

Do You Wanna Know a Secret

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Do You Wanna Know a Secret

by [mylifeandstory](#)

Summary

Hayden and Jackie get in a massive fight and after a series of unfortunate events, J.J. sees Shane and Ilya together and thinks it's Shane and Hayden having a sordid affair. Shane lets him think that. Ilya is not happy.

Notes

Like everyone else, I have been consumed mind, body, and soul by Heater Rivalry. So much so that it dragged me out of my fanfic writing hibernation. This is a very fun and silly one-shot but I had so much fun writing in this fandom! I love these boys!! Also beware any typos, this was a beta-less twelve hour black out.

Set sometime in The Long Game pre-fanmailgate.

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

It all started because Hayden Pike, Shane's best friend of many years, was a total idiot. Well, *technically* it started over 10 years ago outside a rink in Saskatchewan but that's not the story here. The story is that Hayden is an idiot.

In what was probably his lowest moment ever, Hayden managed to forget Jackie's birthday *and* their anniversary consecutively. And then, only days after these acts of amnesia, he had the nerve to ask Jackie to take out the trash. This blew up into "the biggest fight of their relationship" and culminated in her unceremoniously kicking his ass out.

"I don't know what to do," Hayden cried, slumped around the beer in front of him. Shane and J.J. were sitting on either side of him, eyeing their still pajama clad best friend with a mix of disbelief (Shane) and pity (J.J.). "I mean she just told me to get out!"

Shane patted his back gently. "You guys will be okay, buddy. Just give her some space and time to cool off. You can talk in a couple days."

"Don't listen to him!" J.J. scoffed. "That's terrible advice. What you need to do is grovel. Send her all the gifts you can think of and call her at least twice a day. Constant begging. She needs to know you're desperate."

"That's just gonna annoy her further," Shane argued. "Space is a good thing."

"No it's not. What would you know, Mr. Chronically single?"

Shane pursed his lips and then took a sip of his ginger ale to avoid snapping. If only J.J. knew he'd been with Ilya (in some form or the other) longer than either one of them had been with *anyone*. And sure, their relationship wasn't perfect but it was pretty damn close so he knew a thing or two about keeping your partner happy.

But also he would never forget Ilya's birthday. That was kinda ridiculous.

"Will you two stop?" Hayden said. "The last thing I need right now is another argument." He drained his beer and gestured miserably to the bartender for another.

Chastised, J.J. and Shane shared a guilty look. Honestly Hayden did look like shit. He hadn't grabbed anything besides his coat and keys on the way out and his hair was a complete mess from the way he kept running his hands through it.

"Sorry, man," J.J. apologized. "Listen, I know you'll make the right decision whatever you decide to do. You both love each other." He shook Hayden's slumped shoulder with rousing force. "But tonight you can drink and rant as much as you want, okay?"

"And you can sleep at mine," Shane added. Him and Ilya would have to cope without phone sex tonight, his friend's need was greater.

"I knew Pike was an idiot but this... is new level."

“Ilya,” Shane tsked, lowering his phone volume even though he doubted Hayden could hear him from the guest room. “He feels awful. It’s been a crazy season and they’ve both had a lot going on with the kids.”

On screen, Ilya made an incredulous face. “Yes but you have been busy too and still you send *me* gift and have hot phone sex for *my* birthday.”

“Yes, well I guess we can’t all be so lucky to have me as a partner.”

“No, only me. I am very lucky.” Ilya smiled fondly and Shane’s heart squeezed. God, he missed his boyfriend.

“I’m lucky too.”

“Ah, perhaps lucky enough to have orgasm before bed?”

“*No*. I told you, not with Hayden here.”

Ilya sniffed. “He ruined his relationship so now he has to mess with ours?”

“Ilya! It’s not ruined. It’s just a fight. They’re not divorcing or anything,” Shane said. He was sure they would figure it out.

“Hmph. I always thought Jackie was too good for him.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Go get some sleep. I’ll call you tomorrow.”

“Fine. Good night, *moy chanik*.”

It took a second but he placed the word. “Kettle?”

