

the one where Hayden finds out

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the one where Hayden finds out

by [baudelair3](#)

Summary

three times Shane almost let it show that he was in a relationship with Ilya and one time Hayden connected the dots.

or: I thought it would be funny if Hayden found out about Hollanov like Joey found out about Mondler in Friends.

Notes

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

i.

“Hey, buddy!” Hayden greeted his best friend. “Thanks for coming! The kids missed you,” he said, trying to maintain his balance as his spawns ran to hug Shane, not caring about tackling his own father.

“Uncle Shane!” Jade screamed as Ruby climbed up his leg.

“Hey, girls!” Hayden’s sweet friend replied, picking them up. “How have you been?”

“Ruby peed herself last night!”

“Shut up, Jade!” She shouted at her sister. “Today I told Jade her ugly doll is ugly and she started crying ‘cause she’s a crybaby!”

“Ok, no need to get nasty,” Shane soothed the beasts. “Let’s go inside, shall we?”

.

“So, how were your holidays?” Hayden asked, glad his kids had gone to sleep and could now hold a conversation for more than three minutes with another adult. He loved his family and he loved being a parent, but he wished he could end more weeks having a beer on his couch with his best friend instead of barely being able to get to bed before his eyes shut closed of their own will.

“Yeah, it was great,” Shane answered.

“That’s it? You went all the way to Spain and all you have to say is ‘it was great’?”

“What else do you want me to tell you?” he said, looking flustered.

“I don’t know, you could tell me literally anything else! Like, were the beaches nice?”

“Yeah, they were lovely.”

“And... how was the food?” Hayden tried again.

“It was... The food was great.”

“Oh, my god, dude,” Hayden huffed, giving up and resting his head on the sofa’s backrest.

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what to tell you... The beaches were nice, the food was delicious...” Hayden started to roll his eyes, but then Shane continued talking. “W— I saw Messi too.”

“Messi? Like Lionel Messi?”

“Yeah, the soccer player.”

“Whoa, dude! Did you get a photo? Did you get a video of him saying hi to me?!” Hayden shrieked, sitting up.

“No, sorry,” Shane said, trying and failing to hide a mocking smile. “I just... I know what it is to want to get a moment of peace but having someone trying to get a photo with you. I didn’t want to bother him.”

“Yeah, I guess that’s fair,” Hayden replied, deflating again.

“How about this?” his friend started, always hating to see someone disappointed. “If by chance I see him again sometime, I’ll even get him to sign something for you.”

“Yeah, I guess...” he said, but started smiling again.

And an hour later, when they decided to watch something on TV after the conversation had already changed topics several times and ended, Hayden was scrolling through his Instagram feed and came across a post from Ilya Rozanov: *GOAT meets GOAT*, the caption read, with a photo of Rozanov. With Messi.

“Hey, Shane, did you know Rozanov picked the same holiday location as you?”

“Huh?”

“Guess who didn’t have any qualms about bothering Messi,” he said, showing his friend the post.

“Oh...” Shane said simply. “How did you know it wasn’t the other way around?”

“What?” Hayden asked, puzzled.

“Nothing,” Shane replied, turning his attention back to the TV, and Hayden decided to let it go.

ii.

“Hey, dude, can I use your bathroom?”

“Sure, you know where it is,” Shane answered as Hayden got up from the table where his team was having a barbecue celebrating the end of the playoffs.

When he got to the bathroom, he knocked on the door to make sure no one was inside, but JJ’s voice telling him it was occupied came from inside. Deciding he was not going to wait for him to finish (JJ was known to take his time in restrooms), he went to Shane’s ensuite. As he was washing his hands, he saw a chain on the sink’s countertop: it was gold and had a cross with two beams—one perpendicular and the other lopsided. In all those years of friendship, he had never known Shane to wear any kind of jewelry. And he was also sure his friend wasn’t religious, so the necklace could only mean one thing.

“So...” Hayden said, getting back to the table. “When were you going to tell us you’re seeing someone?”

“Huh?” Shane whispered, looking almost scared.

“Wanna tell me whose necklace is in your bathroom?” Hayden smirked.

“Necklace? What do you mean?” his friend questioned, opening his eyes even more.

“You know, the golden chain that’s sitting at the countertop in your bathroom.”

“Oh, that’s...” Shane started, but JJ interrupted him, coming back to the backyard.

