

(ass)inine confessions

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77123441) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77123441>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike , Hayden Pike & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	POV Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov is Whipped , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , Depressed Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is High on Pain Medication , Good Friend Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander's Freckles , Hospitals , Hospitalization , Medical Inaccuracies , Drug-Induced Honesty , Post-Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Pre-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Ilya Rozanov Has Feelings , ilya rozanov has just joined ottawa centaurs , Crack , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Fluff and Crack , Crack Treated Seriously , loverboy ilya rozanov , Established Relationship , Soft Shane Hollander , Soft Ilya Rozanov , High Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Speaks Russian
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 3,551 Chapters: 1/1

(ass)inine confessions

by [badmetaphors](#)

Summary

"You ARE a pervert."

"Yes, but I am Shane's pervert. Is different."

"That's not the defense you think it is."

"And when we—" Ilya stopped himself, grinned. "Is probably too much information, yes?"

"WAY too much information."

Ilya delivers a TED Talk titled "Shane Hollander 101" and Hayden is the unwilling audience.

Notes

listen. i saw this [tumblr post](#) and had a vision. hayden didn't sign up for this. none of us signed up for this. but here we are. enjoy hayden's descent into madness.

huge thanks to my betas [prags](#), [annie](#) & [nico](#) for being absolute gems & enabling my worst impulses ;))

russian got you puzzled? tap for translations <33

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

Hayden had been in a lot of uncomfortable situations in his life. Press conferences after brutal losses. That time he walked in on his parents having "alone time" when he came home early from college. The entire existence of his younger brother's experimental phase with bleached hair.

But sitting in a hospital room at eleven PM on a Tuesday, listening to Ilya Rozanov—*Ilya fucking Rozanov*—cry about his feelings while hopped up on post-surgical painkillers?

This was a new circle of hell.

"Where is Shane?" Ilya mumbled for the fourteenth time, his words thick and slurred. His face was pale against the pillow, one leg elevated and wrapped in enough bandages to supply a small mummy convention. "Why he not here?"

"He went to get you some things from home," Hayden said, keeping his voice carefully neutral. "*Your* home. Because apparently you two have keys to each other's places now."

Which was *fine*. Totally fine. Hayden was a supportive best friend. He'd been supportive when Shane started "seeing someone." He'd been supportive when he figured out that someone was Rozanov. He'd been supportive through all the sneaking around and the weird tension and Shane's terrible poker face every time someone mentioned the Russian's name.

He was the goddamn *saint* of supportiveness.

But did that mean he wanted to be the one sitting vigil while Rozanov came out of anesthesia after knee surgery because Shane had rushed off to grab "real clothes" and "his phone charger" and "that specific pillow he likes"?

No. No, it did not.

"You know," Hayden said, "you could have called literally anyone else. Your teammates. Your coach. That guy who does your hair."

Ilya's unfocused gaze drifted toward him. "Do not trust them. No bond yet."

"But you trust me?"

"No. But Shane trust you. So." Ilya waved a hand vaguely. "Is same thing."

"That's not how trust works, Rozanov."

"Call me Ilya. We are practically family now." The smirk was wobbly but unmistakably smug.

"We absolutely are not."

"Shane has nice house," Ilya continued, apparently on a different train of thought now. His eyes were glassy, pupils blown wide. "Very... organized. Very clean. Like him." A dopey

smile spread across his face. "He is so clean, Hayden. You know this? So perfect and clean and he smell like—like—" He gestured vaguely. "Like good things. Fresh things. Like laundry that just come out of dryer. And something else. Something sweet but not too sweet. Like vanilla? But richer. I don't know the word. But I would recognize it anywhere. I could be blind and I would know when Shane walks in room just from smell."

"Uh-huh." Hayden pulled out his phone, considering texting Shane to hurry the hell up.

"And he has freckles," Ilya's voice had gone dreamy, almost reverent. "Hayden. *So many freckles*. Do you know about the freckles?"

"I'm aware Shane has freckles, yes."

"No, no, you do not understand. Is not just—" Ilya struggled to sit up a little, winced, gave up. "Is like constellation. Like stars. I count them sometimes when he is sleeping. On his shoulders—there is one shaped like triangle, did you know? Three freckles, perfect triangle. And on his back, between shoulder blades, there is cluster of them. Seven. Like Pleiades."

