

Perceptive

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77347296) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77347296>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike/Jackie Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike
Additional Tags:	Inspired by Heated Rivalry (TV) , Episode: s01e05 I'll Believe in Anything (Heated Rivalry) , Romance , Good Friend Hayden Pike , POV Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike Friendship , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Autistic Shane Hollander , Hayden Pike plays detective , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Not Beta Read , Hayden might have a small crush on shane , but he loves Jacki so much and he get's over it , and it was probably just jealousy over not being in on the secret , not a hayden/shane fic
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Completed: 2026-01-09 Words: 7,086 Chapters: 2/2

Perceptive

by [Pueliquiss](#)

Summary

Then, with a smile in Shane's voice, "That's French, Ilya."
Ilya?
Had Hayden heard that right?
Shane definitely had to be making a joke.
Or- or something. Right?
And maybe Hayden would have believed that if Shane hadn't known where Rozanov was a day before anyone else did.
Russian... Lily... Ilya...
'Oh my God' was the only thought that crossed Hayden's mind. His fingers gripped at the door, Shane's head dipped close to the phone visible through the crack.
It wasn't possible. But, he just had a feeling. Something in Hayden's brain was saying 'no yeah, that's Rozanov on the phone.'

Or

Hayden Pike figures out Shane and Ilya's secret after overhearing a very consequential phone call.

(This fic is mostly show compliant, with a couple details from the book thrown in. Some of it I changed completely for my own purposes.)

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Sorry in advance

It all started two days after they played Boston in Montreal.

JJ had told the team about Rozanov's strange disappearance, but Hayden really hadn't thought much of it at the time. Despite this, he still noticed the way Shane had been staring at his phone after the news in the locker room had been shared, he had been biting his lip.

Then, the next day as they were packing up their gear to fly down to play in Minnesota, Mitty had asked loudly, "Did anyone ever figure out why Rozanov didn't go to Nashville? The Raiders aren't gonna win that game without him."

Some of the guys shook their heads but JJ laughed, "This is good though, no?" His French accent was almost too heavy to understand his English.

Out of nowhere, Shane chimed in, "He flew home to Moscow."

Mitty shrugged, he didn't really care about the information, Hayden could tell. He had just been trying to bring up the Russian because he was a fun conversation topic, everyone on the team always had something to say about Ilya Rozanov.

Hayden cared though, he hadn't seen any headlines about it. He leaned over to Shane and asked very quietly, "Wait why?"

Shane stood up a little straighter and breathed in sharply, "Oh- I- uh don't really know, I just saw it on Instagram."

Hayden would have believed him, if he didn't know that Shane was never on Instagram.

On the ride to the airport, he checked all of his hockey news sources, but couldn't find anything on Rozanov being in Moscow.

The next day, the media broke that he actually was in Russia, for his father's passing. Hayden's eyebrows shot up as he read it. Each post he found about it was new, from that day.

So how did Shane know early?

Two weeks later, they were in Tampa. Shane was watching the Admirals play a game on the crappy TV, Hayden wasn't paying enough attention to know who they were playing against. Shane had scolded him about not being knowledgeable about other teams before, but he didn't care. He was looking at pictures of Amber that Jacki had sent him on his phone.

The bedside table buzzed twice and Hayden glanced over, two notifications on Shane's phone, from Lily, Shane's mystery Boston-bound girlfriend. Hayden smirked at him when Shane immediately shut the TV off, grabbed his phone, and went for his shoes.

"Hey I'm just gonna-" he said, already halfway out the door.

"Have fun!" Hayden teased.

After a minute or so, Hayden realized the cup of ice he was chewing on was empty. He hoisted his joggers up and started toward the ice machine. As he walked down the hallway, he could hear Shane's voice coming from behind the stairwell door.

Hayden smirked, this was his chance to finally get some *much* overdue gossip about Shane's secret affair to tell Jacki. Maybe he would finally get his theory confirmed, she was a Raider's fan and Shane playing for the Metro's was a dealbreaker for her. He cracked the stairwell door, trying to be as quiet as possible.

Shane asked Lily, "You mean not your Father?"

What was the context of this? Was Shane going to ask her to marry him? No, no. Hayden was jumping to conclusions.

Silence

...

...

After a moment, "I wish I spoke Russian."

Obviously Lily was doing more speaking than Shane was, because Hayden had no idea what they were talking about. Shane never made sense, why the fuck would this girl he was having this hot-sneak-around-romance with be interested in Shane being trilingual. There was nothing interesting happening, and all the ice Hayden had been chewing was catching up to his bladder, so he started to ease the door shut.

Then, with a smile in Shane's voice, "That's French, Ilya."

