

Reluctantly supportive

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Reluctantly supportive

by [CherryPie0](#)

Summary

“And did you see his new photoshoot? My mom arranged it,” Shane tells him proudly, already going to the photo gallery on his phone to show Hayden; lucky him. “Look how beautiful he is,” he says dreamily, thrusting his phone right in Hayden's face, too close for him to see anything.

Hayden should have known better than to insist that Shane have a drink. Now he's stuck with his best friend drunk and gushing over his asshole boyfriend, while they're waiting for said asshole boyfriend to show up. Best birthday ever.

Notes

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

“He’s not answering my texts. Where is he?” Shane asks probably for the tenth time in the last hour, his voice impatient and whiny. He abandons his phone - he'll most likely last less than a minute without it - and takes another sip of his vodka. Hayden should take the drink away from him, he's already more than tipsy.

“He said he's on his way. He probably can't answer because he's driving. He'll be here soon,” he says reassuringly and really fucking hopes it's true. He never thought he'd actually wish for Ilya fucking Rozanov to show up at his little birthday gathering, but here he fucking is. And he only has himself to blame for it, because he kept insisting Shane should relax tonight and kept mentioning it's his birthday and Shane can have a drink or two for his best friend's birthday, right?

And now he's stuck with a drunk Shane, listening to him talk about and gush over Ilya. Worst birthday ever. Okay, fine, he's lying, it's definitely not the worst, but still. At least Jackie is having fun, watching him being tortured. He looks at her again, very clearly pleading for help, only for her to grin at him and turn back to her conversation.

Traitor.

Shane's reaching for his phone when Hayden looks at him again and he takes the opportunity to remove the glass of vodka from his hand. Shane doesn't react, probably doesn't even notice, too busy checking for new messages.

“Oh! Hayd, hey! Look what he sent me this morning,” Shane says, showing the screen of his phone with a huge, unguarded smile.

Hayden sighs but obliges. Shane's eyes always sparkle when he talks about his asshole boyfriend and it makes it harder for Hayden to be annoyed with him. And also right now he's feeling a bit guilty for insisting that Shane drink tonight even though he knows he's a lightweight so he has to face the consequences of his own actions.

And then there's the fact that he simply can't not listen, because even now that Hayden knows all about Shane and Ilya being together and is obviously fine with it - well, he's fine with Shane having a boyfriend, not with his taste in men but whatever - Shane still rarely opens up and talks about it, so now that the words seem to come much easier, of course Hayden will pay attention.

Only that when he looks at Shane's phone to see what Ilya sent him it's just a bunch of Russian words. He hums, offering Shane a smile. “That's nice, buddy,” he says in the same tone he uses when his kids show him their drawings and he has no idea what he's looking at. He guesses Shane forgot he doesn't speak Russian.

Shane rolls his eyes at him, like he's the one being dumb. Okay fine, he was too quick to judge because apparently Shane was going to translate it. “It means,” he says slowly, narrowing his eyes at the text and frowning a little in concentration as he starts translating. ““Good morning, my sunshine. Can't wait to see you tonight. I love you’. Then he says something about dreaming about me and that he can't wait to be inside me- or something like

that, I think. I'm still learning. My Russian lessons haven't covered sexting vocabulary yet and Ilya's only taught me the most important, useful phrases so far, like *harder, pl-*."

"Okay, yes, Shane, I get it," Hayden says, interrupting him, and wrinkles his nose before he can stop himself. He wishes he could go back to twenty seconds ago when the words were just in Russian and he had no idea what any of them meant. Obviously he should have taken Shane's drink away much earlier if he's oversharing like that.

"Isn't he sweet?"

"The sweetest," Hayden replies and Shane clearly doesn't pick up on the sarcasm because he beams at him, happy that Hayden is agreeing with him.

"And did you see his new photoshoot? My mom arranged it," Shane tells him proudly, already going to the photo gallery on his phone to show Hayden; lucky him. "Look how beautiful he is," he says dreamily, thrusting his phone right in Hayden's face, too close for him to see anything.

Suddenly there are greetings and noise coming from the front door, thankfully before Shane has the chance to show him the whole fucking photoshoot, and a few moments later Ilya appears.

"Ilyaaaa!" Shane says cheerfully, not standing up but still outstretching his arms for Ilya to come to him.

Ilya of course does exactly that, coming close enough so Shane can wrap his arms around his waist, Shane's head resting against his stomach. Ilya says something to him softly in Russian, before turning his attention to Hayden with an accusatory glare. "What did you do to him?"

"Nothing!"

"Hayd gave me vodka!" Shane says excitedly, the little snitch, resting his chin against Ilya's stomach so he can look up at him.

