

One Touch, And I Was A Believer

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One Touch, And I Was A Believer

by [amysteriouspuddle](#)

Summary

It had all got too real. That wasn't what they were. They met up a couple times each year, took what they needed from the other, and then left before the afterglow could fade. They did not – could not – have any more than that. And they certainly did not call each other by their forenames. That would imply that they meant more to each other than either had ever expressed, that Rosanov was more than just Rosanov, Shane's arch rival on ice and absolutely nothing off ice. And that could never happen.

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Or, Hayden's reaction to Shane coming back to their hotel room freaking out and in Ilya's clothes in ep 4.

Notes

I wrote this all in one sitting. It was meant to be a short 1k one shot inspired by a post I saw questioning what Hayden's reaction to Shane coming back in clothes that were obviously not either his or Lily's, and then it was like 3am and I had 4k words. Oh well.

Title from the song "They don't know about us" by One Direction, a song which I think fits Shane and Ilya perfectly.

“...ane!”

A voice cut through the cacophony of his mind. “Shane!”

He became distinctly aware of his own ragged breathing – or really the lack thereof – his chest burning as he tried, and failed, to draw in a deep breath. The scratchy hotel carpet felt muted, smooth under his numb fingers, as if he had been removed from his body and merely hovered above. He gasped and shook, barely comprehending where he was, and his throat ached with the force of his suppressed cries. He noticed a firm, grounding force on the back of his head – a hand – and with the way his head throbbed he guessed he had been hitting it against the door before they – whoever the hand belonged to, he couldn’t care less right now – had stopped him.

It had all got too real. That wasn’t what they were. They met up a couple times each year, took what they needed from the other, and then left before the afterglow could fade. They did not – *could* not – have any more than that. And they certainly did not call each other by their forenames. That would imply that they meant more to each other than either had ever expressed, that Rosanov was more than just Rosanov, Shane’s arch rival on ice and absolutely nothing off ice. And that could never happen.

“Shane! Take a deep breath, you’re scaring me buddy.” Hayden’s concerned voice interrupted his thoughts again.

He dragged his eyes open, and his best friend’s worried face, and who was apparently the owner of the hand that was keeping him from just floating away, was the final straw. The tears he had held in up to that point finally fell, along with Shane’s body which crumpled forward into Hayden’s arms. Loud, unashamed sobs racked his body, not at all placating Hayden’s panicked mind.

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Hayden had been all but asleep by the time Shane had got back from meeting with his elusive Lily. Frankly, he hadn’t expected him to come back at all that night, considering they had neither practice nor a game the next morning, so it was a bit of a shock when the click of the door jolted him out from his peaceful semi-slumber. Mind still hazy, and having been facing away from the door in bed when Shane had come in, it had taken him far more time than it should’ve to realise Shane had not moved from the closed door. A little longer still to process the sound of rapid, shallow breathing.

He had shared a hotel room with Shane for years now, and being one of his closest friends, he had calmed him down from more than his fair share of panic and anxiety attacks. Despite that, he had no idea what to do now. He had never seen Shane this distraught, this out of control of his own emotions. A man who usually hated physical touch, a man who had to learn to graciously accept physical affection from his god children. The same man who was now in his lap, squeezing him tight like it was the only thing keeping him on earth.

He rubbed his back in a hopefully soothing way, keeping silent in case it overstimulated Shane even more. He was so far removed from his comfort zone he couldn't even spot it on the horizon, and so decided to just take it one step at a time. Shane wanted to hug him now, so that's what they were going to do. He absent mindedly noticed that the clothes that Shane was wearing were not his own – he wasn't sponsored by those brands. They looked like mens clothes, so they were unlikely Lily's either. This only added to his confusion, but was hardly the most pressing issue on his hands at that point, so he allowed that thought to drift to the back of his mind.

He wasn't sure how long they sat there like that before Shane tired and his crying quieted down. He was still hyperventilating though, so Hayden overdramatised his own breathing, in the hopes that Shane would mirror him. He still didn't speak, trusting Shane to break the silence whenever he was ready.

