

can't rush the dawn before it is time

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77236931) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77236931>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , the montreal team , Montreal Voyageurs , Montreal Metros Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Accidental Outing , the Hayden Pike special , POV Hayden Pike , POV Outsider
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-07 Words: 3,498 Chapters: 1/1

can't rush the dawn before it is time

by [Wretchedheart](#)

Summary

It was supposed to be a joke, okay? It was supposed to be funny, and they were all supposed to get a laugh out of it. Despite all of his protests, Hayden had thought he could get Shane to see the humor in it once he gave in. Except the longer Shane decidedly didn't find it funny, the less entertaining it became for Hayden as well.

Hayden hadn't ever actually done a deep-dive into the whole Hollanov internet obsession. He wasn't prepared to have the cornerstone of his worldview be destroyed by a youtube compilation video.

--

The Montreal team watch a Hollanov compilation on youtube, for fun, and realize some things.

Notes

I hope you enjoy!

It was supposed to be a joke, okay? It was supposed to be funny, and they were all supposed to get a laugh out of it. Despite all of his protests, Hayden had thought he could get Shane to see the humor in it once he gave in. Except the longer Shane decidedly didn't find it funny, the less entertaining it became for Hayden as well.

Hayden hadn't ever actually done a deep-dive into the whole *Hollanov* internet obsession. He wasn't prepared to have the cornerstone of his worldview be destroyed by a youtube compilation video. It had been a mistake to do this in front of the whole team, Hayden realizes pretty quickly. Shane is tense next to him, his whole body coiled tight, and his eyes are stuck to the screen, unmoving, unblinking. His breathing is shallow. Hayden can see the effort he puts into keeping it inconspicuous.

The clips are chronological, claiming to tell the story of *Hollanov*. There are videos of tiny Shane and youthful Rozanov at the prospect cup, shaking hands after Russia's victory. Shane's grumpy face and Rozanov's smug smile, which wasn't as sharp as it has grown over the years, filling the screen. Or that's what Hayden initially believes. Except...the videos that follow it, Rozanov's smile remains the same. When it's directed at Shane, that is. There are things in the video that Hayden had no idea about, soft words exchanged during face-offs, accompanied by equally soft smiles that are teasingly exasperated and indulgent. *Fond*.

There is a lip-reading video of Shane's fight with Scott Hunter. The video is slowed down, zoomed into Hunter, and the words *you're starting to sound like him* flash across the screen. In the present, on Hayden's couch next to him, Shane twitches. Barely noticeably at all, but he may as well have grabbed Hayden by the shoulders and shaken him vigorously for all the impact it has on Hayden.

There's a blurry picture from the Sochi Winter Olympics of Shane and Rozanov engaging in a conversation that Shane had never mentioned. Despite the poor quality, it is clear to see that both are upset. Shane is speaking to Rozanov, and Rozanov is staring out into the rink.

There's the clip from the MLH awards when the two of them had presented an award together, and this clip Hayden had seen before, but he hadn't noticed Rozanov's hand sliding over Shane's back. Shane is tense in the clip, rigidly so. His face doesn't move. Hayden sees how hard he had worked to keep his expression impassive, but the blankness in his eyes convey much more than Shane had clearly wanted them to.

There are more clips of every time Montreal has played against Boston, and every time Shane and Rozanov share some kind of interaction. Which isn't to be unexpected, they are captains of rivaling teams, what is surprising is the familiarity, the easy dynamic between them. The way Shane seems laxer in his interaction with Rozanov than he does with most of their teammates to this day. On screen, Rozanov slams Shane into the boards, and they share a (flirty) smile.

The video, overlayed with instrumental music, changes, **2016** in big, bold numbers flying across the screen. Again there are clips from their games, but then late 2016, there is a picture of Shane in a black get-up on the streets of Boston, looking crestfallen and distraught. Hayden has to swallow down the instinct to offer comfort even if the pain on his friend's face

isn't present. The picture shifts, moving aside, and next to it, a picture of Rozanov in the same clothing appears. Could definitely be a coincidence...the pants are a little long on Shane, and the shirt, despite being mostly covered by his jacket, is a loose fit.

Hayden thinks Shane has stopped breathing next to him. There is a bit of murmuring from the team, gazes shifting to and from Shane. Hayden doesn't dare look to him, scared of being obvious in this thing that Shane has clearly kept under wraps for so long. He doesn't need to have it confirmed. He can't deny it as he witnesses their public interactions. *But Lily*, his brains protests, and just like that, *Lily* takes a new shape in his mind. *Ilya*.

Pictures of Shane and Rose Landry suddenly start filling the screen, one after the other landing on top of previous ones. They are all swept away as the video changes to the first match-up between Montreal and Boston after that. There is no easy interaction between the two this time. From the looks of it, Rozanov doesn't really acknowledge Shane at all. Shane keeps sneaking glances his way, the expression on his face vulnerable and...longing, if Hayden had to guess, to put words to the emotion on his best friend's face; he's never seen Shane look like that.

