

Two Bludgeoned Bodies Found in Remote Parking Lot

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Two Bludgeoned Bodies Found in Remote Parking Lot

by [icopythefax](#)

Summary

Shane's POV for [I Like Jane For You](#)

Something is up with the people in Shane's life this week. He imagines some worst-case-scenarios, but his imagination isn't even close.

Notes

You probably want to read at least [Hayden's POV](#) first, if not [Ilya's POV](#), too.

This was the most requested addition to the universe, so here by popular demand is Shane's POV. I'm not always a fan of just doing another POV for the sake of it, and Shane doesn't really matter in a Hayden & Ilya friendship story, but once I started it, I actually ended up liking it a lot.

One weird thing: I couldn't make this anything less than explicit. Something about Shane's mind is completely fucking savage. I tried to tone it down, I tried to make him less dick-hungry. He would not be restrained on my behalf, so for the most part, I let him do his thing. If you're not a HornyFreak!Shane Truther, it's probably time for you to see yourself out, #sorrynotsorry #SextingWithShane

If you're already predicting what's in here based on that, you are right!! This could be very cringey to read if you know what's coming. I'm not sure how much Angst you like in your Crackfic, but you asked for this!!

Shane is watching the Boston game. He has the night off, and he'd rather be watching hockey than doing anything else. Well, except *playing* hockey. Maybe like... 2 other activities. But watching hockey is in his top five. For sure.

And the Boston game is the one to watch. Sure, the other game on right now is the team he's playing on Friday, so sure, maybe it would be smarter to watch that one. But the remote is so far away. And this is already an exciting, high-scoring game and...

Ok, fine. Shane wants to fidget his hand idly in his sweatpants watching Ilya Rozanov play hockey. Everything is still sore from seeing him last night, and poking at his bruises every time Rozanov checks someone is sending a perverse wave of pleasure through his core. This is awful, and shameful, for Shane. At the same time, hockey prowess is one of the only things he can admit out loud that he *likes* about Rozanov. *Respects*. Finds *attractive*.

Wait— no, he can't say that last part out loud.

Whenever he does this, he likes to text Rozanov his thoughts on the game. That's because hockey is Shane's favorite topic. It's definitely *not* because Shane's idiot lizard brain thinks if Rozanov is fucking some rando tonight, a text from Shane will at least have him thinking about him during.

So he shoots Rozanov some thoughts, nothing too suggestive that could filter into Rozanov's mind during a sexual encounter with someone else. Of course not.

Shane: can't believe you got away with that hit

Shane: your defense fucked you hard, sorry

Shane: they're holding you back.

Shane: 2 goals puts you only 5 behind

Shane: But you like being behind, right? 😊

After the game, he's in bed and relaxing into a book. Rozanov never responded and Shane distantly wonders whether it would be sad to jerk off thinking about someone who is definitely currently inside of someone else. It's never stopped him before, but the shame usually at least delays the inevitable. Tonight shame is winning and he tries to read another page.

His phone vibrates.

Lily: thank you sweet Jane

Lily: sorry I am not as good as Hayden Pike

Shane laughs. Rozanov had been so pissed last night that Hayden scored the game winning goal against him. Hayden has been doing pretty well, maybe still riding the high from Jackie announcing she's pregnant again. With the twins, they'll finally be outnumbered, and for some reason Hayden is excited about that? Man needs a vasectomy.

But actually? Since last Tuesday, Hayden has scored 6 goals to Rozanov's 5. Granted, Boston has played fewer games... Oh, Rozanov would *hate* this fact. Smiling giddy, his book abandoned without a bookmark, Shane starts typing.

Shane: thats right asshole

Shane: Hayden scored more than you this week

Shane: And sorry did you win the cup last year?

Shane: Or was that Hayden?

Shane: you're just jealous bc he can see me naked anytime

It's a low blow, considering how desperate Rozanov has been recently for a "nude" picture. He really thinks he'll get it this year for winning the scoring race. Yeah, right. Shane made that bet knowing there's no way Rozanov will win.

Lily: pike is married

Lily: but what about Shane Hollander?

Lily: I think he's single.

Ok... Is this a very roundabout way of telling him to go fuck himself?

Or... is Rozanov asking if he's single? Shane wonders what he did last night to make him think otherwise. Was there something about the way he begged for Rozanov's cock that screamed "I'm in a relationship"?

Is this some sort of roleplay? They don't do much of that, turns out fucking your arch rival means things are pretty hot already, plus there's not really time to do anything... extra. Shane did wear one of Rozanov's jerseys once, and he shudders at the thought. Not for the reason he'd like to be shuddering at that.

But ok. Whatever it is, it sounds flirty, like maybe it will lead somewhere nice. Shane can play along.

Shane: best player in the league?

Shane: so much better than you?

Shane: still five points ahead of you?

Shane: what about single Shane Hollander?

He's sure to include the reminder that he is still very single. What if he weren't? Would they still do this? Rozanov probably wouldn't care, but Shane likes to think he's the kind of person who wouldn't cheat on a girlfriend. He also knows he's not the kind of person who would ever, once in his life, say no to Rozanov if he asked.

Waiting for a response, a notification comes in from Hayden. Maybe Shane should tell him he's scored more goals than Ilya Rozanov this week. He really would have, if the incoming text didn't look like this:

Hayden: I just heard crazy rumor Ilya Rozanov has a huge cock

Shane: ???

Because how else do you— no— how does *Shane* react to that?

"Rumor is true, bud!"

"Feels great going in!"

"It's more about what he does with it."

"Hang on, I'll get him to send a picture."

"Yeah, took me years to swallow the whole thing."

"Can confirm. I'm still sore 24 hours later."

Hayden: he is just so handsome, right?

Hayden: I would go gay for him any day.

Ok. Is there, like, a team function or something that Shane wasn't invited to? This sounds like Hayden lost a bad bet. Shane realizes that there's literally no way he could respond that would allow him to sleep without overthinking for the rest of his life. So he leaves it alone. There's a lot of alcohol involved, and Shane will likely get a very hungover explanation tomorrow at practice.

Ilya Rozanov really *is* handsome, though. Shane scrolls through his photos until he finds the one he's looking for, him and Rozanov at a press conference in 2011. It's the only picture of Rozanov he can keep on his phone. It's not a sexy picture. To be honest, they both look like they'd rather die than be at that table. But Shane knows that under the table, their feet are pressed together. Shane really would go gay for him any day.

Rozanov hasn't texted him back since the weird maybe-roleplay-relationship-status-checkin. Shane probably didn't respond correctly. Usually Rozanov knows to be really clear about what he wants because Shane's been known to miss a clue or two. Oh well, it's just a failed test. Nothing to lose sleep over. Except he knows for a fact he'll lose sleep over it.

The wave of texts from Rozanov and Hayden seems to have died down, so Shane returns to his book and tries to concentrate. If he wants more pictures he can always go to Rozanov's social media. Sometimes there are thirst traps. The kind of pictures Shane can definitely *not* have stored on his phone.

As he tries to weigh shame vs. desperation, a welcome distraction comes through.

Hayden: sorry about that.

Hayden: Jackie had too much wine and stole my phone.

Shane: it's ok! Figured it was something like that.

Ok, that's basically what he guessed. It definitely involved alcohol. He didn't think it would be Jackie, though. Shane idly loves that the couple is still so playful that— wait.

Jackie is *pregnant*.

How did she have so much wine that she texted Shane about Ilya Rozanov's cock? Jackie wouldn't do that. Is he lying? Why? Before Shane can consider this, Hayden continues to be weird.

Hayden: what are you up to?

Shane looks at the clock. 11:36pm. Hayden knows he's in bed. In fact, he shouldn't even be texting. Shane has told everyone who will listen about the sleep hygiene rules he's implementing, including no screens before bed. That rule is usually broken the second he gets a text after 11, because most of the time, it's Rozanov, and none of Shane's rules really apply to him.

Maybe just the fact that Shane is answering implies he's out? Or at least still up? Hayden might be out. Shane's a little pissed at that, even if he has no right to be. There was a time Hayden would beg him to come out and Shane would have to fend him off. Now he's out and Shane is what, jealous? If Hayden had asked tonight he would have said no.

