Priorities Straight

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Priorities Straight

by EvilCoffee

Summary

Lily: Describe my dick to him.
Jane: Excuse you?

Notes

Enjoy!
comments are very appreciated :)

Priorities Straight

Coming out to his parents had felt good. Not at the beginning clearly, not when his nerves were getting the best of him, not when he cried just for talking to his mother, not when he thought – he really though his parents were not going to approve of his relationship with Ilya. Or of Ilya. He did not know what he would have done had that been the case. He loved his boyfriend and he loved his parents and he didn't know how he would have lived if those two parts of life could not coexist.

After, once his parents had gone back to their house it was only Ilya and Shane alone at the cottage, he replayed the day on his head; he could not believe it.

Ilya loved him.

He had a boyfriend.

He was out to his family.

His family knew he had a boyfriend.

His family knew he had a boyfriend, and they were happy for them!

Albeit they really could have done without his poor dad witnessing that. What if he had come a few minutes earlier? Or worse, just two minutes later? At least, he thought, they were caught only kissing. Nothing obscene there.

But that thought had not left him and he was half a mind convinced he should sit down and figure out a way to afford them some privacy.

They could also just not be horny outside of the bedroom.

Installing curtains sounded easier.

Maybe it was that rush of happiness, of calmness that had taken over him later that night, like he had fixed in place a piece of his life he did not want to admit was crooked, that drove him to a decision the next morning: he was going to come out to Hayden.

He was his best friend. He was the person he knew. An excellent father and an excellent husband, and possibly the best teammate Shane could have been blessed with. He had congratulated Scott Hunter on Instagram after he had kissed his boyfriend in front of the world.

Shane hadn't had the opportunity to post anything. Mind way to consumed with his beloved Russian who had had an apparent change of hearts and was coming to the cottage. Even if Ilya had not turned his world upside down with just a call, he does not think he would have posted anything about Hunter.

He had considered it. He was not brave enough to write something truthful that did not end up sounding like a plea for recognition, or clear call for help. Or like something along the lines of Hunter doing what Shane thought was the most significant thing any player had done in decades. Or, most probably, something that sounded envious. A simple formulaic congratulation would not do, either. In the end he did not post anything. Hunter was already the bravest man in the world, he did not need Shane telling him that.

Ilya had told him he felt as if in a tornado, he understood.

And so, here he was. Parked in front of the Pike's house. Texting Ilya before calling at their door.

Lily: Describe my dick to him.

Jane: Excuse you?

Lily: To Pike. When you come out to him.

He will not believe you that we are together.

Describe my dick as proof.

And as threat.

Jane: Jesus man.

I'm not going to describe your dick to my best friend.

Lily: So you do not love me?

Jane: Fuck off.

I'm at their door. I'll text you later.

Lily: do you want photo? So that you do not forget any detail.

Ok, that is it, no more phone. He put his phone back in his pocket and….it buzzed again just a second later. *For fuck's sake Ilya*.

He rang the bell once and not five seconds later Hayden opened the door and rushed him inside. Well, dragged him inside. His best friend hugged him tightly around the shoulder for a minute. When they parted, they both spoke at the same time:

"I need to tell you something."

"Can we talk?"

"Yes, what is it."

"You first."

They laughed and something felt off for Shane. It was that same feeling he had when he stepped into his parents' house the day before with Ilya in his Boston t-shirt. It was that feeling of wanting to look anywhere but where he should. It was that deep shake brought by fear and nerves and uncertainty that left him paralyzed holding his hands firmly at his sides and unable to do much else. A feeling that Shaen knew well by its looks.

That feeling was back. Just not on him. Hayden was not looking at him, he was staring at the wall behind him and at the floor as if they were the only things to look at.

Something happened.

"Where is everyone? It's so quiet in here."

"Jackie took the kids to the park. Yes." Hayden said quickly and smiled. "It is just us."

Yes, something happened.

"Are you ok, man?" He asked. Hayden never looked this nervous.

"Yes, I just… never mind it, it is not important. You said in your text you needed to tell me something. That's important."

Ok?

"Can we sit down?"

"Yes!" Hayden shouted. He trotted to his living room, sat on the couch and patted the place next to him.

"So, well, Shane," he put a hand on his knee after Shane sat down, and then took it back to his own leg. "What did you want to tell me."

"Actually, what do *you* want to tell *me*?"

"It's not important."

“Hayd.”

“No, man I mean it. Not important now. This is your moment.”

“My moment?”

“Yes! This is important for you! You have to tell me!”

If Hayden was not going to tell him, then he was going to have to ask and prod. There was something bothering his best friend; he could come out another day, Hayden had a problem now. “Is everything okay with Jackie?”

“Yeah, no, It’s just…I…I was,” he covered his face with both hands and after a minute he took a deep breath, looked at Shane – finally looked at Shane, and continued “I didn’t mean to Shane, I swear. And I promise you didn’t see anything. I respect your privacy man, it wasn’t on purpose.”

“What are you talking about?” He asked, and really, what was going on here?

“And I am okay with it, man, I swear. This doesn't change anything between us.” He rubbed a hand on Shane’s shoulder, comforting.