“Yes!” Ilya smiled. “I love you.”

Shane smiled back. “I love you too.”

Early the next morning Shane drove a hungover Hayden to his house to get his gear and to also hopefully do some reconciling. But when they arrived they found the house empty. Hayden was inconsolable. Shane had to keep a constant stream of encouragement all the way to the rink.

“Like I said she was probably just at breakfast with the kids,” he said for the third time. “Don’t assume the worst. Everything was still there.”

“She hates me,” Hayden said to the window. “I called like 15 times last night and she didn’t even answer.”

That would annoy the crap out of me if I was already mad, Shane thought privately. Instead he said, “So she knows you care. Just give her time. Send some flowers or something.”

“Okay...”

J.J. met them outside and the two of them acted like escorts as they guided Hayden inside, giving their other teammates pained *don't ask* looks.

Practice didn't go much better. Hayden missed every two out of three passes and then in the locker room spent an embarrassingly long time sitting still and staring at his wedding ring.

“You'd think they had never fought before,” J.J. murmured to Shane.

Shane shrugged. “This seems like their worst one ever. I had to basically drag him out of bed and into the shower this morning.”

“You're a good friend, captain.” J.J. patted his shoulder.

Back home, Hayden and Shane arrived to a big surprise: Ilya waiting for them with vodka and a pizza.

Hayden took one look at him and groaned. “Ugh. I'm not in the mood today, Rozanov.”

Ilya grinned as we walked over to wrap his arms around Shane. “What? I came to cheer you up and to give you advice on how to keep your wife happy.”

“Like I'd take advice from you,” Hayden snapped, shucking off his coat and shoes.

The sight of Ilya made Shane so happy he couldn't even pretend to be upset at their bickering. He'd known Ilya had two days in between games but he wasn't expecting to see him until tomorrow. He breathed in the smell of Ilya and only gave him a quick peck for the sake of his best friend though he wanted to do so much more. This time, they'd been apart for close to three weeks.

Ilya gave him another squeeze and turned his head to look over at Hayden. “Hm and which one of us here has their hot partner in their arms?”

God, he really could be an asshole when he wanted. Shane elbowed him and wriggled out his hold, shooting him a reproachful glare. Ilya sighed. “Fine. Sorry. But I do know how to fix things after fucking up. Come, I brought good vodka.”

While Hayden and Ilya tore into the pizza, Shane dutifully ate some of his pre-prepared lettuce wraps. Ilya convinced them to eat in the living room, spread across Shane's massive sectional.

“First thing, don't make her angrier. Stop with the...” Ilya looked to Shane. “Word for annoying over and over again?”

“Badgering.”

“Like the animal?”

“Yeah.”

“They are annoying animals?”

“I... don’t know actually. It’s kinda a weird word.” Shane fished out his phone and tapped into google.

Ilya smiled, reaching over to squeeze his ankle. “You are researching it?”

“Guys...” Hayden protested.

Ilya looked back to him but didn’t let go of Shane’s ankle. “Right. You stop badgering. Only one text a day saying you are an idiot, is all your fault. Send flowers if she likes—”

“I did!”

”—with nice card. Here is big thing: buy her expensive jewelry and tell her you will take her on big fancy vacation with no kids.” Ilya looked Hayden dead on and pointed one slightly greasy finger at him. Hayden gave him his full attention, like he was committing every word to memory. This was probably the most Shane had ever seen them get along. “But!” Ilya continued, “The most important thing is that you must plan the trip. You get flights, hotel, activities, nanny for kids. All she does is show up. Prove to her you are not useless.”

It was... solid good advice. Hayden sat back against the couch nodding slowly. “I can do that. We haven’t gone on a trip just for us since before Arthur was born. She usually handles the details but I’m sure I can manage. Maybe hire someone?”

Ilya muttered something in Russian. Shane only caught the words “poor” and “wife” but didn’t ask for a full translation. Instead he shook his head when Ilya offered him one of the three shots of vodka he had just poured.

“C’mon, sweetheart,” Ilya purred. “Take half. We toast to my genius.”