Shane focused on Hayden's purposefully deep breaths, struggling at first to slow his breathing to the right pace. The rise and fall of his friends chest and the soft rub of his back soothed him, and he finally let his body relax somewhat. He was grateful that Hayden hadn't started quizzing him yet, as up to this point he didn't think he was physically capable of opening his mouth without starting crying again. The yet weighed heavy on his mind however. He was going to have to come up with a semi rational excuse for his behaviour. And he still had the whole Rozanov issue to deal with.

Later. Right now, now he had calmed down enough that he thought he could attempt to speak, and he really owed Hayden an explanation.

"Hayds?" Hayden hummed in response, shifting the two of them so they could look at each while talking.

Shane opened his mouth, but his eyes started to well with tears again, and the only words that could get past the sharp rock in his throat were: "I'm sorry." This was going to be harder than he had originally thought.

"Hey, it's alright mate, no need to apologise." Shane did not agree with that – he had just woken him up and made him deal with the trainwreck that was his emotional state – but let him continue speaking regardless. "How about we get up off the floor and sit on one of the beds instead? Or – you're still shaking – what about a hot shower before we talk?"

Shane hadn't even realised that he was shaking, nor properly comprehended that they were still sat on the floor next to the door, so figured that whatever Hayden was suggesting he would agree with, nodding his head.

"Which one – bed or shower?"

He was clearly more out of it than he thought, having not originally realised he was being asked a question. Probably a shower to clear his mind a bit would be helpful. Though he didn't think he could stand up that long. It was a good thing the hotel rooms were fancy and had bathtubs as well as a shower. "Bath then bed?"

"Yeah, or course, let's get you up."

Hayden hauled the all but dead weight of Shane to his feet, keeping his arms hooked around his body, rightfully untrustworthy of Shane's wobbling legs. Ungracefully, they hobbled to the bathroom. Hayden closed the lid of the toilet with his foot and deposited Shane on top, and then turned around and plugged the bath, turning the water on. With practised ease from years of being a dad, he adjusted the overly complicated taps to produce a pleasant, warm temperature of water.

They sat in comfortable silence while the tub filled, Shane completely unmoving, and still panicking about him and Ilya's – *Rozanov's*, he corrected – previous conversation, albeit silently this time. Honestly, the worst part about it was that it hadn't gone even worse – they hadn't argued, Rozanov hadn't done anything wrong, anything he could be mad about, or even really anything that justified such a reaction from him. It would've almost been better if they'd had a massive fight, because then Shane might've been able to face the fact he was going to have to live without him. Rozanov's absolutely devastated face when he left was burned into his retinas, and he didn't think he was ever going to be able to forget it. He would have to, because that's how it had to be, but he wasn't going to be happy about it. He didn't want to have to live without Rozanov.

"Shane."

Hayden, upon having turned the taps of the now full bathtub off, and soon realising Shane was going to make no attempt to move to the bath, had turned back to him, resting his hand on his knee.

"Do you need me to help?"

Upon seeing his disgruntled expression, he quickly added: "No shame, everyone needs help now and again."

Shane really did not want help in the bath, but after attempting to get up and move over to the bath, only to realise he hadn't actually moved an inch, he nodded, and allowed Hayden to make quick work of stripping him and manipulating his limbs into the tub. They saw each other naked in the locker room semi regularly, and Hayden clearly had experience from bathing his kids, so it was far less awkward than Shane had originally presumed it would be, and in fact, by the time Hayden had finished washing his hair, he was finally able to at least temporarily let go of his thoughts and properly relax for the first time since he had got back to the hotel room.

Hayden let him sit in the bath until the water started to cool, before helping him out and wrapping him a towel. He had already got some of Shane's clothes out of the drawers he had put them in (Hayden didn't understand why he felt the need to unpack at every hotel they went to, no matter how short the stay was, but it was at least helpful now, as every drawer was perfectly organised) while he had been relaxing in the bath, and so helped him slide them on, before leading them both to Hayden's bed.

"Did you meet up with Lily?"

Hayden's question booted Shane out of the semi peaceful headspace he had got himself into, however he had promised Hayden some rightfully deserved answers, so resigned himself to

answering some questions, praying he didn't start crying again.

