst moments of Hayden Pike's career. Great.

Instead of driving over to the hospital where his best friend was stuck- he had to watch his coach show the video of a moment he already had on loop mentally. "Look at that. Just sloppy. He was looking behind him- not even attempting to dodge the blow." Hayden hadn't noticed that in person. It almost seemed like Shane was looking back at Rozanov. He wondered if Rozanov had said something over the line during the faceoff and Shane was trying to gloat about winning the puck.

That didn't really sound like Shane, but he wouldn't put it past Rozanov to say something fucked up. Plus this meant he could blame Marlow *and* Rozanov for Shane's injury which he didn't mind. Fuck those guys. His attention was pulled away when the TV started playing the seconds before the collision in slow motion. "I don't ever want to see you boys looking anywhere but ahead of you. Hollander may be your captain but that doesn't mean he's immune from this kind of criticism." Hayden winced as he saw Marlow slowly coming into frame, Shane really hadn't noticed him *at all*. Shane looked so happy so carefree- he was smiling? That couldn't be right. He was looking at Ilya Rozanov and smiling. It must be him beaming about winning the face off. What else is there to smile about?

JJ patted Hayden on the back when the video sprung from the collision to Hayden's punches. Honestly he was pretty impressed with himself. He was able to get a few good swings at Marlow in before the refs separated them- but that wasn't important right now. He could feel good about it after he knew Shane was okay. Besides, for some reason Hayden wasn't focused on his form while punching or the rest of his teammates' reactions in the video.

For some reason his gaze lingered on Rozanov.

Rozanov who looked pained at Shane crumpling. Rozanov who seemed scared for his rival. Rozanov who wore his heart on his sleeve while skating up to Shane. Did Hayden get punched so hard he started seeing things?

Hayden wanted to look closer- dissect the video. But he was interrupted by the screen going black just as quickly as Shane had dropped earlier. “Okay boys get a move on. Practice tomorrow- nine am sharp.” Hayden was left staring at his own shocked reflection next to the glare of the screen. He knew his eyes were telling him he was realizing something- his brain just wasn’t sure what he was realizing yet.

When he got in his car he pulled up the video again. It felt like a form of self harm, watching the uncle of his children get sacked so hard he passed out. So hard he wouldn’t wake up. But he had to do it. For research. Yeah, it was an experiment, that's it.

While trying to choke down his guilt, Hayden pressed play and turned the volume in his car all the way up. He couldn’t miss anything, not when his brain felt so close to putting something together. It would be so much easier if he knew what he was supposed to be putting together.

Hayden flinched when his car speaker reverberated the crack of Shane's helmet- oh god, Hayden hoped that was just his helmet. He was about to start spiraling about the thought of that being Shanes arm, or neck, or spine, or- “Fucking tell me if he’s ok.” Huh?

He knew that accent. He knew it from chirps on the ice- the ones that *really* got under his skin. As he focused on the video he watched as the Russian man argued with the refs, his voice shaken. Something Hayden only noticed with his car speaker turned up to 75, something Jackie did not want him doing- something about ruining his hearing.

Jackie, *fuck* she would know what to do.

Hayden took a deep breath, closed the video, routed himself to the hospital address he keeps saved in his phone, and called his wife. Suddenly he’s driving and nothing makes sense and he has all these questions. But none of that matters until he learns Shane's okay.

“Is he ok?” Is the first thing Jackie asks. Concern floods the car and he can hear Jade and Ruby yelling in the distance. He quickly turns down the volume. “I- I don’t know I’m on the way to the hospital now.” “I thought you would be there already, it’s not far and the game ended-” “I know when the game ended. I just. I was thinking.”

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Jackie knew her husband well. She knew he was kind, funny, and not always the quickest to pick up on things. Jackie didn't want to toot her own horn, but she prided herself on being observant enough for the both of them. She could tell her poor, sweet husband was trying so hard to tell her he was putting things together. Puzzle pieces were laid out- but Hayden didn't know he had a puzzle to do in the first place.

