Drunk And Stupid

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Drunk And Stupid

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Summary

Shane gets accidentally drunk and tells Hayden that he loves Ilya. Cue mental breakdowns and Hayden losing his mind at seeing Ilya Rozanov be soft and loving with his best friend.

Hayden had always known that his best friend was uptight, even before they had become friends. He knew Shane had a lot of rules and a strict timetable that he never wavered from. It had not deterred Hayden from pursuing a friendship with Shane, though. He found Shane's presence comforting, he didn't have to put on any act in front of Shane, didn't have to be on all the time. In the deepest corners of his brain, he admitted to himself that Shane was the only person on the team that he wanted to hang out with outside of hockey commitments. Shane had become his best friend, his little brother very quickly, worming his way into Hayden's heart effortlessly.

In the years that they had been friends, Hayden had never once seen Shane drunk or high. During the season, Shane didn't drink at all and in the off-season, he never let himself drink more than one glass of wine. Shane had told him that he had only had hard liqueur once and hadn't liked the taste of it.

Which is why he was surprised when he walked into J.J.'s house to find Shane on the couch with some of the rookies, giggling his ass off with a bottle of half empty vodka cruiser in his hand.

Shane gasped when he saw Hayden, bouncing off the couch and towards him. "Hayd! You're here!" Shane exclaimed, an uncharacteristic wide grin on his face.

"Hey buddy, whatcha drinking there?" Hayden asked, lips curling up in amusement.

"Oh, you have got to try this! It is so yummy, it's fruit juice!" Shane grinned, shoving the bottle towards Hayden clumsily.

Hayden's eyebrows raised up to his hairline and he said, "Uh, that's not fruit juice, Shane. That has vodka."

"No way," Shane gasped, bringing the bottle closer to his face and squinting at the wrapping. "Lemme check," Shane mumbled and took another long swig from the bottle.

"Okaaayy," Hayden sighed and pulled the bottle away from Shane's mouth. "Think that's enough, you're super drunk."

"Oh no, I'm drunk?" Shane asked, eyes widening as he poked himself on the cheek. He suddenly grabbed Hayden's arms and shook, babbling, "No, no, no, am I drunk? Hayd, am I drunk? I can't believe I drank during the season. Oh no! We have a game day after tomorrow! No, no, I'm gonna die. I won't - we're gonna lose and Ilya is gonna be there and he's going to be so disappointed. Fuck, no, I can't be drunk. No alcohol during hockey. God, I'm so stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid -,"

"Shane, buddy, breathe," Hayden interrupted, then frowned and confusedly whispered 'Ilya' under his breath. "Look, I'm gonna get you some water and drop you home and you are going straight to bed -,"

Hayden was cut off by the ringing of Shane's phone. "Lily!" Shane beamed at his phone, swiping on the incoming call and bringing the phone up to his ear. "Heyyy, Lily. Miss you. Where are you? Come to J.J.'s house, 'm having so much fun! We can have so much fun together!"

Hayden couldn't hear what Lily said but Shane giggled and replied, "No, silly, I'm not concussed. Hayden said I'm drunk, suuuuper drunk. I drunk vodka. No, 's supposed to be drink? Drunked? Drank?"

"Shane, maybe you shouldn't talk to anyone right now," Hayden said, reaching for Shane's phone.

"No, he's mine," Shane pouted, cradling his phone protectively with both hands. "My baby." Lily must have said something because Shane suddenly smiled brightly, Hayden had never seen him look so happy before. "Really?" Shane's eyes had gone glassy and Hayden was seriously debating forcefully wrestling Shane into his car to drive him home if necessary.

Hayden scowled when J.J. suddenly stumbled over to them, wrapping an arm around Shane's shoulders. "Why the fuck did you give him alcohol, man?"

"Relax, dude. This is only, like, his second or third bottle," J.J. shrugged.

"Yeah, relax, dude," Shane huffed at him before going back to listen to what Lily was saying to him.

"Come on, Comeau is setting up beer pong!" J.J. exclaimed, looking drunker than Shane. He then squinted at Shane's phone and asked, "Who're you talking to anyways?"

"The love of my life," Shane sighed dopily. He giggled again, in response to Lily, Hayden assumed, and said, "Talkin' 'bout you, silly-billy."

