Boston Rose

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Boston Rose

by Verdant_Words

Summary

What if instead of "Lily" and "Jane," Ilya chose names based off their last names: "Rose" and "Holly."

OR

Hayden believes Shane was in a three year relationship with Rose Landry.

Notes

Hey! Heated Rivalry still lives in my head rent free and has me in a choke hold, so here's another fic! There's a work skin, so it might look weird if you don't have work skins on.

For some reason, I gravitate to Hayden POV very easily.

I forced myself to write in past-tense as an excersize and this is not beta read. If the verb tenses are super fucked, let me know and I'll fix it!

Enjoy! :)

See the end of the work for more notes

“Give me your phone.”

Shane blinked slowly, trying to figure out if what he heard was real or if the Russian accent got in the way. “My phone?"

“Yes.”

Shane fumbled the phone out of his pocket and handed it to Ilya. Ilya took it and entered his number under the name Rose.

Shane snorted as he watched Ilya type.“Who should I be?” He grabbed Ilya's phone off the nightstand.“Shannon?”

“Holly,” Ilya said simply as if it made perfect sense.

“Jesus Christ.” Shane rolled his eyes as he proceeded to type in his number.

“No. Just Holly. Pretty."

Shane rolled his eyes again and shoved Ilya's phone into his chest. "Shut up and check if the coast is clear so I can leave."

"Boston Rose is texting you," Hayden called from his side of the room.

Shane stumbled out of the bathroom and grabbed the phone he left on the bed. "It's not-"

"I dont care Shay." Hayden stretched his arms over his head. "You going to see her tonight?"

Shane glanced a peek at his screen.

Rose: What are you doing right now?

"What? No," Shane said dismissively and climbed into his hotel bed. "What happened to you don't care?"

Holly: Nothing. At the hotel.

"I don't man, calm down. You always play better after seeing your Rose.″

"She's not mine," Shane grumbled as he watched his phone for a response.

Rose: Come over

Holly: We have a game against each other tomorrow.

Rose: Yes, tomorrow. Not today. Come over

Holly: This is a bad idea.

Shane stood from his bed and swiped his keys off the nightstand.

Rose: You like bad idea. Come over.

Holly: Fuck off.

"I'm going out," Shane said to Hayden as he slipped his feet into tennis shoes.

"Oh yeah?" Hayden said with a smug smirk. "Have fun with *Rose*."

"Fuck off Hays," Shane grumbled as he slipped out the door.

Its a couple hours later when Shane stumbled back into his hotel room.

Hayden looked up from his phone mildly confused. Usually Shane stayed with Boston Rose as long as he can, but it's not even dark outside yet.

"You okay, man?"

Shane nodded slightly, but he looked distinctly… frazzled. That's the word Jackie would use. Shane looked frazzled.

"Yeah, yeah. Just tired."

Hayden surveyed his best friend carefully. Shane's skin was paled and he almost looked like he was going to be sick.

Something must have happened. Something with Rose.

