

The Part We're Still Figuring Out

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The Part We're Still Figuring Out

by [Icyhot_Kem](#)

Summary

“Come on, Shane don’t be like this.”

“Be like what exactly?” Shane found himself biting out, already regretting the answer the moment the words left his mouth.

Hayden groaned, the sound of his tired exhale hanging in the air as he dropped his greasy bag of fast food onto the nightstand. With a soft rustle of sheets, he settled onto the edge of the bed. Shane could feel his eyes on him, though he was still facing away, not being able to bring himself to meet Hayden’s eyes just yet. “Look, I’m just not used to it yet, alright?” Hayden’s voice was low, edged with frustration. “Can you blame me? We used to talk shit about him all the time, and now I’m just supposed to... what? Like Rozanov?”

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Or: Despite the dinner with Hayden eventually ending with an apology, and some sort of truce between Hayden and Ilya, Shane is still struggling.

Notes

I love Shane Hollander, and I especially love to further explore some of Shane's issues with all the pressure that's put on him, and the fear he deals with over disappointing the people around him, so that's where this whole thing came about.

I'm not great at timelines, but this is mainly set fairly soon after "My Dinner with Hayden"

Also, not too great at the English language and English grammar continues to elude me, so apologies for what is likely many grammar mistakes.

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

[Lily]: You looked very pretty tonight

[Lily]: Even if you did miss goal during 2nd period

[Jane]: Fuck you.

[Lily]: sadly you are in room with pike

[Lily]: unless he wants a show. Is very quite here without you begging for me through phone

[Jane]: asshole

[Jane]: I am not calling you tonight.

[Jane]: Shits weird enough as is between us right now.

[Lily]: Is he being an asshole?

[Lily]: I was not joking about giving him a black eye

[Lily]: can't ruin face much more than it already is. Will only feel bad for poor Jackie having to look at it

Any other time, and Shane would've let it go. He knows how Ilya is, and he knows how Ilya feels about Hayden, but fuck he just can't tonight. Not so soon after that dinner.

And maybe it hadn't ended in a total fucking disaster after all. Hayden eventually apologized, stiff and awkward but sincere enough, and somehow they managed to talk, even if it did take Shane borderline yelling at them to get to that point. They explained the Irina foundation, the move to Ottawa, everything. Still, something sat wrong in his chest. A lingering unease he couldn't shake. A part of him was still hoping for a reaction he knew he wasn't going to get. Where Hayden would accept all this with an open mind and see what Shane himself sees, that Ilya isn't a total asshole and that they could hopefully get along, even if it's just for him.

Nothing more than a fantasy.

[Jane]: Can you just not right now, please

Shane felt bad the moment he hit sent. He knew Ilya was just trying to calm him down in his own way, showing his support for whatever Shane wanted to do. But Shane was already coiled tight and feared one wrong move, and he'd unravel completely. Ilya must've sensed it too, always being able to tell what's going on inside his head before Shane himself could put words to it.

[Jane]: I'm sorry I know you're just trying to help.

[Lily]: No it is okay

[Lily]: I am sorry sweetheart

[Lily]: Wish I could make this all go away

[Jane]: Yeah me too

[Jane]: Wish I was over there in bed next to you right now instead of this fucking hotel room.

[Lily]: two more weeks

[Lily]: will even give you a very nice welcome back present

[Jane]: Looking forward to it

[Lily]: Yes

[Lily]: will be much nicer than right hand you are stuck with for now

[Lily]: and pike as roommate

[Jane]: God don't remind me

[Jane]: This is the most awkward I've felt around him since we were fucking rookies and first became friends

[Lily]: Stop worrying before you give yourself panic attack hollander

[Lily]: Sleep

[Lily]: you have early flight tomorrow

[Jane]: Yeah okay

[Jane]: I love you

[Lily]: I love you too

Shane's phone slowly darkened until it went off, the only light left in the room coming from the two lamps mounted above the bedside table, and the alarm clock shining the time in bright red numbers

11:37 pm

Hayden would probably be back from the bar down the street any minute now, the clock ticking toward midnight with Coach's 12 a.m. curfew looming over them, seeing as they had an early 8 am flight to catch the next morning. Shane had decided to come back to the hotel after their win instead, unable to stomach any of the noise or crowds at the moment. He was wound too tight. And if he was being honest, maybe he was avoiding Hayden, just a little.