Jackie always had her suspicions that Shane was gay. The lack of girlfriends, then the acquisition of a girlfriend and then the lack of Rose Landry. She wasn't stupid. What she didn't put together was Ilya Rozanov being part of this equation. And if *she* hadn't thought it before- her husband with a few too many knocks on the head has definitely not.

So she would start slowly, let him process his feelings and come to conclusions on his own.

“What are you thinking about honey?” “I think Rozanov has *feelings*.” Jackie sighed, her poor husband was barely scratching the surface on her conspiracy web. Maybe she could help him out. “Feelings for?”

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Hayden didn't pick up on what Jackie was clearly trying to hint at because she just sighed when Hayden responded “I don't know? Humans? People? I didn't think he had emotions. I've never seen him be concerned before.”

He knew there was something more but as he saw the hospital in his line of sight he forgot about his best friend's rival immediately. “Jacks I'm here- I love you but I need to find our boy.” “Go find our boy. Love you babe, text me.”

Hayden flies into the hospital- beelining for the front desk. “Hi I'm here for Shane- Shane Hollander. I'm his best friend, I should be one of his emergency contacts. Or like authorized visitors- or maybe my wife is. Her name is Jackie Pike- I'm Hayden by the way. Pike. Hayden Pike.”

Well that was smooth.

Hayden was not on the approved visitors list. But while he was rewatching the video in his car earlier; his smart, perfect wife had the foresight to call Yuna Hollander and tell her to make Hayden the medical proxy until Shane's parents could get into town. He really did not deserve her.

The doctors formally introduced themselves to Hayden, but he really couldn't deal with all this official business. "I just need to see him." He was pretty proud it all came out as one sentence. The doctor- Dr. Flynn, he was pretty sure, ushered him down the hall.

"Listen Hayden, he just got out of surgery. We had to reset his collarbone and run some tests on his head." "But he's out of surgery now right? Is he going to be okay?" "We can't be sure, the scans were inconclusive and he isn't waking up."

Hayden stopped dead in his tracks. "*What?*" Dr. Flynn places a hand on Hayden's arm, looking him in the eyes. "It's too early to be definitive but it's important you know there's a chance he won't be the same when he wakes up. If he does at all."

No. No no no no. This can not be happening. Hayden places a hand to his head, grabbing onto the wall trying to stabilize himself. "Hayden, maybe seeing him will help." The doctor suggests kindly. "His room is only down one more hall."

Hayden follows Dr. Flynn- trying not to think of the horrifying reality that Shane may not wake up. That he could lose his best friend. His mind spirals thinking about the funeral, what his eulogy would say, what the league would say, how he would cope. As these thoughts flash before his eyes he notices a figure sitting in front of the door Dr. Flynn stops in front of.

Hayden looks around, scanning the area. There were no other families waiting in the lobby. There were no patients waiting to be seen. Whoever was sitting outside Shane's room was there for Shane. If only Hayden could see who it is.

The figure was wearing a black hoodie, pulled up over their hair. They were in a fetal position, legs between their knees. The person seemed way too big to be sitting like that, it was almost funny. Hayden was almost grateful for the distraction this mystery person gave

him. He didn't have to think about what color flowers to place on Shane's grave when instead he could wonder who this person waiting outside Hollander's room was. The immersion was broken when Hayden heard a snuffle and Dr. Flynn stopped opening the door to Shane's room and turned to face the hooded figure.

Even though Dr. Flynn was facing the figure; it was clear his words were meant for Hayden. He spoke in a hushed whisper "I am glad you are here to be Shane's proxy. We are lucky that there have been no news leaks in the hospital. Unfortunately, I have to let you know that this person has been waiting outside Shane's door since he came in. Apparently one of the medical staff taking Shane off the ice was told to tell him Shane's room number. By Shane. That was the only time he was conscious."

