playing with truth and dare

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76747881.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Hayden Pike, Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Montreal Voyageurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	POV Hayden Pike, Boston Lily, Character Study, latent bicuriosity, Set during Episode 5
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-01 Words: 3,733 Chapters: 1/1

playing with truth and dare

by lotts (SirMxALotts)

Summary

"So," Hayden asks, "do you only date girls named after flowers, or?"

Shane blushes as he buttons his shirt. "Fuck off," he says, without much venom, which probably means his meeting with Lily went way better than last time.

(Hayden Pike attempts to solve the mystery of Boston Lily.)

Notes

Thanks to Ali/Abby/Rachel for the beta reads!

Title from "First Time" by Carly Rae Jepsen. No matter what the What Chaos boys say, I am her biggest fan, not them.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hayden could've gotten to the bottom of this years ago if he'd looped Jackie in, probably. He doesn't know why he hasn't. Maybe it's out of loyalty to Shane, who clearly doesn't want to talk about it. Jackie is the greatest, and she loves Shane almost as much as Hayden does, but she can be a little intense about finding a girl for him. Hayden doesn't really think that it would help the whole Boston Lily situation.

There's also the fact that Hayden didn't really think there *was* a whole Boston Lily situation until recently. Like, he knew Shane was hooking up with a chick in Boston, and that he texted her on occasion. But it never really seemed like anything serious, and he didn't know if Jackie would care if it wasn't anything serious. You don't tell your girl about your buddy getting laid unless you think there's a new WAG on the horizon, and whoever Boston Lily is, Hayden doesn't think she's going to be in a Metros playoff jacket any time soon, no matter how many cups they win.

So, Boston Lily remains a private mystery. Hayden is the only guy on the team who knows about her, because Shane is squirrelly and weird. He's not sure if it's because Shane is protecting Lily, or just his own privacy, but either way, Hayden will help him protect it.

……

In 2017, Shane's phone buzzes with a text from Boston Lily, and it's not until Shane is gone to see her that Hayden realizes it's kind of notable. He hadn't thought about Lily when Shane was dating Rose, but now that he's facing the overlap, he's got a few more questions.

He could probably loop Jackie in to get to the bottom of things now, but she's still a little wounded that Rose Landry won't be joining the Metros WAGs. If Lily is part of the reason for that, then Hayden doesn't want to tell Jackie. Not that she wouldn't be on board, just— she wants Shane to meet someone *so* badly. He can't get her hopes up over nothing, especially not now.

"So," Hayden asks, "do you only date girls named after flowers, or?"

Shane blushes as he buttons his shirt. "Fuck off," he says, without much venom, which probably means his meeting with Lily went way better than last time.

"There's nothing wrong with having a type," Hayden says. Okay, ice broken, time to go in for the real shit. "So, uh. I do have to ask."

Shane's head shoots up, his dress shirt forgotten. "What?"

"I mean, were you and Lily…" Hayden waves a hand, because if he says the word *sex*, there's a chance Shane will run out of the room. "While you were with Rose?"

He has to admit, he doesn't actually want to know the answer to this. He knows guys cheat. If Shane is that kind of guy, Hayden would rather know. He wants to show Shane that he's a loyal friend even when Shane is an asshole. He just— he hopes Shane isn't that kind of asshole.

“Rose and I broke up months ago,” Shane says, his voice sounding weird.

“I mean, it’s okay if you did,” Hayden says, belatedly realizing how weird that sounds. If Shane wants to cheat on a gorgeous actress, he doesn’t need Hayden’s permission.

Shane stares at Hayden for a beat. Hayden knows most of Shane’s expressions at this point, but this one is new. Hayden feels his heart rate pick up.

“You really think I’d do that?” Shane asks.

Hayden shrugs. “I don’t really know what you’re like with girls, man.”

Shane is blank for another moment, then gives a small nod. “Right, I— no. I didn’t, uh, talk to Lily, or anything, when I was with Rose.”

Hayden’s relief is probably disproportionate. “Okay,” he says, trying to sound calm. He’s not sure why he can’t just be calm, but— whatever. Hayden cares a lot about Shane. Sue him.

