

Lily's Not a Lady!

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Lily's Not a Lady!

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

The team celebrates Shane Hollander's mysterious new girlfriend. Hayden Pike, unfortunately, thinks Shane is cheating on her with Ilya Rozanov.

Hayden Pike prided himself on reading people sharper than anyone else in the Montreal Metros' locker room. He could clock a lie, a hangover, or a guy's panic before the laces were even knotted.

That skill had been earned the hard way, through seasons of listening to teammates bullshit their way around bad hookups, brutal benders, or shifts they'd rather forget. Yet none of that groundwork prepared him for the afternoon the entire room turned into a pack of howling teenagers because Shane Hollander was apparently, at long last, getting steady pussy.

The mayhem ignited from nothing more than the usual post-practice sloppiness. Phones and gear lay scattered across benches as guys rushed for showers or the parking lot. Shane, still soaked in sweat, had dropped his phone face-up and walked off to the showers without a second thought. The screen glowed brightly when a notification slid in from a contact saved simply as "Lily."

The message hit like a slapshot: "*come tonight* 🍆"

The rookie who spotted it first let out a whoop that ricocheted off the tiled walls. "Holy shit, Captain's got a girl!"

Hayden had learned years ago that a hockey locker room operated like one giant, not-very-bright organism. Individually, the players varied widely, from intelligent types to complete meatheads who sometimes seemed unsure which direction the rink faced.

As soon as the group latched onto a scandalous bit of gossip, however, the collective grip tightened more securely than new tape wrapped around a stick blade. Facts became irrelevant. From that moment forward, Shane Hollander was indisputably enjoying sex with a woman named Lily, and the verdict stood final.

The news brought an involuntary grin to Hayden's face. He could easily imagine Shane navigating those awkward, sincere dates, arriving with flowers in hand, holding doors open, and working hard to impress a woman already bold enough to send an eggplant emoji without hesitation. The whole picture carried an oddly endearing quality, absurd as it was, and Hayden experienced a ridiculous rush of pride, as though he had somehow orchestrated the end of Shane's famously prolonged drought.

The moment Shane returned from the showers, towel tied low around his hips and hair still dripping, the onslaught of ribbing crashed into him like a blindside hit. The guys didn't hold back.

"Lily got you smiling like that, huh, Hollander?"

"She got a friend who's into defensemen?"

"Tell her the whole room owes her a fruit basket for finally popping your cherry right."

Shane's face went scarlet, the flush starting at his ears and spreading quickly. It was the same one he got when coaches yelled at him or when he missed an easy shot. He muttered something half-hearted about them minding their own fucking business, but the words came out weak and only made everyone laugh harder.

As the crowd thinned and they stepped into the quieter hallway, Hayden pulled Shane aside with a light grip on his arm. Shane looked at him with cautious eyes.

"Hayden," he started, his voice low.

Hayden lifted both hands in a peaceful gesture. "Relax, man. You don't have to say anything. I'm just happy for you. Seriously. About time you got your dick wet somewhere that isn't your own hand."

Shane opened his mouth, then closed it again. He offered one of those tight smiles that could mean anything from *thank you* to *go fuck yourself*.

Hayden took it as gratitude.

After all, Shane was a good dude. He worked hard and was the kind of guy who would spot you a hundred bucks without ever mentioning it again. He deserved someone to go home to, someone who could ride him until he forgot about turnovers and penalty kills for a few hours, even if imagining Shane actually in bed felt strangely impossible with that clean-cut face of his.

Later that night, after the game against Boston, Hayden could not sleep. The game had been typical enough where Ilya Rozanov was concerned. Ilya had been his usual insufferable self, smirking across the ice like he owned the rink and chirping Shane in Russian that sounded suspiciously flirty. But rivals were going to rival, so Hayden pushed the thought aside.

Still, insomnia gripped Hayden tightly. He had forgotten the melatonin gummies Jackie always packed in his travel bag, complete with her usual lecture on self-care. Too restless to stay in bed, he wandered the hotel hallways in his sweats, barefoot, hoping for anything that might quiet the buzz in his head.