Hayden's mind was whirring. On the ice? He? What? Okay- so. Shane was knocked unconscious. Came too for a bit, and told the doctors treating him to tell a certain someone, no. A certain *man* where he would be located. That was... odd. Unfortunately Hayden couldn't bring himself to care because as soon as this mystery person was about to look up Hayden opened the door to Shane's room. No looking back. He could comfort Shane's mystery man (the guy that Shane apparently wanted more than Hayden to be at his bedside) later. For now Hayden had to see his best friend with his own eyes. He could focus on the rest later.

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Ilya heard Shane's doctor coming forward. Every time he did Ilya wanted to jump up and shake him BEGGING for information about Shane. But he couldn't. Because he was a stranger. He was not Shane's boyfriend, not his lover, not even his friend. Not in the eyes of society.

So he waited.

He clutched his cross, pulled up his hood, and sat in silence- hiding. He was eternally grateful for the medic who had found him after the game. He told Ilya that Shane had wanted to tell Ilya that he was alright, and that he knew Ilya would worry. The medic couldn't reveal any medical information, but Ilya could see the sadness on the EMTs face. It was bad. But thankfully he did tell Ilya what hospital and what room number Shane was assigned too.

Ilya had left the game so fast he hadn't even had time to put on fresh clothes. He was in sweatpants and a tank top- hardly incognito. Which is how he found himself pulling out one of Shane's Montreal Voyager sweatshirts out of his bag. He was supposed to return it to Shane tonight. Fuck. He really hoped he got to see Shane tonight. See him with his own eyes.

Ilya threw the hoodie on and sulked outside of his not-boyfriend's hotel room. He was crying when he heard Shane's doctor walk up and stop outside of Shane's room. He had tried to wipe his tears while listening to what the doctor was saying to someone. Hayden. What Dr. Flynn was saying to Hayden.

Ilya couldn't register the words coming out of the doctor's mouth but he knew something was wrong. He took a deep breath and was ready to ask Hayden to tell him something. Anything. As soon as he got his composer back Ilya looked up. He was sure Hayden didn't like him but he could put that aside for right now. Right now Ilya needed Shane. Needed to see he was fine with his own eyes. But as soon as Ilya looked up he saw the door slam in front of him. Fuck. He pulled his head back into his hands and muffled out a sob. Nobody was going to fucking tell him anything.

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Hayden couldn't move closer. He was staring at his best friend asleep. Just like he did when Shane passed out right after a game on the bed next to his. Or when he tired himself out from playing with Hayden's kids. It was just Shane. Asleep.

But this felt different. The wires sticking out of Shane were new for one thing. The gash on his head and the sling over his arm were also not there before. God- Hayden wished he had killed Cliff.

Dr. Flynn hadn't followed him in. Something about running a test or letting Hayden get comfortable. He didn't know and didn't care. All he knew is that he was the one here for his best friend right now. No matter how long the recovery or how bad the damage. Hayden would be here. Jackie would be here. That strange man in a hoodie would be here.

Wait. Why *was* a strange man in a hoodie here, waiting outside Shane's door, quietly whimpering like a hurt puppy (at least he assumed he was the one crying, the walls were

pretty thin). Hayden took a deep breath and turned his focus back to the door. He knew he should see who else cared about Shane like Hayden did. He wanted to understand why this figure was lurking. Hayden grabbed his best friend's hand and gave it a quick squeeze. "I'll be right back man." It wasn't like Shane was going anywhere.

If someone else cared about Shane Hollander as much as he did- he needed to meet the son of a bitch who got wrapped up in this fucked up situation with him. Maybe they could plot to kill Marlow together.

So Hayden opened the door and looked at the chair. He thought he would have to get the guy's attention- but no.

He looked straight into the eyes of a distraught Ilya Rozanov. An Ilya Rozanov who looked like the world was caving in on him. An Ilya Rozanov whose eyes bulged out of the sockets in fear and immediately covered his head with his hands.

That's weird. Hayden had no idea why he was here. And definitely no clue why he was wearing a Montreal Voyageurs hoodie.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hayden and Ilya pretty much have to learn to co-parent a comatose Shane.

