

Shane Hollander Tries (and Fails) to Lie

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Shane Hollander Tries (and Fails) to Lie

by [staticsilencee](#)

Summary

“See? I think maybe you are friends with Rozanov.”

J.J. was kidding. Obviously he was kidding; no self-respecting member of the Montreal Metros would ever befriend a Raider.

Shane was not very self-respecting.

“What? No! I don’t even know who that is!”

or

Shane sucks at lying. This is a fact his parents were always grateful for, but it sure does make hiding a decades-long relationship with his arch rival difficult.

Notes

I'M BACK. I will be back again. Please enjoy <3

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

The post-win buzz of the locker room surrounded Shane, slightly muffled as he focused in on his phone.

Lily: you are coming over?

or will you make me drive to hotel

I will do it

your ass is worth it

Shane laughed softly, rolling his eyes as he quickly typed out a response.

Jane: I'll be there soon.

The game just ended, you can't possibly be this impatient already

Lily: I've been this impatient for the last two months

get the fuck over here, Hollander

”–you, Shane?”

“Huh?” Shane’s head shot up at the sound of his name. Hayden had stopped in front of him with a pleading look on his face, his dress shoes dangling from his hand.

“You’ll come out with us, right? It’s been *ages*, man, and they’re making me come ‘cause I don’t have the excuse of needing to get home when we’re on the road, and–”

“I can’t tonight, I’m sorry Hayd,” Shane cut in, his mind working frantically as he tried to think of a good excuse. “I’m getting breakfast with my parents.”

Terrible excuse. What the fuck.

There was a moment where Shane almost thought he would get away with it: Hayden rolled his eyes and nodded, his face resigned in the way it always was before he said something along the lines of ‘you’re so lame, man, why do you spend thirty hours a week with your parents?’ But then—

“Shane. It’s eight pm. And we’re in *Boston*. Why the hell would you be getting breakfast with your parents? Aren’t they in *Ottawa*?”

“Uh,” Shane glanced around desperately, at a loss for what to say. His phone buzzed aggressively against his thigh, probably Ilya asking if he was on his way yet. “I... was going to video call them?”

“For breakfast?”

“Yeah.”

“At eight pm?”

“...Yeah.”

Hayden groaned as he dropped onto the bench behind him to pull on his shoes. “Dude, if you’re going out to hook up with Boston Lily, at least *say that*. I’m not gonna judge!”

“I am *not* going to hook up with anyone!” Shane insisted, knowing even as he said it that his response was too fast and too loud. He cringed as Hayden’s eyes lit up. Clearly his best friend would *not* be letting this go easily.

“Damn, Cap is getting some?” Drapeau sounded far too surprised for Shane’s liking, and he felt himself frowning indignantly even though he knew protesting wouldn’t help his case.

“Never thought I’d see the day!”

“He gets some damn near every time we’re in Boston,” Hayden said, rolling his eyes for what felt like the fiftieth time that day, “I can’t believe I forgot. No point inviting him out, he’s gonna go straight to her place.”

“I am *not* going straight to hi– to her place!” *Pull it together, Hollander.*

“Right, of course. He’s getting breakfast with his parents.” Hayden’s voice was dripping with sarcasm.

A buzz against his thigh distracted Shane from the playful jeers of his teammates joining in, and he pulled his phone out without thinking about it.

Lily: you coming yet?

you will be coming soon

haha

Hollander?

you are taking forever

Shane?

is everything ok?

Jane: Got held up by Hayden.

The team wants me to go out with them to celebrate.

Lily: why is Pike celebrating? he did nothing whole game

you are not going out with them, you are coming here

Shane snorted softly, rolling his eyes as he typed a response.

Jane: Be nice. I want you two to be friends someday.

And yes, I am coming over. Just give me a minute.

<3

Lily: I will try

<3

“See— what the fuck, Shane? You’re *blushing*. Why would you be blushing about *breakfast with your parents?*”

“Uh,” Shane stammered, avoiding eye contact with his teammates, “I actually— they’re calling me right now, so I better—”

He made his escape quickly, grabbing his half-zipped bag and stumbling out of the locker room in untied shoes. It was completely unlike him, but he couldn’t risk staying there any longer and telling *another* horrible, obvious lie.

