

home for the summer

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home for the summer

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Summary

Summer, 2019

Hayden doesn't know if he's seen his kind of happiness on his best friend's face before, which is saying something considering they've won two cups together. He doesn't let himself think about that for long because it pulls tight on something in his chest and he's trying to be the kind of sloppy drunk that has lazy sex at three in the morning, not the kind that cries about social injustice and admits he might not hate Shane's boyfriend as much as he says he does.

OR: Hayden Pike and the terrible ordeal of tolerating Ilya Rozanov.

Summer, 2019

Of all the things Hayden Pike was expecting from his annual four-day weekend at Shane's cottage before training camp, spending a quiet evening around the fire pit wasn't really it. At least, not with Rozanov in the picture. He'd almost asked Shane if there was any time Roz *wouldn't* be around, but Jackie had insisted he at least make an attempt to play nicely.

So, here they were, blessedly child free since David and Yuna had collected the kids this morning after breakfast, taking them back to their cabin down the way for a slumber party, drinking wine, and relaxing. Shane had started the fire before sunset and they'd all watched the sun sink beneath the ridge beyond the lake, talking about mostly nothing. Hockey talk was banned unless it was about the foundation camp that started in two weeks, and nobody was allowed to work out in the mornings unless it was to do a camp activity since they were all technically on vacation.

At some point, Rozanov had gotten up to go inside, returning moments later with a new bottle of wine, which he set in a white-marble chiller at Hayden's elbow. Hayden had stared at him, wondering who had possessed him since he was pretty sure Roz would rather die than act as a good host to Hayden, whose glass was nearly empty, but Roz was too busy folding his massive six-foot-three frame onto the couch opposite them, resting his head in Shane's lap like it this all normal and not disgusting.

Not disgusting like *that*, Hayden might not be the most observant guy but he's not a fucking homophobe, thank you very much, but disgusting because it's the *Russian Stallion, Mister God's Gift to Women and Hockey*, certified playboy Ilya fucking Rozanov.

"Comfortable?" The word is barely audible over the crackle-pop of the fire, slurred and quiet. Not perfectly enunciated in the way Rozenov always speaks to, well, everyone. Hayden almost thinks—no shit Sherlock, that's because he's aware of the language barrier, then remembers once again this is Roz and he's not really interested in giving the man the benefit of the doubt.

"I'm okay," Shane confirms, sinking his fingers in Roz's hair. "You?"

"Da." Roz hasn't looked up from the fire since he'd laid down. "You are comfy. Like pillow."

Kill me now, Hayden thinks. It's one thing to know, nebulously, that this is a thing. Like, he knows that Shane and Rozanov are a couple in secret, and if Shane's happy and Roz isn't a dick to him, it's not really Hayden's business. It's another thing to experience them being domestic.

Jackie, seeming to sense Hayden's spiraling thoughts, nudges her empty glass at him. "Refill me, baby."

Hayden, being a good husband who would like to get laid tonight since their children will not be around to interrupt them and Shane had put them in a guest room on the opposite side of

his massive actually-not-a-cottage-but-a-mansion, abandons his own near-empty glass and does what she asks of him.

“I always forget how beautiful it is out here,” she says, pausing only to take a sip of wine when Hayden passes it back. He always fills it up too high to be polite, but she never complains. “No wonder you love it.”

“Yeah,” Shane says at the same time Roz murmurs, “It is good to be home.”

Jackie, who kicks him in the shin because his mouth is hanging open because, like, *what the fuck*, acts like nothing has happened. Like Rozanov isn’t tense and trying to sit up, like they can’t see the muscles in Shane’s left forearm flex or his fingers splaying across Roz’s ribs to keep him from doing what? Running away? Hayden needs more wine, and even then he probably won’t be able to process this.

“Thank you again for inviting us,” she tells Shane, or Roz, maybe both of them? Honestly, Hayden’s smart enough to know he’s not the brains in his relationship, so he takes a hopefully not audible gulp of wine, finishing the glass so he can top it back up.

“Our pleasure,” Shane replies, a small smile lifting his lips at one corner. Roz’s left hand closes over Shane’s kneecap as if he needs to hold onto something solid. Like he’s just accidentally admitted something about himself.

All this time, Hayden’s kind of thought that Shane would be the one clinging to Roz. Obviously that’s not really how a relationship works. It’s not always even-stein, of course it isn’t, but he just couldn’t reconcile Ilya Rozanov, the mouthy asshole who spent the last eight seasons terrorizing the league—and Shane, especially—with whatever the fuck this is. The guy who turned down what was reportedly ten million a year in Boston to go to Ottawa for slightly less than, who’s currently staring so somberly at the fire Hayden wonders if he can put it out with his eyeballs or something because he’d called this place home and got embarrassed by it?

Except—maybe Roz is because he doesn’t really have another place he can just... be. No sneaking around or pretending.