Chapter Notes

I did not beta read this at all... oops Merry Christmas.

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

Hayden closed the door behind him, letting his eyes leave Rozanovs. He worried if he looked away he would vanish. Hayden really wanted to be chill about it, but the weight of the day was crashing in on him and he couldn't hide his confusion.

“Rozanov. Are you actually here?”

“No. Boo. I am a ghost. Poof I'm gone.” Rozanov tried to deliver the sarcasm plainly but the tears in his eyes and gruff in his voice revealed his pain. He broke eye contact and gave up his persona, a softer voice escaping him. “Is. Is Shane alright?”

Hayden had never heard Ilya Rozanov speak in any tone other than sharp, calculated, or just straight up cocky. But here he sounded miserable and Hayden didn't feel the need to grill him on his intentions. At least right now. “No. No he's not waking up.”

Hayden watched Rozanov hang his head and let out a deep breath. He really wasn't sure what to do. He wondered what Jackie would do, his better half would know how to comfort an upset rival player. Hayden didn't know how to do that because he never really thought he would be in this situation in the first place. But hey, Rozanov looked just as bad as Hayden felt and that was enough for his brain to make the connection of friendship.

“You can uh. Do you want to see him?” Rozanov's head snapped up, his body quickly rising. “Yes.”

That was all Hayden needed to hear before opening the door and slinking in behind Rozanov. He definitely would not let the rivals be alone together- no matter how beaten up Rozanov looked about Shane.

Hayden watched as Rozanov looked at Shane longingly, trying to figure out if he should go closer. It was kinda pathetic to watch the guy who oozes swagger and confidence reduced to... *this*. So as a peace offering Hayden pulled up two of the uncomfortable hospital chairs to Shane's bedside, sitting in one while motioning for Rozanov to join him. An invitation the man accepted immediately.

“Listen man, as much as I’m happy to not be at Shane's bedside alone right now. I kinda need to know what the fuck is going on. Like if Shane wakes up and freaks out over you being here how am I supposed to say ‘Oh yeah hey man glad your not dead by the way your arch rival seemed really sad you passed out so I just let him into your room for funzies.’”

“He would not freak out. He wanted me here Hayden.” Hayden blinked, surprised at Rozanov's composure, he clearly had become calmer after being able to see Shane with his own eyes.

“Okay Rozanov let me try this again because it feels like my brain is running in the opposite direction of my mouth. Why are you here?” Hayden watches as Rozanov leans closer to Shane, as if he was trying to listen to his breathing himself. “I am here because he wanted me here. I came.”

“Then I should rephrase. Why would he want you here? Why would you want to be here? And hell, why do you even know my name?”

Rozanov closed his eyes and thought deeply about his answer. “I know your name because you’re important to Shane. He mentions you often.”

Hayden was not expecting that response. If you could even call it a response. It was such a non-answer it felt like there had to be an actual answer hiding in there. He wished he could call Jackie and ask for her input on this.

It was weird he kept thinking about Jackie so much.

Not like- that it was weird for him to think about his wife or anything. But it was odd that whenever it came to Shane and Rozanov's relationship his first thought always went back to the love of his life.

Hayden paused and looked closer at Rozanov. He looked at Shane with so much devastation in his eyes, his hands were twitching like he wanted to hold something in them. Hold *someone* in them.

The pieces clicked. The puzzle was solved.

Hayden put his head in his hands and laughed. A full belly laugh that was so out of place that as soon as he looked at Rozanov he thought the other man was going to call a doctor. "You love him. Don't you?"

He watched as Rozanov's face hardened. His posture got better, it looked like he was about to stand and go. Fuck. He probably went about this wrong. But also, that means he was right. That means that Ilya fucking Rozanov was in love with Shane Hollander. HIS Shane Hollander. And Shane Hollander probably loved him back because why else would Shane have told the EMTs to find Rozanov. Fuck. And since when did Shane become gay?