“Whoa, Hollzy’s got a girl?” he snickered.

“No, that’s not— It’s not—” Shane tried before taking a breath and starting again. “It’s not any girl’s, it’s my... It’s my dad’s, it belonged to my grandma and I found it the other day and...”

The groan the whole team let out could probably be heard all the way to Alberta.

“Come on, man!” Drapeau complained. “When are you gonna get yourself a wife? It’s long past time you did!”

“I don’t— There’s just no one— I haven’t met a girl... for that, I guess,” Shane explained.

“What about Rose Landry?” Jackie said kindly, but with a touch of slyness that Hayden had learnt to sense only after years of being together.

“She’s just a friend, I... We don’t see each other like that,” mumbled Shane.

“Ok, if you don’t like her that way, will you let me introduce you to someone then?” Hayden’s wife pressed.

“I’m not... I’m not interested in that right now, I’m just focused on my game and—”

The team let out another groan.

“Come on, dude! Don’t you get tired of that answer?”

“It’s the truth!” Shane defended himself. “Plus...” he continued, but seemed to get choked up.

“Plus...?” Hayden prompted, wanting to hear what his friend was going to say.

“Well, I guess— I mean— I suppose it’s time I told you, guys,” Shane said, turning red and not elaborating.

“Told us what?” JJ asked.

“I don’t...” he began, but stifled. “I don’t like girls,” Shane finally said in a small voice, with his shoulders down and his eyes on his plate, looking like he was trying to burn a hole through the lettuce.

After a moment of silence, Jackie, who was sitting next to him, put his hand over Shane’s arm. “You’re gay?”

“Yes,” he breathed, looking impossibly small.

“Well,” Jackie continued. “I don’t *only* know girls, you know? I could introduce you to some guy too,” she grinned, and Hayden could only thank the heavens for making that woman. She truly was Hayden’s favourite person.

Shane slowly turned to meet Jackie’s eyes with a barely noticeable smile. “I don’t think that’s necessary either, but thank you.”

“Wait!” JJ said. “But I know a guy who could rock your world! If I send him your number—”

“Uhm, no. I don’t believe you should do that,” Shane shrugged, but his small smile stayed. “Thanks, though.”

Eventually, the topic was dropped and the evening went on. Shane’s shoulders never fully relaxed and Hayden took note of some of the guys he would be having a serious talk with later, but the party ended well enough.

After everybody had gone home and Jackie and Hayden had helped put everything away, but before they said goodbye, he hugged Shane. “Thank you for trusting us,” Hayden told his best friend. “I hope you know this doesn’t change anything.”

“I mean, it does change *some* things,” Shane replied, but hugged him back.

“Fair, I guess it does, though *it shouldn’t*,” he said, tightening his grip a little. “Still, thank you. And if any of the guys are giving you a hard time, you must tell me immediately.”

Hayden felt Shane’s laugh more than heard it. “Thanks, Hayd. I appreciate it.”

iii.

“Has it started yet?” Hayden asked, handing Shane a can of the ginger ale he and Jackie kept in their fridge only for when his best friend was visiting.

“About to,” Shane answered. He was sitting on the couch, his hands on his knees, his shoulders tense and his body forward, almost like he was trying to pass through the TV to be in the room where Rozanov was going to give his press conference.

The incoming news was all everybody could talk about: Was Rozanov going to announce he was transferring teams? Though it seemed unlikely (why would he trade when he was on one

of the best teams in the league?), there wasn't much reason for a press conference either, if it wasn't for that.

"Hello, everybody," Rozanov started, countless lights flashing in his face. "Thank you for being here," he said in his broken accent. He took a moment to regain himself and then began talking again, faster than Hayden had ever heard him, almost like someone was chasing him. Or like he wouldn't be able to finish if he stopped a second to think better about it. "The reason I'm here today is to tell you that the following season, I will not be playing for the Boston Raiders anymore. I am grateful for everything this team has given me — for believing in me and for opportunities afforded to me." Finally, he took a deep breath and smiled. "I will be moving to Ottawa Centaurs. I trust that the team and I will be able to grow a lot together. That was all, thank you." Rozanov got up and walked away, while the room full of reporters tried and failed to get a comment from him.

"What the fuck?" Hayden spluttered, and he heard his friend mumble something that sounded like *nie magoo viet oh pah vierits*. "Dude, what?" he said, louder.