"You count Shane's freckles while he's asleep. That's not creepy at all."

"Is romantic," Ilya said with dignity, or as much dignity as someone high on painkillers could manage. "And his nose. The freckles on his nose. I kiss each one. He laugh when I do this. Tell me I am ridiculous. But I am not ridiculous, I am thorough. There are fourteen freckles on his nose. Fourteen! And in summer, more appear. Like magic. Like universe is giving me gifts."

Hayden stared at him. "You've actually counted them."

"Of course I count them. How else would I know if new ones appear?" Ilya said this as if it was the most logical thing in the world. "And his shoulders—the freckles go down his arms too. And his chest. And—" He paused, a slow, drugged smile spreading across his face. "His ass."

"I don't need to know about Shane's ass," Hayden said quickly.

"Is perfect ass," Ilya insisted, completely ignoring him. "Like too perfect—what is word? Like peaches. No, better than peaches. Firmer. More muscular. He does squats, you know. I watch him sometimes. Is very distracting. I am supposed to be doing own workout and instead I am watching Shane do squats and thinking very unprofessional thoughts."

"I don't need to know."

"And the freckles on his ass," Ilya continued, apparently on a roll now, "they are lighter. Softer. Because he does not tan there. But they are there, small and perfect, and I trace them with my fingers and he shivers and—"

"Rozanov, I swear to God—"

"Is Ilya. And you should know these things! You are best friend! You should appreciate what good taste Shane has in boyfriend!"

"I don't need to appreciate Shane's ass to know he has good taste."

"But is *exceptional* ass, Hayden. Is ass that should be celebrated. Should be written about. There should be poems."

"Please don't write poems about my best friend's ass."

Ilya's expression turned thoughtful. "I am not good with words in English. But in Russian, I could write whole sonnet. Maybe epic poem. Like... like Pushkin."

"Pushkin did not write epic poems about asses."

"He would if he saw Shane's," Ilya said with absolute certainty.

Hayden pinched the bridge of his nose. This was his life now. This was what he got for being a good friend.

"And his hair," Ilya sighed, his voice going soft again. "Hayden, his *hair*. In the summer, it gets light. Gold. Like honey in sunlight. Like—like—" He frowned, searching for words. "What is the word? The angel? With the gold hair?"

"A cherub?"

"No, no. The painting. With the gold hair and the light. The Italian one."

"A Renaissance painting? Botticelli? Caravaggio?"

"Yes! That one!" Ilya pointed at him, nearly dislodging his IV. "He looks like art. Like painting of angel. And in morning, when sun comes through window and hits his hair, I cannot breathe. Is like looking at something holy. Something I should not be allowed to touch. But I do touch. I put my fingers in his hair and he makes this sound—" Ilya made a soft, contented noise in the back of his throat. "Like cat purring. You know this sound?"

"I really don't need to—"

"And it is so soft. Softer than it looks. Softer than anything. I tell him he should be in shampoo commercial. He tell me I am silly, but I am not silly. I am *correct*." His expression turned serious, almost belligerent. "He is beautiful. People do not say this about men, but he is. Beautiful. Not handsome. Not attractive. *Beautiful*. Like art. Like music. Like thing that makes you stop and forget to breathe."

"Okay, I get it, you think Shane is pretty—"

"Not pretty. Beautiful. There is difference. Pretty is... superficial. Pleasant. Beautiful is..." Ilya gestured helplessly. "Is overwhelming. Is devastating. When Shane smiles—really smiles, not for cameras, not for fans, but real smile. When is just for me. The one where his eyes crinkle and he shows teeth—I forget what I am saying. Forget my own name sometimes. Just stand there like idiot, staring."

"You, speechless? I find that hard to believe."

"Is true." Ilya said earnestly. "He smiles at me and my brain stops working. I am like computer that crashes. Just—" He made a blank expression, letting his mouth fall open slightly.

Despite himself, Hayden laughed. "That's actually kind of pathetic, Rozanov."