"I should go now." Rozanov spit out, but before he could make a move to leave Hayden latched onto his wrist.

"No! Don't! I mean if you need to like go back with your team I get that but- Fuck man. If Shane wants you here I want you here. When Shane wakes up I can go back to hating you because you're the biggest dick in the world but- right now we're in this together. You and me, Rozanov. At least until his parents get here" Hayden didn't realize he had started crying until the end of his speech. The speech came out way gayer than he wanted it too. *NOT* that being gay was a bad thing. Shit- no wonder Shane hadn't come out to him.

“Thank you. I don’t. I shouldn’t say.” Rozanov looked quickly between Shane and Hayden.
“You are his friend. He should tell you.”

Hayden nodded. That actually made sense. And if everything Hayden was thinking was accurate then it was actually pretty sweet too.

“Yeah man. Totally.”

They sat in silence for a while, at one point Hayden rested his eyes, and when he peaked them open he saw Rozanov holding Shane's hand. He quickly pretended to go back to sleep.

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An hour had passed quietly, with only the rhythm of beeping monitors to keep full silence from settling in. Dr. Flynn walked in to check on them once, telling the men that Shane's vitals were improving and that the MRI and CT scans came back clean. Thank god.

He had also told them that they were weaning Shane off the drugs that were likely keeping him asleep. Now that they could confirm there was no brain swelling it was possible for his meds to reduce in hopes that Shane would wake up sooner. Dr. Flynn stressed the sooner Shane was up the less likely he would have any sort of memory loss or long term brain issues. Other than the obvious concussion.

Hayden was glad that Rozanov was here, he couldn’t imagine having to hear all the medical jargon alone. Or having to stay by Shane's side alone. Or honestly having to just be alone in general right now.

As Dr. Flynn left Hayden figured he should break the silence. He didn’t have to bring up Shane and Rozanov's relationship, but he could learn more about the guy who he just learned had emotions. And a lot of them at that.

“So um. Your team pissed that you're not celebrating the win tonight?”

“No. I played bad. Could not think. Could not play.” Hayden did remember that Rozanov seemed out of it the whole game, he hadn’t scored at all and seemed to be nonexistent on the ice.

“Are you flying out tomorrow then?”

“No. Day off. Team flies back tomorrow but I change my flight.” Rozanov's face grows softer. “But that was decided before this. I still fly in before practice Monday”

“Your team doesn't wonder why you are spending an extra day in Montreal?”

“No. They know I have Montreal girl. They know I stay with her.” Hayden's brain starts to break some more. Montreal girl... that couldn’t mean.

“You’re Lily.” “Ilya.”

“Well yes but. You’re her. You’re Boston girl- Shane's Boston girl is *you* Rozanov.” There was no actual malice in his words, just complete disbelief.

“Yes. I am Lily. This is Jane.” Rozanov chuckles and grabs Shane's hand again, clearly giving up on the secrecy. “But I am also Ilya. To him at least. And now to you.”

Hayden nods, understanding. Him and Ilya Rozanov. Hayden and Ilya. Two fucking peas in a pod now.

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Three more hours pass and Hayden is getting worried. Shane's parents' flights keep getting cancelled because of an Ottawa snow storm and Shane won’t wake up.

As restless as Hayden is, he can tell Ilya has it worse. Ilya. Still so weird.

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Two more hours pass before Shane starts to wake up. Ilya and Hayden both rush to Shane's side as he groggles something incoherent. "Heyyy buddy wake up for me now. Need you up and running captain."

Shane's eyes squeeze tighter as he gently shakes his head- the motion clearly hurting him. Hayden clicks the call button for the nurses, hoping they would help.

"Shane, moya lyubov, please open your eyes. I am here. Your parents are coming. Your team's fifteenth best player is also here for some reason."

Hayden shot Ilya a glance, after the past six hours he had forgotten Ilya's actual temperament. Why did Shane find this endearing? He was about to go back to being confused and a little offended by their relationship until he saw Ilya gently stroking Shane's face with the back of his hand. He also caught a little smile from Shane at Ilya's mean joke.