He tried to get himself to sleep, knowing it'd be hell tomorrow morning if he spent the entire night staring at the ceiling, but the anxiety inside him only swelled, tightening its grip the more he fought it.

Everything just felt *wrong*.

The sheets snagged against his socks every time he shifted, the fabric catching in irritating little tugs that made his skin prickle. The pillow was the worst of it, too soft and collapsing under the weight of his head until it felt like he was sinking, swallowed by the plush material pressing in from all sides. His neck never quite found the right angle, and the more he adjusted, the more aware he became of the bed beneath him, of his own breathing, of the restless hum in his chest that refused to quiet.

Pathetically, he wished he were next to Ilya right now, where his head could be pillowed on his chest instead. Ilya would wrap his arm around him then, pulling him further into his body, the mixture of Ilya's warmth and the deep pressure surrounding him enough to quiet his mind. It always did the trick, and Shane craved it now more than ever

Deep down, Shane felt guilty knowing that the source of his anxiety was Hayden. Hayden, the same guy who'd been at his side since they were rookies. The guy who'd seen a painfully awkward eighteen-year-old Shane Hollander step into that locker room for the first time, all nerves and sharp edges, and had chosen, without hesitation, to be his friend. Hayden had been there through the long trips, the brutal practices, the quiet victories, and the crushing losses. And now, somehow, it was him of all people who had Shane lying awake in the dark.

Because of *what*?

Shane wished he could say it was only anger that he felt. Angry over the way that Hayden had not only acted that night at dinner, but how he's been acting since finding out about Ilya.

Instead, he felt nothing but this all-consuming shame, heavy and suffocating, settling into his chest like a physical weight. Beneath it churned the fear that, deep down, Hayden now looked at him through a fog of disgust—something hazy but unmistakable, clouding his expression. It was an odd, ugly sensation. The shame wasn't necessarily about what he felt or his actual relationship with Ilya; that was one of the few things that had ever felt right. No, this was messier than that. It was the shame of disappointment he was seemingly causing. Like he was committing some quiet betrayal just by existing this way, by carrying a secret that he'd buried so deep it hurt to breathe around it

Shane hated every second of it.

This wasn't how it was supposed to go. Loving Ilya was beautiful. Even with the years of pain and hiding, there's not a single moment Shane could ever find himself regretting. Not a thing he would change even if given the chance, cause despite it all, every second together led them to what they are now. And all he wanted was for others to *see* that. See this incredible person that Shane had decided to love. Ilya Rozanov, not the arrogant asshole on the ice or the charismatic playboy everyone else saw, but the gentle constant beneath it all. The man who gave Shane everything he'd ever wanted out of life without ever asking for anything in return. The one who looked at him like he mattered more than the game, more than life itself, and meant it.

And instead of all that, he was left with a black hole forming in his chest, swallowing every good thing he'd ever felt and leaving behind a raw, burning feeling like he had done something wrong.

How could a love that made Shane feel safe, tethered to something solid for the first time in his life, turn him into a disappointment? As if loving someone wasn't the crime, but loving Ilya Rozanov specifically was some kind of immoral choice Shane had knowingly made.

The sudden commotion outside the hotel room door threw him out of his thoughts. Hayden likely coming back from the post-game celebration, trying and failing to get the door unlocked as usual. After the fifth attempt at the key swipe and a muttered curse, the door finally swung open.

Hayden dropped his shoes off next to Shane's by the door before collapsing onto his bed. He had a brown paper bag clutched in his hand and shook it in Shane's direction.

"Up for a midnight snack?"

"No, I'm okay."

"Suit yourself," Hayden said before pushing to sit back up against the headboard, grabbing his phone with one hand, and reaching into the bag with the other, pulling out what seemed to be a handful of French fries.

Shane moved to lie down, preparing to go to sleep, not wanting to deal with any conversation at the moment. Especially not when he felt this raw, like a single wrong word would unravel the tight composure he was trying to keep at the moment.

