In Dissonance

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76348856.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Hayden Pike, Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Major Character Injury, Secret Relationship, Humor, Crack Treated Seriously, incredibly unlikely timing, Relationship Reveal, POV Outsider on Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Collections:	my fav gay hockey players, *Heated rivalry melts my heart*, thiccboimork's reading list, Relationship Reveal HR
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Words: 1,948 Chapters: 1/1

In Dissonance

by cjr2

Summary

Even Ilya fucking Rozanov was going to know Shane was okay before the girl Shane had been seeing for *years*. Hayden couldn't let that happen. So he lifted Shane's phone again, scrolled through his contacts, and found Lily's name. The line began to ring.

Rozanov stiffened where he stood at the hospital counter, then he pulled out his phone. Weird.

or

High on pain meds after his injury, Shane entrusts his phone to Hayden to answer his texts and tell everyone he's okay. Hayden realizes that no one else would have called Lily, because no one else knows she even exists.

Notes

Tell Heated Rivalry to let go of its stranglehold on me! My brain is mush! I need to sleep! 😵

This one is TV verse, because people around them picking up on Lily/Jane just provides way too many opportunities!!

Shane's phone buzzed on the hospital end table again, and Shane's head lolled to the side, gazing at it like he wasn't sure exactly what was happening.

"Whazz happenin'?" Shane slurred, entirely confirming Hayden's supposition. He stared at his phone like he wasn't quite sure what a phone even *was*, which Hayden would find very concerning if the doctors hadn't already confirmed that Shane was basically fine, or he would be, at least. He was just really, really high, more for the pain from his fractured collarbone than from the concussion.

"A lot of people care about you, man," Hayden told Shane in the simplest terms that he could think of, because Shane was high as fuck on pain meds and maybe now wasn't the time for complex thoughts. "They just want to know you're okay."

Shane scrunched his face up like he was thinking about that very hard, then made grabby hands for his phone that were so aggressive that they'd put all Hayden's kids to shame. "Gimme, I should...tell 'em I'm fine," Shane said, and Hayden reached out and snatched Shane's phone away before Shane's hand could even get close to it, not that he'd been making a very good attempt. Shane's phone should definitely be kept away from him for his own good.

"No screens, remember?" Hayden prompted, and Shane's face screwed up very tightly in thought again before he winced, like thinking hurt. It probably did. Hayden wasn't sure if it was funny or terrifying to see Shane this messed up. It would be funny later, Hayden decided, when Shane was fully healthy again. Hayden would definitely make fun of Shane for it then. Not now.

"Then you hafta tell 'em," Shane said, suddenly very confident. "Here, I'll unlock it!" Shane grabbed his phone from Hayden's hand before Hayden could stop him, surprisingly quick all of a sudden. Shane typed in his passcode. "Ow," he said, merrily wincing as he handed the phone back. "Say 'Hi, this is Hayden, Shane is fine, Shane is *good*, Shane is very—'"

"Yeah, I'll tell everyone you're okay," Hayden said quickly, not sure how long Shane would go on if he let him. "Maybe you should rest, and I'll take care of your messages for you, okay?"

Shane smiled a goofy, satisfied smile. "You're a good friend, Hayden," he said sappily. "My *best* friend."

Hayden felt something in his chest go squishy at how sincere Shane was. Shane was never like this normally. Not that Shane was ever mean or standoffish; he was always kind, always helpful, always so diligent about hockey and everything else. But Hayden maybe hadn't realized how tightly-controlled Shane usually was until this moment, when he saw him so totally loose and unrestrained.

"You're my best friend, too," Hayden assured him. He would have said it now, even if it wasn't, but it was true. Hayden placed a hand on Shane's. "Rest, okay? I'll take care of this. Everyone will know you're okay."

Shane's eyes drifted shut, and he was still smiling. "Mmkay," he agreed passively, and Hayden got up to leave the room. He doubted Shane would rest if he was there answering Shane's messages, because Shane would probably be tempted to ask what everyone had said. Hayden would tell him later, maybe, when he was a little less loopy.

Hayden tapped the screen to make sure that it didn't lock again and walked out into the hospital lobby. He found an empty chair and started going through Shane's texts. There were dozens of them mostly from other players, though that wasn't really a surprise. Who the heck else would they have time to socialize with, considering their schedules?

He really wasn't *trying* to snoop, except it was hard not to see the last few texts every time he opened up a conversation, and so many of them were...so generic. Everyone did seem genuinely worried about Shane, and they were all sincere. Clearly a lot of them respected Shane, and some of the younger players seemed to even look up to him, but none of the conversations seemed to be genuinely friendly. Not that Hayden was going to scroll back to check, because he wasn't here to invade Shane's privacy, not at all. Shane had trusted him with his phone, for fuck's sake, and maybe he wouldn't have done that if he wasn't so high on pain meds.

Or maybe he would have, if his entire text history was like this. Generic, impersonal, totally bland. He thought again about how little Shane seemed to open up to people. He'd only opened up to Hayden because Hayden had all but forced his way in, hadn't been willing to take no for an answer. Hayden was definitely Shane's best friend, but Hayden was starting to wonder if maybe he was Shane's *only* friend. Even the other guys on the team who were friendly with Shane weren't exactly his friends.

That made Hayden sad. Shane was a genuinely nice person. He was reserved, definitely, but he was caring and dedicated and an absolutely amazing friend, so Hayden was of the opinion that all the people that hadn't taken the time to get to know Shane were fucking missing out. Hell, Shane had never even really had a girlfriend Hayden knew about until Rose Landry, which was a heck of a way to start. Which was also crazy. Shane was rich and in great shape and good-looking. Women had to be throwing themselves at him constantly.

