

drugs and other love

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drugs and other love

by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

"Whatever. Just don't let yourself get distracted just to get your dick wet, Hollander."
Corneau sneered.

Roz interrupted him. "It has been seven years and it has not distracted us yet. I do not know if you remember this, or maybe your brain is all fucked up from all the hits you take, but me and Hollander are captains and we have both gotten our teams to Cups. So mind your fucking business."

Cliff sucked in a breath.

Surely that wasn't true. It couldn't be true.

7 years.

That would mean it had been going on this entire time. The entire of Roz's career. The entire of Hollander's career.

7 years.

What the fuck.

(flipping my fic love and other drugs on it's head. Ilya gets hurt and is high when Shane goes to visit)

Notes

inspired by this comment on my work 'the support group' "And now I want both teams catch hollanov in the act. And get all like "break it off, don't get distracted just to get your dicks wet". And THEN Ilya says "it's been 12 years, it ain't distracted us yet, bitch". And BOOM!, Pikachu faces... Sigh. Unattainable fanfics are the worst!" (I NOW CANNOT FIND THE COMMENT SO PLS LMK IF THIS WAS YOU & I'LL GIFT U THE WORK <3)

and also a comment on my work 'yuna hollander f*cks around and finds out' by @supergirlmiraculous who said "I'm also partial to the idea of accidental confessions. Drunk, high, unmuted phone call, even a crumpled up note that didn't make it into the trash etc"

I live to serve... kind of. this might not be exactly what you guys asked for as it definitely took an angstier turn than i expected, but i hope u enjoy! <3

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [【授翻】灵药与爱情](#) by [Krisha0101](#)

Hayden Pike

Spending his first morning off in two weeks visiting Ilya fucking Rozanov in hospital was not what Hayden considered a good use of his time.

Unfortunately for him, his captain seemed determined to go, with or without Hayden. And Hayden wasn't about to let his best friend go with Comeau alone to take the fall for what him and Comeau had done, especially because Comeau was already kicking up a fuss about being forced to go and apologise to Rozanov.

It had mostly been Comeau's fault, and Hayden had managed to get himself tangled up in it all by not slowing down fast enough and crashing into the pile of an already injured Rozanov and Comeau.

They were sat in the waiting room, waiting for the receptionist to go and get permission from Rozanov for the three of them to go and visit him. Comeau was glaring at Shane, but Shane didn't seem to notice anything. He was instead looking down at his feet, refusing to make eye contact with anyone in the room.

"Shane?" Hayden nudged him.

It was made plain only a second later why Shane was insistent on hiding his face from Hayden, as when Shane glanced up at the sound of his name, Shane was blinking in the way that he did when he needed to cry but refused to let the tears fall.

Hayden inhaled sharply at the sight, shocked to see Shane so upset over Rozanov. Shane didn't like Rozanov anymore than Hayden did, and it wasn't even Shane's fault, so why was he so upset. Thinking on it now, it had been a pretty bad hit, with Rozanov's face smashing against the ice, blood spraying everywhere. This was something that always made certain players think about their own morality, the risk of the game they loved causing irreversible damage. Hayden had never known Shane to be one of those people, but maybe it was seeing the only other person at Shane's level - as loathe as Hayden was to admit it - getting so brutally hurt.

"You can go in and see him now," A nurse said. "Room 751."

Both Hayden and Shane said their thanks. Hayden noticed Comeau said nothing, and wanted to throttle the man. It was no secret that Hayden hated him. Hayden was pretty sure Shane didn't like him either, but his captain would never voice any dislike for one of his players, even to Hayden.

When they got to the door, neither Shane nor Comeau looked like they wanted to go in, so Hayden knocked. The door swung open to reveal Cliff Marlow, who immediately scowled at the sight of them.

"What are you doing here?"

Comeau said nothing. Typical. It was his fucking fault!

Instead, Hayden spoke. "We just wanted to check on Rozanov, and apologise for Rozanov's injuries. It was an accident... but it was a pretty bad hit."

Marlow looked briefly surprised, which Hayden couldn't help but feel annoyed by. They could be nice!

Another Bear player - Carmichael, Hayden guessed - came up behind Marlow, glaring.

"Well you've said it. Bye." Carmichael said shortly.

Hayden almost jumped when Shane spoke from behind him. "Is he alright?"

Before they could answer, Rozanov's voice rang out loudly. "Is that Shane?"

Shane?

Since when were the two of them on a first name basis?

