

#shayden: or, ilya rozanov falls to his knees in a walmart

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#shayden: or, ilya rozanov falls to his knees in a walmart

by [twiaerose](#)

Summary

“Ilya scrolls through the feed and feels a dawning sense of horror. The feed is filled with pictures of Pike and Shane at an aquarium, with Shane holding Pike’s baby and generally looking adoring. And it’s #shayden over and over. “It’s a combination of their names,” Marleau snickers by way of explanation. “People think they’re on a date.”

5 times Ilya gets jealous of Hayden Pike, and 1 time Shane realizes what’s happening.

Notes

inspired by [this](#) fantastic edit on instagram by @montyiskidkrow

haven’t read the books so no idea if this is compliant to the epilogue. also marleau is spelled the french way in the show so i did that here too. no trigger warnings, have fun!

“One more question, Shane,” says a reporter. “Aside from the friendly rivalry you’ve got going on here—” There’s a rumble of laughter from the crowd, and Ilya smirks— “is there anyone in particular you’ve bonded with on the Metros thus far?” The eyes and cameras of the reporters shift to Shane, who leans in with a polite, boring smile. Ilya watches in vague interest—he couldn’t really care less about the Metros, but he’s curious what Hollander has to say.

“It’s obviously pretty early days, but everyone on the Metros has welcomed me with open arms,” says Hollander—a perfect, diplomatic answer. It’s so exactly what Ilya expected that he’s almost surprised by what Hollander says next: “As for connections, I’d have to say that Hayden Pike and I are really getting along.”

Ilya frowns slightly. He remembers seeing Pike in some pictures of previous Metro lineups, but nothing else of him. He’s married, Ilya thinks, and has an ugly haircut. That’s who Hollander likes? Then Ilya glances over at Hollander and remembers who he’s thinking about. Of course Hollander and Pike get along.

Later, after the press conference, Ilya googles Pike. He is as Ilya remembered: a gormless face, and a dumb, empty smile. Ilya snorts and takes a sip of his vodka. Even Hollander will not be charmed by someone as boring as this. Not for long, anyway.

Ilya doesn’t spend much time on social media. He’s got the big ones—Facebook, Twitter, and a new Instagram—but he doesn’t post and rarely checks them. So it takes Marleau snickering at his phone in the gym for Ilya to become aware of the trend.

“Rozanov,” Marleau says, and jerks his head over with a grin. “You’ll like this.” Ilya raises his eyebrows, takes out his earbuds, and heads over to the bike Marleau’s on. Marleau’s holding out his phone, which has Twitter open, and in the search bar, Marleau has typed #shayden.

“What?” says Ilya. He doesn’t know what that is.

“The posts, dude,” says Marleau, and hands him the phone. Frowning, Ilya scrolls through the feed and feels a dawning sense of horror. The feed is filled with pictures of Pike and Shane at an aquarium, with Shane holding Pike’s baby and generally looking adoring. And it’s #shayden over and over. “It’s a combination of their names,” Marleau snickers by way of explanation. “People think they’re on a date.”

“Pike is married,” says Ilya dumbly. He knows Pike is married. He knows none of this is real, and his own phone with Shane’s sexts is burning a hole in his pocket, and yet—Marleau rolls his eyes.

“Duh,” he says, taking the phone back. “People are stupid. Pike’s on, what, kid number three? But you gotta admit, it’s hilarious to imagine.”

“They could be just friends,” says Ilya. Marleau shrugs.

“Aquariums are kind of a romantic place to go,” he replies, which is news to Ilya. Marleau squints at Ilya then, and says, “Rozanov, are you good?”

“Yes,” says Ilya, and forces a smile. “Ha ha. Ridiculous. Pike is an idiot.” Marleau does laugh then.

“I don’t know why you hate that guy so much,” he says, shaking his head, “but I love it, man.” And Marleau was right; Ilya does hate Pike. He hates Pike more than anyone he’s ever hated before. Ilya walks back over to the treadmill, jaw shifting, and sets it a little higher than he previously planned.

“Idiot,” he mutters, and begins running. Boston is playing Montreal next week; Boston will beat them, of course, but Ilya will personally see to it that Hayden Pike is humiliated. A smile curves on Ilya’s lips. It won’t be too hard, anyway—it should be no challenge for Ilya Rozanov to embarrass Montreal’s fifteenth best player.

Ilya’s not sure he’ll ever get used to the sight of Shane in bed. Shane’s panting heavily; he’s spread out beneath Ilya, flushed and beautiful with his cock red and weeping at the slit. Ilya wants to do a million things. He wants to bite Shane’s neck, nuzzle at his crotch and tease him, take Shane in his mouth and swallow him whole. And he’s about to, when a thought occurs to him—a terrible, horrible thought.