"Erm, yeah."

"Did something happen between the two of you?"

"Sort of, I mean I'm not sure, I just freaked out and left."

"Left after what?"

"It just got too serious, and it can't."

"Haven't you been seeing this girl for years and years now? Was it not already serious?"

"It can't." Shane repeats mournfully, and Hayden can see the devastation in his eyes at that statement.

"How about we ring Lily and talk this thro..." Shane bolted upright, staring at Hayden shell-shocked, violently shaking his head no. "You can't call him."

"*Him* huh?"

Shane realised his mistake immediately, his breathing increasing in pace and tears threatening to fall. Hayden was quick to comfort him: "I promise I don't care what's in the pants of whoever you date." He had already sort of guessed that Shane might not have been entirely straight – his disinterest in dating women being the most glaringly obvious reason. It didn't bother him in the slightest, and he had presumed that Shane would confirm (or deny) when he wanted to, so had never pressed the issue (not that he thought it was an issue in the slightest, but he was well aware of their teammates attitudes about that type of thing).

Despite his reassurances, Shane still would not look Hayden in the eye, so he tried harder. "Shane, you could be dating Ilya fucking Rozanov and I wouldn't care as long as you were happy –" He absolutely would care, he detested that man, but that was beside the point at the minute "– please, you have to believe me when I say that I support you unconditionally."

Well, that certainly got a response out of Shane. Not the right one. Every single muscle in his body tensed up, and he was now not only avoiding eye contact, but was turning his whole body away, as if not looking at Hayden was going to make him disappear. If Hayden didn't know better, he would've thought that this response was because Shane was actually dating Rozanov. He genuinely could not imagine an alternative universe where that happened though, so quickly banished that absurd thought from his head before trying to find out what exactly had caused that reaction.

"Are you alright?" He was only met by a stiff silence.

Shane was, yet again, panicking. If Ilya Rozanov was the person his best friend had used as an example of the worst person for him to be with, then surely they had zero chance. Hayden had meant well, innocently attempting to use humour to raise his friend's spirits, so he wasn't upset at him, just at himself really. They were the two least suited people for each other, how on earth had he managed to fall for the arrogant asshole that was Ilya fucking Rozanov. And,

possibly even more surprising, how had Rozanov fallen for the boring control freak that he was. Because, although he had never admitted it out loud, he had fallen for Ilya. His beautiful blond curls, his striking eyes, the way he was simultaneously gentle yet commanding in bed, Shane loved him.

“I love him.” He muttered.

And suddenly, as he made the confession, and for the first time allowed himself to think it too, it made sense. He loved Ilya. And more than likely, Ilya loved him back. He wanted to spend every single minute of the rest of his life wrapped in his arms. He wanted to have kids, and pets, and to get married. He wanted him at his cottage, at dinner with his parents, opening presents with him on Christmas day. He already had him in hockey and in bed, but he wanted so much more than that. He wanted Ilya so much it hurt. Not as much as knowing he was never going to that life – he could probably get a limb sawed off with zero medication and still be in less pain than the pain that knowledge provided – but it still hurt nonetheless.

“Do you want to tell me about him?” Hayden provided, not at all oblivious to the cascade of emotions rioting in Shane’s head.

“You already guessed right.”

Guessed right? He hadn’t guessed, and the only person he’d even mentioned had been Rozanov.

Oh.

Oh.

Well, that put everything in a new light.

“Rozanov?” He had to confirm.

“Yeah...”

“And you’re happy?”

“Yeah.” He still wouldn’t look at Hayden

“Well then my previous point still stands, I support you unconditionally, and as long as you’re happy, I don’t care who you date. But *Rozanov*? And since what, rookie season?”

He certainly *did* care, and was not happy with this recent discovery. He honestly could not think of anyone that would be worse for Shane than Rozanov, and could not possibly fathom what on earth he saw in him. But Shane needed his support now more than ever, so he swallowed any more comments. It explained the clothes at least.

“The summer before.”

So maybe the reason he hadn’t been able to imagine an alternative universe where Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov dated was because he shouldn’t have been imagining an

alternate universe, he should've been imagining this very universe. The very real one that he was actively living in. The summer before rookie season meant that he had never known a Shane where there wasn't also a Rozanov.

