

golden line

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Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	POV Hayden Pike , Good Friend Hayden Pike , just my three guys gossiping basically , also hayden briefly mentions that he's consciously working to be a better ally so , Implied/Referenced Homophobia , but overall it's just fluff , Post-Canon , scott and kip are mentioned but not present , good ally jackie pike
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by [blerenaskiss](#)

Summary

He and Rozanov were trying to find common ground wherever they could, and right now that meant drinking Russian vodka with only an ice cube or two to soften the blow. It wouldn't be his drink of choice, usually, but he was making a concerted effort here. For Shane.

For Shane, he tells himself, every time Roz is an unrepentant asshole. Which is to say, anytime he opens his fucking mouth.

or

hayden and ilya are basically friends now, even if they're not very friendly about it

Notes

I fear the path from steddie writer to hollanov writer was inevitable.

this is set in some amorphous future after hayd knows and (in my head) before the world does, but it can be read as after that too. whatever floats your boat.

(i can't decide if scott and kip know or if it's funnier that they don't and ilya holds a grudge anyway)

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

"Did you know?" Hayden asks, swirling his glass in a slow circle.

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"Know what?" Shane murmurs, gently tipsy and clearly basking in it - head tilted back to rest on the cushion behind him and eyes closed. They're outside, and the sun has long since set, but it's summer and Shane's the type of guy to have two outdoor heaters set up year-round, so there's no chill in the air yet.

"About Hunter. Before... Y'know. Before he came out."

Shane's head shakes slowly, one way, and then another. He looks like he might elaborate until Rozanov cuts him off with a derisive scoff.

Because of course he does.

"Is not a fucking book club." He cuts Hayden a look that pisses him off and makes him feel about two feet tall all in one go. Like he's the biggest dumbass around for even speculating. (For even existing, it feels like, sometimes). "There is no group chat."

For Shane, for Shane, for Shane. He's doing this for Shane. His best friend in the whole world. His fucking brother.

"Okay," Hayden says, lifting his hands in a lazy placating gesture, pushing for casual ease over his instinct to snark back. "I get it, I get it. I just... I don't know, you figured each other out, right? I just wondered, I guess."

Shane is smiling now, the way he often does when Hayden makes a fumble in front of Rozanov, or vice-versa. Hayden supposes he should feel pretty proud of himself that his friend knows he can laugh at their back-and-forth now. At the start, Shane had been so worried every time they crossed paths, like every snipe was a ticking time bomb to when they finally came to blows.

These days, he just finds amusement in it. It's a good look on him; relaxation. There's an ease to him nowadays that Hayden is ashamed to say he never noticed the lack of before. He's trying to be better about noticing shit like that.

"I didn't know," Shane qualifies unnecessarily after a little while, clearly leading the conversation somewhere else. "But there *is* actually a group chat now."

Roz's head whips round, looking at once baffled and offended. It's funny. Hayden used to think he only had two facial expressions; arrogant, and stoic. He's learning there's a lot he

never knew about Roz. Starting with the fact that he can be a fucking drama queen when he wants to be.

Hayden will never admit it, but it's probably his favourite thing about him. Other than the fact that he makes Shane disgustingly happy, obviously.

"What." He says in that way, where it's clearly a question but his tone is flat. Hayden still finds it incredulous that he spends enough time around Rozanov these days to pick out all his little tones and inflections. "I am in no group chat."

Shane's smile widens. The one thing he finds more amusing than them winding each other up is when he gets a turn. He finally opens his eyes and lifts his head, stretching the silence a beat longer than he needs to. Presumably to keep Rozanov in suspense, Hayden supposes as he takes another sip from his glass.

It is pretty good vodka.

"I mean, it's not really a group chat for, *gays*," Shane says, still stumbling over the word sometimes in a way that Hayden finds a little more heartbreaking each time. "It just... Happens to be a chat with me, Hunter, and Kip."

Hayden's vodka-soaked brain takes a moment to turn the name over in his head. He knows it. He does, he just can't quite —

Rozanov gets there first.

"Hunter's little boyfriend?"

"You know, you don't have to call him 'little' like that, he's—"

They seem to have entirely forgotten Hayden's presence. They do that a lot. He doesn't know if it's just a them thing, or if it comes from years of only being able to talk freely to one another when they were alone, and now they forget that that's not always the case anymore.

"Why are you in a group chat with Hunter and his boyfriend?" Hayden asks, cutting over their gentle squabble.

He almost adds *if it's not a gay thing?* but catches himself. He'd never ask that about any other couple Shane might be conversing with on the regular - hell, he's in a group chat with Hayden and Jackie - and he's learning to make the comparison in his head before saying things like that out loud.

It's not like he's ever been homophobic, but he's been learning more and more lately about something Jackie calls 'covert homophobia', and it surprises him how many little things crop up in everyday life even with the most well-intentioned people.

It's honestly fucked. What a shit world.

He knocks back the last of his drink.

"It was for that thing a while back, y'know in April?" Shane answers. "And then, I don't know. Kip has some great movie recommendations, and Scott's always watched them with him so he chips in with a review. And then there was that time I redecorated the spare room, and Kip told me about that art show. I don't know," he shrugs, "normal stuff."

Question asked and answered, Hayden supposes. 'Normal stuff', indeed.

Rozanov doesn't look anywhere near as placated.

"I can't believe you are in gay group chat and did not invite me." His tone is as petulant as the pout on his face and the way he crosses his arms over his chest. "Is this why we watch that godawful French film last month?"

Shane looks over at Hayden and rolls his eyes in a *can you believe I have to put up with this?* kind of way, and Hayden can't stop the grin that grows on his face.

Shane can't help that he only has feelings for men, nor should he have to, but Hayden thinks he only has himself to blame for the fact that the man he chose to fall in love with was Ilya goddamn Rozanov.

End Notes

hayden has not figured this out (and he probably never will) but ilya's english is far better now than it used to be, and only when he's comfortable around people does he let more grammatical errors drop than he normally would. shane does know this and has seen it happen when they have hayd over. he's very pleased.

thanks for reading! :)

title is a djo song

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