"Is *Ilya*. And yes, is pathetic. I am very pathetic about Shane Hollander. I am disaster." He said this with an odd sort of pride. "His smile, Hayden. You have seen it, yes? You know what I mean?"

"Yeah," Hayden said softly. "I know what you mean."

"When he smile like that, his whole face changes. Like sun coming out from clouds. And his eyes—they go warm. Like honey. Like gold. I could look at his eyes forever and never get bored. Did you know there is ring of darker gold around outside? And in certain light, you can see flecks of green. Not always. But sometimes. I try to make him laugh just so I can see if light is right to see the green."

"You're absolutely gone for him."

"Gone?" Ilya's brow furrowed. "I do not understand."

"It means you're completely in love with him. Head over heels. Stupidly, embarrassingly in love."

"Oh." Ilya considered this. "Yes. This is accurate. I am stupidly in love with Shane Hollander." He beamed at the ceiling. "Is wonderful and terrible. Is best and worst thing that ever happen to me. When I am with him, I am happy. Happier than I deserve. And when I am not with him, I am thinking about him. Always thinking. What is he doing? Is he eating enough? Is he sleeping? Is he happy? Does he miss me like I miss him?"

"Jesus Christ," Hayden muttered.

"And his hands," Ilya continued, unstoppable now. "Have you noticed Shane's hands?"

"I can't say I've paid that much attention—"

"Strong hands. Big hands. But gentle. So gentle. When he touch me, is like... like he think I am something precious. Something that might break. No one has ever touched me like that before. Like I am valuable. Like I matter." His voice went thick. "He holds my face sometimes. Just cups my face in his hands and looks at me and I feel like I am only person in world. Only person who matters. Only person he sees."

And fuck, Hayden felt something twist in his chest. Because yeah, okay, Rozanov was drugged and loopy and probably wouldn't remember any of this tomorrow, but there was something in his voice—something raw and honest and *aching*—that made it impossible to dismiss.

Shane was loved. Shane was *so* loved.

Hayden had known, intellectually, that things between Shane and Rozanov were serious. But hearing it like this, without any of Rozanov's usual arrogance or Shane's careful deflection, was different.

"And his laugh—Hayden, when Shane really laughs, not polite laugh but real laugh, he throw his head back and his whole body shakes and is most beautiful sound I ever hear. Better than music. Better than crowd cheering. Better than anything. I would do anything—*anything*—to make him laugh like that. I tell stupid jokes. I do impressions. I am fool, complete fool, just to hear that laugh."

"You're actually kind of sweet when you're drugged," Hayden said. "It's disturbing."

"I am always sweet."

"You're really not."

"I am sweet to Shane."

"Okay, that I'll believe."

Ilya's expression turned sly despite his obvious impairment. "You know what else is perfect about Shane?"

"I'm afraid to ask."

"His thighs."

"Oh God."

"Hockey player thighs, yes? Strong. Muscular. I am professional athlete, I appreciate good muscle tone. But Shane's thighs—" Ilya made a chef's kiss gesture, nearly smacking himself in the face with his IV line. "Is work of art. And when he wears his game suit, the pants are tight, and I cannot focus. Cannot think. Just staring at thighs like pervert."

"You ARE a pervert."

"Yes, but I am Shane's pervert. Is different."

"That's not the defense you think it is."

"And when we—" Ilya stopped himself, grinned. "Is probably too much information, yes?"

"WAY too much information."

"But is good information. Important information. You should know that your best friend is very—"

"NOPE. No. We're not doing this. I don't care how drugged you are, we're not having this conversation."

Ilya laughed, looking delighted. "You are so easy to embarrass, Hayden. Is funny. Shane tell me you are innocent. I tell him no one who plays hockey is innocent, but maybe he is right."

"I'm not innocent, I just have boundaries."

"Boundaries are overrated."

"Says the guy who didn't have any problem with me sitting here while you wax poetic about Shane's ass."

Ilya's eyes focused on him with surprising clarity. "You are good friend. Best friend. He is lucky."

"I'm the lucky one."

"Both lucky," Ilya declared. Then his expression crumpled slightly. "I do not have friends like this. Do not have—" He made a frustrated gesture. "People I can trust. People who stay."

"You've got Shane," Hayden said, feeling awkward but also like this needed to be said.