He had just reached Shane's door when a sound stopped him cold. It was a moan that carried clearly through the thin walls.

"Shit..." the voice rasped.

Hayden's pulse jumped. His first thought was injury. Maybe Shane had aggravated something in the third period and was toughing out the pain alone. Or perhaps he had hit the bar too hard after the game and was now regretting it. Or, more awkwardly, their strait-laced captain had turned up some hotel porn and forgotten to keep the volume down.

Then another moan drifted, followed by a breathless, accented growl. Hayden froze. He recognized it instantly for what it was: pure, unfiltered sex.

A wide, mischievous grin spread across his face. Without a trace of guilt, he leaned in and pressed his ear to the door. He figured he might pick up a few choice sounds of Shane going at it with Lily, plenty of material for solid chirps.

In his excitement, Hayden shifted his weight just a fraction too much. The door, never properly latched thanks to the usual cheap hotel hardware, swung inward with a soft creak. A narrow sliver of the room appeared in front of him.

What he saw next fried every circuit in his brain.

Shane Hollander, the squeaky-clean golden boy of the entire league, knelt beside the bed in nothing but compression shorts yanked down to mid-thigh. His mouth was stretched wide and stuffed full of...

Ilya Rozanov's cock?

...

Okay, what the actual fuck.

Ilya stood with his head tipped back, pants bunched at his ankles, one big hand fisted in Shane's hair as he rocked forward in slow, lazy thrusts. Shane's eyes watered, cheeks hollowed, drool glistening at the corners of his lips while he took it deeper with starving greed. Ilya gazed down at him with that trademark smug grin he usually flashed for cameras after a win. His voice came low and thick with that Russian accent as he muttered something that sounded like pure porn in his mother tongue.

Then, loud enough to carry, he purred in English, "Good boy, Hollander. Just like that."

Hayden's mind went completely blank. When the shock cleared enough for thought, pure rage slammed into him.

Shane, you cheating piece of shit!

How the hell could Shane pull this shit on Lily? She was probably back home playing the perfect girlfriend, trusting him blindly, while he gagged on their archrival's cock.

Hayden eased back from the door without a sound. His heart pounded so loud he swore it echoed in his ears. The hallway swayed as he retreated to his own room and locked the door behind him. He paced the carpet in frantic loops, the image burned into his brain: Shane on his knees, Ilya steering him like he owned every inch, both of them completely lost in it as if the outside world had vanished.

Betrayal continued to scorch his chest. Shane had a girlfriend. A real one, with a name, eggplant emojis in the chat, the whole deal. And he was pissing it all away for this?

Hayden fantasized about storming in, hauling Shane out by the scruff, sitting his ass down and spelling it out: you do not cheat on a sweet girl with Ilya fucking Rozanov, of all the

assholes in the league.

He barely slept, brain spinning plots to save Lily from this heartbreak, because bros before hoes, but wait, Lily was the hoe? No, Shane was the hoe. Fuck, this was confusing.

The next morning at breakfast, Hayden planted himself across from Shane in the hotel dining room. He stared at his captain like the guy had sprouted horns overnight. Shane looked infuriatingly normal. He sipped his green juice calmly, hair still damp from the shower, and answered some wide-eyed rookie's question about stick tape in that steady, patient voice everyone loved. Hayden stabbed at his eggs, jaw locked so tight his teeth hurt. Every time Shane raised the glass to his lips, Hayden's traitor brain flashed the highlight reel: those same lips stretched wide around Ilya's thick cock, slick and eager.

He forced his eyes down to his plate before he gagged on his coffee.

Across the lobby, the Boston team trickled in for their own meal. Ilya Rozanov swaggered through the doors like he owned the whole damn hotel. His curls fell in perfect mess, and that tight gray shirt hugged his shoulders like it was painted on. He dropped into a chair among his teammates, pulled out his phone, and immediately started smirking at the screen.

"Hayden," Shane said suddenly, voice mild as ever. "You okay? You look like you swallowed a puck."

