heart on my sleeve (not where it should be)

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by azurewaxwing

Summary

"It's not a sext," Hayden says, frowning.

"Come on, that's *obviously* a sext," Jackie says. They're both on the couch, staring down at his phone, at Shane's text and the swift *sorry man mistext* that followed. "What else could it be?"

"I dunno, maybe he's talking about his fucking bird seed diet"—

"Swear jar!"

—"his *ducking* bird seed diet. Or he's giving someone nutrition advice."

"Seriously, babe?"

Shane keeps accidentally texting Hayden when he means to text Ilya. Hayden can't help but get a bit suspicious. Or: Hollanov, through Hayden's eyes.

Notes

I think this canon compliant through season 1 of the show, and mostly canon compliant for the books up to the summer of 2017 (at which point it's canon divergent, for the epilogue/My Dinner with Hayden), although I used the show's timeline for the progression of Shane and Ilya's relationship, rather than the timing from the books.

The title is from Feist's "My Moon My Man," both because it seemed apt for a story about accidentally sharing your feelings with the wrong person, and because one of the inspirations for this fic was the scene of Shane looking at his texts with Ilya while out running with Hayden.

The T rating is mostly for the copious swearing, and a little for the bad sexting.

See the end of the work for more notes

AUTUMN 2013

The first time it happens, Hayden's texting with Shane about whether he can help Hayden teach a stickhandling class for the twins' Timbits team. (Hayden could teach the class by himself, obviously, but he knows the kids will go wild if Shane comes, too.)

Shane
sure man, when were you thinking? 10:23 AM

Hayden's just about to send back the details when his phone pings with another text from Shane: *if you're good I'll let you visit my dark alley again next month*. It's followed almost immediately by *oh shit sorry that wasn't meant for you*.

Hayden flips back a 😂 and *sure you don't need glasses, dude?* and doesn't think anything of it. Sure, it's a bit weird that Shane doesn't say who the text *was* for—they're best friends, for fuck's sake—but Hayden can respect that everyone's got the parts of their life they want to keep private. It's not like he's ever told Shane about the anxiety he felt for the first six months after the twins were born, how he'd wake up shaking in the night on road trips, worried that something horrible had happened to one of them while he wasn't there. So, yeah, if Shane's got a secret girlfriend, Hayden's not going to push him to talk about it.

###

SPRING 2014

The day after Shane gets back from Sochi, he brings his medal over to Hayden's place so the twins can try it on. Jade wears it for a minute, poses for a picture, then dutifully hands it back; Ruby puts it on, bites it aggressively a few times, then refuses to take it off until Shane promises to make medals for both girls out of air-dry clay. "He's good with them," Jackie murmurs, watching as Shane crouches by the craft table in the nursery to carefully carve the clay to match the jagged crystal inset of the Sochi medals. "He'd be a good dad."

Hayden doesn't disagree, but things aren't looking good on the Shane/Serious Girlfriend front. Or, frankly, on the Shane/Secret Girlfriend front, either. Shane is kind of … mopey, maybe, or moody, after coming back from Russia, and one day in the gym Hayden spots him curled in on himself on a weight bench, writing texts and then (the frantic *nope nope nope* of his backspacing motion obvious even from a distance) deleting them. Hayden doesn't mean to spy (okay, maybe he does, just a little bit), but when he walks past Shane on his way to the stationary bikes he can't help but see one of the messages before Shane angrily deletes it: *so you got what you wanted and then that's it? fuck you*

"You doing okay, man?" Hayden asks, before they head out on their run the next morning.

"Sure. Yeah." Shane bends down to fiddle with his shoelaces, which are definitely tied. "I'm fine. Why?"

“You just seem …” Hayden shrugs. “Kind of down, I guess? We’re not doing *that* bad in the standings.”

Shane makes a face like he needs to take a shit, then smooths his face out so it’s almost blank. Hayden has some experience with the Faces of Shane Hollander and he’s pretty sure neither of those mean anything good. But—“Just distracted, I guess,” Shane says.

Hayden gives it one more try. “You know you can talk to me about anything, right?”

“There’s nothing to talk about,” Shane says, and takes off at a punishing clip.