"Nothing, I— I said I can't believe it."

"I know, right? We knew Rozanov was an asshole, but leaving the team that drafted him for *the Centaurs*? I mean, I have nothing against the Centaurs, but come on. Does he think he's some kind of Messiah? Is that why he's transferring? 'Cause he's a narcissistic dick?"

"I don't know, I'm sure he has his reasons," Shane replied, almost sternly.

"Yeah? Like what?" Hayden laughed.

"I don't know. Maybe he likes Canada better. Or he's trying something new. Or he's fought with one of his teammates or he's friends with one of the Centaurs or he's in a relationship with someone from Ottawa or... I don't know. I don't know! How could I know?" he said, raising his voice with each word.

"Ok, ok, no need to get riled up," Hayden calmed him down. "I'm just saying... I think my theory sounds more like him."

"Yeah, I guess... But..." his friend began, but stopped abruptly. He kept watching the TV, where now there were two men who, like Shane and Hayden, were guessing the possible reasons for Rozanov's decisions.

"But?" Hayden pressed.

"Nothing, I don't know. I don't think he's the asshole everyone thinks he is." Shane answered, and if Hayden didn't know him better, he would say he looked sad.

"You don't?"

"No, I don't," Shane replied resolutely, and Hayden couldn't think of a way to question his friend further, so he turned his attention to the TV too.

iv.

It was the first match against Ottawa since Rozanov's transfer. The Voyageurs had won —*of course*—, but even so, Shane was in an incredibly good mood.

"All right, dude?" Hayden asked his friend.

"Yes, *great!*" Shane said through a smile. "We won, we're at home... Everything's going great."

They were just getting to the parking lot, on their way to the van that would take them to the hotel they were staying in that night. "Great enough to celebrate? Should we tell the team and go to a bar or something? Hey, JJ—", Hayden started, but Shane cut him off.

"No! Uhm, I mean— No, I don't think so. We should get back to the hotel and rest, maybe... *Yebat*" he argued, but before Hayden could ask him *what the hell* was he saying, he saw somebody coming their way.

"Hollander," Rozanov greeted his friend with a smirk. "Pike," he frowned then, like he was smelling something disgusting.

"What the fuck do you want, Rozanov?" Hayden asked, instinctively putting Shane behind him. The rest of the team didn't seem to have seen the Russian, as they kept on walking and left Hayden's line of sight.

"With you? Nothing. What could I want from you?"

"What are you here for, then?"

"I said I want nothing from you. But, from Hollander, here..." he pointed out, putting his eyes on Shane, with a look that could only be described as mischievous.

"Il— Rozanov, what's the matter? Couldn't you wai— What do you want?" babbled Shane.

"I need to talk to you about something," Rozanov smiled.

"I don't think so!" Hayden began, but Shane placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Hayd, it's ok," then he turned to the Russian. "Right now?"

"Yes, right now."

"Ok, what is it then?" Shane asked nervously.

"It's a conversation for adults, the kid should go away," Rozanov grinned at Hayden.

"Ok, that's it. Go away!" he said, pushing Rozanov's chest.

"Hey! Hayd, no, it's not—" But Shane couldn't finish explaining what was or what was not, because Hayden put his hand over his mouth.

“Shut up. Shut up. Shut up!” He started. He thought maybe he was having a panic attack. Or a heart attack. Or an aneurysm. Or *something*. Because when he pushed Rozanov, he saw a chain around his neck.

A golden chain. With a cross. A cross with two horizontal beams. One perpendicular, the other lopsided.

When he turned to look at Shane, he could see that his friend had realised what had happened.

“I’m going to take my hand back, and you will have one minute to explain this.”

“I feel like I’m missing something. Is this a language thing?” Rozanov asked.

“You! Shut up!” Hayden said, pointing at the Russian with what he felt was a pretty convincing menacing stare, given the man’s tightly closed mouth.

Once more, he looked at his friend. He took his hand back and gave him an expectant look. “Well?”

“Hayd...” Shane said, but didn’t elaborate.

“Are you gonna tell me that’s not the same chain I found in your bathroom? Or that you weren’t speaking fucking *Russian* just a moment ago? Or —OH MY GOD! All that time ago, when you were on holidays in Spain! Rozanov didn’t pick the same place as you by chance! You picked it together! *together*! You two! You two as in a coup—”

“Oh, God, Hayd,” Shane despaired, and now it was his turn to cover his friend’s mouth. “Yes, we’re together, but could you please be a little less loud?”