When Rozanov slams Shane into the boards, it's still as carefully done as it always had been, but there's a tension there that makes Hayden's stomach bottom out.

They had both played like shit that game. Exceptionally bad, and not just for them.

Next, there are pictures of the two of them leaving a club from the same day, both looking dispirited. Rozanov leaves alone, and Shane exits the club with Rose.

The next clips are from the All Stars weekend at the beginning of 2017. Hayden had seen these, had been surprised by the camaraderie between the two of them, at the gall of Rozanov to kiss Shane on the cheek after all these years of hostility. Shane hadn't looked like he minded it. Now, Hayden understands why. Well, maybe not exactly. But he certainly has a bit more insight to it.

From January it skips to April and Hayden knows what is about to happen instantly. He watches the interaction between the two of them, of Shane speaking to Rozanov, trying to be *painfully* casual before skating to Hayden. Hayden remembers that conversation, vividly.

What was that about?

Oh, I just offered my condolences.

Oh, yeah. That's nice. Fuck, I should have done that. What did he say?

Told me to fuck off.

Jesus, what a dick.

He's not that bad. It's mostly an act.

A pretty convincing one.

He feels suddenly sick. He feels like he doesn't know the man beside him at all. Unable to resist any longer, he turns his gaze to Shane. His eyes have gone glassy. The realization that there's *fear* swimming in them lands like a punch to Hayden's gut. Shane is *scared*. Whatever else Hayden feels in that moment melts away in the face of it; the sense of betrayal, the cleaving distance he feels between them, the undercurrent of disgust because, *really*, Rozanov. It all vanishes, and he shifts slightly, pressing his shoulder against Shane's. He is close enough to hear the low, wheezing breath that leaves his captain.

The commotion on screen draws his attention, and he looks up to see Shane on the ice, to see himself going ham on Cliff Marlow. The cameras show Ilya Rozanov, frozen to the spot, staring down at Shane with wide and frightened eyes. Hayden sees his mouth open, form Shane's name as he calls out to him. The raw, vulnerable fear on Rozanov's face curdles through Hayden, makes his mouth fill with saliva sickeningly.

Besides him, Shane stands abruptly and rushes out. The rest of the team is silent as they hear him run to the bathroom. Retching sounds reach them, only slightly obstructed by the door Shane had slammed shut. The TV keeps playing the video, unbothered by how it has altered everything for the group watching. Despite the high number of engagement, of views and comments, the video is fairly recently uploaded. The video ends with a picture of Ilya Rozanov wearing a cap and sunglasses. In Ottawa airport.

Nobody speaks, and Shane doesn't return. The minutes drag by, as everyone stares blankly into thin air. The thumbnail for the next video, just waiting to be clicked, is Shane's broken body on the ice. That more than anything rouses something protective in Hayden. His best friend needs him. He stands and clears his throat.

"Any one who is incapable of controlling their reactions, better get the fuck out of my house. *Right. Now*," he asserts clearly, despite how shaken he feels. He watches as the team shares skeptical looks between them, and Hayden changes his mind. "Actually, on second thought, everyone should just leave."

"He owes us an expl—" Comeau starts before falling silent. Hayden isn't a particularly violent guy, not on the ice and not privately, but there are exceptions. Like when Marlow had hurt his best friend, like when Comeau's audacity threatens to do the same. The glare Hayden levels him with steals the complaint right from his mouth.

"He doesn't owe you shit. Especially not right now. If this—" he gestures vaguely to the large TV "—has been going on all this time, then he has proven his loyalty time and time again."

Drapeau snorts, vitriolically. "Loyal? He's fucking—"

"He won us two fucking cups, is what he did," Hayden sneers, spinning to him. "He has made this team what it is. Before him, we were struggling to beat New Jersey."

Drapeau harrumphs, but doesn't say anything else. Hayden's gaze travels over his team, and feels distinctly alone in that moment. It's overwhelming. Is this what Shane has felt every day since he had joined their team?

“Go home,” he says, more evenly. “Figure out a way to deal with this however you need to, but do not *ever* question how much that man has given for all of us.”

“It’s Rozanov,” JJ says. While there is none of the overt anger on his face like many of the other’s are carrying, Hayden sees the loss of trust in a friend.

“No.” Hayden shakes his head. “It’s *Shane*. To question his character, especially when it comes to hockey, is uncalled for, no matter what.”

JJ softens at his words. Hayden isn’t sure how much good it does everyone else.

“Go home,” he says again. This time there are no interjections. One by one, they trickle out of his house. JJ spares a last look in the direction of the bathroom Shane is still holed up in.