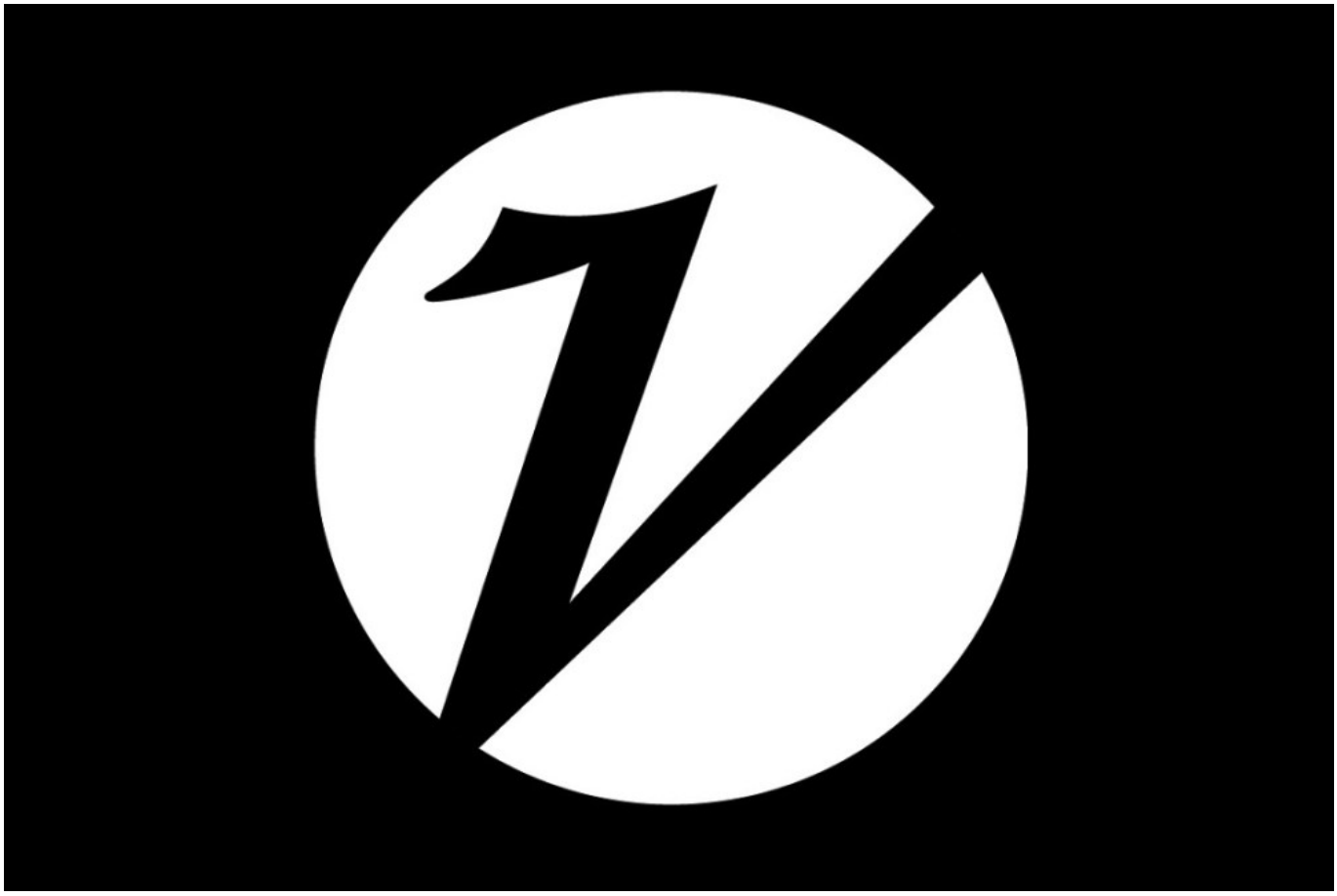
"Shane, seriously, if you need to talk-"

Shane cut him off sharply, "I'm just tired Hayden. I'm going to shower and sleep."

Hayden watched his friend lock himself in the en suite bathroom. Shane Hollander, Hockey good boy, polite Canadian, nicest captain the league has ever known, actually snapped at someone. At him.

Something definitely happened with Rose.

It's not even two weeks later when Jackie sent Hayden a screenshot from Twitter.



Variety
@variety

Breaking News: Rose Landry seen hand in hand with Voyageurs Hockey star Shane Hollander. New Romance brewing for the X-Squad actress?

6:14 PM · Dec 2, 2016

23.3K Retweets **924** Quote Tweets **72.1K** Likes

Hayden stared down at his phone in shock. Rose. Rose fucking Landry!

This is why Shane was so secretive about their relationship! It must be hard to date a famous actress who can't go anywhere without poparazzi! Shane was a notoriously private person.

It makes so much sense.

Hayden: Everything makes so much sense! Why didn't he tell me?

Jackie: Maybe Rose didn't want to make the front page?

Hayden: No luck in that

Jackie: Bring McDonalds home? girls are begging

Hayden: Yeah I'll be home in 20

Hayden packed his stuff up at the gym while he thought about his best friend. Shane Hollander dating Rose Landry? Fucking hell man.

The media made it sound new, but Hayden knew it's been going on for years. He'd seen the gleam in his eyes when he texts Rose — *Rose fucking Landry* — as if he's seen the sun for the first time. The guy lights up and keeps a stupid-in-love smile on his face.

Rose must have a residence in Boston? Maybe she films a lot in Boston? Hayden doesn't keep up with movie stars, but both options sound reasonable. Both Shane and Rose are so busy with their schedules, Hayden imagined it would be hard to line up dates.

Rose. Fucking. Landry.

