

You Have Reached Lily

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You Have Reached Lily

by [ItsMayBiTheWay](#)

Summary

Hayden finds Lily's contact and touches the little call button.

After a short time, the call connects. "Shane," a breathless sound reaches his ear, a broken heavy Russian accent cut off by a choked up sob. "You scared me."

Hayden hangs up.

OR

Hayden calls Lily after Shane's injury

Notes

Omg this prompt went WILD on twitter and I knew I had to write this like IMMEDIATELY. But it's also still holiday season in my head, and I've caught a cold so here we are like three days later.

I am eternally grateful for everyone who was excited about this prompt and cheered me on!! Consensual forehead kisses to all who wants it!!

There is a chance I'll write a Hayden POV of the videos but no promises! Also this is the first work of my new series Hayden Pike Hockeymatic Universe cause I'm apparently having too much fun writing him. Next up is another Hayden + Ilya bonding canon-div, subscribe to my ao3 if you wanna be alerted!

As always thank you to my lovely girlfriend who listened to me talk about this for the past three says straight. I love you so much, M!!

THERE ARE PROBABLY A SHIT TON OF MISTAKES WILL FIX IT SOON!

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

The energy in the locker room is, for lack of better words, palpable. Hayden thinks he can actually, physically taste everyone's excitement. There's a lot of talking going on, louder than their regular pre-game volume, and clanking of gears fill the room. They're going to fucking *obliterate* Bears tonight.

Hayden's eyes immediately turn to his best friend, ready to join the buzz, excitedly yell about how they're going to fuck Bears up tonight. Shane, on the other hand, looks so isolated right now, in his own bubble, Hayden thinks his best friend wouldn't even hear him.

Lily. Lily is the thing. The love-hate relationship Hayden has with Boston Bears is mirrored in his feelings towards his best friend's long time hook-up partner.

Hayden loves playing against Boston, the nerves of the pre-game, intensity of their plays and the fucking determination everyone brings, the sweeter-than-honey taste of the win... It's all unmatched. But he also fucking hates the Bears. They play dirty, trying to get away with illegal bodychecks, chirping until someone loses their temper, using every cheap trick under the sun to win. The losses always sting sharper when it's against the Bears too.

And Hayden loves that Shane who is the most precious man in the entire world finally has someone he loves, at least Hayden thinks Shane loves her. Lily's been a constant in Shane's life, and in Hayden's by extension, for as long as Hayden can remember. Maybe since the year after rookie year. And Shane always lights up when he's talking to Lily.

Hayden was shocked to his core when Shane started dating Rose Landry, but even then he'd catch Shane glancing at their text threads. He knows his best friend enough to know whatever is messed up in that relationship of theirs, it's Lily's fault. Shane would marry her by now, if Hayden knows his best friend the way he thinks he does, there has to be something about Lily that's stopping Shane from openly loving her. Maybe she's married... But Shane clearly loves her, and is back with her now that Rose is out of the picture, and Hayden is back to worrying about his best friend and this fucking shady girl who's been toying with Shane's emotions for the better part of six years.

So Hayden just elbows his best friend's side, prompting him to lock his phone and place it on the top shelf of his cubby. "C'mon man, I know your girl's requiring all your attention, but we need our captain to hype us the fuck up." His voice is cheery, laced with teasing, and it earns him a bashful smile in return. Hayden's heart warms at the sight.

"Yes," Shane confirms. "Captain's speech incoming." His phone lights up at that exact moment, a notification popping up." iMessage from Lily

And Hayden doesn't mean to pry, but his eye catches the quick work of Shane's password. 1410. The preview of the text is vulgar to force Hayden to look away, but the words "I'd let you fuck my face..." is forever etched in a troubled, deeply traumatized part of his brain. He watches Shane quickly type out a response with an exasperated but undeniably fond expression on his face.

When Shane starts giving his speech, Hayden's already pushed Lily and everything else that's not fucking the Bears out of his mind. His body thrums with excitement and he lets the now-familiar buzz of the adrenaline carry him onto the ice.