“Sure, man,” Hayden mutters, following behind at a more sedate pace. “Nothing to talk about.”

###

NOVEMBER 2015

“It’s not a sext,” Hayden says, frowning.

“Come on, that’s *obviously* a sext,” Jackie says. They’re both on the couch, staring down at his phone, at Shane’s text and the swift *sorry man mistext* that followed it. “What else could it be?”

“I dunno, maybe he’s talking about his fucking bird seed diet”—

“Swear jar!”

—“his *ducking* bird seed diet. He’s giving someone nutritional advice.”

“Seriously, babe?” She gestures at the text, and Hayden, against his will, reads it again.

Shane
I can think of something else you could put in your mouth 2:54 PM

So, yeah. From anyone else, that’s a sext. But Hayden just can’t wrap his head around that idea, because Shane is—well, put it this way: in the summer, Shane had texted him 🍑🥵, and when Hayden had called him to say *what the fuck, dude?*, Shane had said—totally sincere—“There’s fresh peaches at the farmer’s market in Ottawa right now, Hayd, they’re incredible. I’m gonna buy like two dozen.”

Hayden had died laughing. Then he’d dragged himself back to life in order to explain what, exactly, those emojis really meant. Shane had been pretty embarrassed. “How was I supposed to know?” he’d muttered, which was kind of cute, actually. It’s funny that a guy who’s such a world-class hockey player somehow knows so little about so many other things.

“Yeah, but this is Hollzy we’re talking about, right. It can’t be a sext. Remember the emojis?” he says. (Jackie knows about the emojis. Everyone on the Metros, plus all the WAGs, knows about the emojis, because Hayden tells that story every chance he gets. Shane blushes bright red whenever he does, which makes it extra funny.)

“I guess,” Jackie says, skeptical. “Is he seeing anyone right now?”

“I mean … sort of? There’s this girl he meets up with when we’re in Boston. Lily. I don’t think he’s *seeing* her, seeing her, though, you know?”

Jackie shifts around on the couch, trying to get comfortable. She’s four months along now (thank fuck it’s not twins this time), and finally out of what Hayden quietly thinks of as the puke-machine phase. “They’re just hooking up?”

“Yeah, I guess. They text all the time, though. Like, sometimes he texts her while we’re out running, or in the gym.”

“Shane Hollander lets a girl distract him during his workouts? Are we talking about the same Shane Hollander? The captain of the Metros, Shane Hollander?”

“I *know*, right?” Hayden says, delighted. Jackie gets it.

“How long has this been going on?”

“Years, maybe? Like, it took me a while to notice anything, and then last year I think they were … broken up’s not the right word, I dunno, whatever, something like that—but now it’s back on again. He won’t ever admit to it, though. He freaks out if I mention her name.”

“That’s weird. Maybe she’s married?”

Hayden can’t imagine that, not with Shane. But why else would he be keeping her secret? “That would fucking suck, having a relationship like that.”

“Swear jar!”

Hayden laughs and pulls Jackie in for a kiss, lets it deepen. The twins are out for the afternoon with Jackie’s sister, and there’s no game tonight. Why are they wasting time with Shane and his not-a-sext? “Hey,” he murmurs, against her lips. “I can think of somewhere else I can put *my* mouth …”

###

NOVEMBER 2016

“Have you met her yet?” Jackie asks. She gestures at the TV, where the eTalk hosts are chatting about the power couple that is Shane Hollander and Rose Landry.

“Nope,” Hayden says. “I mean, I saw her at the game, like everyone else, but she was sitting in a box.”

“Do you think it’s serious?” She glances back at him, then turns back to Arthur, who is doing his tummy time on the floor by the TV, trying in vain to push up to his knees.

“Dunno.” He hasn’t had an opportunity to assess their vibe; although some of the boys have hung out with Shane and Rose, it’s always been after games, and these days Hayden is

heading home from the rink as soon as possible. It's been a rough few months for Jackie, making it through the first trimester while caring for an infant and the twins.

"What ever happened with Boston Lily?"