Hayden glanced at Shane, who'd gone pale.

It was evident that the Bears were also confused by their captain's sudden familiarity, as they both turned around to look behind them.

"*Shane?*" Carmichael said, sounding disgusted.

"Yes," Rozanov said, dragging out the word. His accent was even thicker than it usually was, immediately letting Hayden know that the hospital had Rozanov on the good shit. The guy was probably high as a fucking kite.

In the back of his mind, Hayden wondered if this meant he would finally have an interaction with Rozanov where he didn't get insulted.

"Shane, is that you?" Rozanov slurred.

The two Bears guarding the door moved away as Shane made his way into the room. Hayden and Comeau followed.

Hayden immediately recognised St-Simon and Connors, two enforcers who'd sent Hayden home with bruises on more occasions than he could count. His body felt tense. It was probably mostly due to the fact that he was surrounded by the enemy, but it was also because he felt Shane was tense next to him.

Hayden glanced at his best friend, who's face looked stony and awkward.

He was looking at Rozanov in strange way that Hayden couldn't read.

And Rozanov was looking right back at him.

Shane cleared his throat. "Glad you're doing okay, Rozanov. We just wanted to apologise, it's part of the game but no one likes to see a fellow player hurt. Get well soon."

Hayden recognised this as Shane's media-trained voice. It was oddly formal, even with an opposing team.

Shane glanced at Hayden and Comeau, who both muttered similar apologies, though Comeau's was more reluctant than Hayden's.

As if they could sense Comeau's insincerity, all five of the Bears present had ranging expressions of distaste.

"Right. Well, thanks." Marlow said. "It's all good. Part of the game, isn't it?"

Hayden nodded.

"Easy for you to say, Marly, you are not vegetable in bed and out for playoffs." Roz bitched.

Marlow just laughed. "Yeah, yeah."

Rozanov yawned.

Connors turned to them. "I think Roz needs rest now, guys."

It was a plain request for them to clear the fuck out, which Hayden had zero objections to. He was already planning out his day off: lay around in bed eating junk food and watching crap TV, making fun of Shane for not knowing any sort of pop culture references, and then finishing it off with a facetime to Jackie and the kids. A perfect day off.

"No, I do not, fucker." Rozanov glared but the effect was lessened by the dopey look on his face. "I am strong Russian man. Russians do not need rest."

"Right." Marlow rolled his eyes but laughed. "So that photo of you asleep on the locker room floor last month means nothing right?"

"Exactly. That was because of hangover, not my fault."

Marlow scoffed, but look delighted that Rozanov was feeling well enough to go bat for bat with him. Hayden supposed it was a good sign.

He looked at Shane, who was suppressing a smile.

Rozanov blew a raspberry at him, and then blinked sleepily. He yawned and then winced, holding his jaw, which was mottled purple and green from where he'd smashed his face on the ground.

"Yeah, Russians don't need rest, my ass." Marlow joked. "Right, for real, everyone out." He nodded at his teammates. "We need to get to the airport soon, anyway."

The Bears started their goodbyes to their captain while Comeau moved to leave immediately. Shane stole a last glance at Rozanov before turning to following Comeau out the door.

"No," Rozanov whined suddenly. "Shane stays. Everyone else can fuck off."

Hayden saw Shane freeze where he stood. His whole body seemed to be locked in fight or flight, his shoulders hunched as if he was trying to disappear.

Carmichael's eyes flickered between Rozanov and Shane. The confusion was written all over his face.

"What?" Connors asked, clearly thinking he'd misheard. "Say that again cap?"

"*I said*, Shane stays. Everyone else can go. Bye bye everyone. Now please." Rozanov clumsily clapped his hands as if to say '*hurry the fuck up everyone*'. His movements were made sloppy and disconnected by the drugs.

Shane shifted on his feet. "Uh - Rozanov, I..." He coughed. "I think you're a bit confused." Shane turned to Marlow. "Does he have a concussion?"

"Yes, but nurse said it was mild." St-Simon answered. His eyes were narrowed on Shane and Hayden felt an immediate need to step next to Shane, just in case. "Why'd he ask you to stay?"

Shane shrugged, trying to look casual. But Hayden knew him well enough to know that Shane was putting on a show.

It was a weird feeling. There was something else going on here that Shane was hiding from him, but he just couldn't quite put his finger on what.

"Look, we really should go. Sorry again, Rozanov." Shane muttered, before walking towards the door.

