

Don't Drink and Spill

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76684266) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76684266>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	POV Hayden Pike , Secret Relationship , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Shane and Ilya aren't subtle , Shane Hollander's Cottage , lily and jane , Drunk Shane Hollander , Idiots in Love , Hospital
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 4,357 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Hayden pieces together the not-so-subtle cues from Shane and Ilya throughout the years. Some are clearer than others. Like a very intoxicated Shane leaving his phone open after a night with Lily. Where "Lily" loves how desperate Shane was for his dick. Afterwards, a lot of heart eyes later, things are out in the open and Ilya couldn't be happier to have a new Canadian to torment.

A how to for traumatising Hayden Pike

Notes

I love doing these head canons that I believe with all my heart and soul. Like Hayden is not as dumb as Ilya thinks and was absolutely *traumatised* by that phone call. Also, no one will convince me that Hayden didn't figure it out between the differences in "Lily texted" and "Boston Lily texted"

One word like that makes all the difference in such a well made show, though most of the names are taken from the book. It's a mishmash that works when you squint a bit :)

--- means there's a small jump in scene

*** is a larger jump to a different moment

As always, all characters are the lovely Rachel Ried's, I'm just borrowing them for a bit

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

Settling into the hotel was always the easiest part of a trip. Dumping the bags off and turning the AC unit as low as Shane could possibly manage was all part of the ritual. Shane would then go through and claim the right side of the bathroom counter, checking the toiletries in the shower before discarding whatever ones he didn't like the ingredients of. Recently, and only sometimes, Shane would forgo the normal ritual, only dumping his bags then running off to meet a friend.

Hayden didn't actively notice that after he came back from these meetups he always played better and was much more relaxed. There was a pattern though. It was only in Boston that he snuck out of the hotel room. No names were ever given, but the eagerness only increased. Eventually it was obvious enough that no one could miss it.

Which made Shane's reluctant agreement for a bar run after a neck and neck game against Boston less strange. Perhaps he was meeting his girl. Hayden wouldn't hold it against him, he had a wife and kids back home waiting on him, but he was more than willing to play wingman if it would get Shane laid. Perhaps his little fling would make an appearance.

Unfortunately, the bar they picked was also the bar of choice for the Boston Bears. The small group of Voyageurs stayed on one end as the Bears kept to the other. There was very little crossing, other than the occasional glare or daggers shot across the bar.

Except Shane, who was stoic as ever, locked on someone across the bar.

Trying to be a good friend, Hayden tosses an arm around Shane's shoulders with a hushed, "Hey, if you want to talk to her I'll distract her friend."

"Hayd, what would Jackie think?" Shane chastises, fully knowing that he would and has snitched to his wife in the past.

"She would think you're getting laid." Shane rolled his eyes, urging Hayden to lean over his shoulder and gesture in the vague direction he was looking. "All these options and-" Shane wasn't looking at the women milling about.

"I'm good. Thanks for your concern, but I don't need help getting laid."

"I dunno, Hollander. If you keep staring at the Bears no girl is going to come over here."

When Shane's ears get that dusting of embarrassment, it's the sign Hayden needed to keep down the path of teasing. Only a little further and he'll snap and will remove the stick firmly planted up his ass when it comes to hockey, freeing the Normal Shane from the cage he is unceremoniously trapped in.

"Even Ilya can't get anyone with the way he's staring back at us." The fog briefly clears for a moment, a ray of clarity shining down on this unique scene. "He is *really* staring at you, dude."

Ilya's eyes are locked on Shane's across the bar. There's *nothing* in either one's body language. They're just staring. It's infuriating as fuck to be on this side of the fence, being

right there and unable to see what is right in front of his face through the fog. Brick wall against brick wall.

The tension lasts until Ilya breaks the stalemate, glancing down at his phone and then exiting the bar. Shane watches him leave, never breaking his curse of neutrality.

With a slap on the shoulder, further pulling Shane out of the self imposed slumps, Hayden quips, "What a fucking tool, am I right?"

"Yeah, totally." Shane deadpans to the room at large before turning his attention back to the bartender, "Can we get a round of shots?" Stick magically removed. What the fuck, but also no complaints.

Many drinks later and Shane vanished as well. Someone texted him and he fled out the door as if he were late for a meeting, and Shane did not run late. Hayden stuck around, milling between various groups until enough had trickled out all that were left were three belligerent drunks. Guys that Hayden barely associated with sober, cueing his turn to abandon ship at the first opportunity. Then it was time to begin the odyssey back to the hotel room.