And then, the unthinkable happens: Shane *keeps talking.*

“We… reconnected, after Rose broke up with me,” Shane says. Hayden tucks away the fact that Rose was the one who broke up with Shane for later reporting to Jackie, because he’s a good husband. “I mean, it’s still… casual, or whatever, but we—” Shane shrugs, sitting down on the edge of the bed. He runs a hand through his hair.

“You like her?” Hayden guesses.

After a beat, Shane nods.

Hayden bites back a smile. Shane is so— cute, really, for lack of a better word. Leave it to him to twist himself in knots over having feelings for a girl he’s been banging for years.

“It’s not— we’re not like you and Jackie,” Shane says, evidently picking up on some of Hayden’s fondness. “We can’t just… be together. It’s complicated.”

“Of course,” Hayden says easily. “I mean, long distance is rough.”

Shane lets out an unexpected laugh. “Distance is the least of our problems.”

“I mean, whatever it is can’t be that impossible, can it?”

Shane levels Hayden with a look, which is probably the first eye contact they’ve had this whole conversation. “Okay, so, it can be that impossible,” Hayden amends. “But, y’know, for what it’s worth, I hope it isn’t.”

Shane sighs. “It is,” he says. Jesus, he sounds so *sure.* Hayden is maybe dying from curiosity, but he bites back every question he has.

“Well, who knows,” Hayden says. “Maybe things will change soon.”

Shane gives him a brief look that's almost— sharp, maybe. Hayden feels very assessed by it, but it's gone as quick as it came on.

"Bus is leaving soon," Shane says, even though it's not. He stands up. "We should finish getting ready."

Hayden, who knows his captain well enough to recognize an order, obeys.

……

Then Ilya Rozanov disappears after their game.

"What about Rozanov?" Shane asks, looking concerned.

It's not that weird for Shane to be weird and intense, and it's not that weird for Shane to hear something from the other side of the locker room, but it is weird for him to zone in on Rozanov. Everyone knows he doesn't like the guy, but he usually gets dodgy when his name gets brought up.

"He did not fly with the rest of the team to Nashville," JJ says.

"He flew separately?"

"He did not go to Nashville at all."

"He didn't get hurt last night, did he?" Hayden asks.

"Not that I know of," JJ says.

"No, he didn't," Shane says, and there's something about the way he says it—the way he's so definitive, maybe—that makes Hayden look up.

"Maybe he's sick," Hayden says.

"He's not," Shane says again, with the same concern, same certainty. He picks up his phone and starts to type, then pauses. "I mean, he didn't seem sick."

JJ starts to say something, and Hayden tries to listen, but his focus is on Shane. He's still naked except for a towel, and he's holding his phone close to his chest. Which is odd— Shane is usually the first to throw on his clothes. It's a small thing, not enough for most people to notice, but it's something Hayden has tucked away, along with the other textures of Shane's quirks.

He looks at Shane's back as Shane pokes away at his phone. His shoulders seem tense, which is only notable because Shane's been carrying a lot less tension lately. Hayden hadn't even really noticed it until now.

……

It’s when Shane dashes out of their hotel room to take a phone call in a random stairwell that Hayden pieces it together.

He gives it a few days before he brings it up. Notices the way Shane’s jumpier than usual, the way he's never far from his phone. He watches Shane’s face carefully when the news breaks that Rozanov’s dad died, looking for signs of surprise that never come.

He brings it up more for Shane’s sake than his own. If Hayden’s right, then Shane could probably use some support right now, and if he's wrong, then whatever— Shane will think Hayden’s a moron and move on.

“Sucks about Rozanov’s dad,” he says, when Shane gets into his car. They've taken to carpooling recently, much to the delight of the social team. Hayden doesn't think Shane’s caught onto that yet.

“Yeah, it's awful,” Shane says. Hayden glances over, sees that Shane’s gaze is fixed out the window. He’s tapping his fingers against his thigh, tense and repetitive. Hayden’s heart aches for him, a little bit.

“How's Lily holding up?” he asks.

The silence he gets in response is so sharp it could cut through glass.

“What?” Shane says, when he finally speaks. His voice is absolutely flat.

