

Package Deal

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Package Deal

by [arminaa](#)

Summary

“The fuck? What are *you* doing here?”

“I am wondering same thing about you.”

“*You’re* wondering—*you’re* in *Shane’s*—what the *hell* is going on?”

“Close the door, please. Is cold.”

Shane gives Hayden the go-ahead to grab a package from his house—but Ilya flew in a day early as a surprise.

Oops.

An alternate Hayden-finds-out story set the winter after The Cottage.

Notes

This fic exists because I find Hayden and Ilya's own little rivalry in the HR epilogue/TLG books hilarious and needed more.

I really tried to resist writing fic for Heated Rivalry but here we are. A billion thanks to hoko_onchi and smugrobotics for beta reading! Glad we're all in this collective madness together.

- Translation into Русский available: [Ситуация с посылкой \(Package Deal\)](#) by [isolated_track](#)

Shane

Today 4:37 PM

Hayden:hey man, did that package come in? jackie's birthday present

Shane:It did and I completely forgot to bring it with me today, sorry!

Shane:Do you want to swing by and get it? Or I can drop it by your house later tonight.

Hayden:nah don't worry about it, i'm out running errands I'll just grab it

Shane:👍

Shane:It's on the kitchen table.

The front door keypad lock beeps, waking Ilya from his nap.

He hadn't told Shane that he'd been able to catch an earlier flight to Montreal. A nice surprise, Ilya thought: three nights together instead of the two they'd planned. With another six long months until Ilya could move to Ottawa, every moment they spent together was precious.

Ilya knew Shane would probably be late getting back from practice. He'd strained his hamstring during his last game, a very minor injury, but he'd been staying after to meet with the team's physical therapist. So Ilya had let himself in with the code and thrown his bag on the floor without bothering to unpack. He wanted to shake off the long hours of travel before Shane got home so he put something boring on the television and passed out on the couch.

The door opens. Ilya, still half asleep, smiles happily and sits up to greet Shane.

It's not Shane. It's Hayden Pike.

Ilya's smile instantly vanishes. Pike takes a small step back and shakes his head, staring at Ilya with stupid wide eyes like a cartoon.

"The fuck? What are *you* doing here?"

"I am wondering same thing about you."

"*You're* wondering—*you're* in *Shane's*—what the *hell* is going on?"

"Close the door, please. Is cold."

Pike doesn't do anything besides continue gaping at Ilya. Ilya stands and moves past Pike to push the door shut.

As soon as it closes, Ilya's spun and slammed against the wall, both of Pike's hands pressed firmly against Ilya's chest. His first furious instinct is to maybe break Pike's wrists. But Ilya stops himself, thinking of how upset Shane would be if he actually hurt Pike. He settles for shoving Pike away. It's not hard. He is small, and weak.

Ilya stands at his full height and scowls down at Pike. “Do not start fight you will not win.”

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” Pike says, his fists clenched at his sides. “I should call the police.”

“That is bad idea. Calm down, and I will explain.”

Pike stares at Ilya with furrowed brows and shakes his head. “There isn’t any explanation that —”

“Shut up, there is.”

Ilya needs a drink. Pike also looks like he could use one, although Ilya’s hesitant to share his good vodka. In the kitchen, he retrieves the bottle and two glasses from Shane’s cabinets, pouring a generous amount into each then sliding one across the kitchen island in Pike’s direction.

“Drink.”

Pike glances back and forth between Ilya and the vodka as if he thinks it’s poison. If only.

“Fuck it,” Pike says under his breath. He steps into the kitchen and grabs the glass, drinking from it only after Ilya drinks from his own.

It’s clear that Pike is not a vodka person. He sputters and coughs, his face contorting at the taste.

Ilya snorts. “Figures.”

“You know what, Rozanov? I’m calling Shane,” he says, already pulling his phone from his pocket. “I don’t need you to explain anything, because I won’t believe whatever bullshit comes out of your mouth anyway.”

