

## like a lullaby

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
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# **like a lullaby**

by [heartsopenminds](#)

## Summary

hayden had no clue why ilya fucking rozanov of all people was in shane's room when he arrived at the hospital, but thanks to his best friend's lack of filter on a hefty dose of painkillers, it doesn't take him long to find out.

The hospital room door closed softly behind him as Hayden walked towards the bed. He was frowning, still trying to figure out why he'd had to wait while Ilya fucking Rozanov of all people visited Shane before him.

Shane's eyes were half-lidded, glazed with a cocktail of painkillers, a dreamy smile plastered across his face.

"So," Hayden started, his voice cautious. "That was... weird. Ilya Rozanov here in your hospital room. For like, ten whole minutes. What the hell was that about?"

"Oh hey, Hayden. Heeeeyyyy-den, " Shane said in a sing-song voice. "He came to check on me. Isn't he the sweetest?"

Hayden stared at his best friend. "Sweetest? Shane, buddy, the doctors said you had a concussion, not a personality transplant. That was Rozanov. The guy who plays like he wants to murder us. I don't think he even has a 'sweet' setting."

"Oh, pfff," Shane sighed, waving a hand dismissively. The movement was loose and uncoordinated. "That's just his game face. Like Batman. But underneath? Total marshmallow. He was really worried about me. I wanted to hold his hands to stop them shaking so much, but he was paranoid about the nurses coming in, I could tell."

Hayden pulled the visitor's chair closer and sat down very slowly, as if making any sudden movements might worsen Shane's apparent delirium. "You... wanted to hold hands? With Rozanov? I'm gonna need a minute here."

"I thought he might speak to me in Russian," Shane continued, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial, affectionate whisper. "It's nice when he does that. You know how his voice gets all deep and rumbley? It vibrates right in your chest. It's relaxing, like a cat purring. A really big, angry cat."

"I'm not sure anything about that guy counts as relaxing," Hayden said doubtfully.

"No, s'nice," Shane insisted, his brow furrowing slightly at Hayden's lack of understanding. "Soft, like a lullaby. I could listen all day. Like the voice notes he sends. You know, the ones you make fun of because they're so long."

Hayden paused. "The voice notes? From Lily, you mean."

Shane rolled his eyes, a dramatic motion of annoyance. "Yes, from Lily. He sends the long voice notes when he's stressed. We talked about this."

"We talked about Lily," Hayden's voice was faint. "The girl you've been sexting for years. The one you always see when we're - "

Hayden stared blankly at the wall. The pieces were suddenly fitting together in his mind, regardless of how much he didn't like the picture they were forming. "Lily... is Ilya. Your Lily is Ilya Rozanov."

Shane let out a huff of laughter. "Well, yeah. You think I have two high-maintenance hockey obsessives who text me at all hours? I do not have the energy for that. I mean, sometimes I don't have the energy for one, with all the late nights and the sneaking around, " Shane continued, oblivious to Hayden's spiralling crisis. "But it's worth it. It's actually really romantic. Like a spy movie."

"A spy movie," Hayden repeated, his voice muffled by his palms.

"Yeah." Shane shifted, wincing slightly, but the smile never left his face. "You know the grey hoodie he wears? The one with the bleach stain on the cuff?"

"I can't say I've ever noticed."

"Well that's his 'Lily' hoodie," Shane said, his eyes sparkling with a secret he thought they already shared. "For when we have to be all stealthy. I love that hoodie. It smells like his cologne and hotel soap. It makes me think of stairwells, or service elevators, or..."

Hayden looked up, horrified. "Service elevators? You're meeting up with the captain of the Boston Raiders in service elevators?"

"Well, and hotel rooms, obviously," Shane retorted. "Sometimes my place. Or his. He made us tuna melts."

"Tuna melts," Hayden repeated. This was the detail that broke him, he realised afterwards. Not the sex, not the secrecy, but the fucking sandwiches.

"He acts like he's this big tough guy," Shane says dreamily. " 'I am Ilya Rozanov, I am machine' but he takes such good care of me, Hayds."

Shane's energy began to flag as the conversation drained the last of his reserves. He sank deeper into the pillows, his eyelids fluttering.

"He called me, you know," Shane mumbled, his voice thick with sleep. "From Moscow. After the funeral."

Hayden softened at the mention of Ilya's loss. "He called you?"

"Yeah. He was so sad. About his dad, about a lot of things. He told me he loved me."

Hayden froze.

"He said it in Russian," Shane said. "But I knew. I could feel it. He thinks he always has be alone, but he doesn't. I'm gonna marry him one day, H. We're gonna get a house and he's gonna make me sandwiches and we're gonna be so boring. You'll come visit, right? You and Jackie and the kids?"

"You love him," Hayden murmured. It wasn't a question.

"Yeah," Shane sighed, a long, contented exhale, his eyes finally closing. "Don't tell him that though, cos we haven't said it yet. He's my very favourite person. He likes to think he's

tough, like a bear. But he's not like that with me."

Shane's breathing evened out. Within seconds, he was asleep, the goofy smile still lingering on his lips.

Hayden looked at his best friend who, despite his injuries, looked more peaceful lying in a hospital bed than Hayden had seen him in years. He thought about the failed dating advice, and the rivalry that suddenly looked a lot more like foreplay.

He pulled out his phone and opened his text thread with Jackie. His thumbs hovered over the keyboard.

"You are never going to believe who 'Lily' is," he typed out.

He stared at the words. He looked at sleeping Shane. He thought about Ilya Rozanov and the expression on his face when they'd passed in the hallway.

Hayden deleted the text. He shoved the phone back into his pocket and leaned back in the uncomfortable chair, resigning himself to his new reality as co-conspirator in this unexpected secret.

"Service elevators," Hayden whispered to himself, shaking his head. "And grey hoodies and tuna melts."

He rubbed his face tiredly. "I need a drink. Shit, I think I'm gonna need the whole bottle."

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