His phone vibrated over where it sat on the bedside table. He planned to ignore it, turning around to continue the task of trying to fall asleep when he caught Hayden looking over at it and making a face.

“What?” Shane mumbled, catching the faint sneer aimed at his phone. Hayden’s expression fell just as quickly, sliding from that sharp edge into blank neutrality, like it had never been there at all.

“Nothing,” Hayden responded, already back to looking at his own phone, seemingly texting Jackie.

Shane moved his hand out from under the blanket to reach for his phone, seeing nothing but a quick text from Ilya complaining about his flight in the morning having already been delayed.

“Seriously?” It took all of Shane’s willpower not to react with more than just that and a slight scoff, turning around in his bed to face the wall. Not having it in him to rehash this whole thing with Hayden once again.

“Dude, I didn’t even say anything,” Hayden said, his voice carrying that same casual edge that somehow made Shane’s chest tighten even more. The words should have eased something, but instead they left Shane staring at the wall, mind spinning. He couldn’t help but replay every glance, every inflection, every flicker of disappointment he’d seen over the past few weeks. His stomach twisted, hot and hollow.

Shane resolutely did not respond, willing his body to fall asleep faster.

“Come on, Shane, don’t be like this.”

“Be like what exactly?” Shane found himself biting out, already regretting the answer the moment the words left his mouth.

Hayden groaned, the sound of his tired exhale hanging in the air as he dropped his greasy bag of fast food onto the nightstand. With a soft rustle of sheets, he settled onto the edge of the bed. Shane could feel his eyes on him, though he was still facing away, not being able to bring himself to meet Hayden’s eyes just yet. “Look, I’m just not used to it yet, alright?” Hayden’s voice was low, edged with frustration. “Can you blame me? We used to talk shit about him all the time, and now I’m just supposed to... what? *Like* Rozanov?”

Shane rolled over so he was on his back now instead and staring up at the ceiling, eyes catching on all the little cracks and spots made over the years. “I’m not asking you to fucking become best friends or something, at this point, I’m not even asking you to get along.” The steadiness in his voice slowly began to waver. “All I want is for you to just respect that this is the choice I made.”

He sounds pathetic, and he feels it too. His hands have drifted further down under the blanket, fingers tugging absently at the seams of the sheet, tracing the fabric almost mindlessly as if the motion could anchor him. His chest tightens with every second he waits for Hayden to say something, anything, and the silence presses against him like a weight, heavy and suffocating.

“Yeah, okay, I get it,” Hayden says, voice falling down to an annoyed whisper, “this is the choice you’ve made.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Shane saw Hayden reach for his phone again, the screen flaring to life and flooding the room with cold, stark light.

Inside, Shane felt everything go dark. The fragile thread holding together the mess of his thoughts and emotions snapping under the weight of Hayden’s words. It was exactly what he had been longing to hear, but instead of relief, a crushing wave of disappointment slammed down over him, heavier than anything he’d felt before. His chest felt hollow.

The veil of annoyance and feelings of betrayal clung to every word that had just left Hayden’s mouth, so thick that Shane couldn’t pry it off and find a single shred of good hiding beneath it. He felt split open, raw, and exposed. Tears welled at the edges of his eyes, like waves poised to crash, and a sob clawed at his throat. He did his best to force it down, but despite that, a snuffle and a quiet whimper escaped anyway, betraying the storm inside him.

Sadly, in the silence of the room, the noise did not go unheard.

“Shane?”

Shane didn’t think he could respond back without an even more embarrassing noise coming out, so he stayed quiet instead.

“Buddy, you okay?” Hayden said voice taking on that tone Shane’s watched him use with his kids’ countless times when they’re on the verge of tears.

“Fine.” Shane eventually manages to say after fighting down the lump in his throat.

It’s quiet for a while after that. Shane moves to open his eyes, only realizing now that in his panic, he had shut them tight. He wants to turn over and switch off the lamp on the bedside table, the dim light still too bright, too sharp, but he stays perfectly still instead. He knows his eyes are probably still wet, and he doesn’t want Hayden looking too closely.