“Okay. He can explain.”

Pike eyes Ilya with suspicion as he pulls up Shane’s contact. It *is* okay, Ilya thinks. Pike is Shane’s friend, not Ilya’s. Shane’s best friend, although Ilya has never understood why. Pike is an idiot *and* bad at hockey, and Shane is neither of those things. Still, he thinks it is probably best for everyone if Pike hears this from Shane.

The call is on speaker. The line rings and rings again and again before going to voicemail.

“He stayed late to meet with physi—”

“I know that, asshole!” Pike pauses. “How do *you* know that?”

Ilya smirks and drinks more of his vodka.

Pike taps at his phone screen and the line rings again. “JJ,” Pike says without so much as a hello, “are you still at the arena?”

“Yes—”

“Is Shane still there, too?”

“Er, maybe?”

“Find him right now and tell him to call me.”

“Why? Is everything okay?”

“Just have him call me now, *please*, ” Pike grits out impatiently.

“Okay, okay—”

Pike ends the call.

Ilya’s the first to break the long silence. “You tell me why *you’re* here. While we wait.”

“I don’t need to tell you shit.”

Shane has very bad taste in friends. Not only is Pike an idiot, he is maybe even more boring than Shane. “Okay,” Ilya says.

That pisses Pike off more. His eyes flash and he opens his mouth to say something, but his phone starts buzzing on the countertop. Pike hits the green button and puts the phone back on speaker.

“Hayden?” Shane’s voice is anxious. “JJ said it was urgent. What’s wrong?”

“Hey, man. I’ve got everything under control, so don’t panic...but Rozanov is in your house. *Ilya Rozanov*.”

It had been funny to watch Pike lose it, but hearing Shane’s erratic, rapid breathing over the phone as he silently panics when he realizes their situation isn’t funny at all.

“Hi, Shane,” Ilya says. Pike pulls a face, mouthing *Shane* at him. “I am here early. Please breathe. Is okay.”

“It’s *not* okay!” Pike shouts.

“Shut your stupid face, Pike. Shane, breathe. I have not told him anything.”

“And what is there to tell, exactly?”

Ilya ignores Pike. “Better for you to tell, yes?” he says into the phone.

“Tell me *what*? What the fuck is going on? And why is he calling you *Shane*?” Pike presses his hand hard against the side of his face and his eyes widen again. Ah, Ilya thinks. An idiot, yes, but he’s putting things together.

“Did you...*Shane*. Did you already know he was here?”

No one says anything. And then—

“No,” Shane says quietly. “Well...I didn’t know he’d be there *now*—”

“Surprise,” Ilya says.

“—but, yeah. It’s okay that he’s there.”

Pike’s head rears back in shock. “What?”

There’s movement on the other end of the line. “I’m getting in the car now—Hayden, can you stay? I really don’t want to do this over the phone.”

“Are you going to ask why *he* is here, Shane?” Ilya says.

“It’s fine, I knew Hayden was stopping by.” Shane exhales loudly. “I’ll be home in less than ten minutes. Please don’t kill each other.”

“No promises.”

“*Ilya.*”

“It will be fine,” Ilya says.

“Hm,” is all Shane says before he ends the call.

Pike and Ilya are left glaring at each other. The atmosphere is slightly awkward and certainly hostile, but Ilya thrives in uncomfortable situations.

“Hungry?” Ilya asks with a big grin, opening both arms wide. It’s a power move: Pike needs to know that Ilya belongs here.

Pike rubs at his eyes with both hands. “Jesus Christ. I feel like I’m being Punk’d right now.”

“What is this, ‘Punk’d’?”

“You know what? I actually can’t do this.”

Ilya watches, thoroughly amused, as Pike goes to hide out in the small half-bath at the far end of the kitchen.

“Scared, Pike?” Ilya calls after him.