“Look, I know it's a secret, but—”

“Whatever you think you know, you're wrong.”

“Buddy,” Hayden says gently. “C’mon. You’ve been texting Boston Lily for years. Then Rozanov vanishes and you start acting all… y’know.”

“I've been acting normal,” Shane says.

Hayden gives him a sympathetic look. “Maybe to most people you have been. But I think I know you pretty well, bud.”

“Oh my god,” Shane says. “Okay. Fuck. Pull over.”

Once the car is stopped, Shane pushes his seat all the way back and puts his head between his knees, presumably to freak the fuck out.

Hayden reaches over and pats his back. “Look, it's not that big a deal.”

Shane turns his head to the side to look at Hayden like he's insane. “Not that big of a deal?”

“I mean, it's unusual, but— these things happen.”

Shane’s expression does not let up. “Hayden. I need you to tell me what *you* think is happening.”

“I mean— Boston Lily,” Hayden says. “She's Rozanov’s sister, right?”

Shane blinks at him, then plants his face in his hands.

Had Hayden gotten this wrong? Shane seems so freaked out though— there's clearly some Rozanov connection in there. The sister had made so much sense to Hayden’s mind, but maybe it's something even more fucked up. His wife? Does Rozanov even have a wife? Maybe just his girlfriend. Or, oh god, maybe his *mom*—

“Okay, Hayd, there's something I need to tell you,” Shane says. “And I need you to promise to not freak out.”

Hayden hadn't been freaking out before, but he's starting to now. “Okay.”

Shane takes a deep breath. He doesn't look up from the floor to Hayden’s car.” Okay, so.” A beat. “I’m gay.”

For a horrible moment, Hayden feels an emotion that Shane can never, ever find out about.

“Oh,” Hayden says. “That’s— okay.”

Is he surprised? He's not sure. Jackie’s brought it up as a possibility, and Jackie knows basically everything. Besides, Shane is hot and rich and famous and barely dates. It doesn't not make sense, even if Hayden feels a little bit like his whole world is turning upside down.

But fine. Okay. Shane is gay, and Hayden is a *good friend.* Big secret’s out, and Hayden will take this in stride even if it kills him.

“So what, Lily is Rozanov’s brother?” Hayden asks.

Shane gives him a pained look, and the truth hits Hayden like a ton of bricks.

Nope. No way. Taking it in stride cancelled. So long, nonchalance, it was nice knowing you.

“Oh my god,” Hayden says. “Oh my *god.”*

Shane groans. “You promised you wouldn't freak out.”

“You can't hold me to that,” Hayden says. “What the fuck, Shane! How did this even— is he blackmailing you or something? Is that why?”

“You think he's *blackmailing* me?”

“I don't know, man, it's Rozanov!”

Hayden feels his heart in his stomach as he says it out loud, a small part of him clinging to the hope that this whole thing has been a huge misunderstanding.

“He can be an asshole sometimes, that doesn't mean he’s fucking evil,” Shane says. “Jesus, Hayd, he’s not— he's *nice.* He has to put up with a lot of bullshit, but when it's just him, he's

— he's good."

God, Hayden is thankful Shane made him pull over before they had this conversation.

"I don't think he's a bad guy," Hayden says. "Just, like. What the fuck, y'know?"

"I know," Shane says. He sounds tired. "I can't explain it. We just…" He shrugs. "We work."

Hayden loves Shane so much, he really does, but he just— he can't wrap his head around this. He doesn't think he could, even if he had infinite time to process.

"So, what, are the two of you… together?"

"I told you, we can't," Shane says.

"But it's more than just…" Hayden can't finish that sentence.

"It's more than just," Shane confirms.

They sit in silence for a second.

"So, uh," Hayden says. "You never answered my question."

Shane turns to him, brow furrowed.

"How's Rozanov holding up?"

Hayden watches as Shane's shoulders relax, just a bit. "I mean… shitty," he says. "His dad just died, and he was back in Russia, which I don't think he likes even when it's, y'know, for normal reasons."

"That sounds rough," Hayden says, trying to keep his voice neutral.