Fuck, Hayden thinks. That is really fucking sad, whether Roz is an asshole or not.

He looks down into his wine, decides if this keeps up this line of thinking he’s going wind up a weepy drunk. He sets the glass down on the table and rises to his feet.

“Alright losers,” he says, before adding, “And my beautiful wife, whom I adore.” Jackie giggles. Roz rolls his eyes and raises an eyebrow in silent question. “I think it’s time to get this party started. Beer pong, anyone?”

“We will wipe the floor with you,” Roz drawls, instantly interested in a challenge. “Be careful what you wish for.”

Shane finds Hayden’s eyes over Roz’s head and nods microscopically, looking kind of emotional, like he knows what Hayden’s doing.

”You know Hollander’s a lightweight, right?”

The grateful glint of his eye fades as he blurts. “Jackie!”

Shane’s cry of outrage at his wife’s chirp has Roz propping himself up to kiss him. “I will defend your honor,” he tells Shane, mock-seriously. “And carry you to bed like princess when you pass out from drinking too much.”

Bristling, Shane replies, “You fucking asshole!” without any heat. Louder, he continues, “Hey Hayd, wanna be my partner?”

“Yes, excellent. Metros losers on one team, just as we plan,” Roz waggles his eyebrows at Jackie and holds out his hand. They high five. Roz hasn’t even pulled himself off of Shane yet.

It’s all unsettlingly domestic, but oddly enough, Hayden doesn’t quite feel like vomiting. What the fuck is happening to him?

Roz gets up, heads back into the house and turns on a light that illuminates another seating area near the dock. Jackie grabs the remnants of their wine and follows after him, asking where they keep the solo cups, leaving Hayden and Shane alone.

“You do know we’ll get destroyed if they team up, right bud?”

Shane nods. He looks so fucking happy. Hayden doesn’t know if he’s seen his kind of happiness on his best friend’s face before, which is saying something considering they’ve won two cups together. He doesn’t let himself think about that for long because it pulls tight on something in his chest and he’s trying to be the kind of sloppy drunk that has lazy sex at three in the morning, not the kind that cries about social injustice and admits he might not hate Shane’s boyfriend as much as he says he does.

They head inside to grab jackets since it’s cooler away from the fire, near the dock. As they step through the sliding door, Roz is pouring himself and Jackie a shot of some alcohol in a bottle with Cyrillic script. “Quit conspiring with the enemy, Rozanov,” Shane orders playfully. “I was kidding about playing with Hayden.”

“Yeah. Couple versus couple,” Hayden adds petulantly, hands crossed over his chest.

Jackie laughs and pulls two more shot glasses down from the cabinet next to the refrigerator for Roz to fill.

They canoodle for a minute after the shot—it’s still Rozanov, so Hayden resolutely looks away at the sound of them locking lips and instead sets his attention on Jackie, who has her phone out to take a picture. It’s almost like he’s the only fucking adult here. Or the only sober one. He should probably work on that.

“You should see your face, babe,” Jackie checks him lightly with her hip, still marveling at her photography skills. “You look disgusted.”

“Send it to me, please. Immediately,” Rozanov grins. “I will set as my lockscreen.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov. Jackie, do not send it to him.”

“I don’t know... How about I send it to you if you win?” Jackie decides.

“You’re on.”

They laugh again, Roz opening the sliding door with his foot and gesturing for everyone to head down to the dock. He’s got a stack of cups, two bottles of water, and an unopen box of ping pong balls in his hand. “Pike, how did you get such a cool wife?” he asks over his shoulder. Jackie shakes her head as he addresses her next. “Why are you with this loser?”

“Oh, he’s alright,” she tells Roz, which isn’t the glowing review he’d hoped for, but Roz laughs and doesn’t say anything particularly assholish in reply so Hayden shakes his head and lets it go.

Shane watches them go. He looks almost like he’s somewhere else for a second, caught up in his thoughts. The smile on his face still hasn’t faded.

“Hey man, you coming?”

“Yeah, shit. Sorry.”

“Nah, dude, s’all good. I just worry that they’re doing more shots down there. Pretty sure I saw Jackie tuck the bottle under her arm.”

“Jackie gets better at pong when she’s drunk,” Shane notes. “Shouldn’t you be trying to stall for time?”

“Yeah she does,” Hayden agrees, because it’s true. Roz isn’t wrong about his wife being the coolest person he knows. She’s a fucking badass. “Think she could drink Roz under the table?”

“Depends.” Shane thinks about it for a moment. “Think we’ll find out?”

“It’s definitely possible.” He slings an arm over Shane’s shoulders, steering him toward the door. Shane freezes, perpetually surprised at the contact, but quickly sags against his side, accepting his one-armed hug. “I’m happy for you man. Fuck if I know why it’s Rozy that does it but, yeah.”

Shane nods into his shoulder. “Thanks, Hayd.”

He pats Shane’s back before they separate, head back out into the night.

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