Hayden sighs and grabs a bottle of water. He walks slowly, taking the time to shake off any discomfort he feels, and knocks on the door. “You doing okay in there?” he asks. There is no response. “I sent everyone home. It’s just me.”

After a long moment, the door unlocks and creeps open slowly. Shane doesn’t meet his eyes, they’re distant, almost vacant as he stares ahead. Something in Hayden melts further. “There he is.” He reaches out and places a hand on Shane’s shoulder. He purposely puts himself in the doorway, not that he would deny Shane some time and space if that’s what he wanted, but he just doesn’t want Shane to feel like he has to hide from Hayden. Not anymore.

With his other hand, he passes the water to Shane while guiding him out of the bathroom with the one on his shoulder. Shane goes along willingly, pliant with emotional exhaustion. When they round the corner to the living room, apprehension crosses Shane’s face, like he doesn’t really believe nobody is in there. It *is* empty, though, just as Hayden had told him, and Shane deflates.

They sit on the couch again. The TV screen is still stuck where they had left it, and Hayden hurries to shut it off.

“Fuck, man, I’m sorry,” he starts, pushing down the urge to start babbling. “I had no idea. I mean...I guess that was the point, but I would’ve never—”

“I know, Hayd,” Shane answers softly. “*I’m* sorry. Fuck, I—”

He lets out a shuddery breath and rubs a hand over his face roughly.

“It’s okay.” Hayden tries to keep his voice even. “I guess you really can’t help who you fall in love with, huh? I mean, assuming you guys are in love? It would really help my heart if you said no.”

Shane is shaking his head as Hayden speaks. He meets his eyes head-on. “I’m not sorry that I love him, Hayden. It would be easier, *maybe*, but he...he’s worth it.”

Hayden tries really hard not to pull a face at that. On one hand, it’s really nice to hear Shane speak so openly about someone he loves. On the other...*Rozanov*. That’s definitely going to take some getting used to.

“I am sorry that you found out like this. I wanted to tell you— *God*, I have wanted to tell you for so long, but I just...I didn’t know how.”

“I know. I love you, man.” Hayden is a good friend, he is also a bad friend. He’s done the supporting thing, now is time for the complaining thing. He whines, “Did it have to be him, though?”

Shane doesn’t humor him. “Yes,” he says plainly, leaving no room for argument.

Hayden looks at him for a long moment. “I am here for you, Shane. I just— I don’t understand,” Hayden tells him. “It’s Rozanov.”

Shane’s face falls, and Hayden kinda wishes he could take it back, despite the truth in his words.

“Do you have to understand it?” Shane asks quietly, and Hayden thinks it over.

“Huh. I guess not,” he realizes. “This doesn’t mean I have to be nice to him, does it?”

Shane thumbs at his bottom lip and huffs in amusement. “I’ve been trying to get him to be nice to you for a long time. I don’t see it happening any time soon.”

“This is the guy you are in love with?”

“Yes.” Again, Shane’s response is firm, unwavering. Shane is only like this about hockey, with most things, he’s...malleable. Not when it comes to Rozanov, it would seem. *Fuck*. “It’s not like he could really start being nice to you all of a sudden. And he never actually does anything that would hurt you.”

Another realization. For all the fights Rozanov gets into, he doesn’t actually fight with the Montreal team. Not unprompted. He’ll shit-talk for all he’s worth, but he doesn’t throw punches with *them*.

“Damn...” Hayden breathes and sinks deeper into the couch cushion. He really wants his wife all of a sudden. He always does when his world tilts on its axis. Jackie knows how to get it back into its rightful position. The longing spurs a thought. “Can I tell Jackie? She’s definitely gonna want to invite—”

He’s cut off by Shane’s phone ringing. He fishes it out of his pocket, and the screen is lit up with an incoming call from *Lily*. Confirms that theory, then. Shane looks to him hesitantly, and Hayden sighs, giving him a theatrical roll with his head, meaning *go ahead*.

Shane answers the phone with a soft *hey*. Vulnerable and familiar in ways Shane never is. Immediately Rozanov’s thick accent travels through the small speakers of Shane’s phone, loud enough that Hayden hears it when he worriedly asks, “What’s wrong?”

“I...” Shane trails off with a frown. “My team knows.”

Silence from the other end. Then, “How?”

“The team wanted to watch a compilation video of you and I. *For fun*. And I guess...it’s just a lot more obvious than we thought.” Shane sighs and closes his eyes as he melts into the couch. “Also, I don’t think the way I reacted really helped any.”

“Okay,” Rozanov says slowly. “That’s okay. How did they react?”

“I don’t know.”

The thought that he should leave crosses Hayden’s mind. But he wants to see this interaction, and he gets the sense that Shane wants him to, too.

“How are you?”

Shane sighs. “I don’t know.”

