

two hours for roughing

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two hours for roughing

by [queen_gee](#)

Summary

Ilya hits Hayden Pike with a cheap shot. He doesn't expect Pike to drop his gloves.

~*~*~*~*~*

After Ilya and Hayden fight on the ice, Shane locks them in a room to force them to get along.

Notes

I watched a Lightning game where everyone beat the shit out of each other and liked what I saw. Just immediately started imagining Ilya and Hayden in a metaphorical get-along shirt and knew what I had to do.

~*~*~*~*~*

Ilya hits Hayden Pike with a cheap shot. He doesn't expect Pike to drop his gloves.

Ilya is a good fighter. Comes with being wily and Russian, he thinks, and maybe a little bit from having a brother that didn't always hate him. He knew he was being a bit of a dick with a soft elbow after a check, but it's Montreal and also Hayden Pike so Ilya just can't help it.

He didn't expect Hayden to drop his gloves and jump at him like he's been waiting for this moment.

Ilya drops his gloves just slightly too late, but he's able to get a good hold on Hayden's jersey, keeping him steady so his right hand can swing. Hayden's punch bounces painfully off of his jawbone. Ilya manages a good one to his cheek, right under his eye.

Ilya ends it with a punch to Hayden's temple that drops him like a sack of potatoes onto the ice.

And then the referees are on them, throwing them into the penalty box for roughing, and Ilya is pretty sure he can feel Shane's stare burning into the side of his head like a drill, pretty sure he's trying to explode Ilya with his mind.

He's going to be in trouble for this later.

~*~*~*~*~*

Ilya did not imagine it would be *this* much trouble.

Shane is *furious*.

“I saw that elbow,” he snaps, which pretty much ends all of Ilya’s preemptive lies about Pike starting it. “You really had to go for it, didn’t you?”

“Easy target.” Ilya reaches for him. “Kiss?”

“No,” Shane decides firmly. Ilya thinks, if this wasn’t his house, he’d be forced to sleep on the couch tonight.

Shane scowls at him like he is hearing his thoughts and agrees. Ilya might have screwed up this time.

“Sorry,” he says, and actually kind of means it.

“You will be,” Shane promises, and storms off.

Yeah. Ilya is in deep shit.

~*~*~*~*~*

Shane forgives him a few hours after their mini-fight and finally gives Ilya the kisses he has been starving for, but Ilya can tell when they went to sleep that he was not forgiven. He especially knows this when the doorbell rings the next morning and he finds Hayden fucking Pike on his doorstep, sporting a black eye and a scowl.

“What the fuck?” Ilya demands.

“Ask your boyfriend,” Pike replies curtly.

He's fucking about to. "Shane!" he calls, but Shane is already stepping out of the kitchen with a smoothie in his hand like this happens every day, and it is a completely normal thing to give Hayden Pike the address to Ilya's house. Where he *lives*.

"Oh, hey," Shane says to Pike. "You found it."

"Why am I here?" Pike demands at the same time Ilya asks, "Why is he here?"

"You both have so much in common already," Shane says, smiling, but his eyes are cold as ice. Ilya feels a shiver of fear down his spine. Shane tilts his head and Ilya gets the sense that he should start running as fast as he can. "You guys will have plenty of time to talk about all of the things you have in common today."

Ilya is very confused. And nervous. And also a little turned on. "Shane."

"Ilya," he replies, and looks at his friend. "Hayden. You two need to work your shit out."

Ilya does not like the sound of this. "How."

Shane gestures for them to follow him with his free hand and sips at his protein smoothie with the other. Ilya loves this ridiculous man, and it is because he loves him that he follows without question. Hayden sighs at his back before following as well, and Ilya sees him taking in the house in a mirror in the hallway, looking around with his eyebrows up. Ilya imagines it has been a while since he has seen a house that is not filled with children's toys and kitchen playsets.

Shane stops at the door to the game room and gestures. "Go in."

And because they are both apparently whipped for a soft-spoken Ottawan with freckles and a weak backhand, they both walk into the room. Ilya realizes his mistake one second too late.

Shane slams the door.

Ilya starts forward on instinct, and Hayden makes a noise like he's surprised, but Shane is unfortunately a fast little fucker, even with his stupid smoothie in his hand—he's managed to move enough of the hallway side table in front of the door that it stops Ilya from opening the door again, and he wrestles it shut before pushing the rest of the table in the way. Ilya stares at the door, thinking that he really should have expected something like this and cursing outward-swinging doors. Hayden, from behind him, lets out a choked laugh.