Shane reluctantly puts on his Good Friend hat and offers his help. If his explanation/lie about Jackie was any indication, he might be very drunk somewhere weird. Neither of them have to be up super early tomorrow. He can give Hayden a ride.

Shane: nothing really.

Shane: why, you need something?

Hayden: no I'm just hanging out

Maybe it's not a friendly hangout. Maybe he's out *with* someone, that's why he didn't invite Shane? Hayden wouldn't cheat on Jackie, right? When she's sitting at home pregnant? Or, ever? But why else would he lie about her being drunk?

If it weren't almost midnight he would text her and try to feel out the vibe. Tomorrow at practice he'll be able to tell whether Hayden is acting weird. This isn't like him.

Shane: alright haha have a good night

He shuts off the light. He knows better than to wait for a text back from Rozanov, especially if he failed their weird little experiment conversation. Rozanov is definitely out mourning his loss and having some lady— hopefully *lady*— make him feel better.

Shane ignores the tidal wave of emotion that comes with that. Failure for not being able to captivate Rozanov over text, jealousy at whatever woman or, god forbid, *man* is flanking Rozanov's arm tonight, and of course the crushing shame of feeling any of that to begin with. This thing with Rozanov is supposed to be fun, not all-consuming, living for the few moments he gets. The idea of Rozanov with someone else shouldn't send him spiraling. He probably shouldn't be doing this anymore if it's causing him this much anxiety.

Still, as the clock on the nightstand pushes 2:00am, then 2:15am, Shane can't help it. He knows he did something wrong. He rereads Rozanov's texts over and over. It's clear he wants something different tonight.

He channels his best Rozanov. He always wonders what Rozanov would say if he knew that when Shane wants to sound sexier over text, he tries to imitate him. He even puts on a Russian texting accent, even though he's been assured that's not a thing.

Shane: want to see your jersey on me again?

Shane: I hated it but you went so crazy for it

Shane: Need you to fuck me like that right now

What is he doing?? It's 2:30am. Even if this started anything— which, it already has, for Shane— he can't be up for another hour sexting. Rozanov is probably passed out next to some girl right now. She'll probably read these and get jealous and offer the same... service, and Rozanov will fall in love with her.

It's never a *great* night for a weirdly horny panic attack, but at least they don't have a game tomorrow. Was it really just last night Rozanov was here in Montreal, threatening his own record for top sexual experience of Shane's life? Is it really 4 weeks until that happens again?

Normally he wouldn't care whether Rozanov responds to his boring texts. And normally he wouldn't keep trying if he wasn't responding. But Shane is feeling so carved-out and vulnerable after last night's panic attack, it carries into the next day.

He sends a headline from the sports section about Boston's losing streak, with the text "anything I can do to help?"

He sends a picture of the socks Rozanov left there. "Clean whenever you're ready for them. I'm showing them the good life. They'll come home spoiled and unionize your underwear drawer."

No response? Come on. That was funny, and Shane gave him like 30 different ways to make innuendos.

When he gets to practice, he gives Hayden a "We Need To Talk" look. But by the time they get off the ice and Shane is finished meeting with Coach, Hayden is gone. Is he avoiding him? He knows Shane is close with Jackie, and Hayden can't keep a secret from Shane. So the only way to keep a potential affair away from Jackie is to steer clear of Shane.

After practice, he checks hockey news. Dallas Kent got injured. Ok, this is good. Rozanov hates Kent. Perfect.

Shane: Kent out on injury for 2 weeks

Lily: I'm glad he's out. Kent is better than me.

Shane: lol

Ok. He's joking around, it must be ok.

Jesus, Shane really needs to unpack why he just had a 12-hour panic attack when Ilya Rozanov didn't text him back. For now he can just be relieved.

That evening, he leaves his phone in the other room to do his yoga. The team group chat always tries to organize some party or something for their away games, and the constant notifications are distracting. Shane finishes his yoga session, heads to the bedroom to shower and get ready for bed. It's only 8:30 but they have an early flight. When he gets out of the shower the group chat is alive and—*fuck* they're including him. Why can't they take this to the group chat without him? Where they can plan trouble in peace without a wet blanket?

 **Metros Team Chat**  (inc. Shane) group chat

Michael: wife will only let me go if im wingman for “Captain Hollander” lol

Michael: yes she called him Captain Hollander like that 😂

Mitty: shane doesn't hookup unless we're in boston

JJ: come on cap

Shane: yeah maybe

That's about as committed as he could get. He doesn't love them picking up a pattern like this. Hayden knows he has a Lily person in Boston, but Shane didn't think it was team-wide public knowledge. He should probably try to hook up in another city again soon, just to get them off his back. Or not go to Rozanov's next time they're in Boston. Yeah. Right.

Hayden: what's so special about Boston hookup?

Hayden: is it really that good?

JJ: i bet she's a Boston fan

JJ: probably loves Rozanov

JJ: angry hateful sex

Mitty: yuck dude he wouldn't bang a Rozanov fan.

Shane: ha ha funny guys

Shane: I'll be there

Fine, Shane's going to have to shut it down. He'll go, he'll make out with a pretty girl, and go back to the hotel. Give them something less incriminating to tease him about until they play Boston again.

They're not wrong, though. Technically he *is* banging a Rozanov fan. Because Rozanov is his own #1 fan. Actually, Shane himself is probably a Rozanov fan at this point, too. He watches every game he can and he has a signed jersey. Yes, Rozanov really signed the jersey before telling Shane to leave it on while he rearranged every atom in Shane's body with his cock and sheer force of will. Damn, that was a good night.

Now that he's agreed to go, maybe he'll be left alone to— nope. Hayden comes off the group chat into their one-on-one message.

Hayden: really? You would go to that?

Shane: yeah i might.

Shane: why?

Hayden: what about Boston hookup?

Shane laughs. Poor Hayden, protecting Lily without even knowing it's the guy he hates more than anything. Shane could take the opportunity to ask about Hayden's weird texts.

"Speaking of monogamy as a concept, how's that been going for you?"

"Maybe we have the same arrangement as you and whoever you're fucking on the side."

"Oh, so now we care about loyalty?"

That's not a conversation he can have over text. Shane goes his normal denial route. Maybe Hayden will help to shut down the team's speculation.

Shane: ???

Shane: i told you, there's no Boston hookup

Shane: you guys made that up

Shane: I'm not like in a relationship

Writing those words creates an uncomfortable pit in Shane's stomach, but they're true. Shane is freaking out all day because Rozanov didn't text him back? Avoiding parties where there's a chance he might hook up? So that, what, he can avoid seeing how mediocre sex is with anyone else? It's sick, whatever this thing with Rozanov is. It consumes every waking minute of his life, and he needs to be done with it.

Hayden: oh i thought there was someone in Boston who fucks your lights out

Jesus, why did that really *land* for Shane? Is it just picturing two nights ago when Rozanov did, in fact, fuck Shane's lights out? He rereads the message. Ugh, is he getting hard over something *Hayden* said? Wait, also... Why did Hayden even say this??

Shane: Hayden wtf!!

Shane: graphic, dude

Shane: no there's no one anywhere

Shane: i told you, you'd be the first to know.

That should shut him up. Shane's glad they've got a couple of out-of-town games coming up. Maybe he can try to get Hayden to tell him what's going on. Maybe Jackie's pregnancy is getting in the way of their sex life? It didn't stop them with the twins, and Shane hates that he knows that.

Hayden: I wouldn't want you to tell me if you were having multiple orgasms every time we played Boston.

What the fuck? Shane momentarily thinks about the 2? was it 2 or 3? earth-shattering orgasms on Tuesday night. He can't even remember, he was so far gone by the time Rozanov finished even one. He remembers a night in a hotel when he first learned he could come

multiple times in one night. Was it room 627? No, that was last year. It was before that. 2301. Ugh, *yes*.