Ilya meets his gaze for a moment, all smiles and heart eyes, before going back to glaring at Hayden.

Hayden rolls his eyes. He can't believe just minutes ago he was actually wishing Ilya would show up. At least he can leave Shane to his asshole boyfriend now.

Ilya sits down, joining them on the couch, and Shane quickly moves, finding his way into his lap, sitting on his thighs.

"Okay, well, now that you're here-" he starts excusing himself, already getting up, only to be stopped.

"Nooo, don't go. Sit with us," Shane says and blinks shiny eyes up at him expectantly. Hayden lets out a quiet sigh. His best friend is the worst. He swears all his kids have somehow learned this trick from Shane and Hayden has literally forgotten how to say the word no.

"Fine. Just for a bit," he agrees, because of course he does. Ilya grins, clearly amused, as if he's not the biggest victim of Shane's pleading eyes.

"Yay! Can I have some more vodka now, please?"

"No," they both say at the same time. Shane doesn't look very happy about it.

"You should probably have some water, sweetheart. Otherwise you will be hungover and have headache tomorrow," Ilya tells him, all gentle and patient.

Shane pouts, reluctantly nodding his head in agreement. "Okay," he says and leans in to plant a kiss on his cheek, before turning to Hayden. "See! I told you he's very sweet."

And okay, Hayden has to admit - to himself only and never out loud to anyone else - Ilya's always nice to Shane. He of course regrets that thought when he meets Ilya's gaze, finding him looking back with a smug, little smirk like the Russian fucking devil that he is. Hayden shakes his head, deciding to be nice and not comment on it.

"Are you going to bring water?" Ilya asks him with raised eyebrows, because clearly being nice gets you nowhere.

"It's *my* birthday, you know," he reminds him even though he knows it's pointless.

"Yes. Happy birthday. But I am kinda busy," Ilya says with an unapologetic shrug, motioning slightly with his head to Shane still occupying his lap, now busy nuzzling their cheeks together.

"Fine," he agrees, making sure he lets out an exaggerated sigh to make it clear he's not happy about it.

"And bring vodka for me."

"You trust me to not spit in it?" Hayden asks him and feels rather pleased with himself when Ilya seems to hesitate and consider it for a moment. Hayden wouldn't do that of course; not right there where Jackie could see him, so Ilya's safe for now.

He takes a detour so he can go to her before getting the drinks, wrapping his arms around her and rudely interrupting the conversation, but it's fine because like he said it's his fucking birthday.

"Why did you abandon me with them?" He grumbles and she laughs shamelessly, no remorse whatsoever.

"Stop being grumpy, I know you love them."

He grimaces, shaking his head. "Not *them*. Just Shane. I can barely tolerate the other one."

"Mhm," she hums, clearly not convinced at all. He kisses her cheek and reluctantly pulls away so he can go get the drinks.

He looks back at the annoying happy couple on his couch as he fills a glass with water. It looks like Shane might have dozed off because he's curled up against Ilya and resting his head on his shoulder, Ilya stroking his hair, looking at him very obviously stupidly in love. He makes it very hard for Hayden to keep hating him - or even disliking him - when he sees them like this.

Well, Hayden can still keep trying though!

He goes back, leaving the glass of water on the coffee table, since it seems like Shane won't be needing it, and handing Ilya his vodka.

"Thank you," Ilya says and Hayden nods. He should definitely leave now that Shane's not even awake and he's left alone with Ilya, but for some reason he stays. "Is very good," Ilya says approvingly after he's taken a sip of his vodka. And of course it is, Shane brought the bottle because he knows his boyfriend is always a little bitch about not being able to find good Russian vodka in Canada.

Still, Hayden feels quite generous and offers him a smile and another nod. "Sorry about that by the way," he says, motioning towards Shane. "It's probably my fault for insisting he should drink something else other than ginger ale for my birthday."

Ilya shakes his head. "Is fine. That is how he gets after two drinks."

Hayden can't hold back his chuckle. He knows it's true and Ilya's not even exaggerating.

"He will learn how to speak Russian before he learns how to drink vodka," Ilya says, like it's something bad, but the affection in his voice couldn't be more evident.

"Yeah, sounds like Shane."

"I can hear you two talking about me," comes Shane's muffled voice then, making both of them laugh, Ilya pressing a kiss to the top of his head.

It's not long before the rest of their guests have to leave and *finally* Jackie decides to join them, bringing two empty glasses and the whole bottle of vodka with her.

Hayden can't help grinning; he decides that perhaps this is how he wanted to spend his birthday and he's exactly where he wants to be after all.

End Notes

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