Hayden removed J.J.'s arm from Shane and declared, "I'm driving him home now, he's had enough."

"Noooo, I don't wanna go!" Shane whined, tapering off as he focused on what Lily was saying. His face drew into a pout the longer he listened to Lily and a minute later, he grumbled, "Fine, I'll let Hayden drive me home. 's no fair, though."

"Oh, thank god," Hayden groaned, head tipping back in relief.

"'k, love you," Shane muttered into the phone, dejectedly shoving it into his pocket after.

"I just love him so much," Shane sighed and Hayden noticed his head lolling towards him from the corner of his eye.

Hayden asked, distracted as he focused on the busy road, "You love who, buddy?"

"Lily," Shane breathed.

"Think you mean you lover *her* so much," Hayden corrected with a chuckle.

"No, bleh!" Shane said, sticking out his tongue with a disgusted expression on his face. "Him, him, him! I love him!"

"Wow, you're really drunk, huh?"

Shane huffed, frustration causing tears to well up in his eyes. "No, Hayden, I love him. I swear, love him so much," Shane sniffed.

"Okay, buddy, I believe you," Hayden agreed placatingly.

"Don't hate me, okay? I just love him so, so much. He's my baby. Don't hate me, please," Shane mumbled, eyes closing as he slouched into his seat.

"Shane, of course, I won't ever hate you. I promise. You're my brother, man," Hayden swore, eyes widening in worry. He contemplated pulling over but thought it would be best to get Shane as quickly as possible.

"Okay, I love Ilya so much, thank you. He's mine, you know? Mine, mine, mine. He is so precious, and he takes really good care of me and he loves me and his mama, and he treats me so well -,"

"Wait, *Ilya*?!" Hayden gasped incredulously, resisting the urge to whip his head to the side to look at Shane.

Shane immediately burst into tears, loud, racking sobs coming from his chest. "Don't hate me, please, please. I can't help it, I love him. Please, Hayd, please."

Hayden was quick to try and soothe Shane while still driving but Shane was inconsolable, taking heaving breaths in between sobs. He thought, fuck it, and pulled over the first chance he got. He rubbed Shane's upper arm and said, "Shane, it's okay. I don't hate you, I promise, it's okay." It seemed as if Shane couldn't hear him as he didn't react to his words or touch at all. His hands were clenched shut tightly and his face was wet with tears and snot.

Hayden fumbled for Shane's phone and pulled up his contacts, trying to locate Ilya's number. He swore when he couldn't find it and instead pulled up his chats, clicking on Lily's. Only a few messages in, he smacked his own forehead. Lily, Ilya.

Taking a deep breath, he hit call and brought the phone to his ear. He fidgeted nervously as the ringtone buzzed in his ear, eyes screwing shut when the call was picked up and Rozanov's voice said over the phone, "On your way -," He cut himself off, probably hearing Shane's cries in the background. "Whoever the fuck this is, I'm gonna fucking kill you if you lay a hand on him, got it?" His voice was hard as steel now, in complete contrast to his tone when he had first picked up the call.

Hayden cleared his throat and mumbled, "Uh, it's Hayden? Shane's best friend?"

"Pike, what the fuck is going on? Why are you calling me?" Hayden could tell Rozanov was trying to mask the concern in his voice.

"Well, Shane told me he is in love with you and then started crying and now I can't get him to stop," Hayden blurted out.

"Blyat! What did you say to him? What did you fucking say?" Rozanov seethed and Hayden actually gulped in fear.

"Nothing, I swear! I told him it's okay and that I don't hate him, that's all." Hayden had never thought that there would come a day when he would be defending that he didn't hurt Shane to Rozanov.

"Let me talk to him," he said, anger still coating his voice.

Hayden put the call on speaker. He still wasn't sure that Rozanov wasn't an asshole, even though Shane seemed to love a lot. He had to see for himself that Shane was being treated well.

"Shane, Roza - Ilya's on the phone. He wants to talk to you."

Shane's head snapped up at Ilya's name and he whimpered, his voice trembling, "Ilya?"

"Da, moya lyubov', I'm here," Rozanov cooed and Hayden was stunned at the complete 180 in his voice.