Shane loves feeling so completely out of control that he forgets about anything else going on, just letting Rozanov get him off over and over. Rozanov makes it competitive: how many times in an hour, how quick in between, how many different ways. By himself, Shane can get by masturbating 4-5 times per month. With Rozanov, he could probably kill that in one evening. Maybe he has. Shane tends to lose awareness pretty quickly.

He realizes, with horror, that he's touching himself to texts from Hayden Pike. He thought maybe he'd take the night off trying to sext with Rozanov, but he certainly can't do *this*.

Shane: way too much dude.

Shane: are you like drinking?

Shane: we have an early flight

Hayden: especially if it's a Rozanov fan

Fuck. Why did he have to say that? It *is* a Rozanov fan. He stops responding to Hayden. He doesn't even know how he'll get his fingers to work to text Rozanov at this point. He shakily opens the text to Lily and doesn't even overthink it.

Shane: remember 2301?

Shane: thinking about that tonight.

He doesn't wait for Rozanov. If last night was any indication, it could be hours if he gets back to him at all. That doubt makes it all the better when his phone lights up with Lily's name.

Lily: Tell me.

Goddamn, he's really going to make Shane type while doing this? One handed? Shane remembers his mistakes from last night, though, and he's not going to mess this up again.

Shane: when I came once on your fingers

Shane: then again on your cock

Shane: thinking about that to get off rn

Actually, Rozanov was right. Typing it out made him picture it again. He *felt* it again. This is going to be over pretty quickly. He hopes Rozanov doesn't need this as badly as he does, because Shane's probably not going to make it. Then again, he hopes he needs this just as much.

Lily: You can't do this to me

Lily: When I'm not there to help

Shane: wish you were.

Shane: have to put the phone down

Shane: need both hands

Shane: need you

He doesn't care how clingy that sounds, he never does when he's this worked up. He puts the phone down where he can see if he gets a text. He sucks a finger and works it into himself, stroking hard with his other hand. He knows better than to try and get to his prostate with just his own fingers. Instead he pretends it's Rozanov's finger, about to get him ready for—

He explodes across his stomach, whispering curses into the empty bedroom. After cooling his breathing he glances at his phone on the pillow next to him. No new messages. He gets up and cleans himself off, washes his hands. Back in bed, he reaches for his phone again.

Shane: christ rozanov

Shane: I just came so hard

Shane: you good?

Shane wouldn't know what to do if he needed help. His eyes are drifting shut and sexting when he's not turned on is always so awkward for him. He checks that his alarm is set and lets sleep take him.

Shane sits next to Hayden on the flight as usual. He intends to ask what drove his best friend to write such graphic messages, but he can't even think about them without blushing. He can't believe Hayden's words got him so worked up he had to immediately go jerk off. He'll be lucky if he can ever text him again.

Plus, Hayden keeps texting and angling his phone away from Shane, trying to suppress a smile. Shane decides he might not want to know. If he's having an affair, Shane's too close with Jackie to hear about it without telling her and breaking her heart. *God*, he hopes Hayden doesn't put him in that situation. Or *Jackie*. Ugh, poor Jackie.

Besides, Shane couldn't bring it up anyway. Hayden keeps his ear buds in and listens to music on his phone. The tinny whisper that Shane can hear from their close proximity doesn't sound like Hayden's normal music. Actually, it sounds a lot like that Russian rap Rozanov always uses for his Instagram stories. Shane bites back the lecture about listening with ear buds at that level and hearing damage

It's a long trip, they're hitting a few cities. So at some point, Shane will figure out why his best friend is acting so weird, even if it's something awful and stupid that blows the poor guy's life up.

When they come off the rink after their pre-game practice, Shane notices the TV is on in every room they pass and tuned into a press conference. All eyes are on it. He pops his head into one of the doors, to a small room with massage tables, and asks their traveling doctors.

“What's going on?” He asks.

The physical therapist responds without looking away from the TV. “Big trade news out of New York.”

Figuring he can get the news better from his phone anyway, Shane makes his way into the locker room. Sure enough, it’s everywhere. This is big news. The guys are all talking about it, but Shane has a reflex about this kind of thing: Text Rozanov.

Shane: NY presser?? Insane shit.

Of course Rozanov has seen the news. But Shane can’t hear something like this without wanting to talk to Rozanov about it, even though his response will probably be something dumb about not caring, or how old New York’s Scott Hunter is, or an insult about how Shane should focus on his own game. And Shane will probably laugh about it, even though it’s predictable, even though Scott Hunter is still a sore subject for him, and he’ll probably be in a better mood for the rest of the day. It’s sick, but it’s why he keeps doing it. He wonders what the jab about Hunter’s age will be. Outlandish like dinosaurs and the Stone Age? Or realistic like dentures and nursing homes?

He realizes he’s smiling watching the press conference on his phone as soon as he feels JJ’s eyes on him.

“Look at you both heart-eyes at your phones, in love. You two are so whipped, texting your girls.”

“I’m watching the presser, asshole,” Shane snaps and then looks up at Hayden, standing by the bench where Shane’s sitting. Hayden pulls his eyes from his phone to look back at Shane, and yeah that’s not his normal Jackie smile. Fuck. Shane is really going to have to talk to him, huh. He wonders if it’s serious or if he’s just fucking around. The gazing at your phone smiling thing is usually an indication that it’s more serious, right? Not just fucking around? Ugh, Shane feels so bad for Jackie. Really, he’s also mad at Hayden. His wife is *pregnant* for fucks sake.

Shane’s phone lights up in his hand. Rozanov isn’t as predictable as he thought. He sounds serious today. Maybe he’s nervous for his game? That would be weird.

Lily: I guess NY will be better now

Lily: maybe a cup run

Shane: fuck that. Scott Hunter can eat shit.

Shane: what he said still freaks me out

Lily: wait when was that again?

Shane scoffs a little. Ok, he’s not *that* nervous obviously. He remembers after the fight with Scott Hunter, when he got off the ice to 12 new texts from Rozanov. By the 10th message, Rozanov had finished by himself. He jerked off again when Shane told him *why* he had fought Scott Hunter, even though Shane was still freaking out about whether Hunter knew about them or not. To this day, Shane thinks the anger and panic in his voice was actually a turn-on for that sick fuck.

Shane always freaks out when he thinks about that fight. And Rozanov always gets horny thinking about it. He doesn't seem to get how serious it was for Shane, how Hunter definitely clocked them. Rozanov just thinks Hunter is also gay, for Carter Vaughn, of all people, and brushes it off.

Shane: 😬 im not talking you off before a game. why is that story so hot for you?

Shane: I was scared. I thought he knew about you.

Shane: but you're probably right.

Shane: he probably likes men too

Shane: how else would he know what to look for?

Shane: still think you're wrong about him and Vaughn though.

Shane: Vaughn is definitely straight, sorry.

Ok. Shane really needs to think about getting ready for the game. He finishes with his under armor and is on the bench putting socks on when Hayden slides down next to him. His look is panicked. Good. He's been texting whoever he's having whatever affair with, maybe it's hitting him. Shane is about to open his mouth to tell him whatever he's going to confess can wait until after the game. They don't need the distraction.

But something about his face is weird, and urgent, like it *can't* wait. Shane braces himself.

Hayden starts to mutter quietly close to Shane's ear. "Ok this is crazy, and I didn't want the guys to use it for pranks but I'm freaking out, I gotta tell someone." Buddy, maybe don't have an affair if you don't want your friends to prank you with it.

"What," Shane says, not asking, his voice hopefully heavy with attitude.

"I have Ilya Rozanov's phone." Hayden blurts out in a whisper. *What?* Shane's whole body goes cold. A snake, or an octopus tentacle, takes hold of his esophagus and squeezes. The room is quiet. Is anyone talking, or is Shane just deaf? The question is answered for him when sound comes back, just in time for him to realize Hayden has been talking and his sentence is ending, "...gay."

Shane swallows and thinks. "Sounds... personal." He doesn't *know*, does he? About Shane? He would have led with that. Surely. *Right?*

"Yeah or maybe bi? Because he's texting a girl who— get this— knows Scott Hunter..." Sound fades out again. Shane puts his head in his hands.

"Oh my god..." Wait, no. He can't react like he's panicking. He sits back up straight, but still can't open his eyes.