Which consisted of calling a ride from his phone and not throwing up in the backseat. Two fairly easy tasks since he wasn't in a mood to completely drown his sorrows tonight. Nothing to write home about, truly. Jackie would be in bed, so there was no chance of calling her for anything frisky over the phone before bed, as long as Shane wasn't there. Not that there wasn't a cleverly disguised folder in the gallery that had been saved throughout the years.

By the time Hayden came crawling back to bed, Shane was still nowhere to be found. *Lucky him. Go get some.*

Alcohol barely blurred the edges of his vision, for the first time in a long time, Hayden managed to ride that line between having a great time and hopefully still having a good morning. Perhaps there was still time to make good on his threat of 'go fuck yourself' Shane sent his way before being dragged to the bar. By the time Hayden navigated to the folder of his wife he held dear and near to his chest, the universe decided to cockblock in the form of a significantly more inebriated Shane flinging the door open and stumbling into the room.

"Jesus, fuck," Hayden cursed, throwing the phone on the bed screen down, watching his friend and captain barely make it to his respective bed before collapsing down on top of the freshly made sheets. His feet are hanging off the edge, limbs starfished out as his head is facing the floor, barely on the bed at all.

"Don't wanna hear it," Shane mumbles into the mattress while making no attempt to move. His breathing evens out as he quickly loses his fight to his long night.

"Whatever girl you saw, she sucked the soul outta you," Hayden chuckles in reply.

"You have no idea."

Damn. Drunk Shane has far looser lips. Post hookup drunk Shane even moreso.

“I’d say hook me up, but Jackie would end me.”

“Ehhh. Not your type anyway...”

Before Hayden had a chance to poke for answers any further, Shane's breathing evened out on top of the covers, a light snoring the only sound from his side of the room. The liquor he drank is engrossed throughout his clothes. He smells strongly of vodka, as if it had been spilled on him at some point. Flashing through the time at the bar, Shane never spilled anything on him. He was wearing a light colored shirt, so anything would show up regardless.

Yet, the Shane snoring feet away is in a *black* tee shirt. One that Hayden didn't notice wasn't the same because it fit fairly well. It was a well lived in article of clothing, stretched from use and meant for someone larger. Shane didn't seem the type for butch women, although...

The longer Hayden stared the more it began to click. Shane never said he was seeing a *girl*. If he *were* gay, it would be fine with Hayden. Shane is still Shane no matter who he hooks up with, since he always plays better regardless. But it could also be alcohol clouding the correct receptors for common sense. Not Hayden's secret to tell, he knows how some of the guys talk in the locker room. It's understandable Shane wouldn't flaunt that.

A yawn takes over the streams of thought, signaling that it's time for sleep as well before the rare mid-morning flight instead of the butt crack of dawn's they've been flying. Hopefully the guys still partying get some rest before they have to pack up and deal with the bustling airport.

Shane was one of those guys. He woke with a groan before scooping his phone from the ground where it ended up, glaring at the screen with one eye shut before shuffling to the bathroom. Hayden, waking up refreshed and feeling as if he would shit figurative rainbows, had already packed his half of the room and was waiting on his roomie before getting breakfast like a good best friend would.

The phone dinged on the bed, eliciting another grunt of displeasure from Shane as he goes through the motions of his routine.

“Do you want me to bring your phone in,” Hayden asked, glancing down to see whoever texted only to be filled with immediate regret.

Lily: You love sucking on my cock. Cannot deny.

The screen was not turned off. Hayden quickly corrected that glaring issue before stuttering, “You got a text from Lily.”

“I’ll answer in a minute. Thanks though,” the grumbly voice responds from the bathroom.

“I'm going to go get breakfast now. Don't want them to run out of banan-” *ew gross not today*
“oranges. Gotta get an orange.”

“What happened to the morning banana you always have?”

“Not today,” Hayden snaps a bit too quickly. Shane pokes his head out of the bathroom door, cocked to the side in question. “I'll see you downstairs.”

“Alright...”

Jesus, Hayden was never going to unsee that message. There were many more above that will haunt his dreams for weeks, all with never knowing what they say. The existence of sexts alone on his straight laced-no.

Stick up the ass- *fuck no*.

Boring.

His boring best friend.

Sexts on his boring best friend's phone is enough to throw his world off kilter. And Hayden can't even tell Jackie since it would involve outing Shane as at least being into men, though perhaps not solely. Granted he doesn't have a lengthy track record with the ladies. Regardless. Oranges for breakfast. Cartoons on the plane home. Only nice wholesome thoughts for the next week to purge the intrusive thoughts out.