"Yeah. Fine. Just... didn't sleep great."

Shane nodded, sympathetic as always. "Road games suck for that. Try the melatonin Jackie packs you."

Hayden barked a laugh that came out too sharp. "Already forgot 'em. Story of my life."

On the other side of the room, Ilya glanced up from his phone. His gaze slid across the lobby, landed on Shane, and lingered just long enough to be obvious.

Hayden shoveled eggs into his mouth faster, chewing like he could kill the plate with his teeth. Ilya was obviously the villain in this fucked-up story. That arrogant Russian bastard had clearly seduced Shane, probably murmuring filthy promises in that thick accent until their captain forgot all about the sweet girlfriend waiting back home. Lily deserved way better than getting screwed over by the same prick who spent every game trying to slam Shane through the boards.

The real problem was reaching Lily. Shane guarded his private life like a fortress, so Hayden spent the entire bus ride to the airport hunched over his phone. He scrolled through Shane's Instagram with frantic obsession, zooming into every corner of each photo for any sign of a woman. He hunted for a tagged comment, a background figure, anything that screamed girlfriend. Nothing turned up. The feed offered only gym selfies, charity events, and artsy sunsets over the St. Lawrence.

"Hayden," Shane called from a few seats ahead, twisting around with that easy smile. "You

still okay?”

He forced a grin that felt like plastic. “Just arguing with my fantasy league. Some idiot wants McDavid for scraps.”

Shane laughed. “Good luck with that.”

By the time they landed in Montreal, Hayden had hatched a plan that felt downright heroic in his sleep-deprived state. He would track down every Lily even loosely connected to hockey circles and slide into her DMs with a discreet warning.

That afternoon, Hayden cracked open a protein shake and settled at the kitchen table with his laptop. He jumped straight into Twitter, hammering out every search combo he could think of: “Lily Shane Hollander,” “Lily Montreal hockey,” “Shane girlfriend Lily.” A handful of accounts popped up. There was a Toronto model who followed half the league, a Vancouver superfan rocking Shane’s face in her header, and an Ottawa florist posting selfies nonstop.

He opened the DMs and started firing off messages.

To the model: “Hey Lily, Hayden Pike here. Hate dropping this in a message, but you deserve the truth. He’s cheating on you.”

Send.

To the superfan: “If you’re THE Lily, we gotta talk ASAP. You good?”

Send.

To the florist: “Lily? Saw some seriously fucked-up shit last night involving your boyfriend. Text me.”

He tossed his number in the last one for extra credit. Right as he hit send, his phone buzzed. Shane had dropped a message in the team group chat about tomorrow’s optional skate, complete with a thumbs-up emoji.

Hayden’s gut twisted; how could that traitor act so normal?

Over the next couple of days, Hayden watched Shane like a hawk. He waited for a flinch, a sneaky glance at his phone, any crack that proved the captain knew he was betraying a good woman for some enemy dick. Subtle digs weren’t working anymore. Hayden needed to push harder, just enough to shatter the act.

Two nights later, during the first intermission of a home game, Hayden trailed Shane into the locker-room bathroom. He claimed the urinal right beside him. The air stank of industrial cleaner and old piss, zippers and flushing toilets echoing off the tiles. Hayden finished, tucked himself in, and launched the ambush.

“So,” he said, pumping way too much soap into his palms at the sink, “this Lily.”

“What the fuck, Hayden? That’s out of nowhere. I thought you said you weren’t gonna ask for details.”

Hayden raised his dripping hands in mock surrender. “Yeah, well, that was before I actually got curious. When do we meet her? Gotta vet the girl, make sure she’s not using you for free playoff tickets.”

Shane grabbed a paper towel and dried his hands slowly, buying time. His jaw worked like he was chewing on the right lie. The hesitation only convinced Hayden deeper that guilt was eating the guy alive.

Finally, Shane shrugged. His voice stayed flat and guarded. “She’s in the Alps right now. Skiing. Girls’ trip with friends.”