"Yeah!" Hayden whispers. And then continues to whisper. Shane tries to latch on, but he hears "gay" and every time he hears it, he loses grasp and feels like vomiting.

Hayden's sentence comes to a close. "Yeah, maybe," Shane mumbles. He hopes that's an adequate answer to whatever was just said. He stares off into the locker room, unable to focus on a single thing. He needs to know the plan. He needs to talk to Rozanov. He needs to get that fucking phone out of Hayden's hands and, preferably, into an incinerator.

“What do I do? I gotta know more but you have to help me draft a message to this girl...” He keeps talking and, until he shows Shane the phone screen, Shane was listening. But he sees **Jane** at the top of the message thread and the tentacle around his esophagus tightens. Seeing it made it worse.

He has to say something. “I can’t help you with that. Seems... messed up. You definitely shouldn’t be snooping around on there or—*fuck*, Hayden— texting?? anyone...” Shane groans. He knows he’s incoherent, and he knows he needs to get it together if he doesn’t want to be found out. Right now, Hayden doesn’t know anything. But if Shane is visibly panicking, he’s going to figure it out, and Shane can’t *not* panic right now. He needs to get out of this room. He gets up and thinks for a second. “Let me know... if you do, though. If you find out — or, learn anything.” Shane picks up his own phone and is about to turn to leave.

“Hey, he texted Jackie! And *you*! Did you really think it was me talking about dicks?”

Oh my god. A wave of something... relief? Crashes over Shane. The messages last night were from Rozanov. That explains— wait then who was he texting *after* that?

“*Fuck*.” Shane can’t catch his breath. “You really shouldn’t— fuck! Just—” He has to make a conscious effort to breathe. The voice in his head telling him not to cause a scene is winning out over the tentacle obstructing his airways. He breathes. Twice. “We have a fucking game to play.” He tells himself. Maybe out loud? “We’ll play this game and then—” He looks at Hayden. “What’s the plan to get his phone back to him?”

Hayden looks offended. “What about *my* phone??” Shane doesn’t have words for how little he cares about Hayden’s phone right now. “Well I’m driving over an hour after the game to meet up with him. You want to come with? Make sure he doesn’t murder me?”

He nods. “I’ll come with you.” Shane will murder him. He’ll murder both of them. He hopes the location is so private, no one will find the bodies for days. He’ll go on the run, maybe live with an indigenous tribe in South America. Maybe they need a hockey coach. God, he needs to murder Rozanov. “So he has your phone right now?”

“Yeah, he...” Hayden is talking, but Shane already has his next task set out.

He doesn’t care if Hayden’s done talking. “Don’t fucking text anyone on there.” He slams his locker door and doesn’t wait until he’s out of the room before he’s opening a text thread with the contact **Hayden**.

Shane: fucking asshole

Shane: why does Hayden have your phone??

He gets to the bathroom and closes the stall door. No response. He wants to lay into Rozanov about the incriminating evidence on his phone and how *so lucky* he is that Hayden didn’t scroll up in their chat messages or snoop on anything. He replays the last few days in his head. The weird roleplay texts about Shane Hollander. The text from Hayden about Ilya Rozanov’s cock. The sexting? He wants to know how this happened. He wants to watch Rozanov and Hayden both bleed out on this tile floor, if he's honest.

Shane: ????

Hayden: yes sorry

Hayden: he should not have texted you

Shane: you didnt think to fucking tell me???

Shane: asshole??

Hayden: it is bad?

Shane: he thinks you're bi and that scott hunter is gay

Hayden: Scott hunter IS gay

Hayden: we talk about this a lot

Shane: oh my god !!!

Shane: delete all of these messages

Shane: and the ones from last night!! fuck!!!!

Shane: did you really try to sext me from Hayden's phone???

He tries to type out his next thought, but it's threatening to expel his lunch from his body: he sexted with *Hayden* last night. He knows Rozanov is just going to think that's funny. God, why did Hayden sext back?? At least he's not having an affair. Wait. Holy shit. Is *Shane* the affair???

Shane: I'm coming with him tonight so I can murder you myself.

Hayden: ok.

Did Shane play a game that night? No one will ever know. Except, probably, the 30,000 fans in the arena and the other million watching from home. He hopes they won't tell him.

For the first time in his career, he declines the press and taps in JJ to do it for him. He really isn't allowed to do that, but he's never once complained at all, so everyone is pretty chill about giving him the night off. Hayden should be the second in line, but he can't let Hayden Pike, noted dumbass, go in front of a camera still shellshocked that Ilya Rozanov and Scott Hunter might be gay.

Plus, they need to get the fuck out of this arena and into whatever parking lot Rozanov picked out for them. Shane hopes it doesn't have a camera. He doesn't want video evidence of the violent crimes he's about to commit.

On the way, Shane scrolls mindlessly through the texts from random girls in Rozanov's phone. Why is he doing this to himself? And why is it actually making him feel better? These

girls are trying so hard for a one-word affirmation from Rozanov. Shane got a hornier reaction when he sent a picture of a gnarly bruise.

He's also noticing a profound lack of men on here, which calms Shane too. It makes sense—hooking up with men, as Shane knows all too well, is risky. What they have is safe. Or, he *thought* it was. Everyone needs to get a lot tighter with security after this.

As he opens yet another text thread for a girl with a place name instead of a real name, and distantly wonders if he should be sending pictures like this too, he feels a little sick. Why is he *comparing* himself like this? Why does he even care? Rozanov can, and does, fuck whoever he wants. So maybe he enjoys women a little more than Shane does, that's the arrangement they have. It would be weirder if Rozanov *didn't* hook up with random women all the time, saving himself for Shane. This is obsessive. Shane shouldn't be going through his texts like this. He switches to Instagram and opens the DMs.

Hayden breaks him out of it. "You should message Jane. I'm surprised she hasn't texted about his game yet. She's actually pretty cool and sometimes she sends something a little sexy back. It's been fun!"

Oh God. Not only does the octopus tentacle clasp onto Shane's throat when he hears Hayden calling his words "sexy", can you imagine?? Texting "Jane" and having his phone in the cup holder light up? Maybe then Hayden would put it together. Shane is shocked that he hasn't already. He's rethinking their stock plays to reflect what he now knows about Hayden's capability for logic. The texts with "Jane" are very blatantly a male hockey player for Montreal named Shane Hollander.

"Ugh no, that's... invasive. You shouldn't have texted her."

"Is it weird I like her for him? Those texts were cute, he obviously likes her a lot."

"I'm trying not to vomit thinking about them actually." Shane scoffs. Rozanov doesn't "like" him. He's not sure what Hayden could have read to make him think that. He's an asshole to Shane. Really, they're assholes to each other. Hayden is married, he should know this. If he ever said half this stuff to Jackie he'd be divorced and homeless by now.

Actually, Hayden *should* be divorced right now. He took the slightest opportunity to sext with a stranger. Shane doesn't know if that's something he has to tell Jackie. He feels like he should, but it would admit the stranger was *him*.

Though... comparing his texts with Shane to the other girls, he can see why Hayden would think they're at least a little different.

"What I don't get is if he's gay and texting all these girls..." there's silence. Oh god, please let Hayden's stupidity streak last one more day. "Ohhh my God Jane's not a girl!"

"No, she's definitely a girl."

"No! Hear me out what if she's— *he's* just saved under a girl's name? That's why she's so into hockey!"

Shane grasps at anything. “Girls can be into hockey.”

“And know Scott Hunter personally? Oh my God it’s definitely a *player*. Or someone who works for the league. Who though? I’m dying to know. Can you scroll through and see?”

“That’s invasive.” Shane tries not to let his panic show, but he might as well name the octopus obsessed with strangling him at this point. “And I’d rather not know.”