"Two hours," Shane tells them from the other side of the door, clear amusement in his voice. "Or at least until you can both have a civil conversation and stop acting like children."

"Am not child," Ilya replies petulantly, which does not help his case.

"Oh my god," Hayden says, amusement lessening now that he is realizing that Hollander is actually serious. "Shane, this is crazy—"

"What is crazy," Shane replies, "is that my best friend and my boyfriend can't get along, and actually had a fight on the ice. I am so sick of this weirdness between you two. Figure it out."

And then he just—walks away.

Ilya and Hayden stare at the door.

"Could probably break it down," Ilya offers, because the price of a door seems comparable to having to spend literal hours numbing his mind to hang out with Hayden Pike, but he has a feeling Shane would probably leave him if he tried.

Hayden sighs. "He's a strange guy."

"Da."

“I don’t get it,” Hayden admits, and gestures between Ilya and the door, which is arguably standing in as Shane’s specter. “Not all the time, at least—but this is definitely a Rozanov move.”

Ilya, who has definitely never locked anyone in a room, scowls.

Hayden can’t seem to help but to try the door a few times before sighing, almost immediately giving up so he can cross the room and flop down on the couch. It is almost ironic that Shane has locked them in the game room, of all places, for how competitive they have always been.

Ilya stands, bristling a little. He does not like being treated like a child. He does not like Shane locking him in his own house.

But he knows, grudgingly, that he is right—Ilya and Hayden do not get along at all, and it must make Shane’s life particularly difficult that they do not. This must have just been the last nail in the coffin before he couldn’t take it anymore. Ilya can forgive Shane for being a little insane about it, too, because, for all that he is boring, he is also impulsively unpredictable sometimes.

Ilya turns toward Hayden so slowly and reluctantly that his bones practically creak. “He will not let us out until we are friends.”

“Ugh,” Hayden replies. “Fine.”

“I do not like you either.”

“I have literally done nothing to you.”

Ilya thinks that is technically true, but he has never been able to explain the feeling in his chest he gets whenever Shane mentions this man’s name. Not quite jealousy, and not quite

annoyance. Maybe a little bit like fear.

Ilya knows Shane loves him. Sometimes he is very aware that enough words from the people that he loves might change that, and this man has never been a fan of him. Ilya is not afraid of ghosts and monsters but he truly does not know what kind of impossible, horrible void his life would become if he does not keep Shane inside of it.

Okay, so maybe Ilya is a little afraid of Hayden Pike, of all goddamn people.

Ilya is not about to admit it, at least. “Big bruise,” he comments, and smirks.

“You’re such a huge asshole,” Hayden tells him, and Ilya almost likes how much Hayden is not acting like a goodie about it. That he is looking at Ilya like he is shit on the bottom of his shoe. “I still don’t see what he likes in you.”

“Am not an asshole all of the time. Just most.”

“Such a fucking winner,” Hayden mutters. Rolls his eyes. “I just don’t get it.”

“You do not have to.”

“I kind of do,” Hayden argues, sitting forward. “Okay, if we’re stuck in this room for a while, I am just going to be completely honest. Can we agree with that? Shane’s not going to let us out until we have a heart-to-heart or whatever, but I have shit to say.”

“Annoying. Fine.”

And Hayden Pike says the one thing Ilya was afraid he would say: “Shane could do better.”

Ilya hates that thought. Sometimes it shows up in the back of his mind, a whisper from a demon on his shoulder that wants to bring him down deeper than he feels sometimes. There will always be a fear in the back of his mind that Shane will realize that some day, even if the logical part of his mind knows that isn't possible. Ilya knows Shane loves him. He is just worried that someday Shane will look at him and wonder why he has wasted his time. He is terrified of a hypothetical day where Shane walks out the door and never comes back.

Ilya knows he is good enough for Shane. He is terrified that he isn't.

Hearing Hayden Pike say it out loud is almost worse. If the people closest to Shane think this, then how is Ilya supposed to convince them otherwise? Will he ever be able to convince them, or will he dance on broken glass for the rest of his life?

Ilya swallows it down and says, "Fine."

Hayden is clearly waiting for the argument. Waiting for the fist to his face or whatever else Ilya is going to throw at him. When he gets an admission, he blinks. He looks at Ilya like he is a ghost in his own house.

"Huh?" Hayden replies.

"Fine," Ilya replies. "You are wrong, but is what you think. Will not stop you, but is half of the reason we are stuck in this stupid room."

"You're better when you fight," Hayden says, narrowing his eyes. "Why aren't you fighting?"