The puck drops, and Hayden is single-mindedly focused. His laser-sharp eyes are on the puck as the puck flies to the corner, both Hollander and Rozanov chasing it like it's their child in a crowded fair, battling over it like it's a custody court. Shane wins the puck and skates away, Rozanov on his tail. Hayden's mind momentarily wonders where J.J. is, quickly scanning the ice. Rozanov gets possession, then Hollander again, and *where is J.J?* The Bears defense will surely go after Hollander.

Three things happen in quick succession: Cliff Marlow appears from the right slamming into Shane at an awful angle. Shane fucking *flies* off the ice, ricochets from the boards and falls to the ground, an unmoving tangle of limbs. Hayden's gloves come off. "Marlow, you motherfucker!"

In a rage and adrenaline fuelled haze he attacks Marlow, being pulled away by his teammates in an equally forced fashion. A part of his mind reminds him that Shane is still on the ice, that he's still unmoving and unresponsive. Bile fills his mouth as he lets chaos take over, a fight breaking out between all the other players and registers Shane is not alone. Rozanov is still there, unmoving, despite the efforts of the ref and the medics. Motherfucker! What the fuck he thinks he's doing staying by Hayden's best friend's side like he's fucking wanted or needed. Then with a sharp inhale he realizes Rozanov is needed. Because Hayden is not there for him.

The medics place Shane on a spinal board and start moving. Hayden catches the tail of his slurred words but he hears Shane's talking and it loosens a knot in his chest. "*Tell him I'm fine.*" Don't worry buddy, he thinks, I know you're okay.

The rest of the game goes in a blur, a part of Hayden's mind out of the rink alongside Shane. And with Shane gone, everything else feels off too. Rozanov scores twice, tying with Shane on the scoring race, but he doesn't even celebrate properly. He just stands there both times, his teammates cheering around him. Did he also get hurt?

When the game ends, after the handshakes and the mumbled congratulatory phrases, Hayden books it to the locker room. A quick shower and a text to Jackie later, Hayden is gathering all of Shane's belongings in his backpack, double checking he has everything he needs to take to the hospital with him.

Hayden's hand reaches for Shane's phone last, and the second he grabs it, the screen lights up with a notification from Lily. He clicks the top button, silencing the notification, but the phone buzzes under his hand three more times, screen lighting up like a fucking rave. *Shit.* Belatedly Hayden realizes she must have watched the game and saw Shane eat it. With trembling fingers he unlocks the phone. 1410. The previews are visible.

Lily: shane

Lily: fuck.

Lily: tell me you're okay

Lily: please

Fuck. She must be losing her fucking mind. If Shane had kept her from Hayden, there is no way his parents know about Lily. There is no one to tell her what's happening, or where Shane is. Hayden knows, if it were Jackie, he'd be fucking ruining lives to get more information, to be there for her.

He thinks about texting her from his number, or calling her, but does she know who Hayden is, what he is to Shane? No sane person would answer a phone call from a stranger, least of all in a situation like this. It's dangerous and it's compromising. Especially if she's actually married like Hayden suspects, she might not want to take any chances. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Running a hand through his face, Hayden carefully folds all of Shane's stuff, grabs his wallet and keys and places them in the backpack.

When he's walking down the corridor that leads to the garage he shoots a text to Yuna and David, letting them know he's got all of Shane's belongings, then unlocks Shane's phone again. Fuck it. He finds Lily's contact and touches the little call button.

After a short time, the call connects. "Shane," a breathless sound reaches his ear, a broken heavy Russian accent cut off by a choked up sob. "You scared me."

Hayden hangs up.

He knows that voice. He fucking knows it's Ilya fucking Rozanov. Hayden's never heard such relief and worry and reverence in that voice but it's unmistakably Ilya's. This is a fucking nightmare. The logical part of Hayden's mind scrambles to come up with an excuse, maybe the lines got mixed up. Fuck. The phone stands unlocked in Hayden's hands, and he switches over to the messaging app, desperate to understand.