"Ilya, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tell him, I'm sorry -," Shane whimpered. Hayden could feel his own eyes welling up, Shane sounded like he was in physical pain.

Rozanov interrupted with apologies, firmly saying, "No, no need to say sorry, malysh. I know you didn't mean to, 's not your fault."

"But 's a secret, not supposed to tell anyone. I -," Shane sniffled, rubbing at his eyes with his fists.

"I know, sweetheart. It's just Pi - Hayden though, your best friend. You're safe, baby, you're okay."

Shane shook his head and whispered, "'m not okay. I need you, Ilya, please."

"I'm waiting at home for you, Shane. Pike is gonna drive you straight to me, da?"

"Da, see you soon. Ya tebya lyublyu," Shane replied. His sobs had drowned out now, leaving only the occasional sniffle.

"Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu. Can you give phone to Pike, baby?"

Shane nodded and then frowned, looking confusedly at his palms. "Huh? 'm talking to you in my head?"

"What? Shane, love -,"

Hayden almost chuckled and said, "I've got it, Shane, don't worry."

"'kay," Shane shrugged, leaning his forehead on the window and closing his eyes.

Hayden took the phone off speaker and brought it to his ears again when Rozanov asked, "Where are you?"

"Only a few minutes from Shane's place."

Hayden heard Rozanov sigh in relief. He ordered, "Send me location on Hollander's phone. And don't stop again, even if he is crying."

When Hayden pulled into Shane's driveway, he was met with the bizarre sight of a half-dressed Rozanov on Shane's porch. Shane was unbuckling himself even before Hayden was fully parked and running out the car, stumbling over to the other man.

And then Hayden saw something he never in a million years thought he would. Shane collapsed into Rozanov's arms, his crying starting up again. And Rozanov - *Ilya* - cradled Shane to his chest, kissing the side of his head and rocking him gently.

Hayden got out of the car as well to hear Ilya murmuring to Shane in Russian, kissing Shane where ever he could reach every few seconds.

"There you go, moya lyubov', no more tears," Ilya cooed when Shane's cries turned into occasional hiccups. He pulled away slightly, causing Shane to whine and lean towards Ilya, trying to hide in his neck again. Ilya gently shushed him and cupped his face, thumbing away his tears. He wiped Shane's mouth with the back of his hand.

Suddenly, he took his t-shirt off and Hayden reared back slightly in alarm only to freeze when Ilya used it to clean up Shane's face, even bringing it to Shane's nose and encouraging him to blow. He kissed away the shame on Shane's face after, peppering his red, blushing face in kisses until Shane was a happy, giggly mess.

Ilya guided Shane's head down to rest on his shoulder and pulled him into another tight hug, his t-shirt discarded on the ground. He locked eyes with Hayden then, for the first time that evening. He rested his hand on the back of Shane's head and turned his face completely into his neck, as if hiding Shane from view.

"You have just been watching us like a pervert?" Ilya said, trying to snark but his voice came out guarded and laced with a little fear instead.

"No, fuck you, man. I was just making sure Shane was okay," Hayden snapped, pinching the bridge of his nose when he saw Shane jump at his tone and burrow further into Ilya's arms.

Ilya nodded tersely. "You tell anyone about tonight, Pike, and I swear to god -,"

"Of course I won't tell anyone, dumb-ass. Shane is family, I would never do that to him," Hayden grumbled. He sighed when Ilya breathed out in relief, pressing another quick kiss to Shane's hair. He rolled his eyes and said tentatively, "For what it's worth, Shane loves you a

lot. And you seem to love him just as much, if not more. I - I'm happy for him. And you, I guess."

"Wow, thank you," Ilya dead-panned.

"Shut up, asshole. I'm trying to supportive here. Just - I won't tell anyone, it's not my secret to tell. And I won't hold it against Shane." Hayden paused before softly saying, "Be good to him, okay? He deserves the best."

"I know he does," Ilya replied, an involuntary smile rising on his face when Shane peeked his face out of Ilya's neck and kissed his cheek before ducking back down.

"I'm gonna leave. Take care of him."

Ilya scoffed, "'Course I will." Hayden saw his arms tighten across Shane's back.

What a fucking day, Hayden thought as he reversed out of Shane's driveway. The last thing he saw was Ilya picking Shane up in his arms and carrying him inside the house.

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