

lilies can't be hidden

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by [BeStillMySlashyHeart](#)

Summary

Comeau steals Shane's phone in the locker room and sees something he shouldn't. As does all the press.

(Takes place while Shane is dating Rose)

Notes

Warning for homophobic teammates and use of slurs. There's also a fair bit of cursing and overuse of the term "dick pic"

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

It was stupid, so impossibly stupid, but he couldn't help himself.

Shane pulled his phone down from the cubby atop his locker as soon as he entered the locker room after the game ended. He hadn't heard from Ilya in almost two months, wasn't expecting to hear from him tonight, but he still searched for the chat with Lily, further down than it had been in years, and opened their conversation.

The room was loud and rowdy, as it should be considering they'd just won 5-1, so he assumed no one was paying him any attention.

"Man, who the fuck is Lily," Comeau yelled as he plucked the phone from Shane's hand. "What happened to Rose?"

Shane reached for the phone but Comeau was several inches taller and held it easily out of his reach. He laughed and started scrolling and Shane nearly jumped for the phone. "Stop," he tried to sound stern but it just came out panicked. He still had his skates on or he may have actually left the ground on his next reach. Around them, the guys laughed, far too many of them watching for Shane's comfort. Comeau was scrolling too fast and too far back and he needed to get that phone back right now. "Give that back."

"Dude, you're into some freaky shit," he was laughing, reading some of the dirty texts Ilya had sent him. His face would be on fire if there was any blood left to rush to it. The further Comeau scrolled, the faster his heart raced and the paler his face got. He knew Comeau had gone too far when the man froze, his laugh catching in his throat and his eyes widening in shock. He dropped the phone to the ground where it landed with the screen facing up and Ilya's dick broadcast to anyone looking. "What the fuck? Are you a fucking faggot Hollander?"

The room went dead silent in an instant. Shane lunged for his phone. He fumbled it as he scooped it up and it bounced between his hands for a long moment before he clutched it tight to his chest. His heart was pounding, Comeau's words and everyone's silence ringing in his ears.

Everything stopped when he looked up and stared straight into the dark abyss of the sea of reporters who were crowded just inside the locker room door. Comeau opened his mouth to say something else when he realized Shane's attention was beyond him. Almost in unison, everyone in the room became aware of the dozens of cameras, both phone and professional, and the rolling video camera with the bright red light indicating it was live.

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Shane wasn't sure how he got out of the locker room or the stadium. His mind went blank when he realized Comeau's words and his phone with Ilya's dick on it were broadcast to everyone watching. As the captain, he was supposed to talk to the press after the game but he was fairly certain that hadn't happened. He couldn't be positive, though.

The first thing he really became aware of was someone dropping a blanket over his shoulders and pressing a cold bottle into his hands.

“Dude, I really need you to like, say something. Anything.” He distantly registered someone speaking to him. It was a familiar voice both because he recognized it and because he was somehow sure that it had been speaking to him for a while.

He blinked, long and slow, and his living room came into focus. Hayden was perched on the edge of his coffee table staring at him, his hands clenched between his knees. “I’m okay,” he said.

Hayden gasped out an incredulous laugh. “You are absolutely not,” he refuted. “But please, keep talking, okay?”

Shane blinked again. This time, when he opened his eyes, Hayden was standing with his phone pressed to his ear. “He’s fine,” he was saying. He glanced at Shane, eyes widening when he saw him looking back at him. “I’ve gotta go. Let me know when you get here.” He hung up and returned to Shane’s side, his movements exaggerated like he wanted to rush but was being very careful not to startle him.

“What happened?” Shane asked. His throat was a little dry and he looked down to see a bottle of water in his hand. He tried to open it but his hands wouldn’t work so Hayden took over, twisting the cap off and handing it back to him so he could take a sip.

Hayden stilled. “Do you...not remember?”

Shane thought for a moment and then closed his eyes. “Comeau,” he whispered. “My phone.”

“Yeah,” Hayden agreed quietly. “I, uh, I guess Lily’s not Lily?”

Shane shook his head minutely. “Safer that way,” he answered. “Or. That was the idea.”

“Makes sense,” Hayden nodded. He glanced down at his phone. “Your parents are coming, by the way. They should be here in less than an hour.” Ottawa was at least a two hour drive away so either they’d gotten in the car before the game had even ended or Shane had lost more time than he’d thought. It was most likely the latter.

“Okay,” he exhaled. He looked down at Hayden’s phone then around him. “Where’s mine?”