“I’ll take a sip. For Hayden.” He took the small glass and sniffed it suspiciously. Over 10 years of being with a Russian and the smell didn’t get any better. He had no idea how Ilya drank so much of the stuff.

He scooted closer so he could raise his glass alongside theirs.

“To... Jackie Pike not needing divorce lawyer,” Ilya said deviously. Hayden scoffed. They clinked the glasses together; Hayden and Ilya threw all the liquor back, Ilya not even reacting and Hayden full body wincing and coughing, immediately reaching for water. Shane took the smallest sip ever.

“You know if you did get divorced we would take Jackie’s side,” Ilya said matter-of-factly as he poured two more shots. “She would get us, the kids, and the house.”

”Fuck you, Rozanov!”

“Ilya...”

“Ah. Ah. I think you mean ‘thank you, Rozanov.’”

It very quickly became apparent that Hayden could *not* handle Russian vodka. After four shots his cheeks were flushed bright red and he had grabbed hold of Ilya's shoulders.

"L-Listen you can't fuck things up with Kane—Shane. It's too—He's great and he loves you. You fucker. I dunno what he sees in you." Hayden spoke with an embarrassing amount of earnestness. Ilya, who looked like he had been drinking water instead of vodka just smirked, phone pointed at Hayden's face. Shane was too entertained to try and stop things.

"I think he sees a big wallet and an even bigger cock."

Normally a comment like that would have Hayden running away with his hands over his ears but in his drunken stupor he leaned back, swaying slightly, and gave Ilya a once over. "No fucking way. I bet Kane's bigger."

Ilya's eyebrows shot up. He scooted back and started to undo his belt. Shane scrambled up and got between them. "Alright! I think it's time for bed, Hayd." He forcefully tried to make him stand, dodging Ilya's attempts to pull down his pants, but Hayden resisted, claiming he wanted to see.

With some manhandling Shane was able to get Hayden into the guest room. Hayden crawled into bed and was promptly asleep but Shane took his phone for good measure. Two hangovers in a row. There better not be a third one.

"Finally, it is just us," Ilya said when Shane rejoined him on the couch. He opened his arms and Shane promptly crawled into them, resting his whole body weight on him. They kissed, slowly and lazily at first but then Ilya's hands started straying lower and lower until they dipped underneath Shane's sweats.

"Ilya, we can't. Hayden's upstairs," Shane murmured with great difficulty but was undermined by his quickly growing hard-on.

"Enough Hayden for today," Ilya said against Shane's neck. His hands massaged Shane's ass deliciously. "I missed you. I want you."

Shane tried but failed to keep his hips from grinding down. "What if he hears?"

"He is asleep, no? Vodka is strong. He will sleep through next season, probably." Ilya tugged on Shane's pants. "Is still early, Shane. Not your bedtime yet."

Fuck it. Shane hadn't had sex with his boyfriend in close to a month and he was desperate.

Once he stopped resisting they made quick work of each other, as familiar as they were with each other's bodies. Shane stayed on top, riding Ilya hard and fast, one hand on his chest and the other in his hair. When he came, he sat up straight and threw his head back, his back arching as waves of pleasure crashed over him. Ilya flipped him in the last few seconds so he could thrust into him hard and fast as he also finished.

They held each other, as they both caught their breaths.

“I hope Hayden didn’t hear anything,” Shane breathed in disbelief at the fact that had fucked on the couch with his best friend upstairs.

Ilya kissed his forehead. “Who cares? He already wanted to see both our dicks.”

The next morning, Shane woke up to an ominous text from J.J. *We need to talk. Call me asap please.*

He left Ilya still sleeping and wandered downstairs, sitting down at his kitchen island before calling J.J.

J.J. picked up almost instantly. In French he said, “Shane. Is Hayden there with you?”

Shane frowned. “No. He’s still sleeping, he was kinda hammered last night. Is everything okay?”

“You got him drunk?” J.J. exhaled loudly, causing Shane further confusion. *Got him?* Technically it had been Ilya that “got him” drunk but Hayden had been a willing participant.