"Shane wants us to get along," Ilya tells him, crossing his arms over his chest. "Has been asking this for a while but clearly fighting was too much. So now I am going to get you to like me or we might be locked in room forever."

Hayden blinks. "You're kind of unbelievable, Rozanov."

“Your mother told me that.”

“I can’t fucking stand you,” Hayden tells him with full feeling. Ilya is delighted.

Ilya leans against the wall and says, “Why keep popping out kids? Want own hockey team?”

“My wife is very attractive and we like kids, what’s wrong with that?”

“Too many. Not enough time for each.”

Hayden stares at him, mouth agape.

“Holy shit,” Hayden says. “You have daddy issues.”

It hits close enough to home that Ilya holds up a middle finger, putting on his most obnoxious smirk. But Hayden is squinting at him like he can see through to his very soul and he knows some kind of father method of seeing way too much about Ilya than he wants him to know.

Hayden blinks. “Ah. Yeah, that makes sense.”

Ilya bristles. “None of your business.”

“Kind of explains why you keep bringing up all my kids, though.”

“No. Is because you are easy to make angry.”

“An asshole,” Hayden decides, and leans his head back to close his eyes.

Ilya dislikes Hayden on a molecular level, but he would also like Shane to forgive him and be happy and want nothing else out of life. He wants to make this conversation work because it will make Shane happy, and Ilya is a simple creature who just wants to make the man of his dream smile about absolutely everything.

So Ilya moves reluctantly over to the couch and sits down on the other side from Hayden and says, “He wants us to be friends.”

“Daddy issues *and* whipped?” Hayden demands. “Pick a struggle.”

Ilya would like to throw him out the window, but he refrains. He doesn’t want to be here. He does not think a part of his life requires him to be friends with Hayden Pike, but it would make Shane happy. Ilya is a little whipped—so what?

“You are Shane’s best friend.”

“I think that’s you,” Hayden says, “but sure.”

“You hate me because Shane likes me?”

“I just don’t get it.”

“What about?”

“Everything,” Hayden admits, shaking his head. “You know Shane—he doesn’t say much about anything, so I don’t know a whole lot. But he talks about you the most, and I keep trying to make the connection between the guy he’s all dreamy-eyed over and the asshole I know on the ice, and I just don’t get it. It’s like you’re two different people—or lying to him.”

“Cannot change who I am,” Ilya replies, narrowing his eyes, “and am not lying.”

“Shane likes you. Loves you. Whatever. But you act like other people are your own personal chess game and you need to win something.”

“What is wrong with winning?”

Hayden gestures. “That. There. Can you be serious for once in your life?”

Oh, Ilya can be very serious. “I think you are a bad friend.”

Hayden double-takes. Triple-takes. “What?”

“You will not accept that Shane has picked me.”

“I accept it,” Hayden says. “I don’t have to like it.”

“Kind of do.”

“Oh, what do you know?” Hayden demands. “What friends do you have?”

Ilya’s eye twitches.

So what if he feels sometimes, too, like he doesn’t have any friends? Ilya is a private person, and all he really needs is Shane. So what if he doesn’t have a best friend who needs convincing that Shane is a catch, or that Ilya is a good person? Ilya does not need more than

he already has, and he has plenty of friendships with people on the ice even if he sometimes doesn't know what to do with any of them.

Ilya is not a liked guy. He did not think that would ever bother him. But maybe it does.

Hayden's words get to him, for better or for worse, so he snaps, "Shane wasn't sure if he could tell you. Makes you bad friend."

"Yeah," Hayden says, and deflates. "I feel bad about that."

Shane has only been out with Hayden for a few months now, and it hasn't even been that long that they have been truly together in the grand scheme of things. But Ilya still sharply remembers Shane agonizing over how the conversation will go, and his fear that one of his closest friends would not accept him. He doesn't know if he will ever forgive Hayden for that moment of doubt, even if it turned out to be unfounded.

"You should," Ilya tells him confidently, even though he cannot pretend like he has come out to anyone in the hockey world. "Shane was worried."

"He is a good guy," Hayden says. "Easily hurt. You just seem like the kind of guy who likes to be difficult."

Ilya stares at him. "Not with him."

"Yeah," Hayden sighs, "I'm seeing that now."

Ilya crosses his hands over his chest again, feeling like he has to protect himself somehow. "We were complicated for a long time. Not anymore."