“Ah,” Hayden said slowly. “Probably best not to look at it right now.”

Right, of course. Because the entire internet was talking about how he was...gay. Or at the very least about how he’d had a picture of another guy’s dick on his phone. He was sure his reaction wasn’t doing anything to dispel the rumors, though. As out of it as he’d been, there was no way he’d have been able to string together any kind of defense. Not that he needed a defense, but...

He blinked slowly. “Rose,” he said finally. “I need to talk to Rose.” They’d barely been dating for a month but it was long enough that she’d made appearances at his games and tabloids had started talking. She shouldn’t have to deal with a gay boyfriend scandal.

Hayden nodded but didn't make any moves for Shane's phone. "She called," he told him. "She said she would come by when she was done on set."

Shane's eyes started to burn and he buried his face in his hands. The blanket Hayden had wrapped around him slid off one of his shoulders with the movement and he nearly dropped the water bottle he'd forgotten he was holding. Hayden took it from him before it could hit the ground.

"Uh, 'Lily' hasn't called," he said quietly.

That wasn't a surprise, though it hit like a gut punch. The picture was nearly six months old, their last texts were exchanged over three months ago, and the last time they saw each other Shane had run out of Ilya's house saying he couldn't do this anymore. Of course Ilya hadn't called.

"Okay," he muttered. "Okay." He started to see spots from how hard his palms were digging into his eyes.

Hayden was quiet for a long moment after that and Shane wasn't sure if he was thankful for that or not. On the one hand, he was glad to not have to think enough for a conversation, his mind already racing through what had happened and what the fallout would be, and on the other he would really like it if Hayden would just say *anything*.

"I'm sorry," he finally said. He released the pressure on his eyes but didn't take his hands away from his face. "I'm sorry."

"Woah, no," Hayden said. The couch dipped as he sat down next to Shane. There was a beat and then Hayden's hand dropped onto his shoulder. "You didn't do anything wrong, dude. Comeau was the asshole, in more ways than one."

"How much did the cameras see?"

"Uh, all of it?" Hayden's voice lilted higher. "From when he grabbed your phone."

"Awesome."

Hayden chuckled weakly. "Yeah. It was not. Not great."

"What's everyone saying?"

"Don't worry about it."

"That bad, huh?"

"Not...bad," Hayden lied badly. "Just...a lot. It's kind of already everywhere." Of course it was. He was Shane Hollander, Canada's Golden Boy of hockey. "The whole Rose thing isn't helping," Hayden admitted. "There were lots of paparazzi outside your building when we got here."

Because people might not care about a hockey player getting outed but a movie star's boyfriend? That was huge. He groaned and pressed his hands against his eyes again for a quick moment before standing up. Hayden looked up at him, clearly surprised and then amused when he didn't go anywhere.

"What do you need?"

"To go back two hours?"

"Yeah," Hayden drawled. "Don't think that's going to happen."

"I need to talk to-" Ilya. Except Ilya wouldn't want to talk to him, not after the way they left things and certainly not after- He turned to Hayden. "Did the cameras see my phone?"

Hayden blushed a little and Shane's heart sank. "Yeah, dude. Like all of it. Your guy's dick is pretty much everywhere right now."

Shane sank back onto the couch. Ilya's dick was everywhere, because of him. Actually, Ilya might not mind that so much considering how many dick pics he'd sent Shane over the years. He'd probably sent them to- his stomach sank further. How many dick pics had Ilya sent over the years? To other people? Other people who would be able to compare them to the one on Shane's phone? His breath quickened without him really noticing.

"Hey, Shane, breathe," Hayden moved in front of him and grabbed his shoulders. "Breathe, dude. In. Out."

Shane tried to mimic him but he couldn't. What if someone recognized Ilya's dick and Shane had inadvertently outed him? He wouldn't be able to go home. He'd never said it explicitly but Shane remembered what Russia had been like during the Olympics; it wasn't safe for people like them.

"Shane." Hayden's voice was distant now, like he was shouting from a different room.

Shane needed to talk to Ilya. He needed to apologize. He didn't know where his phone was. Ilya was ignoring him. Shane had walked out on him. He needed-

—

There was a hand carding through his hair when he woke up, long nails scraping gently at his scalp. "Mom?"

"No, sorry, she's still on her way." Shane jolted upright at the sound of Rose's voice. She smiled fondly at him, not an ounce of judgement in her eyes.

