Authentic

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by jtimu

Summary

Hayden looks up and catches sight of Shane, thumbs hooked in his belt loops to leave the logo on his chest clear. “No. Shane. No. Get out.”
“You like it?”
“Please, please tell me that’s not—”
Shane spins to show off the back. “Authentic.”
“No,” Hayden says, drawing out the word plaintively. “In my *house*?”

Shane wears Ilya's jersey to watch the game at Hayden's.

Notes

Still don't know anything about hockey. Still obsessed with the hockey show. Set nebulously post season 1. Merry Christmas, y'all.

- Translation into Русский available: Аутентичный by Minerva_HW

“Absolutely fucking not.”

“Swear jar,” Shane says, wriggling past Hayden and into the hallway. The house is lit up in bright lights, sparkling with tinsel, and everything smells like cinnamon and spice.

“Get out of my house.”

“No can do,” Shane says. He shoves the pile of neatly wrapped presents into Hayden’s arms. A small box at the top tips and nearly falls, and Hayden has to shimmy sideways to catch it against the wall.

“I told you,” Hayden says, distracted. He peers at the labels. “They don’t need anything. Are any of these for me?”

“Big one on the bottom,” says Shane. He waits until Hayden is distracted and trying to extricate the box, wrapped in little hockey-playing Santas, before he shucks his coat and hangs it neatly on the hook.

“Didn’t realize my name was Amber now,” Hayden says, frowning, his head tilted sideways. “What did you even get her? She drools on everything.”

“Wait and find out,” Shane says.

“Better not be anything—” Hayden looks up and catches sight of Shane, thumbs hooked in his belt loops to leave the logo on his chest clear. “No. Shane. No. Get out.”

“You like it?”

“Please, please tell me that’s not—”

Shane spins to show off the back. “Authentic.”

“No,” Hayden says, drawing out the word plaintively. “In my *house*?”

“Oh, *shit*,” comes Jackie’s voice from down the hall. Her eyes are wide and shining. She’d be clutching pearls, if she had any.

“I thought the swear jar was your idea.”

“Do you remember when he used to bring wine? Can we get that sweet baby Shane back?”

“It’s too late,” Hayden says solemnly. “He's been corrupted. He's sleeping with the enemy.”

“We can't let this stand.”

“He’s a lost cause.”

“He's right here,” Shane says, and ducks past Jackie into the kitchen.

It took a long time, but he's nearly as comfortable in their home as his own now. He knows where the glasses are, and it's easy to grab a soda and rifle through the fridge for the baby carrots he knows Jackie keeps there for him. He snags a cookie from the cooling rack too for good measure. He bites back his grin at the muffled indignation still coming from behind him.

Boston's playing Tampa tonight. It's not a game he'd usually watch. No one with any sense would put any kind of odds on Florida, not even at home. *Is too hot in Florida*, Ilya proclaims, to anyone who will listen, which is usually just Shane. *They do not understand ice*.

He has a usual spot on the couch now. The TV is already on, so he settles down and crunches a carrot and waits for Jackie and Hayden to join him. The kids are off with the grandparents, so it's just them tonight.

"I can't believe you wore that here." Hayden has a look like he wants to cut the Raiders jersey off Shane's back.

"Jealous, Hayd? Want me to wear yours instead?"

"What if you got, like, pulled over or something?"

"I'm a good driver," says Shane. Shane, who had that same discussion with himself before he left his house and did in fact shrug Ilya's jersey on right before pulling into Hayden's driveway. And it *is* Ilya's jersey. It's not one of the mass knockoff merch ones, the cheap polyester. He likes knowing it's Ilya's C he's wearing. Ilya's Rozanov in big block letters across Shane's back. It still smells a bit like him, which is kind of gross given the hockey of it all, but it's nice all the same.

"You can't let my kids see you wearing that."

"They're not even here. And, speaking of," Shane says. He's enjoying this nearly as much as Ilya did when he suggested it. "You're going to love what's under the tree."

Hayden's eyes flick over to the tree and the new pile of presents underneath. He visibly tenses. "You didn't."

"I get them gifts every year."

"I'm not having my kids running around looking like tiny Russian monsters."

Shane refrains from pointing out that Hayden routinely calls the twins monsters already. "So it's the Russian that's bothering you, not the Boston? That's xenophobic of you, dude."