“Get fucked, Rozanov!” Pike shouts from behind the closed door.

Ilya bites back the obvious retort that’s sitting on his tongue. For Shane’s sake.

Jackie

Today 5:12 PM

Hayden: i'll be home late. at shane's. dealing with a thing

Hayden: sorry

Jackie: No worries I'll save you a plate

The door opens and shuts quietly behind Shane, who clearly ran straight out of the arena: there's no winter coat over the thin athletic undershirt he's wearing, and it's below freezing outside.

Shane's nervous eyes meet Ilya's briefly then dart around the room, no doubt searching for Pike. "Bathroom," Ilya tells him. "He is hiding."

The bathroom door opens and Pike's unfortunate head pokes around it. "Avoiding *you* is not the same as hiding, prick."

"If calling it that makes you feel more like man, sure, avoidance."

"Could you both *not*?" Shane says, gripping the back of one of the dining chairs.

Pike comes fully out of the bathroom and leans against the island, away from Ilya and towards Shane. "Buddy. Tell me what's going on."

"Can we sit?" Shane says.

Pike marches past Shane into the living room and throws himself down onto one end of the L-shaped sectional, hunched forward with his elbows on his knees. Ilya pours more vodka into his and Pike's empty glasses, then brings them to the coffee table and sits down right next to Shane. The proximity doesn't escape Pike's notice.

"Please, *please* don't let this be what it looks like."

Ilya smirks. "Sorry."

"Ilya," Shane looks genuinely distressed, which makes Ilya feel badly—for upsetting Shane, not for harassing Pike.

Shane takes a deep breath. Closes his eyes, opens them. "He's here because...he and I... we're..."

Unlike the time at Yuna and David's, Ilya keeps his mouth shut and doesn't step in to fill in the blank.

"Together," Shane lands on.

Pike is staring at Shane, thunderstruck. "Together?" he says weakly. "Together, like..."

Shane straightens his shoulders and looks Pike right in the eye. "Like, in a relationship, together."

Pike collapses against the sofa cushion, covering his face with his hands. He doesn't say anything.

Ilya can almost feel Shane's stress rolling off him in waves. He slides his hand to Shane's lower back and rests it there.

Eventually, Pike peeks at them through his fingers. "Gay?"

Shane tenses under Ilya's palm. He nods. "Yeah."

"Oh. Okay. Okay. That's...wow. You not letting me set you up with Jackie's hot yoga friend makes a *lot* more sense now." Pike sits up. "Wait. Is that why you and Rose Landry broke up, too?" Pike asks.

Shane nods and Ilya glowers, still bitter whenever he's reminded of *her*.

"*Wait*. Is *he* the reason the two of you broke up?"

"Um...not exactly. Sort of? Mostly because of the...of the gay thing. It's complicated."

Pike looks between him and Shane. "I'd sure as shit say so. *Rozanov*, Shane? I can wrap my head around you not being straight...but I'll be honest, man, I'm having a hard time with *him*."

Ilya feels it's safe to start up again. He leans in, whispering conspiratorially, "Shane has hard time with me, too."

Shane elbows him. "Oh my *god*, Ilya, you're *not helping*."

Pike, the drama queen, pretends to gag.

"Seriously. *Him*?" Pike throws both arms out in Ilya's direction. "Why? How? Wait—I don't want details. Broad strokes only, please—no, *don't fucking say it, Rozanov*," Pike growls when Ilya grins and opens his mouth to speak. "How long?"

Shane winces and swallows, hard. Ilya knows he hates answering this question, even though he'd only been asked it once before by his parents. Shane, who thinks of himself as an honest, upstanding do-gooder—although Ilya knows better—doesn't like admitting he's been lying by omission for a long, long time.

"About seven, um, years."

Pike grabs his full glass from the coffee table and downs all of it, slamming it back down once it's empty.

"Hayden! You're driving!" Shane says, at the same time that Ilya scowls and mutters, "Waste of good vodka."