"I think they broke up again," he says. "Like, he went out to see her the last time we were in Boston, and then he came back to the hotel early and seemed really torn up. He made me take him out drinking that night, and he got kind of tipsy, actually, on the night before an afternoon game, if you can believe it." Tipsy or not, Shane had refused to say anything about what had happened, or even to admit he'd been meeting with Lily. Up until that point, Hayden hadn't taken Shane's refusal to confide in him personally—if Shane didn't want to make it Hayden's business, then it wasn't his business, end of story—but it had hurt a bit to realize Shane thought he couldn't trust Hayden with whatever had him looking so fucked up. Hayden was a good friend! He wasn't a judgmental prick like some of the guys in the locker room! He wouldn't sleep with a married woman himself (well, other than his wife, obviously), but if that really was the issue he wouldn't have busted Shane's balls about it, either.

So, yeah. That night had sucked, and not just because Shane had insisted on doing vodka shots for some reason.

"Wow. That's wild," Jackie says. "So is Rose a rebound relationship, do you think?"

Just then, Arthur manages to get up on his knees, and Hayden takes a video and sends it around to the usual suspects, labelled *he'll be crawling any minute* (which, now that he thinks about it, is going to be a nightmare, they'll have to re-do all the babyproofing and he can't remember what he did with the baby gates after the girls outgrew them) and then when the excitement from that wears off, Ruby and Jade come shrieking in from the yard, Jade crying that Ruby pushed her off the tire swing and Ruby retorting that Jade should learn to hold on tighter if she doesn't want to fall off. (Ruby could hold her own in an MLH locker room. She has a clapback for everything.) In the chaos, all discussion of Shane's love life is forgotten.

###

APRIL 2017

The third time, it's *Jackie* that gets the text.

"Hayd?" she says, looking up from her phone. It's a Wednesday, just after lunch; the twins are at school and Arthur's down for a nap. Hayden is busy pondering whether he should have his own nap right here on the couch, or go up to the bedroom.

"Mmm?" he mutters, eyes half open.

"You aren't going to fight Cliff Marleau, are you?"

"Me? What? No," he says, eyes snapping open. He must not be very convincing, though, because she pokes him in the shoulder with one foot, frowning.

“Seriously, that guy’s enormous. Don’t do it, okay? Shane’s going to be alright.”

Hayden, who has every intention of swinging at Marleau’s fucking ugly mug as soon as the puck drops at their next game against Boston, bats his eyelashes. “I would never, babe. I’m a pacifist. I resolve my problems with words, you know?”

“Hayden Pike,” she says, in a *this is serious* tone, so Hayden changes tactics.

“Why are you asking? Who’s the lying liar that told you I’m going to fight Marleau?”

She sighs and flips her phone around so he can see a message from Shane that says *yeah but I’m worried he’s gonna punch Marleau in the face next week*. (Shane’s had Jackie’s number for years, of course, but they’ve started texting more since Shane’s injury; Hayden figures Shane must be pretty bored, hanging out at his parents’ place with nothing to do but watch the Metros lose on TV. Shane’s been texting him more than usual, too.) At first he’s confused about why Shane would tell Jackie about Hayden’s desire to deck Marleau, but then he sees that the rest of the texts on the screen having nothing to do with hockey:

Shane
yeah I liked The Hating Game the best of the bunch 1:13 PM
I liked their dynamic 1:13 PM

Jackie
okay so that is called rivals to lovers and if you like that I’ve got lots more recs 😄 1:14 PM

“What are you guys talking about?” Hayden asks, curious.

“Books,” Jackie says. “He said he wanted something to read, I made a few suggestions, and he’s been telling me what he thinks of them.” As she says it, another text pops up:

Shane
oh hey misclick that was meant for Rose 1:16 PM
and that wasn’t about Hayden, just so you know, I was talking about JJ 1:16 PM

That second line’s obviously a lie, but Hayden thinks the first one might be, too. Shane and Rose are friends now, but he can’t imagine Shane talking to her about Hayden’s Marleau-punching intentions.

“So, Marleau …” Jackie says, raising one eyebrow, and Hayden blurts out the first thing he can think of to forestall any further questions.