“Dude, we can tell nobody is calling you!”

“I can’t believe you said you were getting breakfast with your parents,” Ilya teased, his breath rushing over Shane’s cheek. They were laid out on the couch, still shirtless and sweaty but content to hold each other for a bit before showering. “It is late. You are in Boston. Why was that the first thing you thought of?”

“I didn’t know what to say,” Shane whined, digging his nose into Ilya’s shoulder. “I was caught off guard!”

“You are always caught off guard. You suck at lying.”

“I do *not!*”

“Shane. Sweetheart, I have seen you try to lie. Remember when you told your mom you had never seen my penis when she tried to be good and motherly and talk to you about safe sex?”

“That wasn’t– ok, sure, whatever, but I’ve kept us a secret just fine!”

“Yes, because nobody has asked ‘*are you having sex with Ilya Rozanov*’. If they asked you that you would stammer and say you didn’t know who I was or what sex was.” Ilya’s voice was soft, his love for Shane clear even as he teased him. It made it very hard to be mad at him.

“Well, it’s a good thing no one has thought to ask me that,” Shane admitted, running a hand along Ilya’s ribs. It was hard to fight with Ilya– even playfully– when it just felt so *good* to finally be near him again after a few weeks apart.

Ilya was giggling softly against his skin, the sound warming Shane’s chest and creating a fluttering mess in his stomach. There had been a time, years ago, where he was sure he would never hear anything like that from Ilya. He didn’t think he would ever inspire that kind of joy in the other man, but now...

Things had changed. They were *happy*.

“I love you,” Shane murmured, tightening his hold on Ilya despite how gross their sweat-slick bodies were.

“Mm, see? Not a lie. I can tell.”

“Fuck you, asshole.”

“Already did that.”

“Ilya—!”

“I love you too.”

The next few weeks passed by without incident. Shane avoided any conversations about his dating life, Ilya Rozanov, or where those two could possibly intersect, and Hayden eventually stopped looking at him strangely.

Unfortunately, there were only so many things they could talk about between periods of a home game against Boston.

“I don’t know, Shane,” J.J. was saying, his eyes alight with mischief. “You and Rozanov do not act like you hate each other. I don’t think you are actually capable of hating someone. You are too nice.”

As sweet as the sentiment was, it sent panic coursing through Shane’s veins.

“I can hate people! I hate... I don’t know, lots of people, probably. Rozanov for sure.”

“You literally told me a couple months ago that you didn’t hate him and he was actually a good guy under all of... everything else.” Hayden sounded just as disbelieving as he had during that initial conversation. It had been a moment of weakness, really. Shane was just so desperate for *someone* to like Ilya before learning what he meant to him, so he had given it his best shot with Hayden.

“See? I think maybe you are friends with Rozanov.”

J.J. was kidding. Obviously he was kidding; no self-respecting member of the Montreal Metros would *ever* befriend a Raider.

Shane was not very self-respecting.

“What? No! I don’t even know who that is!”

Jesus Christ, Shane. That’s exactly what he said you would do.

“You don’t know who *Ilya Rozanov* is?” Hayden dropped onto the bench beside him, one eyebrow raised as his eyes narrowed in concern. “Are you feeling alright? It didn’t look like you hit your head earlier, but—”

“I’m feeling fine, Hayd, I just... I don’t know, man. Rozanov and I aren’t friends.”

It would almost be believable if Shane’s voice didn’t squeak embarrassingly on the word ‘friends’. He would just have to hope the background noise in the locker room was enough to cover it up.

Hayden was looking at him strangely, an almost calculating expression on his face. “Hey, are you—”

“Come on, everyone! Get it together, let’s go win this thing!”

Shane had never been so grateful to hear his coach's voice.

The last thing he expected to see later that week was Hayden at his door at six in the morning.

“Hayd?” Shane flicked his eyes over his best friend, slowly taking stock of his ruffled hair and shifty eyes. He looked like he had been up half the night thinking about... something. “Is everything ok?”