Hayden's head flops back on the couch. "It's all of it. Can you imagine Ruby in a Boston jersey? She won't even wear the Metros shirt I got her."

"He's a bad influence on you," Jackie says, and settles into her usual spot on the other side of the couch. "You used to be so sweet. I'm going to stage an intervention. We're going to find you a nice guy on any other team. Literally any other team."

Shane takes the teasing in stride. Jackie likes Ilya, he thinks. It's hard to tell sometimes. Ilya's casual antagonism draws other people into responding with more of the same, even when neither of them mean anything by it. They were snapping at each other the last time they were in the same room but then Jackie gave him a hug at the end of the night, nearly hanging off his neck.

The commentators on the screen give way to ice and a swarm of figures in black and white. Hayden necks his beer, sulking. “I’m rooting for Florida.”

“That’s worse than Boston.”

“*Worse* than Boston?”

“Ugh,” Jackie says, resigned. “Just as bad.”

The game sucks, just like they'd all known it would. Shane watches anyway, keeping one eye on the screen while he chats with his friends. It’s nice not to worry about watching his own reactions. He gets distracted when the screen shows Ilya, sweat-slick and grinning. Probably trying to start a fight.

“He's got heart eyes,” says Jackie.

“This is a nightmare.”

Shane ignores them. Ilya’s moving now, fast as ever. Shane pumps his fist when the puck hits the back of the net. “Fuck yeah. That’s my man. Let’s go, Raiders.”

“Don’t ever say that again.”

“Swear jar,” says Jackie automatically.

“Yeah, sorry,” says Shane, eyes still fixed on the screen. He can’t help the smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. He knows what Jackie looks like when she watches Hayden play. He wonders if he’s got the same dopey, lovesick look.

“We’re getting a new swear jar,” Jackie announces, and stands. There’s a clatter from the kitchen as she goes through a cabinet, and then she drops a mason jar on the coffee table, right next to Shane’s ginger ale. “Every time Shane cheers for Boston we get a dollar.”

Shane drops a dollar in the jar when Ilya scores again, and then a few more. The Raiders win, of course, and a warm glow settles in Shane’s chest as he watches them stream off the ice.

“Take a photo before I go?” Shane hands his phone to Jackie. Ilya’s back on the screen, answering the same stupid media questions they always do. Shane poses next to the TV, turned away so the name on his back is in full view. He’s going to wait to send it to Ilya until the next time they play. That morning, maybe.

“One more,” Jackie says, and gestures the two of them into place in front of the tree. In front of the sparkling lights, Shane smiles, a real one, his arm slung around Hayden’s shoulders.

“Look less like you’re dying please,” Jackie tells her husband.

“I feel like I’m dying. I’ve lost my best friend to the enemy.”

“Here, you wear it,” Shane says, and pulls the jersey off so he’s in just a white undershirt.

Hayden’s hands come up defensively. “No way. No, absolutely never.”

“Please?”

“Just one,” Jackie says, and Hayden makes a face that shows he knows he’s already lost, though it’s another five minutes before he actually gives up. Hayden shrugs the jersey on like he’s handling a slug and makes an even worse face when Jackie snaps two pictures of them, one with Shane’s phone and one with her own.

“This never gets out. Ever.”

Shane mimes zipping his lips. “Your secret is safe with me. Ilya Rozanov’s number one fan.”

“I'm serious. You don't text this to him. I don’t want to hear him going on about this in that smug accent.”

“Sure,” says Shane. He'll show Ilya next time he's in Montreal. He's going to have it printed and hang it in his house. He has blackmail for years.

“You didn't really get my kids Boston jerseys did you?” Hayden asks despairingly when Shane’s got his own kit back on, jersey and coat and shoes and they’re standing by the door. It’s snowing out, and he needs to get back before the roads get bad.

“No,” Shane assures him. It’s true, but he doesn't mention that Ilya asked him for their address and their kids’ sizes. “I got them glitter and permanent markers.”

“Ex. Ex friend.”

“At least it’s not a WAG jacket,” Jackie says, and presses a Tupperware container of cookies into Shane’s hands.

“I’ll wear that next time,” Shane promises, and Hayden closes his eyes in silent misery.

Works inspired by this one

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