Ilya?

Had Hayden heard that right?

Shane definitely had to be making a joke.

Or- or something. *Right?*

And maybe Hayden would have believed that if Shane hadn't known where Rozanov was a day before anyone else did.

Russian... Lily... Ilya...

'*Oh my God*' was the only thought that crossed Hayden's mind. His fingers gripped at the door, Shane's head dipped close to the phone visible through the crack.

It wasn't possible. But, he just had a feeling. Something in Hayden's brain was saying '*no yeah, that's Rozanov on the phone.*'

"Where are you?" Shane asked who Hayden was pretty sure was Ilya *fucking* Rozanov through the phone. Shane's voice echoed through the stairwell. His usually monotonous tone inflected the slightest bit of concern, almost as much concern as when Jacki had been hurt during Arthur's birth, which had been very *very* little. But that's just how Shane was.

Hayden couldn't think straight. He couldn't move. Shane just kept talking.

"Hey, I- I have an Idea," Hayden watched the back of Shane's head as he shook it minutely. He looked like a kitten trying not to sneeze, "How 'bout you tell me everything that's on your mind... but in Russian?"

The idea that Shane Hollander cared for Ilya Rozanov was something so alien to Hayden that he physically had to stop himself from announcing his presence, from asking if this was all a prank. Somewhere in the back of his head, he knew that he was breaking a boundary, that this was definitely a betrayal of Shane's trust. This was a private conversation, Rozanov was in Russia for his Father's funeral, and him being 'Lily' was not information that Shane had allowed Hayden to be privy to.

"I won't understand, but maybe it'll help?" his voice lilted up with hope as it bounced off of the concrete walls and into Hayden's prying ears.

He knew it was a betrayal, but he couldn't help but feel betrayed too. Shane had been texting 'Boston Lily', as Hayden liked to call her- him, since... Hayden widened his eyes, staring at Shane's dark hair with astonishment. It was around the time when Shane won rookie of the year wasn't it? Or maybe a bit before that... Hayden couldn't remember, but it had been *six fucking years*, and Shane hadn't told him a thing.

Shane Hollander, his best friend, had been texting Ilya Rozanov for six years.

And Hayden had no idea what this meant.

He knew that Shane would go and meet "Lily" each time he was in Boston.

But what about when the Raiders would come play in Montreal?

'*Shane never hangs out with the team after games*' he thought. They were meeting up then too, Ilya and Shane.

But *why*?

Why wouldn't Shane tell Hayden that him and- and fucking *Rozanov* were... *friends*?

Why was he called 'Lily' in Shane's phone?

What the fuck was going on?

Shane was very quiet and very still for a long time. He got like that sometimes, when he was thinking of a play or reading a book, when he was deep in thought. And he was clutching the phone so tightly, listening to whatever Rozanov was saying to him. He looked like a statue, gripping the phone like he was made of marble.

Then he shifted his weight and his shoulders shuddered, his voice was normal monotony once again, "Do you feel better?" he asked. He nodded slightly at whatever the response was, and his voice broke, maybe he was about to cry. Hayden couldn't imagine why, "Maybe you could teach me Russian someday," he was smiling again, from what it sounded like to Hayden.

Shane laughed, it wasn't even a chuckle, just an amused scoff, but Hayden was taken aback. It was very hard to get Shane Hollander to laugh, when a joke was made he smiled politely, sometimes it would reach his eyes if he thought it was funny. Hayden *had* heard him laugh, but not after many years of knowing each other. But here was Ilya Rozanov, miles away in Moscow, making Shane laugh for a reason Hayden would never know.

"Fuck you," Shane told Rozanov, but for a wild deluded moment Hayden thought he had been got. Then after Shane paused to let Rozanov speak, he lowered his head, "How 'bout... 'I wish you were here right now'?"

Rozanov must have said something in Russian in response, because Shane asked, "What does that mean?" Hayden felt so lost in this one sided conversation.

Shane hummed at whatever Rozanov had said, "I don't believe you... Are you heading home?"

He tried to remember everything Shane was saying, tried to piece it together, but he didn't know Ilya Rozanov, he had no idea as to what the other man was saying to Shane through the phone. What he would even *have* to say to his *rival*.

"What's your place in Moscow like?"

And if there had been any doubt in Hayden's mind left as to who exactly Shane was on the phone with, it was gone now.

"Oh," Shane breathed the word into the phone. He shimmied uncomfortably as switched the phone to his other ear.

"Gaudy?"

There was no way that was what Rozanov had said, not with his shit English.

Shane laughed at some other joke, “I’m sure I would.”

Silence as Rozanov responded.

“I’m sure it is.”