Without responding, Hayden pushed past Shane into the house and made a beeline for the couch. He plopped down onto a cushion and turned to Shane, looking at him expectantly. Suddenly nervous, Shane followed at a more sedate pace, settling onto the other side of the couch with his back rigid and his feet touching the floor.

“Hayden. What’s going on?”

“You’ve been lying a lot recently.”

Panic had Shane somehow sitting even more stiffly, the hairs on his arms rising as he stared at Hayden with his eyes wide. “What do you mean?” he asked, his voice squeaky.

“Why do you never tell me anything about Boston Lily?”

Hayden was frowning, genuine hurt in his eyes. Clearly he had been keeping that question bottled up for a while, and Shane couldn’t even pretend to not understand why. Other than this one huge secret and the other secrets surrounding it, they told each other *everything*.

Shane was there when Jackie dealt with post-partum depression, when Hayden was scared about getting his (desperately needed) vasectomy, and when Hayden confessed that he was worried Arthur's first word might be fuck and his wife might demand a divorce. In turn, Hayden was there to shield Shane from the discomfort of being in the limelight, always ready to redirect nosy reporters or to remove Shane from a room when he was getting overstimulated.

Of everyone else in his life besides his parents and Ilya, Hayden knew the most about the famously-private Shane Hollander.

Except for this one thing.

It was hard not to feel bad— Shane *did* feel bad. He hated keeping such a massive secret from his best friend, hated that his best friend couldn't meet the love of his life, hated having to *pretend* all the time. But there was nothing he could do about it. It wasn't safe for them to come out, and even if it was, Shane wasn't really ready to have that conversation with Hayden. He wasn't ready to admit to the years of lies and careful redirections.

“Boston Lily isn't— she doesn't exist.”

Technically true. Dangerously true, really.

“Shane, buddy,” Hayden's voice was gentle, as if he was trying to soothe a scared animal. Maybe he was. “I know she exists. I've seen you text her.”

“I don't own a phone?”

“Your phone is literally right next to you.”

“No, it's—”

As if determined to make his life even harder than it already was, Ilya chose that moment to call. Shane watched in despair as the screen lit up, '*Lily*' displayed in large letters. He and Hayden leapt for it at the same moment, their hands briefly fighting over it before Hayden emerged victorious. Shane watched in trepidation as Hayden swiped to accept the call, knowing that even if he wrestled the phone out of his friend's grasp he would have no way to explain why he was so determined to not let him answer.

Hayden put the phone on speaker and placed it down between them, one hand beside it to keep Shane from snatching it away. They sat in silence for a few moments, every hair on Shane's arms and neck standing at attention.

"Shane? Are you there?"

For a second, Shane thought maybe Hayden wouldn't recognize his voice. There was always a chance Hayden would think that Shane was so secretive just because he was gay and not because he was in love with his supposed arch-rival.

But then—

"What the fuck?"

Hayden's voice was soft, so soft that Ilya apparently couldn't hear him.

"Are you okay? Shane, sweetheart—"

"I'm here!" Shane squeaked, his face burning. He looked up at Hayden carefully, searching his eyes for the beginnings of resentment, but all he found there was panic and disbelief.

"What's going on?" Ilya's voice was dripping with concern, and Shane would usually be feeling all soft and fluttery about the obvious sign of care, but it wasn't really helping at the moment. Okay, it was helping a bit. Ilya's voice always helped.

“We’ve got a bit of a situation,” he said slowly, keeping his eyes on Hayden.

“What the *fuck*, Shane?” Hayden was louder, this time, and Shane closed his eyes as he waited for Ilya’s response.

“Ah. Hello, Pike.”

“Shane, whatever he’s got on you, we can figure something out.” Hayden’s voice was pleading, practically begging for it to be anything other than what he *must* know it is.

“He’s not– Hayd. I love him.”

For once in his life, Ilya seemed to have realised it would be a good idea to stay silent.

“Are you serious?”

Reopening his eyes, Shane took in his best friend’s expression. The panic had faded, replaced by something that he couldn’t decipher. He dug his fingers into the couch cushion beneath him, desperate for something to ground him.