"Fuck it, I'll Uber." Pike wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. "Longer than we've known each other. Fuck, Shane, that's longer than I've been with Jackie."

“I know. Sorry.”

“Don’t. It’s not...” Pike’s lips press together, looking resigned. “This isn’t a casual thing.”

Shane looks at Ilya, his eyes roaming Ilya’s face. Ilya’s small, lopsided smile is just for Shane.

“No, it’s not.”

Pike launches to his feet and starts pacing in front of the fireplace. “This is a fucking fever dream. Fever *nightmare*. Or I’ve finally snapped. Seven years. With *him*? You’re fucking with me. There’s no way. It doesn’t even make sense.” Pike’s working himself up to near-hysteria, which Ilya doesn’t care about. Let him spiral.

But he’s working Shane up, too, and that, Ilya can’t allow.

“Pike. Stop, now.” Ilya’s voice is loud and firm.

“Who the fuck are *you* to—” Pike spits. He spins towards them, freezing when he catches sight of Shane. Shane’s sitting straight upright, his chin just barely trembling, and Ilya knows Shane’s fighting to keep it together in front of Pike.

Pike deflates. He frowns, hesitates, then sits again, closer to Shane this time. “Hey, man. Listen. It’s just...this is...weird, right?”

“Wow, thanks,” Shane says sarcastically.

“Okay, *sorry*, that maybe wasn’t the best word choice. It’s a lot to take in,” Pike continues. “*Not* you being gay. Shane, I really don’t care about that—I mean, I do *care*, just not, like, in a bad way. I guess...you probably thought I would. So I need you to know that.”

A corner of Shane’s mouth lifts. “That’s not what I thought, Hayd. Seriously. I just hadn’t fully accepted it myself until, um, recently.”

Ilya is glad, for Shane, that Pike doesn’t have a problem with Shane’s sexuality. Otherwise, Pike would have a different kind of problem. One with Ilya.

Perhaps, Ilya thinks, Pike isn’t a completely terrible person. Still terrible, but not one hundred percent. Maybe seventy-five percent.

Pike looks right at Ilya. “I still think you’re an asshole that doesn’t deserve him.”

“Hayden!”

Ninety-five percent.

“Lucky for us, your opinion doesn’t matter,” Ilya says. He moves the hand still on Shane’s back to wrap it firmly around his waist. It’s a possessive move, which is Ilya’s intention. Pike shakes his head when he sees it.

“No, I take it back. You and Rozanov—it’s fucking *weird*, man. Like, it hurts my brain. I don’t understand. I have a billion questions.”

Ilya rolls his eyes and gets up to grab Shane a ginger ale from the fridge. This is not how he wanted this night to go. He’ll allow Pike another twenty minutes before Ilya kicks him out. Thirty, max. Less than ten if his questions are annoying.

“I mean, you can ask,” Shane says. “Can’t promise I’ll—we’ll—answer everything.”

“I am not answering anything.” Ilya hands Shane his soda and sits back down next to him.

“Appreciate the support,” Shane says dryly.

“I don’t get it. If you’ve been together for...god, I can’t wrap my mind around it...how were you *also* with Rose?” Pike’s hand flies to his forehead. “And Boston Lily! What about her?”

Ilya turns to Shane. “You have idiot friends.”

Shane

Today 7:24 PM

Hayden:i don’t get how you can look at his face and think yeah that’s hot

Shane:He was literally in last year’s Sexiest Men Alive list.

Hayden:yeah but i wasn’t so it’s an invalid list obviously

Shane:Obviously.

Today 8:05 PM

Hayden:can i tell jackie? she won’t say anything

Shane:It’s fine, I trust her. Go for it.

Hayden:that’s good because i already told her

Shane:Then why even ask?!

Hayden:polite

Today 8:39 PM

Hayden:FUCK i never grabbed the fucking package

Works inspired by this one

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