“You don’t seem to have a problem scrolling through the text threads from all the *other* girls.” Fuck. Shane didn’t think he was looking. He flips over the phone quickly. “I know Jane doesn’t send as many pictures but she— *they* had to at some point. There’s a locked folder in his photos labelled Jane. If we can figure out the PIN, it’s 4 digits—”

“No.” There’s a locked folder? Shane angles the phone carefully away from Hayden and opens the pictures app. Sure enough, one of the albums is labeled Jane. It’s the only locked one. When he clicks on it a number pad pops up. It’s dumb, but it’s worth a shot. 1410? Not it. 1221? No. He tries every room number he can remember. Their jersey numbers? 2481? 8124? No. No. He scoffs and tries something ridiculous. It couldn’t be— the folder opens. It’s Shane’s birthday. He didn’t even know Rozanov *knew* his birthday.

But now that he’s in, Shane can’t properly process that information because he is flooded with pictures of himself. Ads, headshots, Instagram posts, even videos of interviews and— oh my god??? Shane glances at Hayden who is keeping his eyes on the road. He draws the phone up close to his face, angled so nothing can be seen, as he opens this picture.

It’s Shane’s bare ass. Well, it’s his whole body, really, but the ass is *right there*. Shane is at a dresser in the picture, trying to find something to put on, presumably to cover his. bare. ass. This is insane, right? The fact that he has this is so creepy and inappropriate and also very, very, very hot. Shane looks good. He’s not flexing or anything but you can see muscle. Why did Rozanov take this picture? Why did he *keep* it? Shane thinks about what Rozanov may have done with this picture open on his phone and...

He shakes his head vigorously. This is awful. It’s a violation and it’s unsafe. If it got out it would be the death of them, or, of *him*. There’s no “them” to speak of. But Shane’s whole reputation... he sighs with his thumb hanging over the delete button. Without thinking too hard about it, he sends it to himself. Then, he deletes it off Rozanov’s phone and deletes the message. His phone lights up in the cupholder with a text from Lily. Hayden doesn’t seem to notice it.

Some of these pictures aren’t sexy. At least, they shouldn’t be. There’s some promo shots of him in full hockey gear, the selfies from the MLH awards they did together, some with Hayden’s twins, one with his mom? Where did he even get this? His mom’s instagram? Her instagram is private. Does he have a fake account for the sole purpose of stalking his fuck buddies?

Actually, this is the only locked folder on the phone. It makes sense, there’s no reason for him to hide any of the girl’s nudies— god, does Shane really say “nudies” too now? But none of those seem to be saved. Why does Shane get this weird place of privilege?

Also, Shane didn't know about locked folders, and thinks with some regret about all of the Ilya Rozanov thirst traps posted to his stories that he maybe should have been saving before they got deleted.

They arrive in the parking lot where Hayden and Rozanov will die together. It's a nice place. The "scenic" part of the scenic overlook is obstructed by the fact that it's pitch black aside from a street light. Hayden is muttering to himself about Rozanov killing him here. Shane wants to laugh darkly. Rozanov is not going to be the issue.

They get out of the car, and they're immediately greeted with a loud "Hayden Pike!"

Shane can't really breathe. He knows his role here is as a supportive friend. Moral support. But seeing Rozanov, his body is conflicted. He's fighting every instinct to head over and punch Rozanov's face bloody and then maybe have sex with a corpse. Ok, he *really* has to get it together.

He missed something here. Hayden and Rozanov are laughing. He looks between them. When the fuck did *this* happen? He remembers Hayden's soft face trying not to laugh while texting. Jesus, that was for *Rozanov*? He remembers the night he got so many weird texts, what was that? Some sort of prank war?? They bonded over how fucked they could make Shane's life? Was last night a part of that too? Is that why Hayden— Shane really is going to throw up if he keeps spiraling. He thinks maybe the octopus tentacle would let go of his esophagus if he wanted to hurl. It would be kind of him.

Rozanov looks at Shane and calmly asks about their game.

Hockey? He wants to talk about *hockey*?? with his dying breath?? To be fair, Shane probably would too. Oh. He hasn't informed them they're being murdered tonight. He should probably do that.

"Rozanov." He starts a speech he only halfway crafted in the car before finding that locked folder. The one with all the pictures of him. Curated over years, probably moved from older phones before the cloud. God, they've been doing this for so long with no one finding out except Scott Hunter. Maybe.

"Nah, he's kind of cool, Shane. It's fine." Hayden cuts him off before Shane can tell them both they'll die tonight. "The game sucked. We got shut out."

"I am not *kind of* cool. I am the coolest." Rozanov puts on an offended face. Inexplicably, Shane feels a laugh bubbling up. It could just be the octopus blowing bubbles, but... Rozanov knows how to make Shane laugh. And if he weren't scanning the surroundings for potential weapons, it would have worked.

He knows, logically, he can't murder Rozanov. Or Hayden. He probably won't do anything at all. He'll vomit in the bushes if this gets too bad and maybe Hayden will believe that he's got food poisoning and maybe Rozanov will be too turned off by the vomit to try to contact him

again. He'll move on with his life and marry... I don't know, Rose Landry? From the X-Squad movies?

The best they can all hope for is leaving this parking lot without Hayden finding out anything more.

No, a quiet little elven asshole whispers at him, the best you can hope for is a blowjob here in this parking lot.

He tamps that down with vigor. There is no way that's happening tonight. It *is* weird, seeing Rozanov off the ice and not having plans to—

“Look man, it's none of my business—”

“—you are a smart man, Pike. It is not.”

“...But those other girls just text you when they want something. I think Jane is different, and I think you like them. You should... hold onto that one.”

There it is again. Rozanov doesn't *like* him. He's not *different*. Well, there's the one striking difference between him and the women in Rozanov's phone. But ok, so what, maybe Rozanov prefers men and women are just a necessity. That doesn't mean *Shane* is it for him. There's gotta be another reason why Shane's boring interviews are saved in a locked folder next to his highlight reel and pictures of him with his mom. Shane puts his hands in his pocket and wants to be as far away from this mess as physically possible.

“Is that what you think?” Rozanov asks Shane.

“We should go...”

Hayden keeps pestering. “I won't tell anyone what I saw in there, and I know you two could never be like... open about it, I know Russia is crazy but....”

“Hollander, you agree? Did you also make your way into my private sexual life?” Ugh, *God* Rozanov. Why did he have to put it like that??

“I wouldn't do that. I think it's really—” *inconsiderate*, he caught himself about to say. It was inconsiderate for Rozanov to leave his phone out, or however this mess started. “Let's just go.” They can still leave with Shane's dignity. If they leave right this second.

Because Rozanov is smiling like he's about to make the situation a million times worse. “Should I call Jane right now and see if she picks up?”

“No.” *Are you fucking crazy??* “*That* sounds like a private conversation.” One that they should maybe be fucking having right now, if Rozanov really thought that was a good fucking idea.

“Yeah, you should!” Oh my god Hayden, not the time. “I kind of want to meet her— him? After spending three days talking to them.”

“*Three days...*” Shane can’t help it. He turns and focuses hard on breathing. But it’s not easy with a tentacle around your esophagus. What else did he text about for those three days? It couldn’t have been worse than the sexting. For some reason his dumb sock joke comes to mind. “Oh my god,” he whispers. It’s all bad. He wishes it was possible to burn down a parking lot.

“Well I couldn’t have just left her on read! She would have dumped him!” Hayden whines.

Shane sees red, and yells. “Then tell them someone else has the phone!” He breathes. He’s overreacting. This is how they’ll be found out. He needs to chill. He needs to get out of there.

Rozanov is giggling, making the “chill” part of the to-do list very hard. “Oh I see. My Jane got too into the sexting with you, Pike.”

“Uhh yeah, so... my wife might have responded to a few.” Hayden admits.

“*Jackie??*” Shane screams. His heart has stopped beating, surely. Surely it wasn’t Jackie Pike responding to him last night. His tongue feels heavy as he absentmindedly tries to figure out if he’d rather it be Hayden, but Rozanov is still laughing and the sound is grating on his last nerve until it snaps. He surges forward, “And you, *asshole!* You could have said something before—” he catches himself with a groan. *Before I sexted Jackie Pike.* Fuck, it would be so much easier to murder him if Hayden weren’t here. Hayden will ask questions.

“I told him, do not text Jane.” Rozanov says nonchalantly, like it’s the fucking weather. Shane really is going to kill him.