"It is," Shane says. "They're not… nice to him, I don't think. His brother sucks, and his dad wasn't great either. I mean, like, obviously it sucks that he died, but… I don't know. I don't think going home is good for him."

This is probably too much of Rozanov's personal business for Shane to be sharing with Hayden, but Hayden isn't gonna say anything. "Have you ever asked him why he does?"

"I tried once, but he brushed me off," Shane says, and that reference to the history he shares with Rozanov makes Hayden's chest twist up. "But— I don't know. He sounded horrible the whole time he was there." He sighs. "I'm thinking about asking him to come to my cottage this summer."

"You mean, so he doesn't go back to Russia?"

Shane picks an invisible speck off his pants. "That's part of it, yeah."

Hayden waits to see if Shane will explain what the rest of it is, before he realizes he's being a moron. "Do you think he'll say yes?"

“Probably not,” Shane says. “But I think I’m gonna ask anyway. After the game.”

“Tonight?”

“He’s coming over, so I’ll bring it up then.”

Jesus. Shane is having *Ilya Rozanov* over. What do the two of them even talk about? Do they talk, or just— god, no, Hayden *can’t think about that.*

“Well, he might not be in the best mood after we kick Boston’s ass, but I hope it goes well,” Hayden says.

It takes Shane a second to process, but he does crack a smile. “I hope so too,” he says. He takes a breath. “Um, look. This is, like, super fucking secret, okay? You can't tell anyone. Seriously.”

“Of course,” Hayden says. “You can trust me, man.”

Shane gives his head a small shake. “Not even Jackie, okay?”

“Sure,” Hayden says.

“I’m serious, dude.”

“So am I,” Hayden says, putting his hands up. “Your secret’s safe with me.”

Shane gives him one last look, but Hayden honestly doesn't know what he expects him to say. *Ha, just kidding, I'm gonna go tell Deadspin all about this conversation?*

“Scout’s honor,” Hayden says, holding up his hand.

Shane looks at Hayden’s hand. “You're supposed to be doing three fingers.”

Hayden rolls his eyes, but adjusts his faux salute. “Do you want me to swear on a Bible too?”

Shane seems to actually consider that for a second, but then he shakes his head. “No, it's fine,” he says. “Alright, c’mon, we have a game to play.”

Hayden is torn between wanting to stay on the side of the road forever and ask Shane questions about this insane situation, and wanting to never see, talk about, or think about Ilya Rozanov again. He chooses a middle ground.

“Let’s go kick your boyfriend's ass,” he says, putting the key in the ignition.

“He’s not my—” Shane says, and Hayden knows it's bad that his heart swells a little bit, but then Shane cuts himself off and grumbles, “Fuck off.”

Hayden doesn't let anything he's feeling about any of that show on his face. He just forces out a small laugh and drives them to the rink.

……

Hayden isn't thinking about Ilya Rozanov when his best friend is lying motionless on the ice, but after the stretcher is cleared and play has started again, he does spare a glance over at the Boston bench. Rozanov seems tense, but he's playing better than any guy on Hayden's team. Hayden could be generous and assume he's stepping up for his team, but a small part of him wonders if it's something simpler and uglier.

"Rozanov isn't looking good," Olsson says at intermission.

"Looks fine to me," Hayden says.

"Did you see him when Hollzy went down?" Koch asks. "He was spooked as shit."

"Nah, Piker was too busy handling Marleau," JJ says.

"What are you guys talking about?" Hayden asks.

JJ leans into Hayden's stall. "When cap went down, Rozanov was hovering. Looked super fucking scared. I thought he was going to punch out one of the medics."

"I mean, his dad did just die," Olsson says. "Can't be fun to see an injury like that when you're already messed up in the head."

"What the fuck?" Hayden says, turning to Olsson. "Don't talk like that about him."

"I'm just saying, he was, like, not moving and shit—"

"Shut the fuck up, Olsson," JJ says, more gently than Hayden probably would have. "Cap is gonna be fine."

"Sure, but for a second it seemed like—"

"Stop," Hayden says. He tries to put on his Leader Voice, which ends up sounding a lot like the voice he uses when bargaining with his 6-year-olds. "Shane is with the doctors now. It's out of our hands, but last we heard was good news. He'd want— he *wants* us to focus on beating Boston, okay?"