“I mean... he wanted to drink. Same as two nights ago.”

“Were you drinking too?”

“No. J.J., what is this about?”

“Fuck, you were sober?” J.J. paused briefly and it felt oddly charged. “Hayden wasn’t answering me so I wanted to check on you guys last night and drove over—” a cold dread started seeping into Shane. He gripped the phone tighter— “You know how I have your gate code, right? And I mean, dude you basically live in a greenhouse, your fucking windows are massive—”

Shane’s heart threatened to beat out of his chest. “J.J.”

“I saw you from outside. Having sex on the couch with Hayden.”

With Hayden. Shane blinked, stunned. “You saw me with... Hayden?” he croaked, switching to English.

“Yeah.” J.J. groaned. “I didn’t fucking stick around but you were on top—and god I don’t think I can ever erase that image from my brain.”

“I...” Shane was so absolutely thrown by the fact that J.J. thought Ilya was Hayden that he had absolutely no idea what to say. He simultaneously felt relief but also disgust.

“Listen buddy, I know it’s been hard to date and you guys are close but he’s *married*. Fight or not. It’s not right. Think of Jackie. And even though he’s always kinda had a thing for you, I’m pretty sure he’s straight. I don’t think it could ever be anything more. I didn’t even know he was your type... Also, consent! Shane! Fuck, you know a drunk yes doesn’t count. Will he even remember?”

All of J.J.'s words fell around Shane like a deluge. He wasn't even sure what he was more shocked by or what to react to first... the fact that J.J. thought Shane would sleep with a married man or that Hayden had a thing for him? Or fucking hell the fact Shane didn't understand consent. Jesus. He'd been the one to properly educate him on that!

But on the other hand... him and Ilya were still safe. That at least, was a tremendous relief.

The silence was stretching too long. Shane had to say something. *Better the devil you know than the one you don't...*

"It-It was a mistake," he stammered out. He had no idea where he was going with this. "I lied. I had some to drink too and was trying to console him and... yeah it's been a while so I couldn't help but make a move and... Hayden reciprocated?" Shane tried hard not to sound appalled but even the thought was unsettling. "It didn't mean anything."

J.J. clicked this tongue but it was in a more sad than disappointed way. "Still, buddy, that was fucked up. It's not gonna help things with Jackie either."

"I feel awful..."

"Look, you guys need to talk this out. You're best friends, don't let this ruin your friendship. Go talk to him now and if things get too tense or anything, call me and I'll come over."

Shane hummed in agreement. J.J. sighed, adding as an afterthought, "You know, if I had to guess the straight guy you had a crush on I would have said Ilya Rozanov."

The irony was too strong, Shane almost wasn't even shocked. "*What?*"

"Yeah. I dunno, the way you spend all that time together at the foundation I thought maybe... but I was wrong. Guess he's not even your type, huh? It's Hayden."

They hung up and Shane sat still for a moment, fully shell shocked. Had he just confessed to an affair with *Hayden Pike*?! Jesus Christ. He had to fix this before it got worse.

Upstairs he hesitated, wondering who he should break the news to first: Hayden or Ilya? But after a moment's thought he decided a certain order would be a terrible idea.

Ilya was already awake, sitting in bed and scrolling on his phone. He looked up when Shane came in, tilting his head at his pajamas. "*Moya lyubov*, you didn't go for a run today?"

Shane looked down at his pajama pants. Right. "No, uh... actually, something happened."

"What's wrong? Is it your parents?" Ilya replied at once, throwing the sheets back and making to get up. "Are they okay?"

"Yes! Everyone's fine! Sorry, I could've phrased that better." Shane walked closer and sat down at the edge of the bed, giving Ilya's thigh a reassuring squeeze. "It's actually kinda funny..."

"What is?"

“J.J. called me. You know, he’s been worried about Hayden.”

“Yes.”

“Well, it turns out he tried to come over last night and when he pulled up he saw us having sex through the window. Honestly, I really need to get some curtains.”