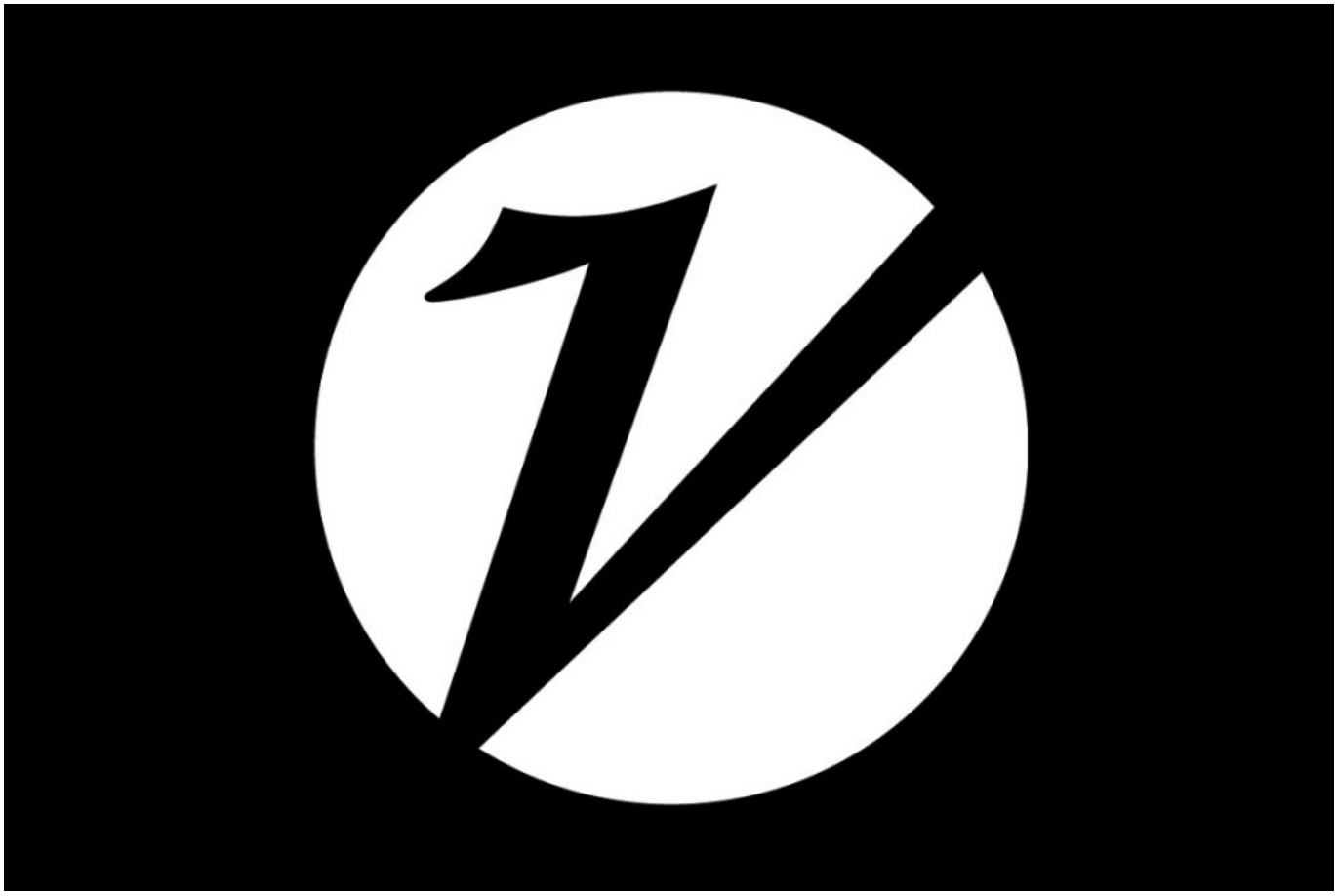
But what about that night, about two weeks ago, when Shane stumbled into the hotel looking like a ghost of himself? The man played horrible against Boston the next day. Hayden assumed Rose had broken up with him. Maybe Rose wanted to make their relationship public? Maybe Shane did? Maybe they had a fight and Shane overreacted?

Hayden remembered the haunting look in Shane's eyes, like he'd just discovered gold just to have it fall into the deepest depth of the ocean.

It must have just been a fight. Couple fight.

Hayden: I still can't fucking believe it

Jackie: Swear jar. get me a chocolate milkshake?



Variety
@variety

Breaking News: Rose Landry and Shane break-up amicable, source close to the stars say.

10:44 AM · Jan 9, 2017

27.3K Retweets **1084** Quote Tweets **88.2K** Likes

Hayden sees this headline on his own and immediately pulls up his text feed with Shane.

Hayden: Hey man, you and Rose broke up?

Shane: Yeah, but we're still friends.

Hayden: Shannnne

Shane: I know it sounds like bullshit, but we really are better friends.

Hayden: I'm calling JJ. We're going drinking tonite

Shane: I don't drink, you have a dozen kids, and we have practice tomorrow morning.

Hayden: and you're going through a break up. make an exception

Shane: What if I come over to your place for dinner? I'd love to see the girls and Arthur.

Hayden: and not me?!

Shane: Nope.

Hayden: fuck you Shay

Hayden: come around anytime, you know you're always welcome

Shane: Thanks man.

A few minutes passed before Hayden got another text.

Shane: It really was mutual. We're staying friends.

Hayden: sure bud

The media said Rose and Shane had broken up. Shane had said that they were broken up. But the man sat on Hayden's couch doesn't look broken up with.

"How you doing, man?" Hayden handed Shane a ginger ale as he sat on the couch next to him.

"I'm fine, Hays. I've said this three times." Shane gave Hayden a sideways look. "It was as much my decision as hers."

