Hayden and Rum Don't Mix

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Hayden and Rum Don't Mix

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Summary

Hayden had fucked up. Royally, no, astronomically. Shane Hollander had never played as bad as he did the last couple games. Unorganised, frenzied, nearly paranoid. And all just because he couldn't hold his liquor and keep his mouth closed. Even his teammates knew, straight up told him to his face how it was all because he asked about ‘Lily’.

Notes

Guess who's back? Heh.

You know after getting into multiple Avengers style brawls and getting sucked into another dimension, another fic from me. Crazy, right?

To the few very nice people asking about the next/potentially last fic in my Grizz/Sam series. I know what I want to write and I know where I want things to go, I just don't know how. I haven't forgotten you, just how to write apparently.

So as an exercise and to hopefully get me out of this writers block, here's a completely unrelated fic. Enjoy. ._.

See the end of the work for more notes

If Hayden had known how much J.J. snored when he was drunk he would have never told Shane he'd be gone the whole night. Here was to hoping that Shane did not invite ‘Lily’ back to his hotel room, or, more specifically, that they were finished with ‘catching up’ when he came back. Shane wouldn't be the first person he'd walked in on, and it's not like they had not seen each other naked before, but still, just no.

The trek to their room felt longer than when they arrived but that was probably what trying a new funky looking cocktail did to his brain. Or Rum. Maybe he wasn’t a Rum kind of guy. Getting his keycard out and unlocking the door was easy, slipping in quietly felt like a feat though, as if any tiny movement he made would make noise that could raise the dead. When the door closed behind him he was met with blissfull silence. Maybe Shane hadn't met ‘Lily’ after all, or they had met at her place. Creeping into the room he could make out Shane asleep in his bed illuminated by city lights. Shane and *someone else*. Jackie would have probably laughed at the face he was making because Shane and someone else send his brain into overdrive and he probably looked like a fish out of water.

He had two options: The first, sensible one, was to just leave. Accept that J.J. snored and wake up tomorrow slighty grumpy. Maybe the alcohol would help him sleep better. Then he'd just be slightly hungover.

The second was to just take a peek, just a tiny one. Because while Shane certainly wasn't shouting his personal business from the rooftops, the whole secrecy around this supposed friend was just weird. ‘Lily’ wouldn't be the first girlfriend or even booty call that Hayden had met. But everytime he brought it up, even jokingly, he was met with denial or silence. Or denial *then* silence. It made him curious.

Hayden crept closer.

Just a peek. he thought, *Just one won't hurt. You don't even have to tell Shane you know who Lily is.* With how close he was to the bed now he could see that one person was asleep on the chest of the other. *So Lily's a cuddler, huh?* But that face wasn't ‘Lily's’, that was Shane's and she was pretty flat-chested for a woman. *Kinda sexist,* was what his brain came up with, which certainly didn't help his confusion. J.J. always said that curiousity killed the cat, and as his eyes wandered up he certainly felt like he'd been shot and left for dead because his captain was wrapped around Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya *fucking* Rozanov.

He took a step back, his brain going a mile a minute, just a stream of *whatthefuckwhatthefuck*. Something outside made a noise and *Jesus* they were going to wake up and he *had* to get out of here before shit was going to massively hit the fan. Hayden looked behind himself to plan his exit route and when he turned around he was staring right into the eyes of Rozanov. *Fuck*. Shane was mumbling something into his chest and Hayden felt like he was going to have a heart attack.

Hayden Piker. Passed away because he saw the aftermath of his captain banging his hockey rival would look like shit on a tombstone.

Without breaking eye contact Rozanov whispered something into Hollanders ear, then pressed a kiss to his temple and his captain just buried his face in the crook of the russians neck with a content sigh. Something softened in Rozanovs eyes, most likely at Shane's antics. Hayden was going to faint or puke. Or both.