He takes another step forward, actively restraining his fists. “Did you tell *Jane* not to text *him??*” For a moment, he disregards Hayden. He doesn’t give a shit anymore. If killing Rozanov means Hayden finds out they’ve been fucking, Shane is getting real close to not caring. “No password on your phone, putting it down in a public place... Fucking *irresponsible*, Rozanov!” He wants to hit him. Really. He wonders how many blows he could get in before Hayden pulled him back. But he fumes into Rozanov’s face, really way too close— he would actually have to step *back* to punch him. And he sees... oh my god, is Rozanov *turned on* right now?? At a time like this? “Anyone else would have gone *directly* to the press. You are so *fucking lucky* it was Hayden.” Oh my god, Hayden is here. What did he just say? Was it anything that could out him? Why is he standing so close and why does he know, just by the look on his face, that Rozanov has a boner after being yelled at? He has to leave before he’s outed. He’s done. “I’m leaving. I will literally drive back without you.”

“I have the keys.” Hayden says, like *Shane* is dumb. Like *Shane* is the one who is standing with two people who have been fucking in front of him for 6 years and never knew about it. “Let’s just wait until Rozanov calls this guy. I’m so fucking curious.”

He’s *curious*. Great. He’s *curious* about Shane’s most intimate secret, that they’ve both held fragile since they were 18.

But he’s not like... making fun of Rozanov for having a male partner. He’s not being a dick about it. If it were anyone else, Shane would probably tell Rozanov to just tell him and get it

over with. “Don’t do this.” Shane pleads instead, his eyes shut. He doesn’t know who he’s talking to. Maybe there’s a god listening. If there is, while we’re at it, two very strong lightning strikes would be clutch right now.

“I know you’re like... but aren’t you curious? This could be another *player!*”

Shane looks to Rozanov for help and finds nothing. He’s just shrugging and says, “I don’t mind. I’ll call her. My Jane would drop any boring conversation to answer me. She is constantly begging for it.”

The vomit is making its way up. Shane needs this to stop. He knows he can’t mentally communicate with Hayden. But he and Rozanov have always been... well, not *telepathic*, obviously, but something close to it. He’s always thought they should try to get on the same line some day. They’d be unstoppable.

He knows he has something that will stop Rozanov from going any further. He’s said these words five times in his life, and three of them were practice. All of those times included a bed, not a parking lot. But all of them were taken very seriously. He thinks he can say them now.

“Нет, хватит,” he whispers, “please.” He tries to summon any telepathic energy to Rozanov with his eyes. He needs him to take this seriously. And weirdly enough, he knows he will. This isn’t a plan he needed any backup plan for. This *is* the backup plan, the emergency brake. Rozanov will stop because he... Well, actually, Shane doesn’t know why this has always worked, or why it would work in this context, but somehow he’s confident that it will.

Oh shit, does Rozanov *care* about him? Does he know that Shane will only ever use his safe word in an emergency, and by saying it, he’s informing Rozanov that this is an emergency? What they’ve been doing all these years, was it building some sort of trust? He knows, obviously, he trusts Rozanov, or he wouldn’t be doing this. But he’s never really thought about how much he trusts Rozanov not to hurt him in a physical way. Or really, in any way.

As Shane watches Rozanov put the phone in his pocket and raise his hands, his face twisted up in agony and his shoulders slumped, Shane’s heart melts a little. He can’t breathe, but feels nothing like panic. He can’t stop staring at Rozanov’s eyes, the way they’re apologizing to him like he’s broken. “*You didn’t break me*” he wants to say, “*I’m ok, you’re here, I’m ok.*” Shane’s vision gets blurry. This man has been taking care of him for his entire adult life, and Shane has never appreciated it until right this second.

Shane is grateful for Hayden’s whispered “*what the fuck...*” because it brings him back from the precipice of what might have been a very serious one-way train of thought. He forgot Hayden was even here, to be honest. “Umm well whatever the deal is, we should head out soon, so just call her, let’s make it quick.”

Right. Hayden wants Rozanov to out him. Shane is so much calmer now, but this situation still sucks, and there’s really no way out of it.

“Hollander.” Shane closes his eyes and tries to ignore how that sound feels. “Your *best friend* Hayden Pike is going to be good no matter who picks up.” He’s right. “He has already said he would not tell anyone,” He’s right. “and he is... relentless? He will not relent?” Shane wants to laugh. Sometimes Rozanov chooses the weirdest words for the situation. He always sounds like someone from the 1700s. It’s adorable. “Do you really want this drive home?” Ok, he’s right. “Or... maybe I trust one person. Might help Jane. Might help *me*.”

Shane really considers what Rozanov is, thankfully, putting into code here and... oh, *god*. He remembers Hayden’s little smirk when they were texting, and about them laughing when they first got here. The fact that they both think it would be... funny? to call Jane. Their weird prank war. Hayden called him “kind of cool.” Does Rozanov feel that way about Hayden, too? Shane already knows Rozanov’s home life sucks, though he never asks for details. He knows that Boston doesn’t really have a close knit camaraderie. Good teams usually don’t. There weren’t any friendly texts on his phone. Now he says telling Hayden will help him? Shit, does Rozanov have *friends*?

Shane nods at the ground. If Rozanov asks him to trust Hayden with this, he will. Hayden can know. He’s his best fucking friend, why was he so nervous about this to begin with?

Rozanov pushes his hair down and looks helpless. Shane wants to go to him. He’s never been able to comfort Rozanov, because Rozanov is always so confident. He wouldn’t even know *how* to comfort him, save maybe a hand job. Rozanov’s voice is distraught, “I am going to call my Jane, phone is always on silent, and if maybe she wants to pick up and have a conversation to your *best friend*, she will. I will hang up after five rings, I will not let it play her voicemail. But I think she should answer.”

She’s going to answer, Shane nods. Hayden is going to find out, and Shane won’t even have to say the words out loud.

He was so paranoid that Hayden would hate Rozanov, it never occurred to him that they’re really very similar. They both love lewd humor, they prioritize having fun, they live for gossip, they’re messy... It makes sense why Shane likes them both.

And right now, for the first time since Rozanov was a dick to him outside of Juniors in 2008, Shane can say he likes Rozanov. Fuck.

One thing at a time. Rozanov is now grinning at him. “...Because maybe this will benefit me, too, if her friend fucks off for a half hour, I can see if maybe she wants to get touched in my car.”

Hayden scrunches his face up. “That’s TMI, Rozanov. Just call her.”

Shane shakes his head. “No, that won’t be—” eh, fuck it probably will... “ugh, just do it already.”

Rozanov nods at him to check in. Shane nods back. He’s oddly calm given what’s about to happen. Rozanov puts his phone up to show them it’s dialing **Jane** and puts it on speakerphone.

Shane breathes once and pulls out his phone. He tilts it to show Hayden that **Lily** is calling.

“Ah shit, you gotta take that?” Hayden asks in a hushed voice, like Jane will pick up and hear him. Shane purses his lips to restrain a laugh. He swipes to answer. What is he going to have to do for Hayden to get it? March over and make out with Rozanov? The tightness in his chest is in approval of that idea, which terrifies Shane to no end. This isn’t a good time for revelations.

It would be the perfect time for *one* revelation in particular, from Hayden. The timer on the phone call is reaching an embarrassing number. Hayden finally looks confused. Oh my god, this man has *children*. Shane has enough time to wonder if Jackie would take a monetary gift to send them into a private school. He could offer to be a sperm donor for any future kids so they don’t get such stupid genes.

Oh my god, this is taking so long. If Shane had gone over to make out with Rozanov when the phone call started, they might be done with round 1 by now.

Finally—*finally*, Hayden’s eyes widen a little. “No, what the fuck? Answer it.”

Buddy. The call has been answered for nearly 2 minutes. Shane suppresses a laugh. “I did.” He shrugs. The sound of his own voice comes out of the speakerphone on Rozanov’s hand. That’s probably enough proof, right? Did Hayden understand? Who knows. Shane hangs up.

“What the fuck... Lily is—”

“Yeah.”

