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Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77403116.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen, M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Hayden Pike, Mentioned Yuna Hollander - Character, mentioned David Hollander - Character, Mentioned Jackie Pike - Character
Additional Tags:	Coming Out, Hayden pikes many children are refrenced but not relevant, Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry), the cottage's big fucking glass windows, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, POV Shane Hollander, POV Hayden Pike, POV Alternating, Good Friend Hayden Pike, Hayden Finds Out, idk what to tag this, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-09 Words: 2,925 Chapters: 1/1

In Which Hayden Pike Reconsiders Ilya Rozanov's Character

by ancientzebra (ancient_sewing_machine)

Summary

"Hayden felt bad for possibly intruding on his friend’s privacy, but he was worried. His 'dad sense' as his eldest had dubbed it, was tingling. It had been a couple of minutes and he’d rung the doorbell twice yet still no answer from Shane. He tried the front door which swung open. Kicking off his shoes and leaving them on the mat, he entered the house, calling out 'Hollzy?' as he went.

'Shane? Bud?'

Hayden rounded the corner into the kitchen where he was greeted by the last sight he’d ever expected. Ilya fucking Rozanov. In Shane Hollander’s kitchen. Not only that, Rozanov had clearly just been hugging Shane. Hayden’s best friend Shane, who was supposedly Rozanov’s biggest rival. What the fuck?"

Does what it says on the tin lol.

Notes

unbeta'd so please lmk of any errors (grammar or timeline).

i got attached to hayden pike so i wanted to write him.

Enjoy!!

Edit: omg thank you for all the love on this!!!! I'm trying to keep with comments as best I can, thank you for reading and leaving kudos!!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

August 2018

Hayden dug through the hall closet, in search of the pink jacket that was apparently the only thing his three year old would wear. He pulled out a hoodie that looked like Shane's just as Jackie yelled "found it!" from across the house. Hayden made a mental note to visit Shane and return the sweatshirt at some point over the break. Maybe when the kids were back in school. They hadn't really hung out in a while outside of hockey.

Early September 2018

Shane sat with his head in Ilya's lap, Ilya's fingers dragging gently through his hair as they both scrolled on their phones. Shane was looking at game data and his own notes from the previous season. He didn't know what Ilya was doing. Probably playing online mahjong. He'd been obsessed lately for whatever reason.

Ilya spoke, breaking the silence. "Shane. Season does not start until October. Do not stress about work. Enjoy beautiful cottage and boyfriend."

"I am, I am, I just want to be prepared."

Ilya hummed, putting his phone to the side and looking down at Shane. "Do you want to help me make lunch?"

Cooking was one of Ilya's favourite things to do, especially in the offseason. Shane powered off his phone, allowing it to drop onto his chest as he looked up at his boyfriend. The novelty of the term hadn't worn off in the year since they had come out to his parents and truly defined their relationship. He and Ilya texted more, called more and held back less and less from each other. They had been maximising their time together during the summer, working on plans for the foundation and just basking in each other's presence. They had gone to his parents for dinner just the other night. All of this to say, Shane was the happiest he'd been in a long time, maybe ever.

"Sure, what were you thinking?"

"I found an interesting salad recipe yesterday. Chicken with feta and olives."

"Sounds good. I think we have all of those in the fridge." Shane stood and turned, headed to the kitchen. Ilya followed, pressing a kiss to his temple as he walked by.

Hayden probably should have texted ahead *before* he'd gotten to Shane's, but in his defense, he's been focused on other things, namely his four young children. He shot a text to Shane as he walked up his teammate's driveway, sweatshirt in hand.

The hoodie was a flimsy excuse, given that they were about to start seeing each other almost weekly for practice, but Hayden wanted to see his best friend. Does a man really need an excuse for that?

“Lettuce, feta, and tomatoes please,” requested Ilya as he read the recipe off his phone.

Shane pulled the ingredients out of the fridge and put them down next to his partner who tilted his phone to show Shane the recipe.

“Do you have this?” he asked, pointing to “1 tbsp ground coriander” on the recipe list.

“No, but I’m sure we could find a substi-” Shane was cut off by the doorbell ringing. He froze. It could just be his parents, but after everything that had happened, his dad had taken to texting before he visited. Shane’s phone was on the couch in the other room, so they could have texted and he hadn’t noticed, but he had the sinking feeling that it was not either of his parents on the other side of his front door. Turning to Ilya, he asked “Did Dad text you?”

Ilya shook his head.