“You want me to be quiet? Do you understand what’s happening? Because I don’t! I feel like I’m having a stroke! Or I’m hallucinating. God, I hope I’m hallucinating.”

“You’re not,” Rozanov chimed in.

“I thought I told you to shut up.”

“Ilya, please, be quiet—”

“*ILYA*? Oh my God,” Hayden put his hands on his hair.

“Hayden, please. Yes, we’re together. No, you’re not hallucinating. Yes, we’ve been together for a while. Since before those holidays. Since... well, since a while before Spain.”

“But... But he’s...” Hayden said, and Shane just raised an eyebrow. “He’s an *asshole*.”

“I mean, kinda. But not really.”

“Now, Hollander, don’t dismiss my assholedness like that. I put a lot of effort into it.”

“Ilya, be *quiet*. You’re not helping.”

“Shane, you know I don’t have a problem with you being gay—”

“Oh, someone give him Nobel,” Rozanov interjected, but shut up with one look from his *boyfrie*— no, Hayden thought he would throw up if he had to think of him like that.

“...but *Rozanov*? Really? Couldn’t be literally anyone else?”

“No,” Shane answered, resolutely. “It couldn’t.”

Hayden looked between them, trying to piece it together.

“Please, Hayd, you should give him a chance. I promise he’s not what you think.”

“Oh, isn’t he?” he questioned, with as much venom as he could put in his voice.

“Buddy... Please.”

Hayden took a moment more to look at them.

“Are you sure?” he asked his best friend.

“About him?” he said, looking at the other man with what Hayden could describe only as *heart eyes*. “Yes, I’m sure.”

“Ok, I guess,” he said finally. “I suppose I *must* give him a chance. But I won’t enjoy it.”

He heard as Rozanov let out a mocking laugh, but Shane smiled and put his hands on Hayden’s shoulders.

“Thank you. Really. You don’t know what this means to me.”

“Yeah, sure, man,” he said, clapping his best friend’s back. “Whatever makes you happy.”

“It does,” Shane replied earnestly. “He does.”

Hayden stared at his best friend and tried to come up with a reason as to why he could like someone as aggravating as Rozanov. He trusted Shane, and he hoped he wasn’t placing his heart in the wrong hands—he never wanted to see him hurt.

A cough interrupted his rumination.

“Right,” Shane said, taking his attention back to the other man. “What did you want to tell me?”

“I guess it doesn’t matter that he is here anymore,” Rozanov said, looking at Hayden still with apprehension. “I was going to give you new keys to the house. There was a problem with lock and had to be replaced,” he explained, giving something to Shane.

“Oh my god, so that’s why you didn’t want to do something tonight! Not because you’re obsessed with hockey performance!” Hayden said, and heard Rozanov laugh. “But because you’re going to *his* house! You’re *literally* sleeping with *the enemy*!”

“Hayden, please. I asked you not to be so loud,” Shane implored. “And I’m not *sleeping with the enemy*.”

“Yes, every time we are together, we are barely sleep—”

“Ilya!” Shane shushed him again. “Stop being unhelpful! Hayden, don’t be dramatic. This is not a Shakespeare play.”

“Fucking feels like one,” Hayden said, but seeing his friend’s troubled look continued. “But I guess it just feels like that right now. I’m... sure... it’s just a matter of getting used to... *this*.” He was glad when Shane’s expression soothed.

“Is not problem,” Rozanov said. “You will have plenty of time. I’m not going anywhere.”

End Notes

hi hey hello, thanks for reading

1. english is not my first language and i know absolutely nothing of russian, so there's that. pls pls pls let me know if there's something i should correct ---i feel like this fic is written as if a robot tried to impersonate a fangirl but whatever. the first time shane speaks russian, it's supposed to emulate him saying "i can't believe this", and the second, it's just "fuck".

2. france.

3. it physically hurt me to write s*ccer instead of football, please take that into consideration.

4. i will take any opportunity i have to bring argentina into the conversation. and i know it's, like, highly improbable that lionel andrés messi would know anything about hockey and, moreover, that he would ask someone for a picture. but.

5. please leave a comment if you liked it, have a good dayyyy

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