“Are you two like—”

“Yeah.” Wait. He should have let him finish that sentence. What are they? Shane steals a glance at Rozanov, who is smiling giddily at the situation. Fond annoyance flashes through him.

Until Rozanov says, “We have broken Hayden Pike. May we go have sex in a car now?”

It’s weird, Shane didn’t think about murdering him with a glare alone, but this one might have done the trick. Hayden turns directly toward Shane, and Shane gets a little uncomfortable again. Well, no, he feels cold again. The anxiety octopus is lurking, ready. If Hayden doesn’t react well, this car ride... hell, this *life* is going to be really hard. “What— is it serious? Are you, like, in love?”

“No, no that’s gross no,” Shane protests, and hears Rozanov doing the same. Good. They’re on the same page about that. Whatever he felt a minute ago, that was a weird fluke. It’s nothing. No, they’re not in love. Why would Hayden even ask that? Is there something in Rozanov’s texts that implies it? Hayden is married, he knows what love looks like. Is it this? Is it annoying someone so badly they have to use their safeword?

“Oh my God but the sexting??” Hayden asks incredulously.

The panic rushes back to Shane, and this time he is completely blindsided. He sinks to the ground involuntarily. The octopus got him. He knew there would be a death in this parking lot, he just didn't know it would be *his*. He's not breathing. It's ok. He doesn't need to breathe if he's dying anyway. With his last words he ekes out, "God, I am so sorry Hayden," from where his head hangs on his forearms. He's in a ball, like there's a bear predator nearby. It's ok. The bear can eat him. *Get a head start*, he wants to tell them. Remember not to tell my parents I'm gay at the funeral.

But suddenly hands are on him, and a strong, solid object is at his back. He leans on it and realizes he was working just stay upright, even in a ball. Rozanov is rubbing his back. He's coaxing a breath out of him that Shane doesn't want to give up. But then the hand runs over the back of his neck and through his hair and... Shane sighs. The hand moves down and Shane inhales. The pattern continues, as Rozanov is saying something.

"...Hollander. I'm sure it was best sexting he's ever had. Wife mainly talks about babies, sends some pregnant nudies. All very boring."

Oh god, *Jackie*. "Oh my god, no. Stop talking." His voice is just a whisper, but he doesn't need Rozanov to hear it. It's a prayer. Again, lightning would be ideal here. Quick and painless.

Hayden is asking a question. Shane nods, it doesn't matter what he's asking. Rozanov responds for him, like maybe he actually heard the question. "*No one* knows. You are it. Nude Lady-Pike is it. Now? three people know. And they are all here."

Shane shudders. He wishes he would stop calling her Nude Lady-Pike. Or really anything at all. He can't talk about Jackie right now. Hayden whispers something.

Rozanov comes closer to his ear. "See? He's good. You're good. We're good." Shane wants to trust that. Really, he would believe anything Rozanov said right into his ear like that. He wishes Hayden would leave. He wants to make out with Rozanov so badly.

"Ok I'm gonna go sit in the car and... my wife." Is Hayden telepathic too? They should all be on the same team. They should start their own team. Maybe that remote South American village Shane was thinking about earlier has a league. "And you guys can... I don't know." Shane doesn't know either. What do they do now?

He hears him walking away and Rozanov straightens him out so he can move his leg. He hauls Shane up with him and Shane should be embarrassed about how his body refuses to function. Even when they're standing, he leans on Rozanov and just... lets himself be held. It should be emasculating. But Shane finds it so comfortable that he actually does regain some control. Enough to lean into it and raise his arms to... hug back.

It's almost enough to make him forget why they're here. Almost. But Shane quickly remembers, "*Ah, right. I am here to murder them both.*"

He pulls back, "No. What the fuck were you *thinking*, Rozanov?"

"You are not happy you told Pike?"

“Not that.” Right, they told Hayden. “Ugh. I guess that too. *Fuck!* I thought you took this shit seriously.”

Rozanov looks away. “I know. I’m sorry.” At least he has the decency to look ashamed.

Shane loses some control and rests his head on Rozanov’s shoulder. “I’m so fucking angry. And embarrassed. And I feel...” *positive emotions toward you that scare the living shit out of me and make me want to run screaming from this parking lot into the highway.* “Exposed. Mostly angry. And stupid.”

Rozanov interrupts him, “—not stupid like Pike. He read your texts, he didn't know. You yelled at me, he didn't know. You got a *phone call*, he *still* didn't know.” They both laugh. “That man *drove* you here, Hollander. Do you want me to be calling you a cab?”

“No, not that stupid.” Rozanov can’t be funny. He can’t be sweet and trustworthy and lonely and sexy and now *funny*. He’s always funny, Shane’s just allowing himself to think about it. “...stupid for doing any of this. For thinking we could get away with this.”

“I have messed up. I understand if you have to.” He ends his sentence. What?

“If I have to, what?”

Rozanov looks a little confused. “...if you don’t want to do this anymore.” He says, like it’s obvious, like that’s where he really thought the night was going. *No*, Shane wants to say, *the plan was for me to murder you*. Shane backs up to look at him. All day, he never once thought they wouldn’t do this anymore. Well, not more than normal. He usually has a “bad idea alert” running when he thinks of the next time they’ll meet. But he gave up on telling himself it was the “last time” years ago. He recognizes he’s doing this for however long they have. Well not *this*— this holding each other and talking. *This* meaning... wait, why aren’t they inside of each other by now? That's what the feelings are about, moron. Fix that.

“Rozanov, get in your fucking car.” Shane doesn’t wait for him. He peels off toward Rozanov’s car. He’s almost to the passenger side door when he’s grabbed and turned and cornered. Rozanov kisses him fiercely and Shane tries to give back as much as he can. He’s never been the better kisser here, he knows that. But his brain shuts off when they kiss, so he’s never bothered to try to figure out how to do it.

Shane drags his hips up to show Rozanov that the situation is already desperate.

Rozanov pushes his face back. “Hollander, get in the car.”

Shane shoves him. “I was fucking *trying* to.”

In the car, Rozanov looks uncomfortable, like he doesn’t know how to start, for the first time ever. Shane reaches for him and kisses him again, undoing his own pants.

“Do we need to talk?” Rozanov mutters against his lips. *What the fuck?*

Shane backs up to give him a face, hopefully clear that's the dumbest thing he's heard all night. And Hayden asked him if he needed to pick up a phone call from Lily. *That* was tonight. "Rozanov, if I'm not coming in your mouth in the next two minutes I will lose my mind."

Rozanov growled— actually *growled* and sank down. Shane knows he has about 10 seconds where he's coherent enough to do anything once Rozanov's mouth is on him. He uses them to reach into Rozanov's sweatpants and pull out his dick. It's awkward, it's his left hand, and it's dry, but Shane moves just a little and gets a slow rhythm that he thinks he can keep up even when he's—

His brain blacks out and there's nothing but pleasure. He can feel every wall of Rozanov's mouth. He bucks his hips at a particularly nice moment and Rozanov just *takes* it. God, what Shane wouldn't do to have this mouth on him constantly. It expertly works up and down, making Shane moan. He knows he's getting loud, but they're in a car in the middle of nowhere. He also knows he's squirming and he can't help it. If Rozanov doesn't want to be choked, he'd be holding Shane's hips down. Instead he's moaning around Shane's cock and bucking his own hips into Shane's hand. Fuck, he was supposed to be doing something with that hand, but he forgets what it was. He forgets everything. He slings his head back and it hits a head rest. He doesn't care, he presses his head into it and it makes his back arch.

Rozanov makes a desperate sound and brings Shane's cock all the way into his mouth. Shane almost screams and feels warm liquid around his hand. Oh my god, Rozanov *came*. Shane wasn't even doing anything. He uses the come to stroke a few times and gets it all out. The panting, the moaning muffled by his cock is too much. He loses any remaining control and lets go into Rozanov's waiting mouth. Rozanov bobs his head, fiercely adding to Shane's already bone-crushing orgasm. His whole body tingles and Rozanov doesn't stop when Shane stops coming.

"God, get off of there." He gets a fist in Rozanov's hair and pulls.