The glass of the cottage was a blessing and a curse. On the one hand, it made it quite hard to hide if you didn’t want to answer the door. On the other hand, it allowed Shane to see that their unexpected visitor was not, in fact, David Hollander, but instead a very tired looking Hayden Pike. *Fuck.*

Shane turned back around to face Ilya, who was looking at him, concerned.

“It’s Hayden.”

“Pike?”

Shane nodded, slumping against the counter, his heart racing. There was no way Hayden thought he was out of the house. There were two cars in the driveway, the lights were on, he couldn’t avoid this.

“Shane. милый. It's okay.” Ilya pulled Shane into a hug, applying even pressure around him, grounding him. Shane pulled at the hem of his shirt, clenching and unclenching his fists. “Is okay. I promise. We can pretend we are not here.”

“Car’s in the driveway.”

Ilya hummed. “You could hide me away. I could be verryyy quiet until Pike leaves.” Shane chuckled wetly. The idea seemed absurd. “But also, Pike may be a slow hockey player, but he seems like a good friend. If you wanted to tell… I think it would go fine.”

“I don’t want to hide you away from the people that matter to me,” Shane muttered, his face buried in the crook of Ilya’s neck. “But ‘m scared. I know it’s just Hayden and he’s practically the nicest guy I know, but I can’t- What if he hates me?”

“дорогой. Look at me.” Shane shook his head, still clinging to Ilya. “Okay. Is fine. Listen to my words though. It will be okay. Hayden had been friends with you for years. You’re part of his family. He does not seem like someone who would throw that away because you’re gay. It will be okay, I promise.” Shane nodded, still clinging to Ilya. “I think you need a minute to regulate and breathe before you can say anything to him.”

“Need to answer the door. He’s gonna get worried.”

“Hollzy?”

Shane froze as Hayden’s voice echoed through the entryway. Ilya squeezed him one last time before letting go and stepping ever so slightly away, just as Hayden entered the room.

“Shane? Bud?”

Shane wasn’t answering the door. His car was in the driveway and his shoes were by the front door and the lights were on and he wasn’t answering the door.

Hayden knew that Shane usually left his door unlocked when he was home during the summer because of how often his parents stopped by. He lived in the middle of nowhere so it wasn’t a big deal. Hayden felt bad for possibly intruding on his friend’s privacy, but he was worried. His 'dad sense,' as his eldest had dubbed it, was tingling. It had been a couple of minutes and he’d rung the doorbell twice yet still no answer from Shane. He tried the front door which swung open. Kicking off his shoes and leaving them on the mat, he entered the house, calling out “Hollzy?” as he went.

“Shane? Bud?”

Hayden rounded the corner into the kitchen where he was greeted by the last sight he’d ever expected. *Ilya fucking Rozanov*. In Shane Hollander’s kitchen. Not only that, Rozanov had clearly just been hugging Shane. Hayden’s best friend Shane, who was supposedly Rozanov’s biggest rival. *What the fuck?*

“Hi Hayd.”

“Shane?” Hayden genuinely had no fucking clue what was going on. Shane gave a little wave, his other hand tapping a rhythmic pattern on the counter, Rozanov lurking behind him, an emotion Hayden couldn’t parse out in his gaze. Hayden pointed at Rozanov, struggling to find words beyond *What the actual fuck Shane?*

Shane looked rapidly between the Russian and Hayden. “Uh- well.” His voice cracked and he turned to Rozanov. “I can’t-” he said, waving a shaking hand, clearly trying to express something. Rozanov understood somehow, much to Hayden’s continued surprise.

“Okay, is okay любимый. How about we sit?”

Shane nodded. Hayden watched as Rozanov guided Shane into the living room, one large hand braced in the small of his back.

Hayden didn’t know what to think. Shane was here, with Rozanov, on summer break, in his house that he was notoriously private about. Rozanov had been holding Shane, reading him with an intimacy Hayden associated with… well, couples. By the time this possibility had occurred to Hayden, Rozanov had returned to the kitchen. He was filling a glass of water with an ease that suggested that he had been here before.

Setting the glass down, he turned to Hayden, his face impassive.

“You are good friend of Shane’s.”

Hayden nodded. “Yeah, yeah. His best friend. What the fuck are you doing here Rozanov?”

Rozanov held up a hand. *Asshole.* “Pike. Shane cares about your opinion. He has an announcement that may be,” Rozanov paused, trying to think of an apt word. “Confusing. Listen to him and be a good friend. Or get out. Your choice.”