Hayden Piker. Died because he choked on his own vomit after seeing two grown men cuddle. (We swear he wasn't homophobic.) would look even worse.

He tried to say something, *anything*, communicate in any way humanly possible but his brain wouldn't cooperate. He just felt himself walking backwards, never taking his eyes of the Hollander/Rozanov sandwich. *Hollandov*? Only after the door closed in front of him, did he feel some sort of control over his body come back. Maybe he was dreaming. This was all just some weird nightmare. Just a hallucination. He would go back to J.J.'s room and just be slightly hungover tomorrow.

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It turned out that *slightly* wasn't going to cut it when it came to Hayden's hangover. Every light was too bright, every noise too loud. He felt like he was 16 again, after getting drunk for the first time. And the alcohol didn't even help him tune out the snores, so he wasn't really grumpy, more pissed. He knew, on some level, that the noise his teammates made at the breakfast table wasn't to slight him specifically but it damn well felt like it. He wanted to

drown in his bowl of soggy cereal, or maybe drown a couple of the guys in it, he wasn't quite sure yet. Shane was laughing at some*thing* some*one* had said, but that didn't really matter.

He had seen Shane cuddling with Rozanov. Fucking Rozanov. How? Why? Did it *have* to be Rozanov? Weren't there any other guys to hook up with? Was it a one time thing? Oh god, had he ever sat on a bed where they *did it*? Maybe they did it on his bed because Ilya was an asshole. But Shane would surely intervene, right? Or did they have different couple dynamics? Were they even a couple? *Please don't let them be a couple*. And if they were, how deep did those dynamics go? Did Shane ever intentionally loose? Christ he was going to be sick. And then Shane laughed too loud and Hayden was just so pissed and he just-

"Hey Captain. How was last night with Lily?"

He said it too loud and too accusatory but it had the desired effect. The entire table got quiet and Shane stared at him like he'd just been slapped. Everyone looked at him then turned to look at Hollander. Jackie would've probably told him by now that he was being an ass and using other people to try and improve his own mood by putting other people down, and he would've told her she was right, because she always was, but he really couldn't have cared less right now.

"Who's Lily?"

"Lily's a friend. We meet up sometimes. Hayden got it in his head that there's more to it." To his ears that sounded like a dare, even though it probably wasn't. A dare to defy his captain. "He has never met Lily though." But he had. Often. *Too often*. On the ice, off the ice. Had seen Rozanov in interviews, commercials. On billboards, build just to show how grand and amazing the one and only Ilya Rozanov was. He had been checked by Rozanov before, meaning he had even touched 'Lily'. So because Shane was making him look like an idiot and he had already dug himself a hole, he might as well keep on digging.

"Lily. Sounds kind of russian, doesn't it?"

Shane's chair hit the floor and he was leaning inches from Haydens face. "And what the hell is that supposed to mean, *Pike*?" His name was spat like an insult, something dirty. And *god*, whatever the captains had going on must have been happening for a while, because he wasn't

looking at Shane Hollander anymore, that was Ilya Rozanov staring him down at seven in the goddamn morning. The silence had switched from curious to uncomfortable. “Guys?”

No one at the table moved, everyone watching Hayden locked in this stare-off with his captain that neither of them wanted to loose.

“Don't.” That was an order.

“*Don't*.” That was a plea.

And then, just as sudden as Shane had practically leapt across the table, he pushed himself back and stormed off without another word, leaving Hayden behind. And with everyone staring at him he suddenly wished he hadn't gotten out of bed today.

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Hayden had fucked up. Royally, no, *astronomically*. Shane Hollander had never played as bad as he did the last couple games. Unorganised, frenzied, nearly paranoid. And all just because he couldn't hold his liquor and keep his mouth closed. Even his teammates knew, straight up told him to his face how it was all because he asked about ‘Lily’. He couldn't keep count of the snide comments thrown his way, deservedly so, but his favorite might have been, “I might have to tell Jackie about this Lily. ‘Cause you apparently asked about her so often our Captain can't play hockey anymore.”