Ilya’s brow furrowed, seemingly confused about where the “funny” part of this was supposed to fit in. “He saw us? So he knows about us?”

“Yes and no.”

“Shane,” Ilya sighed, “you are not making sense.”

“Yes, he saw us, No, he doesn’t know about us. He thought I was fucking... Hayden.”

There was a beat of silence where they just looked at each other until—Ilya burst out laughing, falling back into the pillows with glee.

“That *is* funny!” He snorted. “But if you are gonna pull pranks, you should make them believable. You fucking Hayden...” He wiped at his eyes and swung his legs out of the bed. “Ah, thank you, sweetheart. I needed that laugh.”

“Ilya,” Shane stressed, reaching out to grab his arm. “I’m serious. That did happen. I just got off the phone with J.J. He *did* drive here last night. He saw us.”

Ilya’s amusement died down, now looking confused. “He did?”

“Yes. But he thought it was Hayden because he knew he was here and he only really saw me on top. Obviously, he would never guess it was you.”

“But you told him, right? You told him it was me and not Hayden?”

Shane bit his lip. He was starting to wonder if he made the wrong decision in lying to J.J. Ilya flicked his eyes over him. “Shane... tell me you did not let him think you were fucking *Hayden Pike*.”

“I didn’t wanna out us without talking to you first! He was already convinced!”

Ilya scoffed and stood up. “Absolutely fucking not,” he muttered in Russian. He shook his head, forcing some boxers over his legs. “I fix his fucking marriage and he fucks *my* boyfriend?!”

He stormed out of the room. Shane followed in alarm. “Ilya, where are you going?”

Ilya maintained a steady stream of profanity as he reached the living room and grabbed Hayden’s phone from where it had been sitting on the coffee table.

“...he wishes he could be so lucky. He could *never*.”

“You know we didn’t actually fuck right? Ilya you’ve been here all night!” Shane pleaded as they headed back upstairs. “It’s a misunderstanding!”

But Ilya was deaf to all reason. He barged into the guest room and flung Hayden’s phone at his still sleeping figure.

“Pike! Wake up!”

“Ilya c’mon, relax.”

Hayden stirred, peering up at them. “Guys...? Waz going on?”

Ilya grabbed the phone just so he could throw it at him again. “You need to call Boiziau right now and tell him Shane would *never* fuck you.”

“Huh? What the fuck are talking about?”

Things were escalating quickly and Ilya looked like he was capable of bodily harm so Shane interjected, quickly explaining what happened.

Still looking half asleep, Hayden took it all in. When Shane was done he turned to Ilya, who was standing with arms tightly crossed, in a huff. “That’s what you’re so worked up about? Who cares? It’s just a misunderstanding.”

“*I* care. There cannot be someone that exists thinking Shane would have sex with *you*.”

“Hey. I’ve never had any complaints before, okay? I’m a *good* lay.”

Both Shane and Ilya exclaimed in disgust. Hayden scowled at them. “You’re both closeted! People think you’re fucking women all the time anyways.”

“Is different,” Ilya insisted and Shane had to agree. “I would rather hundred people think Shane is fucking hundred women than one person think he is with you!”

Hayden started to slowly get out of bed, reproachably rubbing his arm where the phone had hit him. “I could be a good beard if needed. Or a reverse beard, I guess.”

“Hayd, you’re married,” Shane pointed out but it was strangely touching that Hayden would be willing to pretend to be gay for the sake of Shane.

“I will tell Jackie she is better off if you don’t call Boiziau right now,” Ilya continued his tirade. “Will also tell her big vacation was my idea. Take your glory.”

The two of them could argue all day by the look of how Hayden opened his mouth defiantly. And this arguing would take them nowhere.

“I’ll call J.J.” Shane interrupted. “I’ll tell him to come over and we’ll clear things up, tell him about... us.” He said the last part to Ilya, unable to keep the nerves out of his voice. Even though this was clearly what Ilya wanted, Shane was still scared. He didn’t have the most

positive associations with revealing their relationship and truthfully, he had gotten comfortable in the hiding.

Ilya reached for his hand and squeezed it. “He is your friend. He will not be angry.”