“Wait,” says Ilya. Shane looks at him like he’s crazy, his hands fisting in the sheets.

“What,” he says. His voice is only the slightest bit unsteady as arousal pools darkly in his eyes. It is frankly inhuman, the resistance Ilya is dredging up right now. Someone should award him for not forgetting his mission, for not simply fucking Shane into the mattress until Shane’s crying out his name. Ilya closes his eyes and breathes through his nose.

“Did Pike come here?” There is a long, incredulous pause.

“What?” Shane says. “Did Hayden—no! Why would Hayden come here?” Ilya opens his eyes; it’s easier to look at Shane, now that he’s shocked and a little disturbed.

“You said in interview,” says Ilya, “that you always share.” Ilya watched it on his phone, a normal thing to do for one’s rival and semi-regular hookup. It was a congenial interview, Shane smiling and even laughing a bit. He was downright charming. Ilya smiled at the sight of it.

Then Shane ruined it all by saying, “Yeah, Hayden and I always share a room, so we’re pretty familiar with each other’s habits.” Ilya doesn’t even remember the context in which Shane said it; he just knows his blood ran cold, and his hand squeezed his phone until his fingers turned white. Here in the present, Shane looks at him like he’s lost it.

“Share?” he repeats. “What are you talking—” Then Shane covers his face with his hands. “Rooms?” he exclaims. Ilya pulls Shane’s hands away from his face, which is usually sexy, but tonight is of utmost importance. Ilya must see Shane’s face to read the truth. “Yes, Rozanov,” says Shane, flushed and exasperated. “Hayden and I share rooms when we need to. But this is obviously a single!” This, Ilya thinks, is a good point. There is only one bed in this hotel room. It would be ridiculous for Pike to come in here.

But still: “He has not come in here, then?”

“Why would he?” Shane’s erection is fully flagging. The redness on his face, Ilya realizes, is no longer arousal but true and total embarrassment. “Christ, Rozanov, what do you think he’s doing, spying on me? Looking for evidence of my—my—”

“Sexual encounters, yes,” Ilya finishes. Shane covers his face again.

“Hayden has not come into this room,” Shane says, muffled behind his hands. “And just to be clear, I never want to talk about him while I’m in bed with you, ever again.”

“Because you are not attracted to him,” Ilya says, for clarification.

“Yes!” Shane cries. “And because he’s married, and straight, and has kids! And, for the record, I’m really discreet about our—” Shane waves a flustered hand between him and Ilya. “I always clean up, and stuff.”

“Okay,” says Ilya. “Good.” He can tell Shane’s not quite in the mood anymore—Shane would probably call that an understatement—but Ilya thinks he can get him back pretty quickly. To be honest, the admission that Shane is not attracted to Pike is a huge relief. Ilya presses a quick kiss to Shane’s frown before mouthing at his neck, feeling the tension in his body slowly release. “Sorry,” he murmurs into Shane, who sighs.

“I know,” Shane says softly. “It’s—scary.” But probably not for the reasons Shane thinks. Still, Ilya feels securer, now, knowing that Shane is not pining away for Pike. But as he is mouthing down Shane’s torso, watching Shane’s cock slowly fill and rise again and listening to Shane make beautiful sounds above him, a terrible thought occurs to him.

Shane may not be attracted to Pike, yes—but that doesn’t mean Pike isn’t attracted to Shane.

And who wouldn’t be attracted to Shane? It’s a thought that tortures Ilya at odd hours of the night, when he’s sleeping in an empty bed many miles away from Shane. It’s hypocritical, he knows—Ilya sleeps with countless, gorgeous women and Shane barely even kisses—but it eats Ilya alive sometimes. And Pike’s probably never seen as beautiful a person as Shane in his life. His wife is beautiful, there’s no denying that, but Ilya thought many women and men were beautiful before he met Shane. They’re still beautiful now, but they’ve lost their luster in some indescribable way. They’re only good to tide Ilya over to the next game, the next meeting, the next chance he gets to touch Shane. He can’t bear to think about a world in which Pike feels the same way.

Because Ilya loves to torture himself, he's watching a Montreal game, sipping vodka and passively experiencing feelings of joy and dread as Shane and Pike respectively appear onscreen. The first period ends with Montreal slightly in the lead, and the channel cuts away to some commercial for an erection pill. Ilya, who has no problem keeping an erection, turns to his phone. He toys with the idea of going out tonight as he scrolls through Twitter—he could probably get some of the guys to come out with him, as long as they don't go too wild. Then he comes across a clip and spits his vodka out onto the couch.