It's not snooping, he tells himself, I need to know more, to be able to help more. He clicks on Lily's text thread, and reads through a few texts, to understand, to not lose his mind. The search bar gives him a somewhat decent idea and before he can question it he types `ROZANOV`. Thousands of texts pop up as a result. He backspaces. Tries again. `ILYA`. More messages get filtered, and they're worse than Hayden imagined.

The texts are not sexual, well not all of them. But they're soft confessions. Rozanov saying he's whipped now, and Shane texting *I wish you were here, Ilya*. There are no doubts, no plausible denyability.

Hayden backspaces again and is left with the last texts they've sent each other. It's a text from Shane first, sending the code for his front door, followed by "if you send me any more texts before the game, I'll change the code." The response makes Hayden smash a wall with his head or something.

Lily: I'll behave. I can't wait to wake up next to you.

Hayden wants to deny the whole thing, but he can't. The voice he just heard leaves no doubt in his heart. Ilya is fucking Lily. And he's possibly in love with Hayden's best friend. And he's possibly worried sick in his hotel room. Not only did he watch his *whatever* go down cold on the ice, but... *Fuck* he probably thinks he just outed them to some random person on Shane's phone.

Hayden calls again. The call connects, but no sound comes from the other side. "Rozanov. I know it's you. Fuck."

"Pike." Rozanov's voice comes icy cold, devoid of emotion. It's a challenge and a threat. Hayden's heard that growl on ice a million times before. Never on his best friend's phone though.

Hayden pinches the bridge of his nose in between his thumb and pointer and internally repeats that Shane probably would want Rozanov, *Ilya*, there. "Look. We have, fuck, we'll talk later. Once Shane's awake. They took him to Montreal General. Yuna and David, his parents, are there already. He's still unconscious. Sedated."

"Okay."

Fuck. Rozanov's tone wrecks Hayden. How can this asshole fill so much anguish in two fucking syllable. "I'm- I'm heading to the hospital. If you can be ready in ten, I'll pick you up on my way."

On the other side of the line, Hayden hears the click of a lighter, then a deep inhale followed by a puff. "Okay." Then the line goes dead.

Ilya's already standing at the staff entrance to his hotel when Hayden's car pulls up. A fucking boring minivan. *That's what inability to pull out gets you*, Ilya thinks for a second before schooling his thoughts.

Fuck. He shouldn't even be here. Why the fuck did he even agree to this. *Because how else would you survive the night?* his traitorous mind asks. *You'd lay awake in bed, watching the fucking ceiling as if it has all the answers, forcing your tears to stream internally, praying to your mother and every deity who's fucking stupid enough to listen to you to keep Shane safe.*

Ilya hesitates for a split second but Pike's already rolled down his window, hissing at him to jump in. Ilya opens the door to the passenger seat, and slides in. There are a million insults on the tip of his tongue, but he swallows them all, his mind too tired to even hurl them at Pike.

As if it's his entire life's mission to fill any silence, Pike starts talking. "Look, man. I know there is too much here to talk about. But- fuck. You guys' secret is safe with me. Shane is my best fucking friend. I would never. And when he wakes up-fuck..."

His words get cut off by an incoming call blaring from the speakers and Pike answers it like it's nothing, like he doesn't fucking have Ilya in his car. "I'm on my way, Yuna." Shit, it's Shane's mom. Ilya holds his breath for her answer.

“It might be worse than they initially thought,” Shane’s mom, Yuna, lets out. Fuck. Ilya’s heart fucking drops. Tears pooling on the corners of his eyes, everything stinging, he waits for her to explain further. “He came to a few moments ago, but kept saying ‘all yeah.’ His speech was slurring,”—her voice breaks—“and doctors are worried because he kept saying it over and over again, making no sense.”

Next to Ilya Pike keeps repeating the words, as if saying them under his breath would make Shane more conscious. Then he stops. Looks at Ilya, then his phone, then repeats again. “You said he was slurring, right?” He asks as if he’s got it all figured out and Ilya wants to punch that fucking smug expression off his face. Shane is clearly having a heavy concussion and this motherfucker looks, what, *happy*?

“Yeah.” Yuna responds, sounding hopeful at Hayden’s tone. This fucker. Ilya considers the punch one more time, assessing if it’d derail the car, killing them both.