The next time they returned to Boston, Hayden had nearly purged the awful morning from his memory bank. Shane was boring and normal, and all was right in the world. Sure, he was glued to his phone a touch more than usual. He had Boston Lily to meet with.

And there was that uneasy feeling again of his supposedly boring friend sexting someone. Hopefully they hadn't been at it the whole time they were driving from the airport to the same hotel as before. Despite Shane adamantly keeping the screen away from Hayden and never setting it down between messages.

“I'm going to meet up with a friend real quick,” Shane announces to the room as Hayden tosses his bag onto the bed.

One can dream. “I won't wait up.”

“I'm just seeing a friend. Nothing else.”

“Alright,” Hayden flips the lid up dramatically before adding, “Have fun with him.”

“Him?” Shane's eyes have gone wide, frozen still as he stands at the mouth of the small hallway. *Shit*. Panic is laced through his body and it's time for damage control before he really begins to spiral into a free fall.

“You said you were seeing a friend, I just assumed. Since, you know, nothing is happening.” The last bit wasn't necessary, but it's the best way Hayden could think to approach the topic without coming out guns blazing with accusations. Number one fastest way to shut Shane down for good.

“You always assume I'm getting laid, though.”

“Aaand it would be alright if you did. You always play better after.”

A wry chuckle escapes Shane's lips before he mutters a muted, “Good to know,” and slips out the door.

Everything was going great until fucking Marlow pummeled into Shane, sending him crumpled to the ground in an unmoving heap. Everyone cleared the floor, except one person. Red was flooding Hayden's vision, and it was near impossible to keep it clamped down until he knew if Shane was alright. After a moment he finally registered the jersey hovering over Shane.

Why the fuck is Rosanov over Shane with that look on his face? They've never even had anything- Oh. *Oh*.

All at once in the span of a few seconds, two very important things clicked into place at once. Boston Lily was most definitely a guy, and one who texted weird. Ilya was almost certainly Lily. The names were so similar and there's literally no other reason the cocky asshole would give two shits about Shane. It's a leap, but the only one that could possibly make sense. There have been other games one of his teammates got laid out or laid someone out and he never stuck around to check on them.

Knowing Shane was in someone's hands, good to be determined, the red tidal wave washing over him, all anger turned towards Marlow.

Hospitals were never fun. They've always been stressful beyond stressful for Hayden. Spending all the time in one after each of his children entered the world, whenever one got sick or injured, how everything was turned upside down with such a major life event. Being in a hospital never let him out of fight or flight, the adrenaline from all those experiences coming back as the smell of cleaning solutions and the hum of the lights swarm his senses. His head was heavy in his hands, elbows resting on his knees, as he tried tuning out all his surroundings, except the ticking of the clock.

Visiting hours started soon and Hayden wanted to be the first one to check on Shane after he got the all clear. Yuna had filled Hayden in briefly, going on about a major concussion and a

broken collarbone, so saying Shane was out of it was the understatement of the year. His knee couldn't stop bouncing from nerves. Watching his best friend drop like a sack of potatoes would shake anyone to their core. Some guys don't get up from a hit like that and make it back to the ice.

The second the hands on the clock hit the hour, Hayden is up from his seat and at the nurses station. "Which room is Hollander in? I'm a friend."

"Just down the hall there. Third door over on the left," the nurse behind the station replies quickly without looking anything up. As if she answered it already recently.

They exchange polite smiles before Hayden is walking through the doors as calmly and quickly as he can manage. Only to run into the last person he would expect to see. *If it hadn't been for recent developments.*

"Ah, you," Ilya stumbles through the words, rubbing a hand on the back of his neck while avoiding eye contact as best he can. Hayden doesn't call attention to the shine of unshed tears, intrigued to hear what the nemesis has to say as Ilya continues, "You are Hollander's friend. The boring one."

"Ha. Very funny. Why are you here?"

"Just sending well wishes. Marlow felt bad."

"Marlow could come himself to say that."

Neither one said anything further, stuck in a gotcha moment. Hayden crossed his arms, sizing up Ilya though not as a threat, but taking him in as if he were Shane's Boston girl. There's obvious concern across his face, his posture acting as if he got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Before they started this pissing match, Ilya was deep in thought about something troubling. The question then becomes is it concern for another captain, or something deeper?