“Yes. I’m serious. We’ve been seeing each other for– well, it hasn’t been serious long, but before that–”

“Shane, I *know* how long you’ve been seeing Boston Lily. I just... *him*? Seriously?”

“What, you think he could find someone better than best hockey player in the league?”

Of course Ilya couldn't resist chiming in for long. Even as Shane sighed in exasperation, he felt fondness warm his chest.

"You know damn well I'm the best player in the league, Ilya--"

"Shane," Hayden cut in, his mouth set in a deep frown. "I get that you love him-- I mean I don't, honestly, I have no clue why you-- whatever. You love him. But have you thought maybe he's just... you know... leading you on?" His voice got softer as he spoke, as if to keep Ilya from hearing.

"Hayd," Shane started, resigning himself to a long conversation he did *not* want to have.

"You are wrong." Ilya's voice was firm, even through the graininess of Shane's phone speaker. "I love him. You may not understand because your brain is size of a pebble, but Shane is-- Shane is important."

"You can't seriously expect me to believe that."

Shane hummed, hurt brewing in his chest. He sank into the couch, wishing he could disappear and come back when the conversation was over.

"What? You do not agree?"

Hayden looked offended almost, regarding the phone with disdain. "Fucking *obviously* Shane is important, but there's no way-- you're *Ilya Rozanov*."

"Hayden," Shane protested again, shocked by how shaky his voice was. He didn't want to hear this-- didn't want to hear how unbelievable it was that Ilya loved him. He *knew* it wasn't believable, he had to remind himself it was true every morning.

"Watch yourself, Pike," Ilya snarled, "You don't know what you're talking about."

“You watch *yourself*, Rozanov! Who the hell do you think you are, messing with Shane like this?”

“Calm down, Pike. You are making Shane nervous.”

As Ilya’s words sank in, Shane became suddenly and violently aware of how fragmented his breathing was, his chest feeling tight and his head swimming from the lack of air coming in. He blinked rapidly, staring down at the floor beneath his feet, unsure when he had looked away from Hayden. He tried to breathe normally, feeling himself begin to truly panic as the air caught in his throat. There was muffled conversation happening beside him, and later he would have time to worry about how much more Ilya and Hayden were managing to piss each other off, but for now—

“Shane. Listen to me.”

Ilya.

The cool glass of his phone was pressed to his cheek, the feeling of it helping to ground Shane. “You are okay. Hayden loves you, yes? He will support you, even if he does not like me.”

Shane nodded, hoping Ilya could somehow sense his agreement without him having to speak. He wasn’t sure he *could* speak, not now.

“Should I go?” Hayden’s voice was distant, and when Shane forced himself to look up at his friend he found him already watching, his face wracked with guilt. He was about as far as he could get from where Shane was hunched over on the couch, his arm stretched to the limit to keep the phone by Shane’s ear. “I’m sorry, Shane, I—”

“What is idiot Pike saying?”

“You can stay, Hayd,” Shane managed, his voice small. “We should probably talk.”

“Yes, Pike owes you an apology,” Ilya said, his voice soft and lightly teasing, “does not matter how much of an asshole I am. Nobody could resist falling in love with you.”

“I think you might complain if *everyone* was falling in love with me,” Shane teased back, his breaths coming easier as he settled into the comfortable rhythm of bickering with Ilya. There was a choked sound in front of him, and Shane felt his cheeks flame at the reminder that Hayden was very much still present for half of the conversation.

“Mm, maybe they all are. Maybe I like that you don’t notice. It means you like being mine too much to look.”

“*Ilya*,” Shane scolded, his gaze flicking to Hayden and then back to the floor.

A quiet laugh from Ilya was his only response. He closed his eyes briefly before reaching up and taking the phone from Hayden. He could hardly believe he was about to do this— about to actually talk to his best friend about his boyfriend. About to talk to *Hayden* about *Ilya*.

“If we’re doing this, Ilya is going to be here for it,” Shane said, pressing the speaker button on his phone and putting it back on the coffee table. He tried to look more confident than he felt, making brief eye contact with Hayden and nodding towards the abandoned corner of the couch he had been sitting in before.