Except. *Shit.* That was when Hayden remembered Boston Lily. He'd never met her, but Shane and Lily had been texting for *years*, and for all that Shane protested, he clearly felt something for that girl. He always played better after he hooked up with her, except that last time, when he'd been a fucking mess, and then he'd started dating Rose not long after.

Maybe Shane and Lily had broken up, and that was why Shane had dated Rose. A heck of a rebound for Shane, really, but maybe he'd wanted to rub it in Lily's face, that he could live without her. Except Shane wasn't like that. Shane wasn't mean or cruel.

But even if Shane and Lily *had* broken up, she probably still cared, right? You didn't text with someone for like five fucking years and then stop caring about them, did you? Maybe she'd been watching on TV and she'd seen Shane go down, and Hayden was pretty sure no one else even knew about Lily. No one would have called her to let her know that Shane was all right.

Movement in Hayden's peripheral vision caught his attention and he looked up. And at the hospital counter stood Ilya fucking Rozanov, Jesus Christ. It was, Hayden had to admit, a pretty kind gesture to come to the hospital to check on Shane. Totally out of character for fucking Rozanov, but maybe his coach or someone had told him to do it. That it would be good press for the team to be shown to display such good sportsmanship.

Even Ilya fucking Rozanov was going to know Shane was okay before the girl Shane had been seeing for *years*. Hayden couldn't let that happen. So he lifted Shane's phone again, scrolled through his contacts, and found Lily's name. The line began to ring.

Rozanov stiffened where he stood at the hospital counter, then he pulled out his phone. Weird. Something very complicated crossed Rozanov's face as he looked at his phone screen, and he took three long strides until he was in a secluded corner.

"*Shane*?" The voice came through the phone's speaker a half-second after he heard it in the room, a slightly dissonant echo. "Are you okay?"

Hayden blinked, stared. He wouldn't have believed it if Rozanov hadn't been standing right in front of him, if he hadn't been seeing the voice come out of his mouth at the same moment it came through the speaker of Shane's phone.

"What the fuck," Hayden said aloud, and Rozanov must have experienced the same thing that Hayden had, the dissonant voice from both the tinny phone speaker and the room, because he whipped his head around and immediately spotted Hayden. All the color seemed to drain from Rozanov's face, and he lowered his phone, crossing to Hayden and grabbing him roughly by the arm, bodily dragging him out of his seat. "Hey!" Hayden protested.

Rozanov didn't care. He dragged Hayden down the hallway and pulled him into the first room he found, which turned out to be...what the fuck, a supply closet? That didn't happen in real life, did it? That was some *Grey's Anatomy* shit. Rozanov whirled on him with a furious expression once the door closed.

"You will *not* say a fucking word to anyone, Pike. I will kill you."

For a second, Hayden really believed it, instinctually took a few steps back from Rozanov's towering anger. He couldn't fucking believe this was happening. There was no way. He had to double-check, so he lifted Shane's phone again. Thankfully, the screen hadn't locked yet. And he selected Lily's name.

A second later, Rozanov's phone lit up in his hand, showing the name *Jane*.

"What the fuck," Hayden said again, incredulous. "You're Lily."

Jesus. Lily, Ilya. Shane, Jane.

"Is not a joke, Pike," Rozanov said with a sharp glare. "I will not let you hurt Shane. If he is..." Suddenly, something hesitant and afraid appeared on Rozanov's face. "...he is okay, yes?"

Hayden was so surprised by the sudden vulnerability in Rozanov's voice that he actually answered. "He's okay. Fractured collarbone and a concussion, but he should be fine. He's out for the rest of the season, though."

"Who the fuck cares about the season?" Rozanov demanded.

"Easy for you to say," Hayden snapped. "Your team still *has* a season."

Rozanov mumbled something in Russian under his breath that sounded very annoyed. His whole body was still tight with tension, and Hayden remembered suddenly the moments on the ice after Shane had fallen. Hayden had seen red, had gone after Marleau even though in sounder mind, he knew he'd never have a single chance of taking Marleau in a fight. But Rozanov hadn't fought. Somewhere in the haze of everything, Hayden thought he remembered Rozanov just standing over Shane, still and dazed.

"Jesus. You *are* Lily."

Rozanov glared at him. "Yes. This has been said already. Did *you* get hit in the head?"

Years. For fucking *years*, Hayden had suspected that Shane had been totally gone for this mystery Boston girl, and all that time, the mystery Boston girl had been *Ilya fucking Rozanov*. Hayden hadn't even known that Shane was gay, or...queer, or whatever he was. No wonder Shane was so closed off, even with Hayden, who he unhesitatingly called his best friend.

"I do not have time for you now," Rozanov said, so angry and dismissive that Hayden nearly physically recoiled. "My team flies out soon."

It wasn't a lot of time, and Hayden knew how that was. Road games, hopping on planes. It was hard enough when his wife was in a single place that he knew he could always go home to, but Boston and Montreal only played a few times a year. How the fuck had they even *done* this?

"Go see Shane," Hayden said at last, numbly. His voice trembled a little when he spoke, and he wasn't sure why. Rozanov stood there glaring at Hayden like he expected something more, and it took a few seconds for him to figure out what that was. "I won't tell anyone. I swear."

Rozanov nodded gruffly, turned, and left.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!