More silence, Shane shifted positions, getting more comfortable on the hard step he was sitting on. It seemed like he was planning to be on the phone for a while.

Hayden could hear the eye roll in Shane’s voice as he sarcastically told Rozanov, “Yeah, you would like that, asshole,” Truly, he could not recall a time Shane had ever been this expressive with anyone.

Silence...

“Maybe, maybe not” Shane said, *teasingly*, Hayden couldn’t believe his ears.

“...Yeah, definitely not, then,” but he didn’t sound like he meant it.

“...The game starts- uh- tomorrow at six,” Rozanov was asking Shane about the game. Hayden could feel a headache coming on.

...

“Mmm, yeah- Tampa is good.”

...

“I don’t know. No- No I’m not.”

...

“Shut up.”

...

“I’m gonna kick *your* ass. Hat trick and everything.”

...

“You’ll see, Rozanov,” oh. So there it was.

...

“Oh... well then-”

...

“Yeah, um- you’re welcome. I guess. I’ll see you soon,” Shane sounded mildly interested, which meant he was over the moon to be seeing Ilya Rozanov in a week.

...

Shane sighed, "Goodnight Ilya."

Hayden very slowly inched the stairwell door closed and turned around. He heard Shane say something else, even though the conversation was supposedly ending. But it was muffled now by the wall between them and the blood pounding in his head.

Without thought, he went to pull out his own phone. He had to tell Jacki.

His hand hovered over the call button, but he didn't press it. Instead, he sighed, slid his phone back into his pocket, and went to go get ice.

====

Hayden had turned the TV on, but didn't know what was playing, his thoughts too consumed by the information. He worked through it in his head, trying to make it make sense.

Shane was friends with Ilya Rozanov. Or at least they were friendly enough to call and joke-but no- fuck that, Rozanov had texted while he was supposed to be mourning his father's death. And that's what they had been talking about when Hayden first overheard, his father. So Shane had been comforting Rozanov- definitely friends.

But why all of the sneaking around? Everyone knew that the Hollander versus Rozanov rivalry was... played up for the media.

Hayden knew it was some idiotic PR bit, and had for a while. After so many years of knowing Shane, he now recognized that when Shane said '*Yeah, fuck Rozanov*' to one of JJ's uncivil comments, he was just playing along.

The two of them had talked about how good a player the Russian was, and Shane respected him.

So why? Why did they keep it up? Being friends with a player on a different team wasn't uncommon in any sense. Even a rival team. Hell- Hayden kept up with guys who still played for the Ducks, the team who had drafted him.

They always met up when they were in the same city... just to what? Throw back a couple of beers and joke about how everyone thought they hated each other? Was the animosity just a big prank?

Hayden thought back to when Boston had been in Montreal a few weeks prior. Shane had been out of the hotel room until before the game, he had even been five minutes late in the locker room. Everyone whooped and hollered, making fun of their perfect captain for making a mistake.

But it's because he had been with Rozanov.

Shane had hung out with the team after the game in the hotel bar... because Rozanov had flown back to Moscow. He had been in a sour mood the whole night.

Then, the next morning, when JJ had mentioned that the Russian hadn't flown back with the Raiders, Shane had stopped whatever he had been doing and immediately perked up. After Hayden suggested if he was sick, '*He's not*' Shane had been so sure of himself, before correcting himself '*I mean, he didn't seem sick*'. Like you would be able to tell on the ice.

But Shane did know he wasn't sick, because they had been together before the game.

That was who Shane had texted after JJ had gotten annoyed, '*ESPN is just saying he did not go to Nashville,*'. Hayden had thought he was just relaying the information to his hockey-brained mother.

Hayden groaned and rubbed his eyes. This whole ordeal was hurting his brain.

He was running through each of the times that Shane had probably been with Rozanov, he remembered Shane spending almost the whole day with 'Lily' the last november, when they had been in boston.

As a joke, he had teased Shane about it when he left, '*Okay, go get laid, weirdo*'. Shane hadn't brushed the suggestion off. He told Hayden to go fuck himself, but he hadn't denied it. If he was really going just to spend time with Ilya Rozanov as secret friends and nothing more, why didn't he deny it?

Unless...

Fuck.

Oh *fuck*.

Shane *had* been hooking up with Lily, except that Lily was actually code for Ilya.

Shane had been hooking up with Ilya Rozanov.

For six fucking years.

What the fuck?

What the actual fuck?

That was the final straw.

Jacki answered the phone impatiently, "Hey babe! Kinda busy right now, can I call you-"

He was too fucking confused to ease her into it, he blurted "I think that Shane and Ilya Rozanov are fuck buddies."