"I'm sorry," Shane blurted.

"Hey, no," she reached for him but Shane shrank back involuntarily and her hands fell limply between them. "Don't apologize. You didn't do this. This was done to you," she added softly.

"I should have told you," he protested.

She sighed. "Yeah, you should've. But when you were ready. Not when some asshole stole your phone."

"I'm sorry," he said again.

Rose shook her head then stopped and nodded. "Okay. You should've told me and you didn't. I forgive you."

Shane felt a weight leave him despite the fact that she was clearly just placating him. "And I'm sorry that people are talking about your gay boyfriend."

She smiled a little and tilted her head. "Are you?"

"Gay?" He asked. "Or your boyfriend?"

She shrugged. "Either. Both." Slowly he nodded and then shook his head. "Okay," she nodded. She hesitated then continued. "Should I apologize? To...Lily?"

Shane stared at her for a moment, uncomprehending. "For what?"

Rose lifted her eyebrows. "For overstepping? If you and he are-"

Shane shook his head. "We're not. It's not like that. We're just-" he stopped, unable to find the words. Technically they'd never been more than just two guys who fucked whenever they were in the same city but actually saying that out loud sounded wrong to him somehow. "You didn't overstep," he adds lamely.

"Okay," she agreed softly. "I am sorry, though. To you."

"What could you possibly be sorry for?"

She smiled a little wanly. "It would be a big story for an athlete to be outed. But it's a much bigger story for my boyfriend to be outed. If it weren't for me, I don't think there'd be half as many reporters outside your building." Shane really did not want to think about how many people were outside, clamoring for something, anything. He was sure his parents would be mobbed when they arrived. He groaned a little but didn't pull away when Rose reached out again, slinging her arm around his shoulders to hug him from the side. "Alright, so you're not my boyfriend," she said teasingly. "Can you just be my friend instead?"

Shane looked at her, a little surprised. He'd half expected her to get up and walk out. "Yeah," he agreed. "I'd like that."

She grinned. "Good." She laid her head down on his shoulder and reached across him to link her arms around his neck. He reached up and clasped her wrist gently.

"Heyyy," Hayden walked in from the kitchen, his phone in his hand. "All good here?" Shane nodded, not sure what he could say. "Your parents are like ten minutes out and Jackie wants to come over, too."

Shane loved Jackie but he did not want to deal with any more people tonight. But Hayden had been there for him and could probably use his wife's company. "If you want," he agreed.

Rose lifted her head. "No, Shane. If *you* want."

"Yeah, dude, we don't want to crowd you or anything, she just wants to be here to support you. But if you don't want her to, that's cool. She can stay home." Shane looked between them at their earnest expressions and slowly nodded. "Okay. Is that a yes, she comes over, or a yes, she stays home?"

"...can she stay home?" He finally said, his voice barely more than a whisper. He didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to act in this situation. What was the protocol for when your world turned upside down and your friends wanted to help but you didn't want them to?

"Yeah, of course, I'll let her know not to bother finding a sitter for the kids." He disappeared back into the kitchen to presumably do just that.

Silence lingered in the living room, Shane having no idea what to say and Rose not broaching the subject again. When Hayden came back, he looked between them but seemed to take his cue from them and said nothing. The three of them sat around the living room with only the faint hum of appliances and electronics to fill the air.

The front door flung open and Hayden's shoulders caved in in relief when Shane's parents walked through it. "Mr. and Mrs. Hollander," he greeted, rising to his feet.

Yuna didn't even glance at him as she hurried towards Shane. Rose slipped away from him just as she reached him, planting one knee on the couch and hugging Shane fiercely. "I love you," she said into his ear, rubbing his back. He wrapped his arms around her as best he could and let her squeeze him tight. "How are you doing?" She pulled back to look at his face.

Shane shrugged. He didn't know how he was doing. Most of this still felt like a blur, like it was happening to someone else, or maybe it was just a nightmare he needed to wake up from. Yuna must have seen something in his face, though, because she nodded firmly and sat down next to him. "Do you have a plan?"

"No." He hadn't even considered it yet.

"We'll need to release a statement," she said, like she expected that response. "There's a lot of talk and speculation and we need to put out your side of the story." She eyed him carefully. "Do you know what you want to say?"

He shook his head.

"Yuna, let him breathe," David cautioned, coming up on Shane's other side to hug him. "We've been here for 30 seconds."

Yuna looked at him. "We need a plan."