But then Pike slaps Ilya’s arm as if something amazing is happening. “No, Yuna. He makes sense. It’s not nonsense. I’ll- I’ll explain to you when we get there.”

After a beat of silence, Yuna, possibly as confused as Ilya, resigns. “Okay.” Then as Hayden is hanging up, she quickly asks “we?” But Hayden is already looking at Ilya with so much hope and fucking *pride*.

“The fuck, Pike?” Ilya asks. Because what the fuck is happening?

“I did good.” Hayden exclaims. “He’s asking for you, you asshole. He didn’t say ‘all yeah.’ He said *Ilya*.”

And isn’t this what breaks the camel’s back. Ilya completely crumbles. Ilya fucking Rozanov who didn’t cry even at his dad’s funeral rests his elbows on his knees, hands pressing on his eyes and starts full on fucking sobbing. Because Shane is asking for him. Shane is lucid, and said Ilya’s name.

By the time they arrive at the hospital, Ilya’s somewhat calm, at least stoic. He avoids eye contact with Pike at all costs, because why the fuck did he have a full on meltdown in Hayden fucking Pike’s car. The dimly lit garage makes everything seem even worse. Ilya is a mess, this whole situation is a mess, and fucking Hayden Pike is here to witness it all.

The door to the driver’s side opens, and Hayden’s eyes drift to him. “Uhm, there are tissues in the glove box,” he sheepishly says. “You might wanna get the snot out of your face before going in.”

Ilya has fucking snot on his face, and Hayden Pike is telling him to wipe it off because he’s about to go in to Shane’s room, who is supposedly his fucking arch-rival, and meet his parents. His life is a cosmic joke, and Ilya for sure needs a cigarette, and vodka. “I can’t.”

“You can’t, what? Wipe your face?” Pike asks, and god, he is fucking stupid.

“I can’t go in,” Ilya spits. “Because I am *nobody*. Even fucking worse than nobody. I’m supposed to be his enemy.” His voice gets progressively louder, by the end Ilya’s pretty sure

he's yelling, but Pike seems unphased.

"I don't fucking know what you are to Shane. And frankly dude, I don't give a fuck. But for some fucking reason you make my best friend fucking happy, and he asked for you. So I'll bring you to him one way or another. So, wipe your snot off, blow your fucking nose, and get out of the car so we can go in and see him."

An involuntary laughter leaves Ilya's lips. "How the fuck you're good at this, Pike?"

"I've raised three toddlers." Pike just shrugs, the relief of going back to their regular dynamic apparent on his face.

When Ilya retorts back with a "fuck you," there is no heat in his voice.

They enter the hospital finally, in silence, and Ilya lets Hayden do all the talking. And thank fuck for Hayden Pike—a thought people can't even waterboard out of Ilya—because the woman at the front door only lets them in because Hayden is listed as Shane's emergency contact. A pang of jealousy burns through Ilya, reminding him once more that he's nothing, but his feet never falter when he follows Pike to Shane's room. *He asked for you, so you'll be there.*

Pike enters the room first, Ilya close behind. Yuna Hollander greets him warmly before her eyes land on Ilya.

"I brought Rozanov." Pike sheepishly tries to explain, but Ilya knows the guy himself is still trying to wrap his head around things, let alone explain it to his best friend's mother without freaking her out or outing Shane.

Yuna's eyes search Ilya's eyes for something, then her expression settles. She turns to Pike once again. "I can see that."

"I- Yes." Ilya scrambles for an explanation.

In that moment, Yuna gives her a perfectly plausible one. "I understand your duty as the captain of your team. It's a generous show of sportsmanship, but Shane isn't even awake yet."