Eventually, Hayden gets up and goes to the bathroom, presumably getting ready for bed. Shane takes the opportunity to shift over onto his side and shut off the lamp the moment the bathroom door quietly clicks shut, bathing the room in a blissful, all-encompassing darkness. He desperately wants to get up and move, take a shower, go for a run in the hotel gym, call Ilya, anything to rid his body of this nervous energy that’s taken over. Instead, he sinks back down into the plush bed, the heaviness he feels outweighing his need for movement.

After what feels like hours, but couldn’t have been more than fifteen minutes, Hayden finally emerges from the bathroom, his footsteps quiet on the floor. He moves over to his bed and

lies down, the mattress dipping slightly under his weight. The room is dark with shadows pooling in the corners. Shane can hear the faint rustle of the sheets as Hayden settles in.

“I’m sorry, okay?” Hayden says suddenly, his voice low and slicing through the thick silence of the room, as it seems to get swallowed by the darkness. Shane’s breath slows, a quiet shudder running through him as the words register in his mind. He wasn’t expecting much more from Hayden tonight. He had already braced himself for the inevitable awkwardness that would linger into the morning, a quiet, invisible tension neither of them would address. It would settle like dust between them until, by some unspoken agreement, they’d both pretend the entire night and this conversation had never happened. Hayden would go back to making snide remarks about Ilya and Shane’s choice to be with him, and Shane would go back to letting each look and comment slide right off of him, pretending that each note didn’t feel like a needle in his chest.

He would shake his head and let off a fake grumble of annoyance, a reaction he had become an expert at over the past few weeks, and act as if it didn’t tear him apart a little more each time. And maybe eventually he’d trick himself into believing it too.

“I’m going to,” Hayden cuts himself off suddenly, and Shane can hear him let out a sigh, like it’s paining him to get the words out of his mouth. “I’m going to do my best to respect this thing you’ve got with Rozanov.”

The name Rozanov very clearly pushed through clenched teeth, and if it wasn’t for the way Shane felt splayed open and raw, he might’ve even cracked a small smile at that.

Shane nods his head in acknowledgement before realizing Hayden can’t see him, so quietly he lets the words “okay” fall out of his mouth, and even he can tell it doesn’t sound believable.

A frustrated noise came from the other side of the room, followed by the soft rustle of sheets, Hayden probably shifting to sit up on the bed. “C’mon, Shane, give me something here,” he said, voice edged with impatience. “What do you want me to do?”

He planned to tell Hayden that he didn’t need to do anything, that respecting and accepting the fact that he and Ilya were in a relationship was enough.

The thing is, Shane Hollander has always been a shit liar.

“I need you to look at me and not be disgusted.”

God, why the fuck would he say that? Immediately, Shane could feel the tears brimming again, hot and sharp, but this time it wasn’t just embarrassment; it was shame, raw and suffocating, clawing up from deep inside him. He tried to pretend those feelings weren’t there. He tried so hard. Clearly, his best wasn’t good enough.

“What the fuck?”

Quickly, Shane squints his eyes as Hayden moves to switch on one of the bedside lamps, everything becoming a lot more real as a dim light washes over the room.

“What the fuck,” Hayden repeats once again, this time voice barely above a whisper. For the first time since this all started, Shane moved his head to glance at Hayden’s face.

Confusion and disbelief shine across his features, along with something else Shane doesn’t know how to name. He knows Hayden is waiting for him to say something, anything else to follow the thought he let free into the room.

Instead, he feels his lip start to wobble and the first few tears make their way down his cheeks, leaving a hot trail behind. Suddenly, Hayden is up, moving over to Shane’s bed and sitting down on the edge. Hayden’s hands hover over him as if deciding whether to comfort him or if any kind of touch is going to push him further down this spiral he’s set himself in. Shane makes the decision for him, moving to sit up against the headboard, pushing himself a bit further out of Hayden’s reach.

Slowly, he allows his head to fall back, the soft thud of his skull connecting with the headboard echoing through the quiet room. His hands, trembling slightly, rise to his face, palms pressing hard against his eyes as if he could force the tears back, willing them to retreat. The pressure feels almost like a physical barrier, but it does nothing to stem the tide of emotions he’s feeling.