“Well...” Hayden said around a mouthful of water.

Ilya threw him a dirty look and led Shane out of the room.

While they waited for J.J. and Hayden showered, Ilya made breakfast and Shane made himself a protein smoothie and tried not to jump to crazy theories about what J.J.'s reaction might be. When the doorbell rang as he was finishing up, he almost didn't want to answer.

“Should we wait for Hayden?” he asked.

Ilya swallowed a large mouthful of eggs. “And keep him waiting outside? Go.”

It was a slow trek to the front door, Shane taking deep breaths with every step. Ilya followed a couple feet behind and right as Shane reached the door, Hayden descended down the stairs, hair damp from his shower.

“Shit, he's here?”

“Obviously...” Ilya said flatly, leaning up against a small table in the foyer.

“J.J.!” Shane said with a forced cheerful tone as he opened the door. “You're here!”

J.J. pulled Shane into a quick hug. “Of course man. How did the talk go?” His eyes landed on Ilya over Shane's shoulder, brows immediately furrowing in confusion. “*Ilya Rozanov*? What the fuck are you doing here?”

“That's uh... what we wanted to talk about,” Shane started out, closing the door behind them. “It's uh, about what you saw—or think you saw.”

“Rozanov has to do with that?” J.J. only took his eyes off Ilya to glance over at Hayden for a second, confirming he was there.

“Yeah. The thing is, uh, it wasn't Hayden you saw me with. It was Ilya. We're together.”

The words hung suspended in the air for a long moment. J.J. looked around, as if waiting for someone to tell him it was a joke, but when no one did, he laughed cautiously. He turned back to Shane. “That's funny. But you don't have to get him to lie for you guys. Was he like visiting you for the foundation or something?”

Why did it feel like Shane had spent his entire morning trying to convince people he wasn't joking? Like he was some kind of anti-comedian.

“J.J. I'm serious.”

“Hayden, you agreed to this? An affair is pretty fucked up but to get Ilya Rozanov of all people to cover for you...”

“I’m not having an affair with Shane!” Hayden huffed, throwing his hands up. “I love my wife. He’s with Ilya, it’s the truth.”

J.J. did not look one bit convinced. “Right. Like Shane would ever be in a relationship with *Rozanov*.” His voice dripped heavy with sarcasm.

Ilya, who had remained silent thus far, finally let out a loud exhale, “Oh for fucks sake.”

In three strides he had crossed over the foyer and scooped Shane up in his arms, capturing his lips in the kind of deep passionate kiss that had never been witnessed by anyone else aside from the one time David had caught them in the cottage. Shane couldn’t help it, he instinctively melted into the kiss, letting Ilya’s tongue into his mouth, roaming his hands over his back.

When Ilya finally pulled away, Shane felt a little windswept, blinking at the sudden brightness of the room. He had no idea how long they had been kissing.

“There,” Ilya said smugly, wiping the corner of his mouth. “He is with *me*. No one else. Would you like to watch us fuck for proof? Is very sexy.”

J.J. was gobsmacked. His mouth hung open like a cartoon and he staggered back against the table in shock.

“We’ve been officially together for three years but we’ve been... for longer. Close to 10 years,” Shane said abashedly.

J.J. still didn’t say anything, running a hand through his hair. The tension was broken by a buzzing coming from Hayden’s pocket. He fished out his phone and lit up with glee. “Guys! It’s Jackie! She finally wants to talk!”

Without another look back he ran upstairs. “Babe, I miss you so much, I’m the biggest idiot in the world...”

“You’re together...” J.J. said dumbly at last. “For years...”

Shane walked over, putting an arm around him. He started to steer him towards the living room but then thought better and steered him towards the kitchen. Madness aside, it was nice that someone else knew their secret; with a quick glance over his shoulder and a shared smile with Ilya, he knew he felt the same.

He had good people in his corner.

End Notes

Justice for Jackie Pike, my queen. Hayden I'll fight you for her. Anyways, I hope you enjoyed!! Let me know what you thought, I'd love to hear it <3

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