“Not right this second,” he said gently. Shane felt them both look at him then. There was a pause and then his mother relaxed a tiny amount. “Hayden, can you get us some coffee?” His dad asked. Hayden nodded and took off for the kitchen, Rose at his heels.

“Honey,” Yuna said. “I’m so sorry this is happening.”

Shane closed his eyes. “It’s fine.”

“It is absolutely not fine,” David protested immediately, Yuna echoing him a heartbeat later. “You should never have to deal with your personal life being broadcast without your permission. Comeau should be ashamed of himself.”

Shane snorted. “I think he’s more ashamed of sharing a locker room with me.”

Yuna’s face darkened. “Yeah, well, he’s a bigot and dick and he’ll be facing some punishment for what he said. The cameras caught everything.”

Shane nodded, not really appreciating the reminder that the whole debacle was broadcast on live television. She seemed to sense that because she rubbed at his back some more in a silent apology.

“Should we talk to this...Lily?” His dad broached gently.

“No,” he denied. “That’s, it’s not,” he stopped and sighed. “It’s nothing. Those messages were old.”

They exchanged a look. “You were looking at old messages?” Yuna asked, not so gently.

Shane pressed his hands into his eyes again. “Can we not talk about this?”

“I would love that, but unfortunately no, we can’t. We need to talk about it, about *him*, and about you.”

“Mom-”

“His penis is everywhere,” she said bluntly. “The live camera didn’t get a perfect view but some of the photographers did and it is...everywhere, Shane. I feel like the man gets a say in how this is handled. Even if it’s nothing,” she added.

He couldn’t do this. He could not handle this. The world knowing he was receiving dick pics, his teammate calling him a slur on national television, Ilya’s dick being broadcast to everyone on the internet because of him, it was just too much.

“Okay, it’s okay,” he dad wrapped an arm around him and tried to still him. It was only then that Shane realized he was rocking slightly, his body aching to move, to get up and run.

He heard the quiet clatter of a mug hitting his coffee table but didn’t look up, his mind whirring again. He didn’t have a plan for this, had never let himself plan for the worst because that felt too much like tempting fate, and he was about to pay for it. He *was* paying for it.

“Where’s his phone?” He heard his mom ask.

“I have it,” Hayden answered. There was a slight shuffle of clothing and then he heard the clink of his mom’s ring against the phone case. “There’s a lot of messages and notifications but-”

“Anything from Lily?” Yuna asked. Hayden must have shook his head because his mom just hummed disappointedly. “Shane, what’s your passcode?”

Shane didn’t answer. He couldn’t. She’d call Ilya, he knew it, and he couldn’t let that happen. Ilya didn’t want to talk to him, not earlier and clearly not now. He wasn’t going to push that.

She asked a few more times but when he didn’t respond, she turned to the others and shifted in manager mode. He listened to them planning out his response and a possible marketing strategy but couldn’t bring himself to participate. Even Rose was chiming in, offering her public support and to call in some favors if they needed her too. He didn’t know what favors she could cash in that would help him but he appreciated it nonetheless. The whole time they were planning, his parents stayed seated at his sides, neither one moving even an inch. He was sure he heard Hayden get up to grab things for them more than once and it would definitely be easier for his mom to just get what she needed but she didn’t budge and Shane didn’t ask her to.

Hayden let out a loud scoff some time later that finally got Shane’s attention. He lowered his hands away from his face and looked over at his best friend. Hayden was shaking his head at something on his phone, a wry laugh playing at his lips.

“What is it?” Rose asked.

“Some geniuses on the internet think they’ve identified Lily,” he laughed. “Someone posted a picture of a dick pic they claim they got from Rozanov and says it’s a perfect match.”

“Ilya Rozanov?” Yuna scoffed. “Of course he has dick pics floating around.”

Hayden was still laughing. “Right? Like Shane would ever hook up with someone from Boston...” his voice trailed off as he spoke and he looked up and met Shane’s gaze, his eyes going wide. Shane wasn’t sure but he was pretty confident the phrase ‘Boston Lily’ was going through Hayden’s mind right about now.

Shane shook his head subtly, silently begging his friend not to say anything. Hayden’s eyes got wider, his mouth opening to form the word “No.”

“Hayden?” David asked.

Hayden’s mouth clammed shut and he shifted his wide eyes to Shane’s dad. He also slammed his phone face down in his lap in the most conspicuous way possible. “Yeah?” His voice was higher than normal and Shane groaned. Hayden was a terrible liar.