"Shane, no. Come back, *please*." Rozanov's lower lip jutted out in a pout and he put on a truly hideous pleading face. Gross.

Marlow laughed, but it was a little forced. "Bro, I think we need to get the nurse to lower the dosage on these fuckin' drugs, they're making you a little..." Marlow trailed off. It was obvious he didn't know how to describe the weirdness that was happening, and Hayden couldn't blame him for that.

"Shane, *moya lyubov*, at least gimme kiss before you go." Rozanov mumbled drowsily, his eyes almost closed. I need one to make me feel better."

Hayden felt his heart jump to his throat.

What?

Surely he'd heard that wrong.

There was no way. He must have misheard what Rozanov had said.

He looked around the room to see that everyone else had shocked expressions, except Rozanov, who was now barely awake.

"What the fuck?" Comeau had reappeared in the doorway. Hayden had almost forgotten about him.

Shane whipped around and went pale at the disgust and anger on Comeau's face.

'What the fuck' was right.

"Care to explain, cap?" Comeau crossed his arms. "I just came back to see what the fuck was taking you two so long, and Rozanov is asking cap to kiss him? What the fuck?"

Fuck, this was not good.

Cliff Marlow

Cliff was sure that any minute he was going to wake up.

"Roz, you don't know what you're saying." Connors said. "Just go to sleep, dude."

Rozanov shook his head. The movement was sloppy and made Roz go almost cross eyed, as if his head was spinning. "Yes, I do."

"No, you don't-"

Then, he mumbled to himself, sounding annoyed. "Hollander is boyfriend now, I think I am allowed to ask for kiss."

What?

The room was so silent you could hear a pin drop.

"What?" Pike said.

Roz looked up, taking in everyone's faces. "Oh. Did I say out loud?"

Cliff felt a little sick. His heart was racing. Their team was never going to be the same after this revelation, and neither, by the look of Comeau's face, was Hollander's. Two opposing players, together? There was no guide book for this shit, it had never fucking happened in the history of the sport. Cliff was cool with the fact that his captain had a boyfriend, he'd kind of

suspected Roz leant both ways after certain nights out had his eyes wandering, but with Hollander? That was a little tougher to swallow.

Cliff looked around the room. Every single face was frozen in shock, especially Hollander's.

But there was also a hint of guilt in his expression, and they could all see it.

Roz suddenly looked more awake, his eyes alarmed and regretful. "Shane, I am sorry--"

"No, I--" Hollander stuttered, his face pale. "Um, I--"

"Shane?" Pike asked firmly. "Is this true?"

Hollander's blinked, and his eyes turned wet. It was damning.

He tried to speak but the words were seemingly stuck in his throat, and he instead twisted his hands round and round in an anxious manner.

"Oh my God." Pike muttered faintly. "It's true. It's true. He's your *boyfriend*?"

"What the fuck," Comeau said. "Hollzy, tell me this is some sick joke you and Rozanov cooked up. Tell me you're not *gay and fucking the fucking enemy!*"

Cliff wasn't exactly buzzing about this news, and he'd be having fucking words with Roz later about keeping secrets from him, but Cliff knew for certain that he didn't want things to continue with this energy.

Hollander shook his head, his eyes still shining with unshed tears. "I can't." He whispered.

Roz tried to sit up. "Stop being such a little bitch, Comeau. Yes, we are boyfriends, so what?"

Comeau opened his mouth to retort but got cut off.

"Fucking fags." Carmichael said and then spat on the floor.

Comeau's mouth lifted on one side. "Stole the fucking word out my mouth."

That was where Cliff drew the fucking line.

He swung for his own teammate without hesitation, knocking him to the floor. "You say that fuckin' word again, I'll fuckin' kill you."

Carmichael struggled beneath him. He felt himself being pulled off the man by Connors and St-Simon, though a quick look at them showed their faces were as just as angry as Cliff.

"You punched me? Fucker!" Carmichael yelled at him.

"Come on, man, you know you don't say shit like that." Connors said.

St-Simon coughed. "It's not cool. But I get it."

Cliff whirled on him. "*What?*"

"Be fucking serious, Cliff." Carmichael said. "This whole *thing* is a joke."

St-Simon nodded and turned to Ilya. "This can't go on, Roz. I mean, do you really expect us to trust you'll actually properly play against your... whatever the fuck this is?"

Comeau nodded in agreement. "Exactly. You need to break this off. *Now*. This can't happen again. Fucking hell, Hollander, I'd never guess you'd be the type to put yourself before the team. How do we know you haven't been throwing games for Rozanov, Hollander?"