“Oh, hey, did I tell you that Boston Lily’s back? Shane totally denied it, but he was definitely sneaking out to meet her the last time we were in Boston. In the middle of the afternoon, too, like during pre-game nap time. It’s gotta be pretty fucking serious, because nap time is sacred.”

He knows he’s hooked her with this bit of gossip because she doesn’t even remember to mention the swear jar. “Really? God, I need to know what he’s up to,” she says. “Are they

seriously only seeing each other like three times a year? Or—I guess maybe they can get together in the summer? Ooh, do you think he's ever invited her to the cottage?"

###

SEPTEMBER 2017

Shane comes back for the preseason good as new—or maybe, Hayden thinks, watching Shane lean over his phone in the locker room before the first morning skate of the season, even better. He's got a secretive little smile on his face, one that Hayden immediately adds to the Faces of Shane Hollander roster under the nickname *mushy as hell*. He seems happy, in a way Hayden's never seen before. Jackie would say he was *glowing*.

"Looks like time off was good for you, man," Hayden says, as they head out onto the ice. He wonders, not for the first time, whether Shane was acting weird on that call back in July because he had a secret guest at the cottage. ("I knew it," Jackie had said, when he'd explained his suspicions. "He's got Boston Lily there! They're having a sex vacation!" Which, no, because Shane doesn't have sex vacations, just like he doesn't send sexts. But Hayden could believe it was a romantic getaway, if Shane's current heart-eyes are anything to go by.)

"Yeah, well …" Shane shrugs, but he's still smiling. "I needed some time to relax, I guess."

"Wanna come over for dinner tonight? You can meet Amber, and tell us about your lazy summer."

"I mean, I'd love to, but—that's not gonna be too much work for Jackie?"

"Nah, it was her idea. We'll order in from that place that does your boring food."

For some reason, this makes Shane grin even wider. "Okay, sure. I'll come over, we'll order some boring food."

When Hayden gets home that afternoon, tired from a long session in the gym, he finds Jackie asleep on the couch, Amber snoozing in the pack-and-play beside her. He slumps quietly down at the kitchen counter and flips Shane a text: *six o'clock work for you?*

The response is almost immediate, two messages in a row, but they're not—they're *definitely* not meant for him, holy shit—

Panicking a little, Hayden puts the phone down on the counter, picks it back up, sees that the texts are still there, then carries it carefully over to the couch, like it might burn him if he holds it too tight. "Jackie," he hisses, quiet enough that he won't wake the baby. "Jackie!"

One eye blinks open. "What's up?"

He holds the phone out to her, gestures frantically at the screen. She sits up and squints at the messages.

Shane
no, I've got to tell him, he's my best friend 2:21 PM
and it's not like he's a homophobe or anything like that, it's just that I know he's going to freak out 2:21 PM

"Oh," Jackie says, after a second. "Wow. So … wait. Does this mean Boston Lily is a man?"

"I don't know!" Hayden says, combing his fingers through his hair. "I don't know anything!" He really isn't a homophobe, he doesn't care if Shane's with a man, it's just—a fucking surprise, that's all. And kind of a kick in the nuts, honestly, that Shane has never told him, that Shane thinks he's going to freak out. Why would he freak out? Back in May, after Scott Hunter's whole kissing-a-man thing, Shane had texted to say *did you see that???* and Hayden had texted back to say that he thought it was cool that Hunter had done that, and that he hoped everyone on the Admirals would have Hunter's back.

I think the guys in our room would be good if someone came out, right? he'd written, and Shane had sent back *Yeah. I hope so*.

"Are you gonna text him back, babe?"

"Yeah, I, uh—do you think I should?"

Whatever she thinks, it's too late: the dot-dot-dot that means Shane is typing again appears, disappears, reappears.

Shane
shit, dude, sorry, that obviously wasn't for you 1:23 PM
can we talk? 1:23 PM

Hayden
yeah man sure of course do you want to come over? any time 1:24 PM

Jackie takes Amber upstairs for a bath, so that Hayden and Shane can have, as she puts it, "some time and space for your little heart-to-heart." (Before going up she also says "I hope Shane's boyfriend is as cute as Scott Hunter's," and Hayden says, "Wait, you think that guy's cute?" and she makes a face like *um obviously* and Hayden pouts until she pats him on the head and says, "He's not as cute as you, babe.")