Hayden wanted to say something back, that of course he’d accept Shane, but Rozanov left before he could respond. This time, Hayden followed the other man into the living room. Shane was hunched over on the couch, still tapping his fingers rhythmically against each other. Rozanov crouched next to him, placing a hand on his thigh before he spoke.

“Do you want me to stay?” he asked. Shane shook his head.

“I’m okay. I’ve got it.”

“Okay. I will finish lunch.”

“Thanks.” The interaction was domestic, for lack of a better word. Hayden did not expect that kind of attentiveness from Rozanov. He was a bit blown away by the difference between the way Rozanov acted on the ice and in public versus the way he interacted with Shane.

Rozanov returned to the kitchen, shooting Hayden a menacing glare as he did so. *Ah.* There was the Rozanov Hayden was more familiar with.

Shane took a sip of water as Ilya left the room, trying to regulate his nervous system. He ran his hands through his hair and looked up at Hayden, who had dropped down onto the couch across from Shane.

“Hollzy? What’s going on?”

“Hi, yeah, sorry. I- Sorry for freaking out. I wasn’t expecting you.”

“No, I'm sorry. I should have texted. I was coming over to give you this back.” Hayden set a hoodie down on the coffee table in front of Shane. Shane recognized it as one of his hoodies that he’d left at the Pikes’ a couple of months back. He could almost laugh. Outed by a fucking sweatshirt. “I also wanted to say hi,” Hayden continued. “I didn’t think you’d have company.”

Shane looked at the hoodie and then at Hayden. “Thanks.”

“Shane. You can tell me anything, honestly dude. You’re my friend man, nothing’s gonna change that.”

“Thanks Hayd.” Shane paused, mulling over his words before he spoke again. “I didn’t want you to find out like this.”

“Find out what? That you and Rozanov are what? Friends?”

Shane smiled slightly. “Uh no. Well yeah, but also more. He’s my boyfriend, partner, whatever you want to call it. I’m gay.”

“Thanks for telling me man, I’m proud of you. But Rozanov? Seriously?” Shane laughed half-heartedly.

“Yep. Rozanov.”

“What about Rose, Lily?”

“I tried dating Rose when Ilya and I were in a rough spot. I thought that I could maybe like try to be straight, I guess. ‘Fix’ myself or whatever. Didn’t work. ‘m still very gay. Rose came out to me for me somehow and we broke up but stayed friends.”

“And Lily? Boston Lily?”

Shane couldn’t help but smile. “Uh well. Funny you should mention her. ‘Boston Lily’ was Ilya.”

“You’re fucking with me.” Hayden looked baffled. It was a bit funny, if Shane was honest with himself. Ilya would have laughed and probably chirped Hayden to hell and back.

“Nope. We used different names for each other on our phones. Ilya’s ‘Lily’ in mine and I’m ‘Jane’ in his.”

“How long has this been going on? You’ve been hooking up with 'Lily' for years.”

Shane looked back down at his lap, focusing for a minute on making sure the pressure from each of his fingers was even as he tapped them on his thigh. “Almost a decade. Since just before our rookie season.”

“Are you serious?” Shane looked up again and nodded, apprehensive, but Hayden didn’t seem angry. Just.. shocked. *Fair enough*, Shane thought. He’d be shocked too.

“But you haven’t been serious that long?”

“Oh fuck no,” Shane said. “We um-” He tried to think of a way to phrase it delicately but then was reminded that this was Hayden Pike, his best friend who he shared a locker room with, not his mother. “We were just hooking up for a long time but it got more serious last year. We talked it out and he met my parents.”

“Holy shit. That’s like serious, serious.”

Shane nodded. “I love him, Hayden.”

Hayden reached out, laying a hand on Shane’s shoulder. “Look dude, if you’re happy and he treats you right, I’m happy. I’m glad you’ve found someone. And I’m glad you told me. I can’t say it won’t take a bit of getting used to, but you seem genuinely happy.”

“Get used to me. Lunch is ready.” Shane looked up at Ilya, who was standing in the doorway of the living room, illuminated by the afternoon sun.

“Thank you,” he said, grabbing his glass as he headed to the kitchen.

Rozanov turned to Hayden as soon as Shane walked past. “Made some for you too Pike. I’m sure you have more questions.”

“Thanks. I definitely do.”

Hayden followed Rozanov, who sat next to Shane, pecking his cheek before turning to his own plate. They are in silence for a while, Shane mostly pushing around the food on his plate, before Hayden spoke.

“How did this even start?”