She didn't say anything for a long second, she didn't even scold him for swearing... He heard her unbuckle one of the kids and a car door close. "Hayden what are you talking about?" She sounded serious, but there was that edge of gossip to her tone. The way they would talk to each other that said *'oh my god this is so juicy'*. And this was probably the juiciest gossip that Hayden would ever tell her.

"You know how Shane texts a Lily? The girl in Boston?" Hayden ran a hand through his hair, "Lily is just a codename for Ilya."

Jacki stammered, "Babe- babe, what? I thought that Shane had been talking to Boston Lily for years? How did you figure this out?"

She didn't believe him, "They *have* been texting for years, hooking up for years. But Lily is really Ilya. Shane has been texting, *hooking up* with Rozanov."

Impatience seeped into her tone as she asked for clarity again, "What makes you think that? It doesn't make any sense."

So he told her. He reminded her about the time Shane had spent the whole day at 'Lily's' in November. He told her how Shane *never* hung out with the team after games at home, but he did the night Rozanov had flown back to Russia. And then he told her about the entire phone call he had eavesdropped on.

"I mean... I guess that kind of makes sense, but I just don't know, what if they were just hanging out? Like as weird frienemies or something," she reasoned with him.

"That's what I thought too, Jack, but like... Shane just always has this glow about him after he is with 'Lily'," Hayden sighed, "Oh my fucking God, and the all-star game. Do you remember how they played? No one plays like that with a fucking stranger. Holy fuck."

"Okay... I guess," He could hear belief creeping into her words, "But- but what about Rose Landry? I don't know, how do you go from having secret hate sex twice a year with your rival to Rose Landry? I mean it's *Rose Landry!* It just seems like a bad decision, especially if anything ever got leaked."

Hayden had stood up in his frenzied rant and was pacing back and forth, "That's the thing, when I asked Shane about Rose before the all-star game he had just said *'I don't know... I tried, but... we just aren't compatible I guess'*. And at the time I was like, how the fuck aren't you compatible with Rose *Landry?*"

He heard Jacki gasp through the phone, "Holy shit he's gay."

The very rare curse from Jacki's mouth sat silently between them as they both sat with the information.

She shuddered a breath, "He's gay and hooking up with Ilya Rozanov. Oh my god. This is not real."

“I know,” Hayden stared at Shane’s hotel bed. The rivals had said goodbye on the phone thirty minutes ago, but Shane still wasn’t back, “I’m still not a hundred percent sure they’re hooking up... but damn if it doesn’t look that way. There’s no way they’re fucking around like this just as friends,” friends didn’t have each other under a girl’s name in their contact list. Briefly, Hayden wondered what Shane’s name in Rozanov’s phone was, “I don’t even know what to say when he gets back in here... Do I tell him I know?”

Jacki paused, “No... no. Don’t tell him, I think he’ll just freak if you do.”

“Right- right, yes. Yup. I can act normal around him after this,” It was only four in the afternoon, so he couldn’t even pretend to fall asleep, “But like, what *do* I do babe?” He sat back down on his bed.

Jacki puffed out a breath into the microphone, “I have no clue. Oh my God. Holy shit.”

Hayden smiled, the word sounded foreign coming from her mouth, "That's two dollars.”

“Ha ha,” she said sarcastically, “I’ll pay up when you pay up. You’re in millions of dollars of swear debt.”

Neither of them said anything for a long time.

“You can’t tell anyone,” Hayden scrambled, realizing much too belatedly, what this information meant, “This would... it would ruin Shane. I mean- I don’t give a fuck about Ilya but-”

“I know babe, he’s my friend too. I won’t say anything.”

The room door clicked, the handle turning slowly.

“Oh shit- Jack, I- I gotta let you go. I love you okay? Tell the kids I love them,” He rushed as Shane shuffled into the room.

Jacki laughed, but then the dial tone beeped in Hayden’s ear.

Shane was still looking at his phone, the lightest hint of a smile ghosting on his lips. His hand still rested on the door handle, like maybe Rozanov would call him again and he would have to head back to the stairwell. His hair was a bit more askew than when Hayden was spying on him, and his cheeks were flushed.

He rolled his eyes at his phone and smiled a little wider before sliding it into his pocket. Hayden realized he was staring.

“Hey, how’s Jacki and the kids?” He asked casually, kicking off his shoes. As if he hadn’t just been on the phone with his rival and very *very* possible fuck buddy.

“Good- yep- great! Jacki said hi!” He needed to calm down.

Shane walked into the room, stretching a bit and went to stand in front of the TV, “What’s on?” He asked as he scratched the back of his neck, he hummed a pleasant sound as he did

so.