Shane was still trying to give big Captain speeches, but they lacked any sort of eagerness, power, hell even just joy. And apart from those he really didn't talk to anyone. Packed up his stuff said “Good game guys.” and left. He didn't even shower at the stadiums anymore, just at the hotel. Probably to minimise the time he had to be around everyone. Sometimes he even took a cab instead of the team bus. The last words he had said to Hayden were ‘Don't’, twice.

They thankfully hadn't lost every single game but it was an uphill battle. Hayden felt like the only reason the team was working so well together still, was because they were trying to

protect Shane as much as they could before the inevitable crash. It was like goddamn hospice care, just smiling and making life bearable for someone before they passed. And Hayden was terrified of that day when it *would* happen. That would be the day he'd have destroyed someones life because he was bitter one morning. *Fuck*.

They had played Toronto today and barely managed a win. Even had to go into overtime. Shane had already left the locker room. And now everyone was staring at him. “You need to talk to Hollander. Like today.”, some Rookie said. Hayden couldn't remember his name, Brown maybe? “Why me?” “Because this whole thing is your fault.”

Before he could protest, J.J. interjected. “He’s either going to kill someone or kill himself. And while we're playing Boston in a week, and one less Ilya Rozanov is one less problem, winning like that wouldn't be fun. So you need to straighten this out, now.” Hayden didn't dare say another word, just grabbed his stuff, nodded, and went to fix what he'd broken.

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Some deity must have heard his prayers, because Shane was still in the shower when he arrived at their hotel room. He had no idea how to even approach the subject. It wasn't necessarily the gay part, scratch that, it was 100% not the gay part. He'd once fought with an aunt at a family dinner because she just couldn't stop talking about ‘those people’, the ‘freaks’ and he'd just blown up at her. Told her that she was awful and arrogant and had she ever talked to these people? Had she ever asked how they felt? He still remembered her face, shocked that someone would talk back to her, condemn her ignorance. Hayden had felt good that day, felt like he'd done something right and stood up for people. And then he'd gone and chucked all good karma right out the window just because he couldn't wrap his head around *Hollandov*. Or was it more *Hollanov*?

Maybe he could start and ask Shane if it was a one time thing, which Hayden was sure wasn't the case, or when it started. Then again, Hollander didn't owe him any answers, especially not after the way he first ‘approached’ the subject if you could even call it that. They could try and talk about their feelings but Shane wasn't really expressive with his emotions, even before this whole debacle, and Hayden wasn't really good at reading subtle tells. He could just ask about Ilya. ‘What is he like off the ice? Is he just as collected? Is he actually a nice person or is he always an asshole?’ Hayden had to stop himself before these questions turned into accusations. He had to think of something before

Shane stood in front of him only wearing a towel.

They stared at each other for a moment before he couldn't take the silence anymore.

“I'm so fucking sorry.”

Shane's face was unreadable but he wasn’t running in the other direction, so that was a win in Haydens book. “I'm sorry that I acted like an ass. I'm sorry I brought ‘Lily’ up in front of everyone. It's just that you - no that's no excuse - *I* just didn't know how to handle it and I was an asshole and I stepped over the line and I'm really so fucking sorry and you don't have to forgive me but I really want you to know that I don't hate you if you're gay, ‘cause that's like super fine, one of my cousins is gay and I've been to her wedding, or maybe you're not gay, which is by the way also fine, but you can like still bang dudes if you want I don't care but it was Rozanov and *you* so I freaked out and I was also kinda pissed that morning and in the back of my mind I was kind of hurt that you didn't tell me - if there's even something to tell - and that's not your fault because your private life is your private life. But maybe, you know, you could have been a bit more open, at least around me, because I'd have known about you and Rozanov and it wouldn't have been so bad and I’m sorry because you thought you couldn't tell me and with how I was acting I kind of get it cause I was an asshole and yeah…”

Shane was staring at him like he'd gone insane, maybe he had. “Shane?”