"So, uh, you want a ginger ale?" Hayden asks, half an hour later, as an extremely nervous-looking Shane Hollander takes a seat on the couch.

"Yeah. Uh, that sounds great. Thanks," Shane says. Then they sit there in silence while Shane drinks the whole can, looking anywhere but at Hayden. Finally Hayden can't take it any longer.

"It's cool if you're gay, man. Or bi, or whatever, I don't know."

"Gay," Shane mutters. Now he's inspecting the can like it's the most interesting thing in the world, or maybe like it's got a new power play system sketched out on it.

“Gay. Okay. I’m not going to freak out about that. You know that, right?”

“Yeah, I mean … I thought you’d be okay with that part of it,” Shane says, finally looking up.

“So,” Hayden says, remembering the text from 2013 and the sext (okay, *fine*, it was a sext) from two years later, “have you been seeing the same guy for, like, four years now?”

“Kind of,” Shane mumbles. “It was complicated. And, uh, maybe a little longer than that.”

“And, like … okay. It’s Boston Lily, right? But his name’s not Lily, obviously.”

“It, uh. Yeah. And no, his name—his name isn’t Lily.” Shane still seems nervous as hell, which Hayden doesn’t understand. Like, the hard part’s over, Hayden knows Shane is gay, that he’s with a man, and he’s fine with it.

“Look, it’s okay,” he says. “I mean, I kind of wish you’d told me years ago, but mostly because I feel bad you had no-one to talk to about this, but that’s—whatever, it’s alright. And I don’t think I ever did anything to make you think I wouldn’t be cool about this, did I?”

“I didn’t think you’d be upset that I was gay,” Shane says. “I mean, I didn’t really *know* I was gay until like a year ago. That’s not the problem. It’s … he’s …” He rubs a hand over his face, presses it over his mouth like he’s afraid of what’s about to come out.

“Come on, dude, whatever it is, you can tell me,” Hayden says, getting impatient. “How bad can it be? It’s not like you’re fucking Ilya Rozanov or anything.”

###

AUGUST 2018

Up until now, Hayden would have said that the weekend was going alright. He hadn’t been sure what to expect when Shane had invited him and Jackie to spend a couple days at the cottage while Rozanov was there, but it turns out that off the ice and in his element—and it’s very clear that Shane’s cottage *is* his element—Rozanov can be funny, even kind of charming. (Still an asshole, but a charming kind of asshole.)

But now, because they are monsters, Jackie and Shane have left Hayden *alone* with Rozanov, so they can go inside to talk about Shane’s collection of romance novels.

(“What? I’m a romantic,” Shane had said, when Hayden spotted the shelf laden with the types of books Jackie likes to read before bed.

“Is true,” Rozanov had said, sounding smug.)

He and Rozanov sit in silence for a bit, because what the fuck are they going to talk about? Hockey, obviously, but whenever Hayden thinks about Cliff Marleau and the Boston Raiders he sees red and so probably better if they don’t. (He promised Jackie he wouldn’t punch Rozanov while they were at the cottage, and he hates breaking his promises to Jackie.) Maybe they could talk about Scott Hunter. Rozanov probably has opinions about Scott Hunter. Maybe he has opinions about Scott Hunter’s boyfriend, too—

“So,” Rozanov says, prodding the fire a bit with a stick. “Must have been a surprise for you, when you learned about me and Shane.”

“Fuck, man,” Hayden says, heartfelt. “You have no idea. I swore so loudly the neighbours heard me. I had to put a hundred bucks in the swear jar.”

“What is a ‘swear jar’?”

“It’s like—uh, you have to put money in a jar if you swear? It’s to help me remember not to swear in front of my fucking kids, man, I don’t know.”

“So if you swear in front of me you owe me money?”