“Oh- um I don’t really know- just been on call with Jack... and stuff,” Hayden said *very* naturally. The other player gave him a look that Hayden couldn’t really decipher. Then stupidly, because his mouth was quicker than his brain, “What did you talk to Lily about?”

Shane *blushed*. Like a real, pink to the ears hot faced blush. Hayden could see it even with the dim light from the setting sun.

“Nothing,” he said plainly.

And this was natural right? Hayden loved to make fun of Shane about Lily, and this was no different. Despite the insane revelation about Lily’s true identity, Hayden still felt that. He was hurt, sure, but he knew why Shane didn’t tell him. But now that he had this newer information, he could feel the need to bully him even stronger, plus he just felt like being petty.

“Really? Nothing at all? You were gone for an hour and you didn’t talk about anything?” He just needed to make it seem like he thought Shane was doing weird phone sex stuff.

Shane swallowed, “Um- we talked about the game for a bit, but that’s pretty much it. I’m excited for tomorrow.”

It wasn’t a full lie. Hayden wondered what it felt like, for Shane, to have such a big fib hanging over him constantly, as someone who hated to lie.

“Yeah, me too, we’re gonna kick Tampa’s ass,” He tried, but the other player didn’t seem to connect the dots. Shane slid onto his own bed, pulling out his phone again and snorting, “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing,” he dismissed Hayden’s question. Sometimes Shane could be like a broken record.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hayden noticed in the following days that he didn't feel awkward around Shane, now that he knew. It didn't bother him that his best friend was gay.

It sort of just... made sense.

Shane was different, awkward. He was damn good at hockey, so that earned him respect. He was also kind and a little soft spoken, so that made him liked. But neither of these things changed the fact that he wasn't your stereotypical hockey player.

This was already something Hayden knew about his best friend, though. In fact, it was one of the things that he loved the most. Shane was someone he was proud to bring to a family gathering and say '*this is my best friend and I love him*', because he wasn't raucous and knew how to control his swearing.

He never joined in on hollering about women. When he and Rose Landry had first started 'going out', the guys on the team never let Shane hear the end of it. The innuendos and detail requests were endless. Shane took it all like a champ, and Hayden had just thought it was because he was serious about Rose, because he'd never been not serious about anything he'd ever done in his life.

So yeah, it just kind of made sense that Shane was gay.

But this also started another train of thought, which was just as confusing as everything else about the situation.

Shane was always serious, *committed*, about everything he did in his life. Sure he and Rose had been a thing in the public's eye for two months, but Shane had been seeing Rozanov for six years.

Sneaking around, meeting after games, risking his career for what... a quick fuck? There was no way. That wasn't Shane. Even if he was gay, he wasn't that desperate. There were definitely men in Montreal who would be chomping at the bit to fuck around with Shane Hollander, if that was the only thing he wanted. Men who would have kept his secret, and who weren't his arch rival. Men the world didn't think he hated.

So why Rozanov?

There was really only one reason Hayden could think of:

This wasn't just physical attraction, for Shane at the least.

He didn't know how Rozanov felt, obviously, but there was no way that Shane would have kept up with the Russian if he didn't feel... *something* for him. Hayden's first reaction was to

assume that Ilya Rozanov did not feel the same way. He was a jerk, everyone knew that, and it was very possible that Shane was just a thrill for him, the possibility of being caught was exhilarating.

But if Hayden looked deeper into it, he knew there was a reason that Shane liked Rozanov. Shane wasn't stupid, and he was mature. There was no way this was just a crush, he had to really truly like Rozanov... and Rozanov most likely felt similar, to have kept it up so long. Even if that reason was fully unclear.

He was giving himself a headache thinking about it all as he drove to the airport. Hayden was very comfortable in the "dumb jock" label, and this was more thinking than he had possibly ever done.

Shane was sitting next to him, smiling at his phone, on the plane.

Here he was, flying to play a game against Rozanov, smiling at their text thread like a helpless crushing teenager.

Hayden really tried not to look, he had done enough snooping into Shane's business... but he couldn't help it. He subtly peeked at his friend's phone over his shoulder.

Yesterday 13:28

Lily: You are ready to lose?

Shane: Why don't you focus on yourself?

Lily: It's much more fun to focus on you 😍

Shane: After I win? Sure.

Lily: Your lying words are sad 😭

Lily: I will score 3 goals

Lily: for you, of course. One of us needs to be actually good hockey player. 🏒🥅

Lily: is not you... so I will scour enough for us both

*Lily: *score*

Lily: What is scour?

Shane: It means to clean something.

Shane: Sure you will. Just like you did the last time we played in Boston?

Lily: Stupid English word

Lily: Ouch 🤕 you hurt me

Lily: You beat me on home ice, I beat you on home ice

Lily: or did you forget?