"You are loud with no neighbors." Rozanov says, smiling. His lips are soaking wet and he's a little breathless.

"Shut up." Shane responds without much venom. Rozanov reaches into his bag for a workout towel and wipes Shane's hand. Shane is grateful. He wouldn't be able to move if he tried.

The thought from earlier comes screaming back to him: this man has been taking care of Shane his entire adult life. Rozanov rests his head on Shane's shoulder to catch his breath.

Fine. Shane won't murder Ilya Rozanov tonight.

"Give me your phone." He says when he regains a little composure. Rozanov complies, and Shane works quickly to set up a PIN code password. He makes it his birthday. If Rozanov thinks of him every time he opens his phone, that's really none of Shane's business, is it?

He looks down at it. "Hollander, what is the password to my phone?"

"Same as your locked folder, asshole."

“You looked?? That is private!” *What??*

Shane can't keep the surprise off his face. Once Rozanov looks sheepish enough to regret it, Shane can move on. They don't even need *words*. The MLH better pray they never end up on the same line. There would be no survivors.

“Nice ass picture of me, too. I deleted it.”

“No! That was my only one!” Shane gives him a look and is about to tell him how creepy it was, he shouldn't have even had that one, and that taking naked pictures without consent is so so wrong and he's lucky that Shane found it uncontrollably hot. And that Shane actually has the picture on his phone now. Well, maybe he'd leave those last parts out. But then Rozanov is smiling and saying, “Is ok, when I win scoring race I will have another.”

“You actually think I'm still—” Wait, he really thinks he could win the scoring race this year?? With assists from who?? He's on a losing streak. “No. I'm still fine with it because there's no fucking way you'll win that scoring race.” They're off topic. “This phone doesn't leave your sight. Ever. I want it in your pants pocket or your hand at all times. If it's not, it's locked in a locker or locked inside your house. Fucking *no one* touches this phone.”

Shane wants to add, *fucking obviously*, frustrated that he has to explain these rules to Rozanov when he's been following them since he was 18. But then Rozanov looks reverent, like he does when he sees Shane's ass and says, “Yes. I agree.” His eyes dart to Shane's lips.

“And names. We're so dumb. We text our *names*.” He cringes as he remembers the last sext, which he now knows Hayden read. ‘*Christ rozanov*’. What if it had been Shane's phone that was found? Well first, it would have been locked. Second—

“No, no. Not as dumb as Hayden.”

Shane can't help his laugh. “No, never. But no more names. We're going to be a lot more careful.” Rozanov nods and puts his hand on Shane's chin. He looks like he's going to kiss him. But Shane isn't done and now, post-very-satiating-blow-job, he can push past it. Luckily the next order of business is super unsexy.

“And Hayden?” Shane can't find the question.

What the fuck is the deal there?

I thought he was having an affair but it was actually me. And, I guess, you.

Why the fuck did you prank me?

“Actually, my name is Ilya.” Shane's stomach flips at the name. What the fuck is that about? Luckily Ily— Rozanov drops the joke. “He is good. We had fun.”

“...At my expense.”

“Yes. I am sorry for that too. I just wanted to sext you so much, and Pike was being a... cockblock?” Shane cringes internally. He should have just waited the three days. He couldn't wait? When did they get like this, texting every day? Shane thinks about the 12-hour panic

attack when Rozanov didn't respond. Is he glad Rozanov didn't wait? Or... that Hayden didn't? The whole thing is so confusing and that's not even counting the gross part.

"So you decided to sext me from his phone? As him? About you?"

Rozanov looks like a shark. "Did it work?"

"Fuck off." Shane can feel a blush creeping up. He remembers the texts from "Hayden" that actually made him want Rozanov. God, this man can sext, *effectively*, as someone else? The world isn't safe. Shane shamefully mumbles at his lap, "I basically immediately texted your phone. That's what he— or, I guess *Jackie* responded to."

Rozanov laughs at him and Shane just wants that and any other thoughts on the subject silenced. He kisses Rozanov deeply. They stay like that, alternating between kissing and looking at each other. Shane feels like the lid needs to come off his chest. It's a heady feeling, and way too serious for whatever this is. He plays with Rozanov's hair and just feels the feeling.

Shane suddenly realizes it's a dangerous feeling. He needs to get the fuck out of there.

"I should go. Hayden is way too traumatized to come and get me."

"Wait." Rozanov stops him as he's opening the door. "I... do not have many people like Pike."

Shane nods. He knows they mostly told Hayden for Rozanov's sake. But he thinks about Hayden's stupid little grin as he was texting. How he always watches the Boston games, too. How he follows Rozanov on Twitter, for some reason. Shane doesn't know why he didn't see Hayden as a Rozanov fan until today. "He's always secretly thought you were cool. I bet this whole thing is, like, his dream."

"You think he would text with me?"

Shane would laugh if this wasn't the most vulnerable he's ever seen him— and he's touched this man's asshole before. "I think you'd have to work to get rid of him at this point."

Rozanov grins like an idiot and Shane distantly wonders if he's made a mistake allowing these two to talk. "Just be careful texting him, too. And don't talk about me." He exits the car.

The drive home is unbearable. Hayden is asking questions like he has an agenda. Shane is trying to answer all of them, all while keeping a lid on whatever that feeling was. It's better now that he's not near Rozanov, he thinks.

It makes it worse to talk about it, though. It's gross. Shane doesn't want to talk about his sometimes-sex-partner with anyone. Hayden shouldn't even know. Fuck Rozanov for wanting

to keep him, like a stray dog who wandered onto the porch.

It's uncomfortable, but Hayden is being cool about it. They cover their logistics, rules, Scott Hunter, of all things... and then Hayden asks something weird.

"And you speak Russian now?"

"No? What?" What is he talking about?

"You said something to him. In Russian."

"Oh my god." Shane whispers. The octopus is back and Rozanov isn't here to replace it with anything. He can't tell Hayden he has a safeword. He'll assume they're doing something weird with it. But Hayden is expecting an answer.

"isaidmysafeword." And then there is silence to fill. "I think it just means like, no, stop, or like... no more..." he trails off. He doesn't actually know what it means, just a rough phonetic pronunciation that is so bad, Google translate didn't even help when Shane once tried to look it up.

"Oh my god! Ok. Yikes." Shane wants to throw himself out of the moving vehicle.

"Sorry. *I really* didn't want anyone to find out, ever. And panicked and I knew that would stop him. But he was right. Right? You'll be cool about it? And won't tell anyone?" Shane glances over.

"Of course." Hayden says, too absentmindedly. "God, if this were three days ago I think I'd be pissed it's him but... he's kind of growing on me. He's better than I thought." Shane wants to smile at the two of them. This is going to be a problem for him, isn't it?

"I know." Shane admits. It's so weird to *like* Rozanov and weirder still to be around someone else who likes Rozanov. "He can be serious if he really has to be. He's..." *Home base? A planet Shane is orbiting? Childhood joy embodied?* "...safe? I trust him. I mean, he's an asshole. Just not when..." *it counts.*

Hayden took that a different way and retched. Shane agrees, that was very sappy for rivals-with-benefits.

"Thanks." Shane says sarcastically. "Yeah the whole thing is gross, I'm sorry you even know about it. No one is supposed to. There's nothing to even *know*. It's just... sex? When we can. But our schedules don't really line up too much, thank God." That feels better. Shane breathes some relief. He still hates Rozanov.

"Buddy. This Boston Lily has been around how long...?" Hayden's voice is resigned and exhausted.

"Uhh, not really that long. We didn't actually do it until a few years ago." Shane knows this is a very simplified answer. He takes pity. If Hayden knows this much, he might as well know it all. "But... he put Lily in my phone a few years before that, and like, we did *some* stuff that time too, because we had already—"

“Yeah. I get it. Forever. Longer than I’ve been around.” Shane nods. Where is he going with this? “I’m just not sure why you’re... still not being honest with me.”

“What do you mean?? You know more than anyone else on the *planet* now.” Does he think they’re lying? Does he think it started earlier? Later? Does he think they throw games for each other? What else could he possibly want to know?

“No, why you both said it’s not serious, like you’re not in love.”

What?

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