“What the hell?” he exclaims in Russian, sitting upright. He replays the clip. It's very recent, within the last minute; apparently, during the break, the camera operators turned the kiss cam on the crowd. The first minute or so of the clip is random couples in the crowd kissing. Then, to Ilya's abject horror, the camera turns to the bench. For some horrible reason, Pike and Shane are still on the bench. They notice the camera and grin; then Pike takes hold of Shane's helmet and presses a kiss into the side of Shane's head.

Ilya is going to kill everyone on the Metros, and then himself.

He doesn't know what to do. A burning rage has filled him, making his hands shake. It's not romantic—it's not even particularly intimate. He knows that. Hell, Ilya's probably done the same to other players on his team. He says to them I love you after every game. And yet—and yet—

Before he knows what he's doing, Ilya has opened up his text thread with Shane.

having fun? Backspace.

watching your game. Backspace.

tell pike i said hi. No, no, no. Ilya throws his phone across the room and lets out a frustrated yell. He's acting crazy; he doesn't want Shane to think he's some insane, jealous asshole. Ilya is being perfectly normal right now, but Shane wouldn't understand that.

Ilya can see it in his mind: Pike reaching around casually, the kiss lovingly pressed to Shane's helmet. Ilya wants to snap that helmet in two; he wants to snap Pike in two. Then Ilya remembers that he's a hockey player.

“Holy fuck,” says Marleau as the Boston crowd cheers in approval at the end of the game. “Rozanov, you fucked that guy up.” Across the ice, Pike is nursing a sizable bruise on his cheek and glaring daggers at Ilya. Ilya shrugs at his feet, careful not to let his grin show.

“He fucked with goalie,” Ilya says, which is true, though anyone with eyes could see that his hit was probably accidental. Marleau whistles, low and approving, and slaps Ilya on the back.

“What is wrong with you?” Shane hisses later, as he lines up to shake Ilya's hand. Ilya doesn't answer, pretends he doesn't hear.

“Asshole,” Pike mutters as he pumps Ilya’s hand once. Ilya glares at him, dead in the eyes, and Pike visibly startles. “What the fuck,” he hears Pike whisper to himself as he moves on in the line. If Ilya privately grins to himself at that, well, what Shane doesn’t know won’t kill him.

It’s been a long time since Ilya’s seen #shayden come up in Ilya’s feed. For a long while, #hollandry dominated hockey fan circles. Ilya took it upon himself to block the hashtag immediately; what followed was a surprisingly refreshing break in any Shane shipping content at all. The Rose Landry business chased all other fans into the woodwork, meaning that at least on social media, Ilya wasn’t reminded about Shane’s unavailability. So he feels genuine shock when it appears again on his feed.

shayden is back, someone has tweeted, with a clip of a nightclub. Ilya presses play without thinking; it’s Shane and Pike, standing in a corner with the rest of their team clearly cutting it up. It makes sense. Shane and Pike are the two least fun or adventurous members of the group; of course they would huddle together and nurse their weak drinks. Then Pike leans in and whispers something in Shane’s ear, and Shane laughs.

Ilya can’t even muster up any anger anymore. Shane is...not his. Rose Landry has made that clear. He’s not sure why this person still believes that Pike has a chance with Shane, but the reality is, no one does. All of Ilya’s memories of Shane, with Shane—they don’t matter anymore.

The video ends, and Ilya is loath to watch it again. He scrolls down, anything to avoid seeing someone else get to be close with Shane, and comes across the comments. @hollandrylover has tweeted, lol this is obviously nothing. rose and shane are really serious. As much as Ilya hates this person, he agrees with their assessment. But there’s a reply to that comment—curious, Ilya clicks it.

@shaydenisreal

uhhh obviously someone hasn’t been checking twitter recently lol

@hollandrylover

wait what??

@shaydenisreal

unconfirmed source but there’s rumors that rose and shane broke up

@hollandrylover

fake obv

@shaydenisreal

yeah but they haven't been seen together in weeks

@hollandrylover

okay so they're private?? let them live

@shaydenisreal

just saying. its kind of weird u have to admit

Ilya is no idiot. Ilya is not a—a fangirl, or something stupid. And yet, Ilya is forced to admit that he is a twenty-something year old on the internet who is stalking his famous crush. He clicks his phone off and puts it on his bed, facedown. There's something...light in his chest. Ilya won't acknowledge it, won't think about it, but his mind does idly travel to Florida and the All-Star game in a few weeks. Something in him wants to believe there's a chance.

"Stupid," he mutters to himself, "you are stupid." But somehow, he can't make himself believe it.

The car rolls back into the driveway of Shane's cottage with the satisfying crunch of gravel under the wheel. The sun is low in the sky, turning Shane's face golden as he turns to look at Ilya with a soft smile on his lips. Ilya can't help it; he leans across the console and kisses Shane, just pressing their lips together. Shane smiles into the kiss.