Shane: Fuck off.

Lily: Noooooo do not be mad

Lily: I am only telling truth

Lily: Do not worry, I will be gentle after you lose

Shane: What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Lily: 😈

Lily: You will see

Shane: And what if you lose? What if I score four goals?

Lily: You know where to find me

Hayden wanted to hit Shane a little bit. What was the point of being sneaky and different contact names if they were just going to talk about their normal lives? Really, now that Hayden was looking for it, it was hard to miss.

Every game they had ever played against each other. The strange electricity between the two of them. Of course, the manly world of hockey took it as heated fury, the constant need to be the best... which it might be partially that.

But Hayden knew the truth now.

It was sexual tension.

To be so passionate on the ice... An ear worm was telling him that the rivals' intermittent sexual encounters were never boring. He wondered what happened when Shane lost a game... or heaven forbid... *Rozanov* lost.

Hayden felt an abashed blush creep up his neck at the thought. He shouldn't dwell on that. But he *really* wanted details, and Jacki did too.

He wished he knew how to approach Shane about it.

It was also strange to know that Rozanov used emojis when he texted... it made him real, made him human. The thought sat uncomfortably in Hayden's stomach.

Then, when they were in the hotel room he asked Shane without shame, “Any fun plans tonight with Lily?” His voice cracked as he said the name. He was pretending to tease, but in reality he really just wanted Shane to be honest, to say something like: ‘*Yeah, except, it’s not Lily, its Ilya Rozanov and I’m gay and we’re secret lovers*’. But there was no way that was going to happen.

Still Hayden was slightly shocked with the honesty of Shane’s real answer, his eyes were a little sad as he spoke, “No... not tonight. But tomorrow, after the game.”

It was more information about ‘Lily’ than Shane had ever offered him.

“Why not? Is she busy?” Hayden pried further, just wanting some shred of the logistics of this whole thing.

Shane smiled, but turned away, as if to hide it, “Yeah, busy.”

Hayden had never been observant, until recently, but now he suddenly had a talent for it. It was not lost on him that Shane avoided using ‘she’ or ‘her’ when talking about ‘Boston Lily’.

The other player was on his phone the entire night, staring at the screen, tapping on the keyboard every now and then. Hayden suggested at one point they head down to the bar to hang out with the guys, but even when they arrived, Shane rarely put it away.

He went to bed early, giving the excuse he was tired.

Hayden watched as the phone in Shane’s hand went to his ear as he exited the bar.

They next day, before they headed out to the ice, Hayden watched as Shane turned on his phone again, looking for any new messages. There were none, and Shane walked out to the ice with a pout on his face.

Hayden also watched as Shane skated right up to Rozanov. He tried to read their lips, but it wasn’t easy.

He saw Rozanov give Shane a nod, then a smirk.

Shane definitely threw in a ‘*fuck you*’, and Hayden was eighty percent sure that Rozanov told him ‘*later*’.

This was so weird.

“What was that about?” Hayden asked when Shane skated up to him at the boards.

“Just... offered my condolences,” Shane told him, looking back out to the Russian. Was that true? It wasn’t impossible.

Hayden suddenly felt like the asshole, “Oh... yeah. That’s nice,” He turned his head to where Rozanov was stretching, “Fuck, I should’ve done that,” And he meant it. Rozanov was probably still mourning, “What did he say?”

The smallest hint of a smile played at Shane's lips, something unnoticeable to the untrained eye, "Told me to fuck off," That was definitely a lie.

He had to play along, so he laughed breathily, it sounded fake even to his own ears, but Shane didn't seem to notice, "Jesus, what a dick," he exclaimed with a little bit too much enthusiasm."

"He's not that bad," Shane shrugged, "It's mostly an act."

Oh. Shane didn't want Hayden to dislike Rozanov. Surely, there were some sort of feelings there, "A pretty convincing one," He told Shane honestly.

"Yeah, well, let's make sure we win this one, right?"

That was something Hayden could get behind, "Fucking rights!" He tapped their helmets together.

It was hard to focus on the game and ignore the faceoff. Hayden couldn't see Shane's face as the two rivals crouched in front of each other, but he could see Rozanov's. A boyish smile was plastered across his cheeks as Shane faced him. It was almost... *adoring*, though it loathed Hayden to admit as much.

The two of them began fighting with their sticks, waiting for the ref to bring out the puck.

'Oh my god, it's like they're playing footsies' was what Hayden was thinking as the puck dropped. It was a good thing that Shane had won the faceoff, there was no way that Hayden would have offered any support to the team if Rozanov had won because he was so distracted.