"Wow." He was truly speechless. "And you love him?"

Shane nodded tentatively, as if expecting Hayden to get angry.

"I'm sorry Hayds, I promise I did really try to get over him. Most of the years we just hooked up casually, but recently its turned into something more... I'm not sure what but whatever it is we can't have. That's why I freaked out tonight."

Hayden thought that if his heart broke any further, he would have to vacuum the pieces up as they'd be too small to pick up by hand. The hopeless, crushed, lovesick expression scrawled across Shane's face was enough to shatter him on its own without the devastating confession with it. And Hayden didn't have an answer. To start with, there were no openly gay hockey players. Adding in the fact they were the captains of rival teams, he did not have to imagine how awful the response was likely to be if they were to ever come out to the public. For now he just coped by comforting Shane. One step at a time.

"I think the first step is calling him, Shane. You two need to talk about this."

"I don't think I'd be able to speak without breaking down again."

"Then I'll speak." He insisted.

"Fine" Shane gave up, and got up to grab his phone from the joggers that had been discarded on the floor in the bathroom.

He had put it on silent when he had first gone to Ilya's, as not to disturb any of their, um, activities. When he turned notifications back on, now seated back next to Hayden, 9 messages, and 7 missed calls, all from "Lily" sprung up on his screen.

"Looks like Rozanov had the same idea as me eh." Hayden chuckled as Shane clicked on "Lily's" contact.

Shane

Hollander

Hollander come back

[2 missed calls]

Please solnyshko

Hollander

I want you

You want me, yes?

Please

[2 missed calls]

Please pick up phone

[3 missed calls]

He clicked the call icon, and without it even ringing twice it was picked up. Rozanov must've been in a similar situation to Shane. Hayden hated the pang of empathy that had suddenly exploded in his body. He didn't want to feel sorry for his rival, a man he had shit talked since he first met him on the ice, but having to deal with the same thing as Shane, but likely alone, sounded awful. Shane promptly put the phone on speaker.

"Hollander? You scared me lyubimyy, do not run off like that."

His russian accent was thick on his words, with a sort of frantic, desperate air, that had Hayden known better, he would've thought was fear. Though, it had already been proved that he did not actually know better once already tonight, so who knows.

"Hey Rozanov. I'm here with Shane."

"Pike?" His voice was ice cold, irritated now.

"Yeah, I'm sharing a hotel room with Shane, and he came back, um, upset"

That was the understatement of the century, but he didn't think it would benefit either of them going into detail.

"Well, give phone to Shane then?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna be honest, I've hated you for like seven years, so this phone call's hard for me too, but Shane doesn't want to speak right now so it's what's happening."

"I am on my way, what is room number?" Nope, there was definitely fear in his voice. Hayden didn't think he was going to live to see the day that Rozanov was scared, but apparently that day was today. What a whirlwind of a night. He glanced at Shane, unsure if he'd want Rozanov intruding on them, but he actually spoke up, mumbling the number in a horse voice that made it extremely obvious he'd much rather be crying he'd done.

"Give fifteen minutes" and then he hung up, plunging the room back into silence.

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"Do you want something to eat?"

Shane thought back to the tuna melt Ilya had made him earlier that evening. It wasn't exactly in line with his diet, but Ilya had tried hard and specially bought in food and drinks for him.

The little things that showed him how much he cared. The little things that made it that much harder to stay away from him.

“Nah, but you order room service if you want something”

They were sat in a comfortable silence, only interrupted briefly by Hayden ordering a burger and fries (no pickles), when a rough, incessant banging made them both jump out of their skins. Shane jumped up immediately, practically flying to the door – a far cry from before when Hayden had to all but carry Shane to the bathroom. Shane opened the door, only realising after he had already started that he had no idea what he was going to say.

Luckily, it turned out that he didn't have to say anything. Ilya immediately drew him into a bone crushing hug, shutting the door behind them, murmuring in Russian into his ear.

“Was worried lyubimyy” Ilya says more out loud. “Where is Pike?”