"Okay," Olsson says, a little mollified.

JJ pats Hayden's knee, and Hayden knows he isn't doing a good job keeping his shit together right now, but he's always been a little extra sensitive when it comes to Shane.

……

Hayden may not have noticed Rozanov hovering on the ice, but he certainly notices him waiting outside their locker room. He wants to ignore him, but Rozanov makes a beeline for him when he sees him, so Hayden squares his shoulders and prepares.

Rozanov's hair is still wet from the shower, but slicked back, showing off his perfect jaw and cheekbones. His gameday suit is… fine. Well-tailored, Hayden can reluctantly admit. He looks a little disheveled, but not more than anyone else who just played a hockey game.

Hayden is, admittedly, doing less than okay. He needs to get home to Jackie and the kids, but he knows he's not going to be all that helpful at home tonight. He's a fucking mess, and he probably looks it, too, and he's just Shane's friend. Rozanov and Shane are a *thing.* He shouldn't be looking handsome while Shane is in the hospital.

"Pike," Rozanov says. "I wanted to apologize. For Hollander. Marleau feels terrible."

"I know," Hayden says. Marleau had DM'd him as soon as he was off the ice, which Hayden had appreciated. It had been way more efficient than skulking outside the Metros locker room.

"Do you know where they would take him?" Rozanov asks. "Or, what is best hospital around here?"

"Why?" Hayden asks.

"I want to visit him," Rozanov says. His voice is even. Nothing about it makes Hayden trust him with Shane, especially not with a broken Shane. "As captain. To apologize, and make sure he is okay."

"I can give you his number if you want to send him a text," Hayden says.

"Is more sportsmanlike to visit," Rozanov says.

"You guys will probably have to be on the plane before visiting hours tomorrow," Hayden says.

"I can check myself, if you give me the name of the hospital," Rozanov says. For a second, something seeps into his expression— a little desperation, maybe. He schools his face before Hayden can pick it apart beyond that, but something lingers behind.

"There's a few different places it could be," Hayden says, relenting. "I texted his parents, but they haven't gotten back to me. But if you give me your number, I can let you know, okay?"

Rozanov's shoulders visibly relax, but slowly, like he's trying to hide the tension draining from them. "Here," Rozanov says, handing Hayden his phone. "I will text you mine."

Hayden dutifully puts in his number, then passes the phone back to Rozanov. His hands seem a little cold, Hayden notices.

"Hey," Hayden says. "I know this is a longshot, but— do you know a girl named Lily?"

He watches in fascination as Rozanov becomes a fortress in real time, his expression turning carefully blank, his body language totally neutral.

"Why do you ask this?" Rozanov asks.

"Shane texts some girl in Boston named Lily," Hayden says. "And I think she's Russian, so."

"I do not know every Russian girl in Boston."

“I know, I know,” Hayden says. He’s not really sure why he's doing any of this, honestly. “Like I said, it’s a long shot. Just figured I’d ask.”

He expects Rozanov to move on, but after a second of hesitation, Rozanov asks, “What does he say about this Lily?”

“Nothing,” he says, semi-honestly. “I just know she's the only girl I've ever seen him text, so I figure she must be special to him.”

Rozanov nods. Hayden can see some extra emotion through the cracks in his expression, but not enough to place it. “If I know her,” Rozanov says, “I will tell her he is okay. Once I see.”

Hayden nods. “Good,” he says, and then they stare at each other for a beat. It feels loaded, but Hayden doesn't back down, and Rozanov doesn't give anything up.

“I need to go catch bus now,” Rozanov says. “Thank you, Pike.”

“No problem, Rozanov,” Hayden says, and they exchange a brief handshake before Rozanov retreats.

Hayden watches him as he walks away, trying to figure out how he feels about the whole exchange.

Whatever. Hayden isn't a monster. If Rozanov wants to visit Shane—and Shane wants him to visit—Hayden isn't going to let his own feelings about it stand in the way.

End Notes

im lottswrites on tumblr if you wanna be friends!

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