Hayden’s brain flashed like the goal light. The fucking Alps. Perfect. Classic cheater bullshit: park the girlfriend in Europe so nobody could ever spot her, and she sure as hell wouldn’t reply to random DMs from nosy teammates. He nodded like he believed every word, but inside he was already drafting round two of warnings to every Lily north of the equator.

“Sounds fun,” Hayden said, forcing a grin. “Send her a postcard from me.”

Shane’s eyes narrowed for a split second before he turned back to the sink. “Yeah. Sure.”

The next night, after a solid home win, the team piled into their usual Old Montreal bar. Beers flowed, music thumped, and then the door swung open. In walked Ilya fucking Rozanov, uninvited as hell, because Boston apparently had a day off and he just “happened” to be in town. Total horseshit.

Ilya strode straight to their booth, all six-foot-whatever of smug Russian asshole, and clapped Shane hard on the shoulder. His hand stayed there way too long.

“Hollander,” Ilya drawled. “Good game tonight. You score like pussy, though. So soft.”

Shane snorted and shoved him off, but his cheeks went pink. “Fuck off, Rozanov. Least I don’t whiff on open nets like you do.”

Ilya grinned wider, leaning in until their shoulders brushed. “Maybe I save energy for better things, yes?”

The banter flew quick as ever, but Hayden saw straight through it now. Every brush of Ilya’s fingers along Shane’s neck, every smirk, every faint flush creeping up Shane’s throat screamed one thing: these two were fucking. When Ilya laughed at something Shane muttered, his hand lingered at the base of Shane’s skull. Shane didn’t shrug it off. Instead he bit his lower lip and glanced down for a split second, like he could still taste Ilya from the last time.

Hayden seethed from his spot, nursing the same warm beer for an hour. His phone kept

vibrating with DM replies from the random Lilys: one called him a desperate creep and blocked him, another begged for Shane's autograph and a signed jersey. None were the girlfriend. Fucking useless.

"Another round, Pike?" J.J. yelled over the music.

"Yeah," Hayden muttered, waving him off. "Make it a double. I need to forget some shit I saw."

Escalation came a week later in Toronto. Hayden, still deep in his one-man crusade to save poor Lily, finally intensified. During practice, Shane ducked into the showers early. Hayden spotted his chance, snatched the phone from Shane's bag, and scrolled like a maniac.

He found the thread labeled "Lily" in seconds. The preview alone made his eyes bug out: "*Cannot stop thinking about your ass.*" Jesus Christ. Kinky little minx, this Lily. Then a new message popped up right in front of him: "*You ready that I fuck you senseless tonight?*"

Hayden froze. Girls didn't usually text like that. Did they? Maybe it was roleplay. Or Shane was into getting pegged by his Alpine ski bunny.

He snapped a quick photo of the contact and shoved the phone back into the bag just as voices bounced down the hallway.

Shane strolled out a minute later, towel around his waist, hair dripping. "You see my phone anywhere?" he asked Hayden casually.

Hayden's heart jackhammered. He pointed at the bag like nothing had happened. "Right where you left it."

Shane nodded, fished the phone from his bag, and lit up the screen. That tiny, secret smirk curled his lips as he thumbed a quick reply.

That evening back at the hotel, Hayden locked himself in his room and yanked the curtains shut against the skyline glow. He pulled up the blurry contact photo, punched the number into a burner app, and paced the carpet while rehearsing his righteous speech. Something like, "Hey, do you know your boyfriend's cheating on you?"

The call connected on the second ring.

"Da?" Ilya answered.

In the background came wet, rhythmic slaps of skin on skin, a stifled groan that sounded exactly like Shane—unmistakably Shane—trying to be silent, and the rustle of a palm clamped over a mouth.

Hayden's stomach dropped straight to his balls. Another deep grunt leaked through the speaker, followed by Ilya's soft chuckle and a rapid string of Russian that ended on a growled command. The slapping sped up instantly, hard and relentless.

“You sick fuck,” Hayden whispered harshly, grip tightening on the phone. “I know exactly what you’re doing right now.”