"Yes. I have Shane." Ilya's eyes were suspiciously bright. "But is scary, you know? To need someone so much. To be so—" His voice cracked. "Sometimes I am not good person, Hayden. Sometimes I am difficult and angry and I push away. And I am so afraid he will—that I will—"

"Stop," Hayden said, because watching Rozanov get genuinely emotional was somehow worse than listening to him rhapsodize about Shane's ass. At least that was funny. This was just uncomfortable. "Shane's not going anywhere. Trust me, I've known him long enough to know when he's committed to something."

"You think?"

"I think you're spiraling because you're high and injured and Shane's not here. But he's coming back. He always comes back."

Ilya nodded, swiping at his eyes. "You are right. Is the drugs talking."

"Definitely the drugs."

"But also, Shane does have perfect ass."

"And we're back to this."

"Is important point. Cannot stress enough how—"

Before Hayden could tell Rozanov exactly where he could stress his opinions about Shane's anatomy, the door opened and Shane walked in, carrying a duffel bag and looking harried.

"Sorry, I couldn't find your—" He stopped, taking in the scene. Ilya's slightly teary but mostly dopey expression. Hayden's long-suffering face. "What happened?"

"Nothing," Hayden said quickly, standing up. "He's just been... very talkative."

"Talkative about what?"

"Your freckles, mostly. And your ass. A lot about your ass, actually. Also your hair, your smile, your eyes, your thighs, your hands—should I go on?"

Shane's face went bright red. "Oh my God."

"He counted your freckles, Shane. He knows how many are on your nose. *Fourteen*, apparently."

"Shaneeeeeee!" Ilya's whole face transformed, lighting up despite the lingering moisture in his eyes. "You came back."

"Of course I came back." Shane's voice was unbearably gentle as he moved to Ilya's side, setting down the bag. He brushed Ilya's hair back from his forehead. "I just went to get your things."

"I was telling Hayden about you," Ilya announced proudly.

"So I heard."

"I tell him you are beautiful. He understand."

"I don't think I'd go that far," Hayden muttered.

"Also I tell him about your ass."

Shane closed his eyes. "Why."

"Because is perfect ass! Why would I not share this information?"

"Because Hayden is my best friend and I have to see him at practice tomorrow?"

"He should appreciate what good taste you have in boyfriend."

"That's what he said," Hayden confirmed. "Repeatedly."

Ilya caught Shane's hand, pressing it against his cheek. "I love you. I love you so much. I tell Hayden everything. About your freckles and your ass and your terrible taste in movies—"

"My taste in movies is fine—"

"—and the way you organize your spices alphabetically—"

"That's just efficient—"

"—and how you smell like fresh laundry and vanilla and how your hair turns gold in summer and how you have fourteen freckles on your nose and how when you smile my brain stops working and—"

"Okay, buddy," Shane said, but he was smiling. That *real* smile Ilya had been talking about. "Let's save some of this for when you're not high."

"But is all true! I tell Hayden you are beautiful like Renaissance painting!"

Shane's eyes went wide, and he looked at Hayden with absolute mortification. "You did not."

"He very much did," Hayden confirmed. "Also something about Botticelli. And Pushkin writing epic poems about your ass."

"Oh my *God*."

"Is true!" Ilya said indignantly. "You have perfect ass! Pushkin would write sonnets! Maybe epic poetry! I am not ashamed to say this!"

"Clearly," Shane muttered, but his thumb was stroking over Ilya's knuckles, and the look on his face was so fond it almost hurt to witness.

"And I tell him how I watch you do squats at gym and have very unprofessional thoughts—"

"Ilya—"

"And how your thighs are work of art—"

"*Ilya*—"

"And how you make sound like purring cat when I put fingers in your hair—"

"OKAY." Shane's face was now the color of a tomato. "That's—that's enough sharing for tonight."

"But I have so much more to tell! I did not even get to part about your—"

Shane very gently placed his hand over Ilya's mouth. "No. No more parts."

Ilya's eyes sparkled with mischief above Shane's hand. When Shane cautiously removed it, Ilya immediately said, "Ya lyublyu tebya. (I love you.)"

"Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu. (I love you too.)"