“What do you need?” Rozanov’s voice is softer than Hayden has ever heard it.

“I don’t know,” Shane says for the third time.

Rozanov hesitates. “I will come to you. You are home, yes?”

“No, Ilya, you don’t have to do that. You have a game in three days.”

Ilya. Hayden doesn’t know why he is surprised by that. Of course, Shane calls the man he loves by his *name*. The logic of it doesn’t quell his surprise any.

“I’m coming,” Rozanov says firmly. “Where are you now?”

Shane’s eyes flutter open and flick to Hayden. “I’m at Hayden’s place.”

“This happened in his house?” Rozanov asks evenly. “This is Pike’s fault.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov.” Hayden raises his voice to make sure he is heard.

Rozanov sounds surprised when he speaks. “He is there?”

“Yes,” Shane confirms, then shakes his head as a thought occurs to him. “Sorry, I should have told you. I just...”

“I know, moy lyubimy. Is okay.” There is a pause. “I want to speak to him.”

Shane immediately sits up. “No. Why?”

“I’m not going to hurt him through the phone, Shane. I just want to speak to him.”

Still, Shane hesitates.

“You said you wanted me and Pike to be...*friends*. Phone call is first step.”

The way Rozanov spits out the word *friends*, it’s clear that they will be no such thing. Not that Hayden wants that. But *rude*. Out of the two of them, Hayden is pleasant and personable.

Rozanov is...not.

Shane hands him the phone, and Hayden takes a moment to breathe before lifting it to his ear. “What?”

“Pike.”

“*Rozanov.*” Hayden can’t help but mimic his tone.

“Walk away,” Rozanov says, and a frown creases Hayden’s forehead. He hears an impatient sigh before getting clarification. “From Shane. Move.”

“Oh. Okay.” Hayden gets to his feet, checking with a raise of his brows that it’s okay with Shane, who only shrugs, though his face is pensive. He moves out to the backyard, closing the door behind him. Even though he keeps his back to Shane, he can feel his intense eyes on him. “Alright.”

For a long moment all he can hear is Rozanov’s breathing. Hayden wonders if he’s searching for the words in his second language, but realizes Rozanov doesn’t really struggle with English anymore. Not really.

When Rozanov speaks, his voice is low, measured. “If you have problem with me, with me and Shane, you take it out on me. On ice, face to face, I don’t care, but don’t hurt him.”

Hayden...is getting the shovel talk. From Shane’s— boyfriend. Who happens to be Ilya Rozanov. Everything is so fucking weird. “Aren’t I supposed to tell you that?” Hayden asks, half-joking, half-serious.

“I have known Shane Hollander longer than you,” comes the short response. It kinda steals Hayden’s breath away to realize that that’s true. Hayden has never known a Shane who didn’t know Ilya Rozanov in some capacity.

“He’s my best friend.”

“He’s my...*everything.*”

Hayden hears the hesitation in his voice, knows it must be hard for someone like Rozanov to bare his soul like this. To Hayden, no less.

“Okay,” he says and nods. Finds some peace in the earnestness of Rozanov’s words.

“I guess we have found something we have in common. Shane will be happy.”

Hayden huffs, but his amusement doesn’t last long because Rozanov’s voice changes, growing harder as he says, “Now give Shane his phone back. I’m done speaking to you.”

Clicking his tongue, Hayden lets him know, “You’re the worst, Rozanov.” His words are undercut by a friendly warmth. “But maybe...you’re not so bad.”

“I am not. But you *are*.” Apparently Rozanov has met his quota for sincerity. Hayden rolls his eyes. “Give Shane his phone back.”

Hayden walks back inside. “Here,” he says to Shane who had stood as soon as Hayden had opened the door again. “He wants to talk to you.”

Shane is watching him closely as he reaches out for his phone, trying to gauge Hayden’s thoughts. Hayden decides to be generous and not leave him and his overly-anxious mind to wonder. “You can definitely do better. But...I guess you could do a lot worse, too.”

Shane lets out a slow breath between his parted lips. Hayden wonders how anxious this conversation between Rozanov and Hayden had actually made him.

“That’s not a challenge for you to go find someone worse,” Hayden tells him pointedly. “If you wanted to find someone better, though...”

“Fuck off, Hayden,” Shane says around a smile. He pushes Hayden and puts the phone to his ear. “No,” he says down the receiver, then sighs. “Ilya says ‘*fuck you*’.”

“I said ‘fuck you, Pike, I’m going to set up your wife with someone better’. Wouldn’t be hard...can he hear me?”

“Yes, *he* can hear you,” Hayden answers for Shane. The jab about Jackie irks him, but he guesses that’s fair. “Point taken.”

As he turns to walk away to give the two of them some privacy, he hears Rozanov tell Shane he will be in Montreal that evening.

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