After a few heavy seconds, Ilya sighed and walks past Hayden in a huff, though not shoulder checking him as his asshole-ish tendencies would lean towards. Before he's entirely out of the hallway and this semi-private moment, Hayden blurts, "Do you know who Lily is?"

Ilya freezes in place, going so far as to hold his breath. He looks over his shoulder, steeling his face into the typical dick everyone knows him as before answering, "Why would you ask?"

"She's Shane's girl. Or at least they talk a lot." Hayden takes in any change in Ilya's posture, but the Russian's features are schooled into a blank mask. "Wondering if she would have come to see him."

"I'm sure she will eventually, whenever the boring one leaves," with a wave over his opposite shoulder, Ilya exits the hall and heads out quickly. "I will see you next time I beat you. Goodbye."

“You mother-” *Hospital. You’re in a hospital.* Shane needs someone sane to see, that isn’t an asshole for the sake of being a dick.

Once Hayden pushes open the door, Shane's eyes light up, then fade slightly. The nurse in the room finishes up what she was doing, politely nodding at Hayden before exiting to give them some privacy. The look Shane gave him momentarily bums him, obviously not the person Shane was hoping would come through the door. He’s still in a great mood, but how much is Hayden and how much is the good drugs they have him on. The thought stings, but he’s still happy to see Hayden. Shane holds the arm not in a sling out, gleefully drawling, “Hayyyden. How are you?”

“I’m not the one in the hospital, buddy,” taking a few steps closer to the side of the hospital bed, grabbing the hand that’s offered.

“Yeah... I got a concussion and a broken collarbone. No playoffs for me, but Ilya said it could’ve been worse.” *What?*

“Why was that asshole here anyway? Come to gloat or something?”

“Nahhh, he was worried is all.”

“Okay, what is going on between you two. He’s such an ass.”

Scrunching his eyes shut and shaking his head as vigorously as he can handle, Shane cries out, “Nooo, not Ilya. He’s a dick, but not all bad.”

“When did you two get on first name basis? There is something here that you’re not wanting to say.” Low blow? Yes. But the shame of asking when his friend is slightly out of it will be worth the peace of knowing and not feeling stuck one step behind. They’re on the same page on everything else, why is this any different?

“We meet up sometimes. He always so nice.” A faraway look takes over his features, lost in some hazy brain scrambled memory before Shane’s eyes blow wide and he blurts, “But you can’t let anyone know. It’s a seeecret.”

“Alright, alright.” Not ideal, but Hayden has more of the pieces now. It won’t get Rozanov very far, but Shane beaming whenever talking about him is as genuine as can be. There will not be another chance for Shane to have his guard so low, but this isn’t something Hayden would ever forget. It may take months, but he’ll ask more at some point. “Enough about Roz. How are you doing?”

Amber wasn't wanting to do anything but scream and cry, much to the dismay of the other kids, which caused nothing but additional chaos. Jackie had a handle on calming the baby down, which left Hayden with the older three.

What felt like hours passed before they all settled down around a show about dogs with a weird accent before Jackie came back into the room. A strained glance passed between Hayden and Jackie, silently begging her to watch the kids for a moment so he could step out and *breathe*. The good thing, no, the *best* thing about Jackie was her ability to speak without words. That's what years of marriage and four children can do to a relationship.

Hayden slipped out the side door, sinking in a heap against the door as he lets out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. His phone stumbled out of his pocket, skidding across the floor for a few feet before resting against the kids practice goal Shane got for the twins one Christmas.

Shane was out at the cottage. A peaceful, quiet, child free cottage. Heaven on Earth right now. They hadn't spoken since Amber was born, and Hayden could use a nice chat to unwind and fill in Uncle Shane about the new chaos he was missing out on. Perhaps while he was out at his little slice of heaven, his guard would be down enough for Hayden to ask about Roz again. Concussion and pain meds long since passed.

After dialing for a moment, Shane finally answered the phone with a cautious, "Hey, buddy. How's the baby doing?"

"Amber? She's great, crying like babies do which is stressing out the others, but what can you expect."

"That's good to hear."

"Yup. She's screaming her little head off more than the others did, but they're not thinking colic or anything yet. She's just loud. Everyone is stressed out now but Jackie, damn I don't know what I'd do without her, ya know. She's been such a trooper through all of this."

"Mhm, that's great to hear," Shane replies, with a slight quaver in his tone. Hayden's eyebrows rise in silent question, not that Shane could see.

"Yeah... You're out at the cottage right? Not that I would consider that massive place a cottage--"

Suddenly Shane blurts, "Hey, my mom is on the other line and I just have to get rid of her."