He couldn't be relieved for too long though, Shane raced toward the net, juggling the puck with his stick. Hayden watched his friend glance back at Rozanov, grinning a toothy smile. The beast of a man who was Cliff Marleau slammed into Shane. His body hit the boards, his head flew back and bounced against the ice as he fell. His short frame crumpled to the ground, hands covering his head.

Everyone on the rink froze.

Rage filled Hayden and he went straight for Marleau, "Marleau! You Motherfucker!"

Referees were grabbing at Hayden's arms as he surged forward, but he got one good shove in against the big man. Marleau didn't fight back. People were holding Hayden in place, but the other man just stood there, looking a little dazed. It had been an accident.

Words were lost on him, and he whipped his head to look at Shane, now being slid onto a spinal board looking like a dead man. Holy fuck, this was real, he was hurt.

Injuries like this were unavoidable but inevitable, people got hurt. People got concussions. People became paralyzed. People died. Oh god, what if Shane fucking *died*? The medics began lifting Shane onto their stretcher.

“Is he okay? Fucking tell me!” Rozanov shouted. Hayden hadn’t noticed him before, standing over Shane’s limp body. His face was crinkled with worry.

“Go back to your bench Rosanov, I won’t tell you again!” a ref hollered. The Russian didn’t take his eyes off of Shane as the ref pushed him back toward the boards. Hayden wondered what the announcers were saying about *that* on TV. Probably something about mutual respect. But Hayden knew the truth, he could see it in Rozanov’s eyes, by the look on his face. All of his suspicions about feelings between the two of them were confirmed by that look.

Rozanov loved Shane.

If that had been Jacki, laid out cold on the ice and unmoving, Hayden would have the exact same expression on his face.

Shane and Rozanov were... in love. Something lurched in his stomach as he looked back over to Shane’s body being rolled out on the stretcher. Heat travelled up his chest as he turned his head to puke, head swimming with way too much information. It burned his throat on the way up.

The green and brown sludge was a horrid contrast against the bright white ice.

He was ushered out of center and benched for the game. Not that he minded. His leg bounced up and down wildly as he watched the teams play each other. Ilya was out on the ice for two minutes before his coach pulled him off.

“Get yourself together Rozanov! What the fuck are you doing out there?” Hayden had heard someone yell.

And he couldn’t believe that he found himself empathizing with that asshole. They were going through the exact same thing right now. They cared about the same person and he was hurt, bad.

After the game, Hayden got a cab to the hospital without even changing out of his sweat drenched underclothes. By the time he got there, hanging up on the anxious phone call he and Jacki were having, he was shivering and miserable. He probably looked awful, the receptionist gave him a look as she told him which room Shane was in.

The lights were dimmed in the room and it looked like his friend was asleep when he entered. His eyes cracked open as the door clicked shut behind Hayden.

“Hey man.”

“Hayd! Did we win?” Shane’s straight teeth flashed at Hayden in a joyous smile. He was on some very effective painkillers.

“No... no, sorry Shane,” Shane sighed at the news, but otherwise seemed unbothered. He glanced out the window at the city lights for a moment. Hayden walked up to his side, “How are you feeling?”

“Well, they got me on morphine, so good,” He joked, “My head was hurting, but I’ll be good. I have a fractured collarbone.”

Hayden smiled at him, “I’m glad you’re okay, I was scared you were going to die or something. I’d be hard pressed for a babysitter if you did.”

Shane laughed, like with his vocal chords and everything. The sound was gentle and bright. Hayden wished he could hear it more often. He wondered if Ilya made him laugh like that and smiled at the thought.

“Who scored the most goals?” Shane’s eyes slid closed again and he heaved a large breath.

“For us? Jackson scored the only goal. For the Raiders? Gibbins, I think. Sorry man, I wasn’t really paying that much attention,” He grabbed a chair and sat down. Bruising painted Shane’s freckled cheeks purple and blue.

The other man’s eyebrows slid together, he looked disappointed, “Not Ilya?”

Hayden gave him a sympathetic look, “No, not- not Rozanov.”

Shane cleared his throat. He must have realized he made a mistake, “Right. Rozanov.”

Hayden wondered if Shane would remember this. He was unguarded and doped up. Maybe Hayden could get some answers, ask him how it all happened. The thought was very tempting... but Shane was high, vulnerable. That would be in much too poor of faith. Hayden was dumb, but he wasn’t a bad friend.

He really hoped Shane wouldn’t remember. He needed to get it off of his chest, he had known his best friend’s Earth shattering secret for a week.

“Yeah, Rozanov,” He looked into Shane’s dark eyes, “He’s- that’s Lily, right? In your phone? That’s actually Rozanov?”