And then Shane was sobbing, full on body wracking sobs that seemed to tear through his body like lightning. Hayden just rushed forward to pull him into a hug. The moment he was close enough his captain just collapsed against him, grabbing fistfuls of his jacket with his head buried in Haydens chest.

Maybe in different circumstances he'd have laughed about the fact that he was standing in a hotel room in ratty workout clothes, pressed against a naked, damp Shane Hollander. But all he could focus on was the pain and grief spilling out of his captain. He'd seen him sad or irritated before, sure, the man was no machine. And while Hayden was sure that some part of this was caused by his antics, it felt more like the breaking of damm that was long overdue and his heart hurt just imagining how long Shane had been carrying this secret with him.

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“Sooooo…”, he sighed, “You And Rozanov?”

“Yeah.”

They were both laying on Haydens bed, comforter haphazardly thrown on the floor, his half naked captain beside him. Shane had put on sweatpants after all because both of them thought that emotional talks required at least some degree of clothing.

“So he's really Lily?”

“Yeah.”

“Christ that's bad. Ilya. Lily. I mean-”

“He has me saved as Jane.”

Hayden couldn't help it, he had to laugh. Full blown, loud as hell, belly laugh because, *what*? That was horrible. That was basically the same name. Were they trying to be tongue and cheek? There was no way that those were the best codenames they could come up with.

“What's so funny?”, Shane was glaring at him.

“Jesus, you two wouldn't survive a minute in a spy thriller!”, he was now up and pacing, gesticulating so that Shane would hopefully see the error of their ways. “*J*ane? *Sh*ane? That is the same name! Has he saved you with your draft photo too?” This was the funniest thing

he'd heard in a while. “For two guys trying to be undercover, you're shit at keeping identities secret.”

“Fooled you long enough Pike.”, but it was said with a smile. “You had to walk in on us cuddling to make the connection, Mr. Superspy.”

“Please don't remind me of that night. Still can't get his stare out of my mind.”, he shuddered.

“He stared at you? He was awake? The asshole didn't tell me that. Please don't tell me he showed you the hickey on-”

“No! *Nonononononono*!”, Hayden was waving his arms frantically, “He didn't show me any hickey. Just kissed your head and mumbled something.” The corner of Shane's mouth ticked up. “He's like that sometimes.” He broke out into a grin. “I would've paid money to see your face! You probably looked like you witnessed a car crash or something!”

“Maybe you could ask your boyfriend about it.”

“He's not my boyfriend.”

“Fuckbuddy, whatever.”

“Jesus Hayden. Language.”

Hayden grinned back at him, arms crossed. It was nice, both of them, having fun again just… talking. He'd never realised how much he'd missed this, them just talking about whatever, mostly about Hockey and his kids. And Jackie. God he probably talked way to much about Jackie. She was a great woman, that was undeniable but now that he knew that Shane had some sort of ‘love life’, if you could even call it that, maybe they could diversify their partner talks. Especially since Hayden apparently was the only person right now that Shane could talk to about Rozanov. Maybe he could even complain and Hayden would be his Dr. Phil.

Wait, that that guy was an American.

And an *asshole*.

Whatever, something like that.

But it'd be nice. Maybe he had to be a bit more sensible and at least try to not actively hate Rozanov because, while the russian had, objectively, features that were easy on the eyes, Hayden didn't think that Shane's judgement was that bad. They had snuggled together so…

“While were talking about fuckbuddies…”

And Hayden made the mistake of looking and his captain was just holding his hands up and apart at a distance that was, *Jesus*, was that supposed to be the size of Rozanovs…and Shane was just smirking at him. He felt himself go red in the face because that just couldn't be healthy near, or worse, inside someone.

Nevermind. He was *never* going to talk to Shane again.

End Notes

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