“Very simple. I saw seventeen year old Shane Hollander at World Juniors and knew I wanted to-”

“Ilya.” *God it was so bizarre hearing Shane call Rozanov by his first name.*

“Sorry любимый.” Rozanov didn’t look sorry at all to Hayden.

“We met at World Juniors but really started… you know after the draft.”

“If you want to know how I fell in love, is very simple.” Hayden was struck by how candid Rozanov was, how easily affectionate and transparent he was around Shane. It was such a far cry from his public persona. Hayden was having quite the time reckoning with the two Rozanovs he now knew. “It is not hard to fall in love with Shane, no? Over the years, it grew until I could not ignore.” Rozanov turned to look at Shane. “He is very dear to me. Incredible hockey player and beautiful person.”

Shane smiled softly, tenderly. “It was the same for me. Or at least similar.”

“So what, you guys just got together when you were in the same city?”

“Yep,” said Rozanov, smirking and popping the “p” in a startlingly good impression of Shane.

Hayden turned to Shane. “And there were no nice men anywhere else?”

Shane laughed. “That’s what my dad said. I’m sure there were, but I picked him.”

Rozanov smirked into his glass. “I have many charms.”

Hayden took another bite of salad, which was really good actually, he should get the recipe, it seemed like something Jackie might like. *Wait.* Rozanov had just announced his transfer to Ottawa. Hayden looked up, pointing a fork at the blonde. “Did you leave Boston for Shane?”

Rozanov nodded. *Holy shit.* “You left the team who drafted you for Shane?” Rozanov nodded again.

“Yes.”

“That’s. Wow.” Hayden continued to rework his idea of Rozanov from the ruthless player into the man who held Shane when he panicked and switched fucking teams for him. Shane smiled at Rozanov, sickeningly sweet.

“Yeah. We’ve been trying to work out how to reduce the ‘rivals’ narrative. We’re both tired of it, and being friends publicly allows us to spend more time with each other.”

Hayden felt a pang of sadness for his friend. It wasn’t fair that they had to do all of this to spend time together, to be together in public. If Hayden had had to do that with Jackie, he would have lost his mind.

“So what’s the plan?”

Shane’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

“How you’ll connect in the public eye?”

Shane glanced at Rozanov, who nodded, before looking at Hayden. “We’re starting a charity. A hockey school where the proceeds go to mental health support.”

“Yuna,” Rozanov was on first name terms with Shane’s parents. Hayden felt like his world had been turned upside down again. “is helping with the foundation. She is very good at management stuff.”

Shane nodded. “Like I said, we’ll try to reduce the 'rivals' narrative and then go from there.”

Hayden had more questions and they spent a while at the table before his phone pinged.

“That’s probably Jackie. I should head home.”

Shane paused before speaking. “You can tell her. I trust you guys.”

Hayden stood from his seat. “I appreciate the trust. We could have you guys over for dinner at some point.”

“That would be nice.”

Hayden turned around and pulled Shane into a hug. “You’re family man. Plus, I think Jackie wants to have a chance to shovel talk Rozanov.”

Shane laughed. “I can’t wait.”

Shane followed Hayden to the door and stood in the entryway as the other man put on his shoes. Ilya appeared behind him in the hall as they were saying their goodbyes. “Pike. Thank

you. You are a good friend. Better friend than hockey player, that is for sure."

Hayden laughed. "Thanks Roz. See you."

Shane waved from the entryway as Hayden drove off.

Ilya's arms wove around Shane's waist, pulling him into the taller man's chest.

"See? It went well. I was right."

Shane smiled and leaned back into Ilya, kissing his neck. "Yeah. You were."

End Notes

- yes Hayden probably lives in montréal and its a long ass drive to ottawa but idc suspend your belief
- I know the cottage is very open plan, but for purposes of this fic, there are more walls. Seriously Shane what were you thinking.
- here's the salad recipe: https://www.delish.com/cooking/recipe-ideas/a21097616/grilled-chicken-salad-recipe/
- russian is from google translate and reddit bc i do not speak it so sorry if there are any errors
- est-ce que il y a qqn qui veut que j'écrire un fic avec Shane parler francias? je pense que ce serait fun, plus je parle francais en fait donc c'est un peu plus facile. / is there anyone who would want me to write a fic with Shane speaking french? i think it would be fun, plus i actually speak french so it would be a bit easier

Comments and kudos are super appreciated!! thanks for reading! :D
UPDATE: TY SO MUCH for all of the kudos, the french fic is up and I should be posting more heated rivalry stuff soon :DDD

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!