They all sat in silence for a moment, the feeling of it eerily similar to when Ilya had first answered the phone, when Shane had been waiting for his world to fall apart and knowing he was helpless to stop it. This was *similar*, but at the same time very different.

His world wasn’t falling apart. He could see in the way Hayden was watching him carefully that the other man felt bad for his reaction, that he wasn’t going to lose anything by telling one more person about his relationship with Ilya.

“So...” Hayden started, smiling at him. “You and...”

“Ilya,” Shane provided.

“You and *Rozanov*.”

Rolling his eyes, Shane accepted that it would probably take several years— if ever— before Hayden was willing to call Ilya anything other than his last name. “Yes. We’re together.”

“We are lovers!” Ilya called cheerfully. Ever since Shane’s *very understandable*, *Ilya* reaction to the word when they were at his parents’ house, Ilya had taken every opportunity he could to tease him with it. The most annoying part of it was that Shane couldn’t even really bring himself to be annoyed, not when it brought such a stupid smile to his boyfriend’s face.

“Oh, gross,” Hayden said, his nose wrinkling as if he had caught a whiff of something bad.

“Trust me, I’ve tried to get him to say *anything else*—”

“No! He loves it, Pike, you have no idea how much—”

“Please *do not* finish that sentence, Ilya,” Shane begged, closing his eyes and sending a silent prayer to anything listening to knock some sense into his boyfriend.

“You are no fun, Hollander.”

That had Hayden sitting up, his eyebrows furrowing as he opened his mouth to defend Shane.

“Ilya is kidding!” Shane reassured him, overwhelmed with fondness for two of the most important people in his life. Ilya, determined to chirp him at every opportunity, and Hayden,

too loyal and ready to defend him to recognize the chirps for what they really were: Ilya's way of expressing his love for Shane.

"Yes, yes, of course," Ilya said, "Obviously I am kidding. If Shane were no fun I would not be able to bend him over the—"

"Oh my *god, Ilya!*" Shane shouted, exasperation starting to overwhelm his fondness.

Now that Hayden knew what was at stake, he did his best to help Shane protect his secret.

Somehow it was even worse than when it was just Shane.

"Pike! Tell Hollander he needs to come out with us this weekend, he's being a stick in the mud about it!" Shane grimaced as one of their defensemen shouted across the room, his mouth too close to Shane's ear for the volume to be at all comfortable. He made panicked eye contact with his best friend, both of them knowing damn well why Shane didn't want to go out that weekend.

Ilya was in town.

"Shane can't come, right bud?" Hayden said carefully, his face pale as he tried to think of something. "He's getting... surgery?"

"What?" Shane whispered, hardly able to believe what he was seeing. How was Hayden *worse* at lying than him?

"Cap, you're getting surgery?"

“No! I think Hayd meant... uh... sugary?”

“You’re getting *sugary*? What does that even mean?”

Shane blinked at Hayden, hoping the man would somehow read his call for help correctly. Naturally, he did not. “I’m taking a baking class? Yeah. A baking class.”

“We really need to get you some new hobbies, man,” the defenseman said, shaking his head in disappointment. “Next time though, yeah?”

“Yeah, of course.”

The rest of the team filed out of the locker room, their voices carrying through the halls as they shouted at each other good-naturedly.

“Hayden,” Shane said slowly, his eyes narrowing, “what the *fuck* was that?”

“I have no idea.”

“*Surgery?!*”

“Hey, you have no room to talk! Last week you said that you *fell and hit your neck on a door handle* when J.J. asked about that massive fucking hickey Ilya left on you! I did not need to see that, by the way.”

Shane’s face flushed at the reminder, a helpless smile spreading across his face. “Yeah, fair point. How have they not figured me out yet?”

“Because who the fuck would think you’re dating *Ilya Rozanov*?”

End Notes

These boys are gnawing away at my brain. I have already started my next fic. It is a soulmate au. I will not be stopped

Have a great day <3

(p.s if you leave a comment please know it did make me giggle and kick my feet, I'm just busy as fuck with irl life and get too overwhelmed to respond. my apologies, imagine I am doing an appreciative dance whenever you comment tho)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!