Surprisingly, Shane laughed out loud again, a barking chuckle, “Damn, and I tried so hard to keep it a secret!” He laughed again and then looked at Hayden, “Ilya’s gonna make so much fun of me. He doesn’t like you,” that stung a little, and Hayden flinched. Shane patted his arm comfortingly, “Don’t worry, he doesn’t like anybody.”

‘Except you’

Hayden gave him his best attempt at a smile, “Are- are you okay with him?”

The grin would not leave his friend’s mouth. He sighed contentedly, lovestruck, “Yeah. Why wouldn’t I be? Ilya is cool,” he stretched out the vowels in ‘Ilya’ and ‘cool’.

“He loves you, you know? You should’ve seen him after you were hit. He was yelling at the EMTs, asking how you were.”

Shane waved a hand in the air at that, looking all too pleased, “Ugh he’s such an asshole,” Then he sighed, his happy expression drooping, “He was just worried. Probably upset, our

plans got interrupted. I was so excited..." A pout jutted out on Shane's bottom lip, and he huffed, "It's been so long. Months..." He glanced past Hayden and out of the window again.

He told himself wouldn't pry too far, but he needed something, some piece of information that made everything fit. It just didn't make sense at all.

Shane and Rozanov were in love. By how it looked, they had been for years.

"Shane... buddy," he shook out of his stupor and met Hayden's gaze, "I just... How did this happen? You love him too, right?"

Then Shane bunched his eyebrows together, fear in his gaze, "You can't tell him, please don't tell him..." Panic flashed across his features, the drugs seemed to be scrambling his brains pretty well, "Hayden! You can't tell *anyone*! Ilya's in danger! He *can't* go back to Russia. Where's my phone?" he asked suddenly, patting at the bed around him. Then he sucked in a breath and grabbed his head.

"Hey! Hey, Shane! It's okay! I'm not going to tell anyone," and that seemed to calm his friend down, at least a little, "It's okay, your secret is safe with me."

Shane on drugs was a little too erratic for Hayden. He waited until Shane had chilled out and stopped gripping his forehead. They sat in silence for a moment, Shane breathing in very deeply and Hayden just listening to the sound.

As his friend settled back into the hospital sheets, Hayden asked again, "How- how did this happen? You and Rozanov?"

"Ilya," Shane corrected and he took a deep breath. He answered with his eyes closed, "I don't know. It was a long time ago. He asked me for my room number, and when he showed up..." He watched as Shane's cheeks darkened in the dim lighting, the bruising making his whole face an array of colors, "We kissed." He said simply, clamping his mouth shut. His voice was soft when he spoke again, "I had something to ask him."

"W-what was it?" Hayden asked, almost a little apprehensive. He wondered if he really wanted to know the answer.

Shane hummed a short tune, "I had a dream. We were at the cottage together, out on the dock. Ilya probably splashed me with water," He looked at Hayden, raising his eyebrows, "because he is the worst. But the sun was warm."

"Wha-" Hayden started, but Shane interrupted him.

"His eyes are so pretty," He whispered, his eyes closing softly.

It was quiet for a long time after that. Shane's breaths deepened and evened out, and his face relaxed into sleep.

Hayden dropped his head into his hands, this was such a tangled mess.

He was so angry. Angry at himself for not being a good enough friend, for not being good enough for Shane to trust with such a big secret. Angry at Shane for not telling him. Shane had been in the same room as Hayden when he had met Jacki, he had been his best man. Hell, he had held Arthur before Hayden, the baby had been placed into his arms by a nurse as Hayden rushed to his hurting wife's side.

But he was more sad.

Hayden had a very normal life, he had realized. He was allowed to be with the people he loved without fear of judgement. His career wasn't at risk of being shattered because of the person that he wanted. But there was Shane and Rozanov, in love or whatever, and they had to hide it. Seeing each other, what? Twice a year? Three if they both got invited to all-stars?

He breathed in a shuttered breath, his eyes stinging with tears.

It was so so tragic.

Hayden tried to imagine what life would be like if he and Jacki had to sneak around like that... but he just couldn't. It was unthinkable.

They had to have some sort of plan, other than sneaking around and meeting up once in a while. Hayden didn't know how they had fallen in love, but he had seen that it was there. The world wasn't fair, and he had known that for a while, but it felt like a bitter realization now that someone he loved was experiencing that unfairness first-hand.

If they did have a plan, Hayden vowed that he would be their biggest supporter.

Chapter End Notes

I watched a Youtube video on how notes work. I have something good planned for the next chapter. Thank you for the positive feedback.

I write my fics in a sleep deprived stupor so I am sorry if they don't make sense.

End Notes

I don't know how Ao3 notes work. My shit is not beta read.

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