“Fuck,” he whispers to himself, the word escaping in a broken breath. He doesn’t even know what to say anymore. Words felt pointless. Whatever he could say now would only leave him feeling more exposed. His mind is a blur of confusion, guilt, and frustration, and no matter how hard he tries to push it all away, the weight of it presses harder with each passing second.

“Shane,” Hayden starts softly, reaching for Shane’s and gently pulling them away from his face. “I will never *ever* be disgusted by you.”

Shane keeps his eyes squeezed shut even as he feels Hayden move closer.

“Hey, c’mon, look at me, okay?”

Slowly, Shane opens his eyes, the sharp sting of guilt striking him hard as he sees the pained expression overtaking Hayden’s face.

As their gazes finally lock, Hayden speaks again, the words quiet but solid, like he’s pressing them into the very air between them.

“You are my best friend in this whole world and one of the most amazing people I know. I will never look at you like that, and I need you to know that, okay?”

Shane nods his head, moving to look to the right of Hayden, not being able to look into his eyes any longer.

It’s still for a second with neither of them moving, till Hayden shifts and suddenly Shane is in his arms.

“I’m sorry,” Shane whispers. For what exactly, he’s not sure.

Sorry that he's sitting here having a breakdown in Hayden's arms. Sorry for letting the thoughts he's spent so long locking away slip free, like a cage door he'd left too carelessly open. Maybe even a bit sorry for holding the secret of them so tightly to himself for years.

What he's not sorry for is loving Ilya. Never could he be sorry for that. Despite the shame that threatens to eat him up most days and the disgusting weight of feeling like he's disappointing everyone around him, never would he apologize for the love he feels-deep, fierce, and real. Even with the guilt that clings to him like a second skin most days and with the ache of knowing others might never understand, loving Ilya was the one thing Shane knew, without a doubt, was worth it. No matter how much it cost him.

"Hey, no," Hayden says softly, his voice steady but insistent, as he gently pulls away from Shane, his hands still resting firmly on his shoulders. "God, you've got nothing to feel sorry for. Fuck I should be the one saying sorry, I've been such a fucking asshole to you."

Even though he still feels like he's about to vibrate out of his skin and can feel the tears drying sticky tracks onto his cheeks, his mouth quirks up just a bit at that. "Yeah, you kinda have been."

Hayden smiles for a quick second before his face turns serious again.

"I'm serious, though, I would never look at you with disgust or anything like that. When I told you I had no issues with you being gay, I meant that. I could never think of you differently for that."

Shane sighed and brought his hands up to his mouth, biting at his nails in frustration. He shifted a bit further, moving to lean against the headboard again, Hayden's hands falling off his shoulders and lying limp by his sides.

Theoretically, Shane knew that Hayden didn't have an issue with him being gay. Logically, he understood it. But sometimes, it was hard to reconcile that knowledge with the knot that formed in his stomach anytime Ilya would be mentioned. Every time their relationship came up, Hayden's expression would tighten, his face pinching just enough. It was a subtle thing, a flicker of discomfort that was mainly disapproval, but it was enough to make Shane feel like he was being judged.

"I know," Shane muttered eventually, his voice rough, the words coming out scratchy from the effort of holding back the tears that had threatened to break free earlier. "It's just hard sometimes, you know? When you get that look every time you're reminded that Ilya and I are real, and that we're not just some manifestation of your worst nightmare." Shane's quiet laugh that followed was a hollow sound.

Hayden looked like he was about to protest and say something, so Shane quickly kept going. He needed to say the words now before he lost all nerve.

"And I know that it has to do with it being Ilya specifically and not just the fact that I'm with a man, but fuck Hayden, do you know how scared I've been?" Shane's voice cracks, the words heavier than he intended. "It's already hard enough keeping all of this a secret, especially with the constant fear it's gonna get out and ruin everything." He can feel the

nerves gnawing at him now. His hands move instinctively, tugging at the string of his sweatpants, trying to ground himself, to stop the impulse to tear at his lips until they bleed.