“Something wrong?” David asked, looking between the two of them. Yuna also looked between them but there was something in her eyes that told Shane she was putting the pieces

together.

The lock on the door turned with an electronic hum as someone used his code to get in and everyone turned to stare in surprise.

“Who else knows your code?” Yuna asked. Hayden was already getting to his feet.

The door swung open a moment later to reveal Ilya, the lights from outside illuminating his curls from behind. He stepped inside, swung the door closed, and dropped a bag at his feet. His leather jacket followed a moment later. Shane stared. He’d known that Ilya’s game was in Toronto that night and so theoretically could make it to Montreal in only a few hours without having to deal with any kind of immigration but he hadn’t actually expected him to make the trip.

“How did you-” Yuna was asking. Hayden had frozen two steps closer to the door, his eyes somehow even wider than they’d been moments before.

“Hollander,” Ilya greeted roughly. He ignored the others in the room and stalked across the room to sit down on the coffee table in front of Shane, staring him straight in the eyes. “I have sent you many better pictures. You could not have shown one of those instead?”

His face was grave and the situation was fucked but Shane hadn’t seen him in almost three months and he was *here* in Shane’s house...he couldn’t help it, he laughed. It was like a release valve, his shoulders losing some of the tension and he curled forwards. Ilya met him halfway, his arms going around him and pulling him close until his face was pressed into Ilya’s neck. “Seriously, though, it was bad photo. I am ashamed.”

“Sorry,” he murmured, his lips brushing Ilya’s skin. “If I’d known everyone was going to see it I would have picked something else.”

“Good,” Ilya said firmly. “As I deserve.”

“*What the fuck?*” Hayden whisper shouted. Shane and Ilya ignored him.

“I’m sorry,” Shane said.

“Is not your fault,” Ilya responded immediately. “Is Comeau’s, the fucker.”

“Your family. Russia,” he said quietly.

“They don’t know it was me,” Ilya rejected, not so quietly.

“Uh,” Hayden helpfully interjected, “hate to break it to you but they kind of do?” Shane felt Ilya turn slightly to look at him and he lifted his head to see Hayden holding out his phone like some kind of offering. “People are comparing the pictures you’ve sent to puck bunnies over the years and, yeah, you’ve been identified.”

Ilya scoffed. “Who would believe that?”

“Enough,” Yuna answered. Shane didn’t want to look at her but eventually he moved away from Ilya enough to see her face. She looked dumbfounded but also calculating. “You’ll need to prepare a response too.”

“Nyet,” Ilya said. “I will just ignore.”

“That may be alright for now but it won’t work forever.” Rose spoke up. Ilya tensed at her voice, his arms tightening around Shane. Shane leaned in reflexively and pressed a kiss to Ilya’s neck that caused them both to freeze.

“We should get some food,” David proposed. Without waiting for anyone to say anything he stood and ushered Yuna, Hayden, and Rose out of the room.

“I’m sorry,” Shane said again.

“Don’t,” Ilya shushed him. “Don’t worry about me. We need to worry about you. And what will happen to Comeau next time we play.”

“Don’t do anything,” Shane warned.

Ilya hummed noncommittally. “Don’t worry about me,” he repeated. He shifted to sit next to Shane on the couch and Shane didn’t wait for an invitation to curl up into him. He probably shouldn’t, probably didn’t have that right any more, but Ilya was here and he wasn’t pushing Shane off of him so he let himself have this. “You have a plan?”

“I think my mom was coming up with one but I’m not sure.”

“That’s good,” Ilya hummed. He held Shane tight. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t.”

“Shitty thing to happen.”

Shane buried his face in Ilya’s chest. “Can we not? For like, two seconds?” His voice was muffled by Ilya’s shirt so he let himself continue, “I missed you.”

Ilya didn’t say anything but he raised a hand to play in Shane’s hair so Shane figured he heard him. They lay there for a while, way longer than the requested two seconds, just listening to each other breathe. The others’ voices could be heard from the other room but he couldn’t make out what they were saying and he didn’t care.

“Thank you,” he said finally. “For coming.”

Ilya hummed then leaned down to kiss his head. “We’ll figure it out. Or they will,” he waved a hand in the direction of the other room. “It will be okay.” It wouldn’t. They both knew that. But it was nice of him to say. And the fact that he was here to say it made Shane believe it, just a little bit.

End Notes

Been reading so much HR fic lately I figured I should write one of my own. Hope you liked it!

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