"That's good for you," Hayden says, and actually sounds like he means it. "Things with me and Jackie weren't always easy and straightforward, either, but there is a lot of guts in

keeping it going and being honest. I honestly get that part, at least. Doesn't change that your reputation proceeds you."

"Barely fucked any girls," Ilya clarifies. "But I do like chirps."

"I noticed," Hayden says.

"Is you who started fight."

"You were really pissing me off."

"By existing?"

"By barely even looking at Shane," Hayden says, "when all he was looking at was you."

Ilya's entire world grinds to a halt. "*What?*"

"When we play," Hayden says slower, like an asshole, "all Shane is paying attention to is you, but you're too busy to notice. So of course I wonder if he likes you more than you like him."

Ilya feels like he is about to implode. "If you think that," he says, "then you are not paying attention."

Hayden considers him. Allows, "Maybe."

"You may not want to hear," Ilya says, setting the record straight, "but I love him, and I would tell the world if we could, and I am not afraid of what is going to happen. Why else move to fucking Ottawa? Why give up all things so he can be happy?"

Hayden looks at him and really considers it. Finally, nods. “True,” he allows, tilting his head curiously. “I figured you moved here for him.”

“Was closer than Boston.”

“It’s not that I don’t believe you love him.”

“You do not believe it is enough.”

Hayden Pike holds up his hands in surrender. “I don’t know your relationship like you do.”

It still manages to break Ilya’s heart.

Maybe a large part of the reason Ilya doesn’t like Hayden Pike is because he can make him feel like this, like nothing he knows is real and he is lacking in some significant way that will never make Shane happy. But Shane has not told him these things, either, leaving out the parts that matter the most so that his friends do not have to know these things. Ilya does not know how to feel about that, and if he should be more upset than he is, or less. He does not know what to feel.

He knows Shane loves him. Shane wants to be with him forever. But his best friend can’t help but to doubt it.

It makes Ilya want to scream.

“I am not going anywhere,” he says through his teeth, but he is more hurt than angry. “Get used to me, Pike.”

Hayden considers that, and then asks, “Can I be honest?”

Ilya fucking hates that question. “What?”

“Maybe I was wrong about you.”

Ilya practically falls over dead at the admission. He holds his hand over his chest. “You don’t say?”

“Don’t push it.”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “You were the one who wanted to fight me.”

“You have a smug face,” Hayden admits, and Ilya knows that to be true so he doesn’t even have anything witty to say about it. “And you act like such an asshole on the ice that I truly could not imagine why Shane would ever give you the time of day. But you clearly care about him. You want to do right by him. I guess I can admire that.”

Ilya bites back everything sarcastic he would like to say and says instead, “Shane has many friends. I do not want to be hated by his best.”

Hayden—deflates. “I know. It’s kind of not fair of me, right?”

“No,” Ilya admits. “But I understand.”

“I haven’t been very fair,” Hayden admits like Ilya is torturing the information out of him. “But you haven’t given me much of a reason to try.”

Ilya hates the taste of it but admits, “Fine.”

“Fine,” Hayden echoes, sounding equally unhappy about it. He holds out his hand for Ilya to shake. “Truce? Probably not much of one but I will try to be more fair, and you will be less of an asshole, and maybe it will make more sense.”

Ilya kind of wants to shake his hand, at least for now, but hesitates. “Do not convince him that he can do better without me.”

Hayden lowers his hand cautiously, but his mouth is gaping open like the thought of it had never occurred to him before, which makes Ilya feel slightly better, if only for a fraction of a second before Hayden opens his mouth again, but he says, “Dude, I wouldn’t do that. That’s a shitty thing to do in general and I would never do that to Shane, even if it’s you.”

Ilya does not feel much better about that. “Even if it’s me.”

“You know what I mean.”

Ilya doesn’t think he does.

But he also does. He knows the way the world sees him—the playboy from Russia, the one who owned all of these sports cars and was seen at clubs with women and who chirped and barked and did anything he could during games to get under the skin of all of his opponents. Ilya has never had the kind of personality that made himself have many friends. He does not know how to change this now, even though he is not convinced that he wants them.

He thinks, reluctantly, that Hayden Pike might be a good ally.

Shane deserves good things. The best things. He deserves a boyfriend who cherishes him and a best friend who knows how to appreciate and trust him. For better or for worse, that means Hayden Pike, and Ilya is just going to have to get used to that. Ilya can learn to live with that if it means Shane has a friend who he can confide in, even if that means both the good and the bad things about Ilya.

Ilya bristles, but he sticks his hand out for Hayden to shake.

Hayden considers it. And shakes.