The air somehow feels lighter now—as relaxed as Shane seemed before, he seems even more at ease now that he's no longer hiding from his family. Ilya realizes it's a weight off his shoulders, too. He puts a hand on Shane's face and deepens the kiss, relishing in the feeling. They're each other's; they are for no one but—

Shane's phone buzzes on the console. Ilya curses in Russian and startles back; he sees panic flit across Shane's face for a second. Then they both look at each other and exhale, Shane laughing slightly.

"Is your dad again, maybe," Ilya teases, the relief coursing through his body like a drug. "Needs another cable."

“God, I’m still so embarrassed,” Shane mutters, picking up his phone and opening it. “Oh—it’s from Hayden.” Instantly, a flare of annoyance shoots through Ilya’s body.

“Oh, really,” he says, leaning back in his seat. “Asking for tips on backhand, probably.” Shane rolls his eyes.

“He’s just asking when I’m going to come over for dinner next,” says Shane, typing. “This’ll be quick.”

“I think it can wait,” Ilya replies, pushing Shane’s phone down with a hand and grinning. Shane frowns at him and brings his phone closer.

“Just give me a second,” Shane insists. “You’ve already interfered with him once.”

“Yes, but I am your boyfriend,” Ilya whines, enjoying the pleased flush that blooms across Shane’s cheeks. “And we are on sex vacation.”

“This is not a sex vacation!” Shane hisses, his blush turning pure scarlet. “And he’s my best friend—just give me a second.” Ilya huffs and sits back in his seat.

“Oh, best friend,” he mutters to himself. “BFF Hayden Pike.” He blows a raspberry and Shane rolls his eyes.

“Don’t be jealous,” Shane says idly as he types away. Then he stops. Looks up at Ilya and stares, wide-eyed. “Holy shit,” he says. Ilya frowns.

“What?”

“Ilya,” breathes Shane. “You’re jealous of Pike!”

Fuck, Ilya thinks. “No,” he says, glaring. “Am not jealous of Montreal’s worst player. I am MHL’s MVP.”

“Not hockey,” Shane says. “You’re jealous of—of—our relationship? Our friendship!” Shane laughs, incredulous, delight dancing in his eyes. Ilya glares.

“No,” he says, wittily. Then he unbuckles himself and opens the car door.

“Oh, Ilya, come on!” Shane calls, laughing. Ilya stomps over to the house, his face hot. He feels a hand on his shoulder and is whirled around by Shane, who takes him by the back of the neck and kisses him deeply, slowly. “Hayden is my best friend,” Shane says when they part, “but that’s it. He’s my friend. He’s nothing like you.”

“I know that,” Ilya says, hearing the pout in his own voice. Shane laughs again and kisses Ilya’s nose, which is so endearing that Ilya can’t help but put his arms around Shane’s lower back and kiss him again. “Of course he is not your lover,” Ilya murmurs, and enjoys the disgusted scrunch of Shane’s nose. “I know this. He is straight. And very unattractive.”

“Ilya…”

“But he is close to you. Got to do things I always wanted to do. Hug you, be with you. Kiss you on the helmet.” Shane’s breath catches a little, and Ilya tilts his head to kiss the side of it. “I wanted to do this. I still do.”

“Well, you get to now,” Shane replies, pulling back and looking into Ilya’s eyes. God, Ilya will never be immune to Shane’s eyes, deep and dark and loving. “Forever. For as long as you want.”

“Forever,” Ilya repeats, and kisses Shane soft and slow. When he pulls away, Shane knocks their foreheads together and smiles into their embrace.

Then Shane says, “We should really have dinner with Hayden, though,” and Ilya groans loudly. “Come on! He’s my—”

“Best friend, best friend, all I hear about is ‘best friend Hayden Pike,’” Ilya complains. “Maybe he is your best friend, but he is not my best friend. I cannot look at him for whole dinner.” Ilya gags. “I will be sick.” Shane rolls his eyes.

“Well, you’ll have to manage,” he replies, “because I want my best friend to meet the most important person in my life.” Ilya softens at that, and Shane smiles.

“Fine,” Ilya mumbles. “I will eat dinner with terrible Hayden Pike. For you.”

“Wow, what a romantic,” Shane quips, and yelps when Ilya lifts under his thighs and picks him up.

“Let me show you just how romantic I can be,” Ilya growls. Shane laughs as Ilya kisses him on the chin before carrying him over the threshold to the cottage. As Shane presses a return kiss into the top of Ilya’s head, his back warm against Ilya’s hands, Ilya thinks that he has no one in the world left to be jealous of. He’s got everything he wants.

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