Ilya jumps at the chance. It wouldn't be bad to show he at least cares for Shane as a rival. His eyes dart towards Shane for the first time since he's walked into the room. Tubes around his nose, tubes coming out of his right arm, left one in a swing. Ilya's hands tremble on his sides, itching to touch. His eyes start stinging again. He swallows once, thickly, and tries to will his legs to stop wobbling. "As the captain—"

Shane chooses that exact moment to wake up. A part of Ilya's brain that has left logical thought processes behind melts at the thought of his voice being what coaxed Shane out of his slumber even though it makes zero sense. A grumble leaves his chapped lips, and his eyes squeeze shut tighter before opening. Yuna immediately rushes to his side and Ilya has to physically restrain himself from doing the same. Shane's eyes find her, then Hayden, before

finally landing on Ilya. The biggest grin blooms on his face, one that's unguarded. "Ilyaaaaaaa."

"Hi." Ilya says and he doesn't have it in him to fucking stop the mirroring smile that settles on his face. Not when Shane scrunches his nose up in the most adorable way, with his freckles even more prominent than usual. He instinctively takes a few steps toward Shane, having long accepted Shane is his center of gravity.

Shane makes grabby hands with his freer one, beckoning Ilya to come closer. Ilya can pinpoint the second Shane reads the hesitation in his face because Shane then looks around the room, to his parents and to his best friend, then stops. His bottom lip trembles, eyes welling up with tears. "You- you- You can't hold my hand,"—he drops his outstretched hand—"or kiss me. They don't know that I love you."

Ilya fucking *melts* at the confession. Today has been a day. He's already exhausted from the travelling and morning practice. He's watched the man he loves get hurt, laying on the ice unmoving, and was forced to finish a brutal hockey game on top. He accidentally outed himself, and Shane. *And* he has been cordial with Hayden Pike. His resolve crumbles. There is no point of pretending at this point. "I think you just told them, *moy lyubimyy*." The back of his fingers caress Shane's cheekbones, then with the pad of this thumb traces those freckles he loves.

Leaning into the touch, Shane closes his eyes for a second, blushing and giggling. His head slightly moves, cheek slotting into Ilya's palm and his eyes open wide at the sight of his mother. "Oh," He starts talking in a loud whisper. "Mom. Dad. Best friend," he tries to sit up and intently looks at all three of them. "This is Ilya. Rozanov. I love him. But no one can know. Don't even tell him that. I haven't told him yet." He then looks at Ilya, a smile immediately reappearing on his face. "Tonight I'm gonna invite him to my cottage, and tell him when we're there."

Ilya can feel everyone's looks on him, burning through his skin, but then Shane holds his hand out for him and Ilya's there by his side, fingers intertwined. Suddenly he doesn't care about Shane's parents looking at them with unasked questions hanging in the air, or the presence of Hayden Pike, admittedly taking this better than Ilya thought he would.

"Are you sure about him, buddy?" Pike asks, and at this point Ilya's fully convinced he's begging to be punched.

Before Ilya can argue, or peel his hand from Shane's to fucking redecorate Pike's face, he feels a tug. Then Shane, looking like an angry kitten hisses. "Yes." There is a resolve in Shane's voice that Ilya only hears on ice, a certainty he doesn't know if he deserves but still needs.

"Shane," his mother finally speaks. "We'll go get the nurse and give you guys some time."

The door closes behind them, and Ilya immediately reaches for Shane. The back of his hand touches his cheekbone, his fingers reverently race his freckles. "You've scared me." He confesses, the weight of his words drowned out by the beeping of the machines.

Shane looks at him with unmeasurable love in his eyes. In that moment Ilya knows there's no going back, he'll stay and fight for this man, for them. And it doesn't even scare him anymore. His love, once felt like agony, feels like a reprieve, a harbor he can rest amidst the storms. He reaches to place a kiss on Shane's lips, but a startling noise scares him.

"Yeah, buddy. We were all so scared."

Ilya doesn't punch Hayden Pike, not then. But grabbing him by the back of his shirt like a kitten and kicking him out of the room feels good enough for now.

Until he finds out Pike has a bunch of videos Shane high out of his mind, talking to his parents and his boyfriend, secured in an external storage rather than his phone, then he finally punches Pike.

End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading!! You guys' comments and kudos keep my Tinkerbell spirit alive <3 🧚🧚

And you all know the drill by now I hope

If you want to say hi this is me on twitter-> [ItsMayBiTheWay](#)

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