"Hez a good player" Shane muttered under his breath, still clearly struggling to stay lucid.

"I know sweetheart, but not as good as you and me." Hayden felt like he was intruding, he really thought that when Shane woke up none of this would be weird- but it was. It was even weirder than he thought it would be. "M tired." Shane muttered before the nurses got there- right as he went back to sleep.

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A total of ten hours in the hospital had passed and Hayden didn't think that this day could get any weirder. That was until Dr. Flynn told him and Ilya that the next time Shane woke up he

would be higher than a kite. That should be fun.

Hayden and Ilya had tried to take turns sleeping, but when neither of them could for longer than thirty minutes out of stress they decided to turn the TV in Shane's room on. They settled on reruns of *It's Always Sunny In Philadelphia* mainly because it was the first thing they saw.

The hospital chairs were now fully turned to face the TV screen, both men watching Danny Devito intensely. When a voice said "I don't like this show" and broke their trance on the screen.

Shane was up, groggy, confused, and awake. "They're all mean." He said pouting.

The TV was quickly shut off as Hayden and Ilya both scrambled to be at Shane's bedside. As soon as Shane caught a glimpse of them he was elated.

"Ohmygod my bestest friend ever and my bestest not boyfriend ever!" He was grinning from ear to ear, Hayden let out a laugh at the non-admission of the nonrelationship.

"Illllyaaaaaaa, I'm hurt." Hayden watched as Ilya knelt beside Shane, tenderly picking up his hand. "I know, you scared me."

"When I'm hurt you should kiss me better!" Ilya's eyes got wide as he looked at Hayden worried. "C'mon man you really thought I figured out you loved him but would be scandalized by a kiss?"

Ilya bent over and gave Shane a soft kiss on the cheek. Hayden never saw Ilya Rozanov blush so hard or Shane Hollander grin so cheesy. God he hated they were actually really cute together.

"Hayyyyyyden" Shane sang sing-songy. "I'm not giving you a kiss man." Hayden joked. Realizing it was the wrong thing to say when the smile on Shane's face faltered. "I think

Rozanov would kill me if I tried to move in on his man.” Hayden said quickly, trying to save the interaction.

“I’m his mannnnnnn” Shane sang to himself, looking up at Ilya like he was his entire world. “Yes. My man. And you are my man. My idiot man who is high as kite right now.” “You love me!” Shane said, and Hayden realizes he’s never seen Shane this happy about anything other than hockey before. “Yes I do moya lyubov. I do love you.”

Hayden watched the pair look at each other and he smiled to himself. How did he not pick up on any of this earlier. As sickening as it was to see his best friend fraternizing with the enemy- it made him so fucking happy to see his best friend in love. He would have to talk to Shane about this when he was sobered up. And he would have to talk to Ilya about this when he was less upset. But there would be time for that later. He could tell that this wasn’t something fickle or fresh. It was a deep, strong love that they had been forced to hide.

Shane was such a private person that it was hard to get any information out of him, Hayden figured he should get at least one of his pressing questions answered before Shane sobered up and wouldn’t divulge any information. “So Shane- how long has this been going on?” Ilya shot him a glance but Hayden couldn’t be bothered to care right now.

“Shhhhhh itsa secret!” Shane giggled, but quickly he threw a hand up beside his mouth and loudly whispered “2009.”

Hayden was sure his face went white. Before rookie year? Shane started laughing hysterically, flinching every time he moved too fast. Ilya just smirked at Hayden who was utterly speechless.

“I know him longer than you, Pike. Ha! I win.”

Hayden has to remind himself that this asshole in front of him is still just that weird guy in the hoodie breaking down in the hallway.

Damn he was really going to be stuck with Ilya Rozanov forever wasn’t he.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!!

End Notes

Second chapter will be here before the new ep drops pinkie promise xx

Thanks for reading!

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