A breathy whimper leaked through the speaker before Ilya chuckled again, low and completely unfazed, like he hadn’t missed a single thrust.

“Pike,” he drawled, stretching the name like taffy. “You pick worst time to call. And you have picture in head very, very wrong.”

“Bullshit,” Hayden snarled. “I watched Shane gag on your... your dick last week!”

The sentence came out strangled, the crude word forced through clenched teeth like it physically hurt to say it. He barreled on anyway.

“Lily’s a nice girl, asshole. She doesn’t deserve to be... to be manipulated like this while you pound each other in every goddamn road hotel!”

Ilya muttered something sharp in Russian—sounded a hell of a lot like “shut up, he hears you”—and Shane’s breathless “fuck” hissed in the background. A muffled whine cut off fast, like a hand had clamped over a mouth again. Ilya’s breathing grew rougher, distracted but still smug.

“No Lily, Canadian idiot. Think harder, yes?”

Hayden’s world tipped sideways, everything he thought he understood slipping out of alignment. Right. He was calling Lily. This was supposed to be Lily’s number... but the voice on the other end was Ilya’s.

No fucking way.

“Yes fucking way,” Ilya said on the other end of the line, tone distracted, like he’d been listening inside his train of thought the whole time.

Memories crashed into him like brutal hits. The eggplant emoji that kicked off the whole circus. The moans through the hotel door. Shane on his knees, drooling and desperate for it. Those “Lily” texts promising to fuck him senseless—texts that suddenly read like pure guy talk from someone who knew every filthy button to push. Ilya’s possessive smirk in the bar, hand lingering on Shane’s neck like he owned it.

He dropped onto the bed’s edge, phone still glued to his ear. The pieces slammed together with a nauseating snap.

“Jesus Christ,” Hayden muttered. “You two have been... the whole time?”

Ilya laughed, the sound turning into a low groan as the rhythmic slapping picked up again. “Yes. Hollander likes when I call him good boy. He likes more when I—”

“I get it!” Hayden barked, face burning. “Hang up before I puke.”

“Bye-bye, Pike,” Ilya said, voice bright. “Next time you want to listen, you knock first, yes?”

The call cut off abruptly.

Hayden stared at the blank screen for a long beat. Then he scrambled to delete every unhinged DM he had fired off to innocent Lilys across the continent. He dove face-first into the pillow and let out a muffled scream.

“Never sticking my nose in anyone’s business again,” he growled into the fabric. “Fucking never.”

The next morning on the ice, Shane glided over during warm-ups. His eyes narrowed with suspicion.

“Hayden,” he said, voice low enough that only the two of them could hear. “Rozanov’s been chirping me all morning. Says you called him super late last night. Everything good?”

Hayden nearly inhaled his mouthpiece. Water sprayed from his bottle as he coughed. “Wrong number, man. Total accident. Thought I was dialing Jackie.”

Shane exhaled through his nose, expression unreadable. “Right.” He pushed off and skated away without another word.

From center ice, Ilya locked eyes with Hayden. That shark-like grin spread slowly across his face. Then the bastard pressed his tongue hard against the inside of his cheek, bulging it out obscenely, while both fists pumped fast and rough around an imaginary shaft about the girth of a Pringles can.

He capped it off by mouthing each letter with exaggerated, mocking care: L-I-L-Y.

Hayden’s face flamed so hot his helmet felt like a sauna.

He spent the entire game avoiding both of them like they carried the plague. Montreal won anyway, and the locker room buzzed with post-victory high. Hayden lingered in the showers, hoping to slip out unnoticed.

No such luck.

Ilya appeared beside him under the spray, water sluicing down ridiculous abs that belonged on a billboard. He leaned in close enough for steam and soap to mix with that smug Russian scent.

“You learn good lesson last night, Pike?” Ilya asked. “Not everything in this league is pussy.”

Ilya barked a laugh, clapped him hard on the wet shoulder, and sauntered off whistling.

Hayden exhaled a shaky breath he hadn't realized he'd been trapping, his shoulders sagging against the wet tile.

“Hockey’s fucking weird.”

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