"See? He loves me. Even though I tell his best friend about his ass."

"*Because* he's on drugs," Shane said pointedly, looking at Hayden. "He's on a lot of drugs. He doesn't know what he's saying."

"I know *exactly* what I am saying," Ilya protested. "I am saying truth. Beautiful, perfect truth about beautiful, perfect boyfriend."

"You're ridiculous."

"You love that I am ridiculous."

"Unfortunately," Shane said, but he was smiling again, and yeah, Hayden could see it now—the way Shane's whole face softened when he looked at Rozanov. The way his eyes went warm and fond and absolutely gone.

Hayden cleared his throat. "I'm gonna—I'm gonna go get some coffee. Give you two a minute."

"Hayden," Ilya called as he reached the door. "Thank you. For staying with me. Even though you do not like me very much."

"I don't not like you," Hayden said, surprising himself with the truth of it. "You're just... a lot."

"Is fair assessment," Ilya said agreeably. "But I am good lot, yes? For Shane?"

Hayden looked at his best friend, saw the way Shane was gazing at Rozanov like he hung the moon, and sighed. "Yeah, Rozanov. You're good lot for Shane."

"Is *Ilya*. We are practically brothers now."

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves."

"Shane!" Ilya looked up at his boyfriend. "Hayden is being difficult about family bond."

"Hayden's allowed to be difficult," Shane said. "You just told him extremely personal things about my anatomy."

"Was complimentary things!"

"That doesn't make it better!"

Hayden escaped into the hallway before he could get dragged into whatever argument they were about to have about the definition of "complimentary." He leaned against the wall, exhaling slowly.

Inside, he could hear the low murmur of voices. Shane's steady reassurance. Ilya's slurred but passionate declarations about freckle constellations, probably.

And yeah, okay. Maybe Rozanov wasn't so bad. Maybe he was actually kind of perfect for Shane—all that intensity and passion and ridiculous poetry about asses wrapped up in a package of arrogance and designer suits.

Maybe Shane deserved someone who looked at him like he hung the moon. Who counted his freckles and compared him to Renaissance paintings and loved him enough to be embarrassingly honest even when it was mortifying.

Even if that someone had just subjected Hayden to the most uncomfortable hour of his life.

Hayden pulled out his phone and texted Jackie.

wifey

Today, 12:37 AM

hayden

hey babe

you're not going to believe the night i'm having.

jackie

is ilya waxing lyricals about shane's freckles?

hayden

how did you know?

jackie

lucky guess

is he okay?

Hayden glanced back at the closed door, thinking about Ilya's dopey smile and his cataloging of Shane's freckles and the way his whole face had lit up when Shane walked in.

wifey

Today, 12:40 AM

hayden

yeah

i think he's going to be just fine

And then, because he was petty and this was gold:

wifey

Today, 12:45 AM

hayden

but remind me to give shane shit about being "beautiful like a renaissance painting" at practice tomorrow

jackie

you're terrible

hayden

i'm supportive

there's a difference

jackie

supportive doesn't mean torturing your best friend

hayden

it does when your best friend's boyfriend spent an hour telling you about his "perfect ass"

and "fourteen freckles"

and "thighs like a work of art"

jackie

...okay

i need to hear this entire story when you get home

hayden

oh, you will

in excruciating detail

He pocketed his phone and headed for the coffee machine, already composing the chirps in his head. Because yeah, he was supportive. He was happy for Shane. He could see now, clear as day, that Rozanov was in this for the long haul.

But that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy watching Shane turn bright red when Hayden casually mentioned that he'd heard some *very interesting things* about his posterior. Or his freckle count. Or the sounds he made when someone played with his hair.

Best friends were allowed to be supportive *and* assholes.

It was basically in the job description.

And if Rozanov really was going to be around long-term—and based on tonight's performance, he definitely was—then Hayden had *years* of ammunition to work with.

The thought made him smile as he fed quarters into the vending machine.

Yeah. This was going to be fun.

End Notes

sometimes the best way to see how much someone loves your best friend is when they're too drugged to filter themselves. poor hayden. poor shane. poor ilya's dignity tomorrow morning.

comments & kudos are cherished, printed out & read to me like a bedtime story.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!