"Alright...?" Glancing down at the screen, the timer keeps counting up instead of going on hold. *Weird*.

After a minute Shane comes back sounded irritated as he explains, "My mom can be so *annoying* sometimes."

You've never once said that. "Yeah, bro, I get it. Anyways..."

As Hayden rants about life with a new baby and the joys of the other three children, trying to segue back to his accident, Shane responds with the appropriate *mhm's* and *yeah, bro*, but his tone keeps getting breathy and strained. Not enough to stop Hayden, but he's definitely taken notice.

Out of nowhere, Shane's breathing cuts off with a gasp before the line goes silent, stopping Hayden as he watches the counter keep going. Ten, twenty, thirty seconds pass. After a little over a minute, Shane comes back with the weakest excuse, "Sorry, service is spotty out here. I-I'll call you later. Love you, bro. Give Jackie and the kids my best." He's out of breath as if he's just ran a marathon in the short time he was muted. *Muted?*

If the call dropped it would've ended. Why was he muted? As far as he knew, Shane was out at the cottage by himself. *But was he really?*

"Yeah, love you too, bro. Talk later.." No asking about Rozanov this time around.

Except Shane doesn't hang up. He hits a button, sure, there was a beep. But when Hayden's finger is hovering over the end call button, he can hear a faraway conversation as if the phone has been set to the side.

Shane's voice talking to someone else, frustrated but *sultry*, "Fuck you. Why was that so hot?"

Hayden's face flushes hearing this side of his best friend. His overly cautious, always seeing 'just a friend' whenever Boston Lily texted. Who was a guy. Who Hayden thought could definitely be Rosanov.

"Because you like to be bad," a familiarly infuriating accented voice replies in the same flirtatious tone and Hayden has never hung up faster. The flush from before has dropped to his toes as all the blood drains from his body.

Shit.

Shit.

Shane wasn't out so what would two weeks of privacy buy. No one knew where Rosanov was either, other than he wasn't back in Russia after his father's death. Part of Hayden was overjoyed at being correct in his assumption, but Jesus *Fucking* Christ it did not have to be confirmed in such an intimate way.

Whatever got Shane so breathless and had Roz so giddy is something Hayden would rather not know.

His feet act while his brain is still reeling with various degrees of '*what the fuck. What the fuck. What. The. Fuck.*' When he steps into the kitchen, the shell shocked and empty husk of the Hayden who stepped into the garage, it doesn't register that Jackie is speaking until she's right in front of him.

"How's Shane doing? Hopefully his head isn't too bad."

"Jackie." The exhaustion seeps through his tone as he pleads, "You do NOT want to know." His arm reaches up, towards the relief hidden in the top cabinet where the good liquor is, pouring a hefty drink. Downing the glass in one go, hands gripping the counter as the liquor burns its way down.

“You're right; I don't think I want to know.”

The rare moment of Jackie conceding he was right is lost as the voice of Ilya Rosanov *flirting* with his best friend keeps replaying through his head. It'll take a lot more liquor to drown that out.

Watching Shane and the love of his life at the altar was many years in the making. Hayden couldn't have been prouder, seeing Shane so happy and carefree for the first time ever was a relief that, while late, was beyond well deserved. The love of his life being Ilya Rosanov was something that was still a shock. Despite the feeling he had for most of those years, he was never able to smother the voice he overheard at the cottage that first summer.

At the reception, Shane and Ilya were mingling with the guests, most of whom offered congratulations for this momentous day, though a few expressed the shock they felt at finding out who Jane and Lily really were.

“You think that was bad,” Hayden decided to add in when one of the Centaurs players Ilya was close with chipped in about how he guessed months before it was announced, after a few too many glasses of wine. “You didn't have to sit on this for *years*.”

“You never mentioned that to me before,” Shane blurted, almost appearing hurt.

“I didn't want to think about it when you two were at the cottage the first time. I really fucked up with that phone call.”

“But when would that have-” Shane gasped, a red hot flush flooding his features. “*NO*.”

Ilya's cackling afterwards, tears streaming down his cheeks as he's doubled over holding his stomach, will be the soundtrack to Hayden's nightmares for months.

End Notes

I couldn't get it to work, but I nearly made the larger chunk off the idea of Ilya dropping of a very drunk Shane with just-

“You may want your captain back”

“What did you do to him, fucker?”

“He cannot hold liquor. Is fact.”

Still wanted to share that idea regardless if anyone else wants to do something with it (:

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