Cliff opened his mouth to tell them to all shut the fuck up before they all took things way too fucking far. Or, further than they already had. Things were already pretty fucked.

"Shane would never, don't be so fucking stupid." Roz looked furious at the suggestion.

"How is it stupid to think that a player fucking an opposing player might fuck up the games?" Comeau asked.

"You think Shane Hollander would let anything stop him being best? He trains harder than any of you fuckers, eats disgusting macro biotic food that is not fit for dog--"

"*Ilya, stop-*"

"No, Shane, is disgusting those smoothies you make. Very bad. Would rather be here in this hospital bed with very bad head than drink one."

Hollander's eyes were still glassy, but Roz's words seemed to help a little. Hollander's shoulders seemed to loosen a touch, and his expression was less one of all consuming panic. "You're such an asshole."

But Roz wasn't finished. "Also. Shane has scored against me many times, and you have scored against me once. So maybe focus on yourself, Comeau, and maybe you actually score one goal this season."

Comeau looked stunned. Cliff was barely holding back his laughter, but it seemed Connors didn't give a fuck because he was outright cackling behind Cliff. "Roz, you fucking kill me--"

"Whatever. I don't have to put up with this shit." Comeau sneered. He turned on Hollander. "Just don't let yourself get distracted just to get your dick wet."

"*Okay-*" Cliff started, more than ready to kick this fucker out the entire goddamn hospital if he needed to.

Roz interrupted him. "It has been seven years and it has not distracted us yet. I do not know if you remember this, or maybe your brain is all fucked up from all the hits you take, but me and Hollander are captains and we have both gotten our teams to Cups. So mind your fucking business."

Cliff sucked in a breath.

Surely that wasn't true.

It couldn't be true.

7 years.

That would mean it had been going on this entire time.

The entire of Roz's career.

The entire of *Hollander's* career.

7 years.

What the fuck?

He was beginning to feel like this *had* to be some sort of fucked up fever dream. Maybe he'd been the one injured in the game and this was his concussion? Was *he* the one on drugs?

He glanced at St-Simon, who'd been all mouth just a second ago. He looked shaken by the admission, and not a little guilty.

Good, he should feel guilty for doubting their captain.

"Seven years?" Pike gasped. "You're telling me since... since *rookie* season?" He sent a betrayed look towards Hollander. "The whole time I've known you?"

Cliff was too stunned to speak.

Hollander looked upset again. "I'm so sorry, Hayd, I just--"

Comeau stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Carmichael wasn't far behind him.

"Oh, God." Hollander wavered where he stood, before collapsing into the chair next to Ilya's bed. "Oh, God, they're going to tell everyone--" Hollander gasped, suddenly breathing heavily. "Our fucking careers are *over*."

"Shane." Roz said urgently. He tried to push himself up again, and then winced. "Shane--"

"Roz, stop, you're going to hurt yourself." Connors said.

Hollander's head snapped up, sobering immediately. "Ilya, no. Please, don't make your injuries worse, please."

Hollander stood, grasping hold of Roz's hand. Ilya's hair had gotten sweaty during the strain of the last twenty minutes, and Hollander pushed his hair up over his forehead sweetly.

"I'm sorry, *dorogoy*." Roz whispered.

"No. No." Hollander repeated, also whispering, before putting his forehead to meet Ilya's. Hollander closed his eyes. "Just get better. I'm okay. I swear. I just want you to be okay, too, alright?"

Cliff looked over at his fellow teammates and Pike, jerking his head to the door. They all shuffled out.

As they left, Cliff heard the end of their whispered exchange.

"I love you." Ilya whispered.

Cliff's footsteps stuttered, and he almost crashed into Connors, who was walking in front of him.

"I love you too." Hollander murmured back.

Right. Well, Cliff couldn't say he understood even one percent of whatever the fuck was going on between the two of them, but he didn't give a fuck about that now. Roz was his captain, and his friend, and he knew it would take a hell of a lot of Roz to tell anyone he loved them. This was fucking serious, and Cliff was not going to let those two pricks fuck up the best thing Ilya had had in years.

Cliff closed the door behind him, and looked at Pike.

"We'll deal with Carmy, you deal with Comeau?" Cliff said.

Pike looked surprised momentarily, but then he let out a weary laugh. He nodded and stuck out his hand. "Deal."

End Notes

me posting twice in one day? more likely than you might think ;0

Works inspired by this one

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