“Here, at least let me leave before you start fucking please.” Hayden shouts from where he hasn't moved from Shane's bed. Ilya just rolled his eyes and pulled the two of them into the room.

Realistically, Hayden had known that Ilya coming over meant that he was going to see him and Shane being disgustingly in love, considering how Shane had been acting over him. He, however, very quickly realised that he was, in fact, not emotionally prepared to witness his best friend slot into his arch-rival's side like he was moulded from it. The way they looked at each other was sickening. Sickeningly in love. And he had never seen this side of Rozanov before. He was almost...gentle? At the very least soft and precise in his movements as he followed Shane back onto the bed. It was nothing like the ruthless, mean bully he was on the ice. Hayden tried to ignore the fact he was now sat on the same bed as his nemesis as an awkward silence overcame them.

“So, what are you two? Lovers?” Hayden tried to cut the tension in the room, however he clearly only had blunt scissors, as it only made Rozanov scowl at him and Shane proclaim: “Ew, gross, no, please never say that word again.”

“What, looovers?” Hayden joked, stretching the word longer purely to piss Shane, and by proxy, Rozanov off. “So what then?”

The pair looked at each other, unsure of how to answer. Luckily for them, room service chose that moment to drop off the food. By the time Hayden had picked it up though, still neither had said anything to the other. Hayden sighed. Neither of them were known for good communication skills, and it looked like he was going to have to help them out.

“So you both love each other right? And the answers yes, by the way, you should see the way you look at each other” He said, through a mouthful of burger.

“Da, I do.”

Shane looked at him like he had just admitted to curing world hunger. “You do?”

“Yes, of course. You do too, yes?” Hayden could one hundred percent hear a tone of anxiety in the usually stoic man’s voice. He realised, with incredible disappointment, that he was never going to be able to tell anyone about it. He could just imagine all the amazing chirps that he was never going to be able to say to Rozanov. At least his burger tasted good.

“Yes, obviously.”

And then the two of them were kissing. It started off gentle, sweet, an expression of their love to each other, but very quickly turned hungry and needy. Gasping breaths, muted moans. Shane would give anything to live in a moment like it forever. Ilya would too. Unfortunately, Hayden Pike was still sat not only on the same bed, but leant up against Shane. It was going to take him a bit of time, and maybe a few rants to Jackie, to even normalise the two of them holding hands. He could not handle watching them passionately make out on *his* bed.

“Get a room guys.”

“Ah, Pike wants to join for threesome.”

“Fuck off, Rozanov.” But there was no heat behind his words. Shane was giggling now too, looking completely at ease in Rozanov’s arms. So maybe he could admit they looked good together. Literally – Hayden may consider himself straight and with a wife, but he could certainly accept the two of them were extremely good looking – and also figuratively. They slotted together like they had never spent a day apart, and they both seemed happier cuddled together than he had ever seen either them before. To be fair, the only time he had ever seen Rozanov smile before this was when gloating about a win, so it was hardly a high bar. However, he knew how improved Shane’s mood always was after meeting up with “Lily”, and so clearly there must be something right happening between them. He still could not for the life of him figure out how though, not that it mattered. They were going to have to fight for their relationship, and it was going to be hard, but he was going to be in their corner every step of the way. If only for Shane.

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Shane opened his eyes, and it took him a minute to figure out where he was, and what the soft warmth enveloping him was. Or rather, who the soft warmth was. Bits and pieces from the previous night reappeared in his memory: Being with Ilya, then freaking out, then Hayden finding out, and then... *fuck* Hayden knows. That woke him up properly. But then, Hayden didn’t care, had even helped him talk to Ilya – Ilya who was asleep, spooning him in his hotel bed while, he glanced up, yes, Hayden was sound asleep on the other bed. He remembered Hayden making him and Ilya pinkie promise to “no funny business”, and chuckled in his head. Considering Hayden had reacted far better to the news than Shane would’ve ever expected, maybe all hope was not lost. While they might not be able to have everything they ever wanted, maybe they could at least have each other. And that was more than enough for now. He snuggled back into Ilya’s – his lover’s, Hayden’s voice in his head helpfully supplied – arms. He could deal with everything else later.

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