“Truce,” Ilya agrees, though he is only pretty sure what the word means.

Hayden shakes his hand firmly. “I will not tell Hollander that he deserves better, because I am not an asshole and I can tell that you make him happy. I can also consider not knowing how you of all people can make him happy.”

“I will not punch you unless you deserve it.”

“The heat of the moment might have gotten to me,” Hayden admits, “but you kept chirping at me, so you kind of deserved it.”

“Shane is the one who wants to stay in the closet,” Ilya clarifies, because that feels important. “I do not know, but I think I would be more open than he would choose to be. To be clear.”

Hayden looks surprised, but says, “I should have expected that.”

“Da.”

Hayden rolls his eyes. “I kind of get what he sees in you, if I can believe for even a second that Hollander is into a Russian bad boy type.”

“He is.”

“Obviously.”

“Do not need you to understand.”

“I am gathering that,” Hayden says. Is kind enough to understand that he might not know everything. “I will lay up, I guess. But last night I just really wanted to punch you in the mouth.”

“The game stays with the game.”

“Fine,” Hayden says. “We both care about Shane so we will get along.”

“Good,” Ilya says, and does actually feel a little bit better about everything. “Deal.”

“Deal,” Hayden agrees.

They sit in silence for a moment. Try to process what it means to have an alliance with each other, even a tentative one only forged because they are literally trapped into a room together, and Ilya hates how much it kind of worked. How he still feels some resentment and disconnect from Hayden Pike, but so much less fear and uncertainty.

Ilya gestures. “Pool?”

“Sure,” Hayden says, “if you want to lose.”

“Cannot lose. Is my own house.”

“I swear you’re faking half of that accent sometimes,” Hayden says, but pushes himself up to stand.

When Shane finally comes in to check on them, they are in the middle of their third and final game of pool, each of them having taken a round of victory and now they need the tiebreaker otherwise they might actually kill each other. Shane looks between them and seems to understand what's going on, and rolls his eyes to the ceiling, but there is a smile on his face. A relief in his shoulders. Ilya is happy to have brought him some kind of peace.

“Okay?” he asks them.

“If I lose,” Hayden says, “I cannot face this douchebag with pride.”

“That insult is new one,” Ilya says. “I will take it, same way I am taking game.”

“Shane,” Hayden says, looking up, “he’s faking that strong accent, right? He’s gotta know enough English by now.”

“He is definitely playing it up,” Shane confirms, and nudges Ilya’s ankle. “Behave.”

“I like watching him squirm,” Ilya says.

“So many articles,” Hayden notices. “Asshole.”

Shane laughs, and it sets Ilya at ease, just a little bit. He knows he is relieved to come into the room and find them getting along, even if they are clearly competing. Ilya has done something to make Shane happy, and he will consider that a victory.

Ilya crosses the room and kisses him on the cheek, which makes Hayden gag. “Am winning. You should congratulate me.”

“You haven’t won yet,” Shane points out.

“I will, though.”

“Too cocky,” Hayden decides, and squints jokingly at Shane. “Are you sure?”

Ilya knows it is a joke, but he holds his breath anyway. Shane leans into Ilya’s side and puts his head on Ilya’s shoulder, a tentative public display of affection that Ilya nearly does a backflip at the thought that Shane wants to put his stake in him in front of his best friend, even if he has already done so in front of his family. It feels like something else, to act this way in front of someone who plays hockey with them. It feels like an acceptance, and a breath of fresh air.

Ilya cannot get enough of it.

Shane kisses his neck. Ilya shooks Hayden a smirk.

“Ew,” Hayden says, but he’s grinning. “Gross.”

“Sorry,” Shane replies, straightening up, but Ilya pulls him back down.

“No,” he says. “My lucky charm.”

“You are lucky enough.”

“No,” Ilya says again.

“You guys are gross,” Hayden says again.

“Da,” Ilya agrees.

“No,” Shane disagrees, and laughs like he can’t help himself as he winds his arms around Ilya’s waist, watching as Hayden makes an attempt to sink a solid and fail. Shane squeezes Ilya, a silent question. Ilya wraps his free arm around him and ruffles his hair, a quiet answer.

They might not be best friends, and they may never. They probably won’t, with how everything has gone—but at least they can understand each other, and respect each other. They can go around and around in circles for however long that they would like but Ilya admittedly feels better knowing what he knows. Ilya needed the reassurance that only Hayden Pike could give him. Un-fucking-fortunately.

Hayden Pike will never be his best friend—but he will at least never be his enemy.

Ilya can learn to live with that.

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