Hayden shifts beside him, their shoulders brushing. The sudden closeness brings a brief flash of comfort, but Shane's voice falters as he continues, quieter now, the weight of his words pressing him down. "But then finally my best friend knows, and I wasn't expecting you to be fucking thrilled or anything, but having to see that look on your face every time you're reminded of me Ilya it just, I don't know. It fucking hurts."

Shane trails off, not really knowing how to finish his thoughts. Saying all this shit out loud was hard enough as is, and he was reaching a limit of how much he could say regarding what he truly felt.

"I'm sorry I ever made you feel like that," Hayden says his voice quiet. He pauses for a moment, clearly searching for more, and then adds, "I never wanted to make you feel like you were wrong for loving him or that I was disappointed in you in any way. I was just fucking stupid. I should've understood, Shane. I should've had your back. I'm sorry."

Hayden's words hang in the air between them like an offering. For the first time in what feels like forever, the pressure of disappointment, the guilt Shane's been carrying, starts to lift, even if just a little.

"Thanks," Shane replies, his voice finally steady, the tremor that had gripped it fading away as he hears the truth in Hayden's words. It's more than just a thank you, it's a relief to finally getting to hear the acceptance he'd been longing for. His knee falls to the right, gently knocking against Hayden's, the contact small but meaningful.

"Can I ask you a question?" Hayden eventually murmured a bit, looking out at the window as snow slowly started to fall. Shane hummed in response.

"Why Rozanov?"

Shane huffed out a small laugh in response to that. "I don't know, why Jackie?"

"Fair enough," Hayden said, a smile of his own creeping onto his face.

They both sat there for a second, the quiet now soft and familiar instead of stilted with an odd tension. Shane thought about Hayden's question for a second.

Why Ilya?

Shane struggled to put it into words. To him, it just made sense. Years of shared moments, of Ilya learning every inch of him, like the quiet ways Shane pulled back when the world got too loud and overwhelming. And in turn, Shane had learned Ilya just as intimately, the soft edges and sharp angles that made him who he was. It wasn't just love—it was understanding, deep and unspoken. Even when they told themselves that it was nothing but sex, Ilya *got* him in a way no one ever had. When the walls inside Shane started to close in and when the noise of his own thoughts became too much, Ilya was there, steady and unyielding. He never demanded. He just simply pulled Shane out of his isolation, a quiet anchor that tethered him

to reality, even when everything else felt like it was slipping away. It didn't matter where they were, whether they were five inches apart or five hundred miles. Ilya was always right there.

He understood that others didn't get it. All anyone saw was Hollander and Rozanov, a rivalry for the history books. No one ever really saw *them*, no one knows Ilya and Shane.

He just hoped that Hayden could trust him enough until he started to see it for himself.

"I guess," Shane starts to say, taking in a breath as he feels heat rise to his cheeks, not used to being able to talk about this out loud. "He makes me feel seen," Shane continues, his voice quieter now. "He sees everything, the good and bad, and he doesn't go away. I never have to pretend with him. He just gets me. You know?"

When Shane finally looks over, he sees Hayden already looking at him, a soft smile on his face.

"I'm glad. You deserve that, Shane."

Shane can't help the smile that tugs at his lips, a warmth spreading through him at those words. It's everything he's been wanting to hear, that Hayden sees how much this means to him, how good it is for him.

"How about we redo that dinner sometime soon?" Hayden asks, bumping his shoulder into Shane's.

"Yeah, I'd like that."

"I won't even snap at Rozanov this time."

Shane raises his eyebrow and gives Hayden a disbelieving look.

Hayden looks sheepish and raises his hands. "Okay, okay, I won't snap at him as much, alright?"

That gets a laugh out of Shane, soft and genuine, the sound like a release of tension he hadn't realized he was holding. Talking about this, hearing Hayden's voice shift to something lighter, feels like a warm light washing over him, melting away the knot of anxiety he'd been carrying for so long.

"Yeah," Shane says, voice down to a whisper. "That sounds perfect."

End Notes

Thank you for reading, leave a kudo or comment below if you want!

Also debating writing a part two, either of Hayden's POV of this night, or maybe the new attempt at a dinner with them all, let me know what you guys think.

You can find me on [twitter](#) here!

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