Hayden gives him a look, like—*obviously not, dude*, what the fuck. Rozanov laughs, shrugs. It’s kind of surreal to see him here; he’s barefoot, wearing Shane’s plaid button-up, tucked up on the couch by the fire pit. He looks almost … soft. Domestic. It’s fucking weird. (Hayden still doesn’t entirely understand how Rozanov and Shane two ended up together, but after seeing them up here he feels like he’s a little closer to getting it. Jackie, on the other hand, is all in on their love story. She’s always saying that they’re *the cutest thing ever*, which just goes to show that even she isn’t perfect.)

“Oh, hey,” Hayden says, suddenly reminded of one opinion they might have in common. “So Shane sucks at texting, right?”

“Yes, is true,” Rozanov says. As he says it, he glances up towards the cottage and smiles, too fond. Hayden is never going to get used to that. “I am always saying the same thing.”

“You’ll like this story,” he says, realizing he’s got a piece of prime Shane Hollander lore that Rozanov doesn’t already know. “Like three years ago, in the summer, Shane sent me a text that was just the peach emoji and the horny emoji, you know those ones?”—Rozanov makes a little noise of agreement, because obviously, everyone knows those emojis, except Shane Hollander—“and when I asked him what the fuck he was doing sending those particular emojis to me, he said—”

Suddenly he cuts off, hit by a thought. Three years ago. Three years ago, when Shane was already hooking up with Rozanov. Rozanov, whose ass is—well, not that Hayden was looking, but in the afternoon they all went swimming and Rozanov’s wet bathing suit hadn’t left anything to the imagination—

“Fuuuuuck,” Hayden says. “Fuck me! That little shit lied to me—”

When Shane and Jackie come back out of the cottage, Hayden is still kicking rocks into the lake, swearing in all the languages he knows (so, two), and Rozanov is doubled over on the couch, laughing helplessly.

“You okay, babe?” Jackie calls, beginning to walk towards him, but Hayden waves her off, because she’s going to think it’s funny, and it’s *not* funny—

“What’s he upset about?” Shane says to Rozanov.

“Oh, he is just mad because you like my ass so much,” Rozanov manages, before beginning to laugh again.

“Oh shit,” Shane says, “is this about the emojis?” (Of course Jackie starts laughing immediately, almost as hard as Rozanov was a minute ago. She’s a traitor to Team Pike.)

“Swear jar,” Rozanov says.

“How do you know about swear jars?”

“Pike told me. He owes me now. About $500, I think.”

“I don’t owe you fucking anything, Rozanov!” Hayden yells back.

“Swear jar!”

Eventually Hayden calms down enough to come back and sit down by the fire. (There were mosquitoes down by the water and he was getting kind of cold, so.)

“Sorry, man,” Shane says. “It was just … easier to lie, you know?”

“I’ve told that story to so many people,” Hayden grumbles.

“You can keep telling it,” Shane says. “It’s a good story. Funny.”

“Nah, *I’m* not a liar.” Beside him, Jackie coughs and elbows him in the side, and when he turns to glare at her she raises one eyebrow and tips her head towards Shane and Rozanov. And, okay, when Hayden thinks about it he can understand that they probably don’t feel great about how long they’ve had to lie, and to how many people, and about something that means so much to both of them. The thing is that Hayden knows that Shane *isn’t* a liar, or wouldn’t be one if he didn’t have to be. “I mean—yeah, maybe I’ll keep it in my back pocket. The rooks like it, it makes you seem less intimidating.”

Rozanov smiles softly as he rubs a hand through Shane’s hair. “Intimidating? This guy? Are you sure you are talking about Shane Hollander?”

“Fuck you,” Shane says, and all three of them get there at the same time:

“Swear jar!”

End Notes

I didn't say what colour Shane's medal was because although Canada wins silver in Sochi in the book, some places on the Internet seem to think they win gold in the show. I couldn't find anything in the show that confirmed what colour of medal the Canadian team won in Sochi—please, if you do, say so in the comments—so I left it vague.

Anyway, been a while since I've posted fic on here—almost four years, I think?—so from that you can probably guess that this show has really gotten its claws into me. I used to close out these notes by saying "come and chat with me on Twitter" but I'm not on there any more, and my Bluesky account isn't really a fandom account, so I guess you can chat at me in the comments and I'll try to be good about answering!

Thanks to V for the encouragement to actually write something for this fandom.

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