Hayden raised his hands up in surrender. "I'm just saying, after all this time it must hurt a little."

Shane snorted. "Yeah, a whole month of dating someone. Real long time there."

"No, it's been, like, three years or something."

Shane frowned and shook his head. "No, we started dating in December."

"Publicly." Hayden takes a swig of Corona. "Are you forgetting that I've seen you text Rose before?" Hayden looked at Shane who still looked very confused. "*Boston* Rose? I know she's not necessarily Boston now, but I watched you text her for years."

Shane froze and Hayden heard a sharp inhale. "Oh, ah… That's-"

Hayden slapped Shane on the shoulder. "Listen, it's not that big of a deal. You two didn't want a media storm, I understand. You could have told *me* at least. I never tell secrets to anyone." Hayden considered for a moment. "Except my wife. But she wouldn't tell anyone either."

Shane swallowed hard. "So you think I am upset because I've broken up with my girlfriend of… three years?"

"Anyone would be, it's okay," Hayden assured. "That's why I wanted to take you out tonight. Look, we can still call up JJ and some of the other guys-"

Shane shook his head. "Hays, stop. I don't want to go out with the guys."

Hayden nodded and pulled away. He can see Shane got uncomfortable, so he won't push. He loved the guy. He just wanted what's best for him

Shane's phone buzzed and he fumbled to pull his phone out of his pocket. And Hayden saw *it* again.

Shane's face glowed, and not just from the screen brightness. He had heart eyes as he typed a response back to — who Hayden can only assume — Rose.

"Dude, you do not look broken up with."

"What?" Shane asked without looking up at his text conversation.

"It's all over your face! You look like a starving man being offered a slice of bread. It's the same look you've had for the last three years when you text *Rose!*"

Shane hesitated for a second before he slowly said, "It's not the same Rose."

It's Hayden's turn to freeze. "What do you mean?"

"Rose Landry? She's not 'Boston' Rose," Shane said with his fingers doing air quotes around Boston. "That's someone else."

Hayden blinked twice. "So you're telling me that you have texted a girl for three years named Rose, you have some kind of falling out with her the last time we were in Boston, and two weeks later you start publicly dating a famous Rose? Shane-"

"I know how it sounds," Shane grumbled. "But it's true. Rose isn't *Rose*."

The two men were quiet for a minute, ESPN played in the background.

"You have a type, huh?"

Shane blushed and rolled his eyes. "Shut it."

"No, you like girls with flower names. When can I meet this other Rose? Or is she First Rose?"

"Hayden, I can't."

"Come on, at least tell me about her. I want to be a good best friend to you, man-"

"Rose is a *he*," Shane said firmly.

That took a few seconds to compute in Hayden's brain. He. *He. Rose* is a he.

Fuck. Fucking shit.

"Oh, uh…"

Shane took a deep breath. It looked like he was gearing up for a fight. "Yes, Rose is a man. I'm gay. And if you have a problem-"

Hayden grabbed Shane's arm. "Hey, hey! Shane, you are my best friend. You were the best man at my wedding. You're the first person I ever let hold my kids. You being gay is not even an issue or anything. You're still Uncle Shane."

Shane took a slow breath and Hayden realized he wasn't breathing to start with. "I-Thank you. No one knows, not even my parents."

Hayden frowned. That sounded… really lonely. "What about Rose?"

Shane shook his head. "No, no one knows about him either. We only- Well, we only have each other about this."

"I'm sorry, man. That sounds miserable."

Hayden can't imagine it: caring for someone, maybe even loving someone, and keeping it hidden for years, hiding your personal life from everyone.

"It's not too bad," Shane said. Somehow the man has a smile on his face. "At least I have him, right? At least, I hope I still do."

"So, in Boston last time-"

"It got too real," Shane explained slowly. "I think he was ready for more, and I freaked out on him. I texted him earlier asking if we can meet during the All Stars game to talk everything out."

Hayden smiled at his friend. "That's the mature captain I love. I'm glad that you're happy with him. So Rose Landry..?"

"Was me trying to prove something," Shane confirmed. "She called me out on it though."

Hayden turned fully to Shane and gaped at him. "Wait, you mean Rose *fucking* Landry-"

"Swear jar."

"-knows that you're gay?"

"She told me that I'm gay." Shane laughed at Hayden's expression. "She figured it out and made me talk about it. Now, we are friends and she's been really supportive of me."

Hayden turned back front, facing the TV.

Rose. Landry.

"I need to meet this girl."

End Notes

I love Hayden "I've-connected-it" Pike and Shane "You-haven't-connected-shit" Hollander.

I have two others for this fandom being written, so be on the look out!

I am @verdant-words
on tumblr!

Thank you for reading! Comments and Kudos feed me, but mostly I just hope you enjoyed it!

- Verdant

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