“I think I understand even less. Can you please explain?”

Hayden sighed and covered his face with his hand. Finally, he said, “I got worried after the last time we talked over the phone…you sounded strange. Like, bad way of strange.”

“Ok?” Last time they talked on the phone. Ah. That phone call. Of course that Ilya’s magnificent idea had to come back to bite him in the ass in front of his best friend. Hayden just had to bring back those minutes to Shane’s mind.

Really what deity did he anger lately? Was it that loon he had mocked? Ilya was the one with the issue, not him.

You could’ve gotten up from the couch, though.

“I thought you had come down with something and didn’t wanna tell anyone. ‘Cause, well, you have done that before.”

Shane’s expression must have changed noticeably, he suddenly did not like where this was going. The way Hayden had gotten closer to him with both hands raised as if to trying not to scare off a frightened animal only aided to a half-formed idea Shane was refusing to form. What was that he had said about privacy?

Hayden continued, “so, I went to check on you at your cottage.”

No.

Oh, no, please, no.

His panic showed on his face. He was sure it had because Hayden suddenly looked even more placating. He stood up from the couch and turned around. He could not face his best friend. He… he saw. He saw them! Fucking shit! Was anyone else going to see them at the cottage!? Privacy from the world was the one thing he had promised Ilya and now they had been caught twice.

Twice!

As if his dad walking on them kissing had not been bad enough. Now Hayden saw…oh, shit, what did he even see?

He turned around, he had to ask, he had to explain.

“Hayden, I…”

Hayden did not let him talk. He hugged him so tightly his air left him. “yes?”

He struggled to let go of Hayden and sat down again. He covered his mouth with one hand and fisted the other one over his leg. He saw Hayden sit down on the floor right by him and look up at him with a smile. His best friend…

His best friend.

“Hayden,” he paused and took a breath, “I came here to tell you, I think you already know,” Hayden opened his mouth slightly, but did not say anything, “I’m gay.”

Hayden sat on the couch again and they hugged even more tightly than before. “Thank you, Shane, I mean it.”

“I really wanted to tell you, Hayd. But I just…I was not brave enough.” He felt different now. He had done it! He had come out! And on his own terms this time!

He blinked a few times, the conversation settling on his mind. His smile fell. With both hands on Hayden’s shoulders, he put some space between them.

“Hey, that’s okay, thank you for…”

“What did you see?” He asked quickly, fearing the answer.

“Not much, I swear.”

“Hayden.”

He took a deep breath before explaining. “It was late when I got there. I heard voices on the back. Thought you were with your parents. I went to check anyways, wanted to see how you were doing.”

Shane wanted to die as the night after their phone call came back in full detail:

Ilya insisted on eating outside, on the couch. When they finished, he took the plates inside as Shane remained outside looking at the stars. He recognized some of the constellations, he thought they could talk about them. Ilya came back a few minutes later, naked. Shane choked on what he was drinking. Ilya sat down next to him, looking at Shane with as much lust as he had every single one of the days they had spent together, one hand carrying lube and condoms, the other one extended in front of him, inviting. Shane was a weak man.

“I saw you folding clothes, nothing else, I swear. I just went back to my car and drove away. But, I mean, then it hit me that the person you were with had really short hair and I saw part of his shoulders… that had to be a man.” Hayden explained.

A shaky laugh left him. He found a tiny comfort in the fact that at least he had not seen Shane riding his beloved Russian as if there were no tomorrow.

No more sex outside and that’s final.

The cottage could really do with a fence.

“So, what’s his name?” Hayden’s question cut through his plans for a wood fence, some 15 feet tall.

“You want to know his name?”

He didn’t see that it was Ilya?

“Yes, of course. It must be serious if you had him over at the cottage.” Hayde said but his tone wavered. “Wait, is it ok if I ask you questions? I want to know, but I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

“I’m not uncomfortable. It’s just…”

“You are blushing.”

“I am not blushing,” he was, his face had felt hot since he had recalled that night with Ilya, “it’s just that,” he rubbed his neck, “this between us is new, so new. My parents only found out the other day because my dad walked on us kissing, and we had to come clean.”

“Your dad also walked in on you two? Shane, man, sorry but something needs to change.” He said half concerned half laughing. He didn’t see anything funny here, but his shoulders relaxed as the weight of lying to the world decreased by one person. He was feeling brave again. Hayden had asked for a name.

“So, you asked his name.”

“Yeah, what’s Lily’s real name?”

At that Shane’s eyes widened as he flinched.

“How do you know they are the same person?” he felt thrown off guard. Hayden knew about Lily but still, how?

“You don’t do casual, you have been texting her – him am sure, for years,” he counted with his fingers as if laying out the obvious, and maybe he was, “and you had your man over at the place you have never taken anyone to. You got yourself a man and between the end of the season, early end for you thanks to fucking Marlow, and now? No, you did not. This is Boston Lily we are talking about. He has to be”.

Hayden looked very proud of himself for guessing the entirety of the situation and the sheer indignation reflected on Shane’s face must have petted his ego quite nicely.

“So, the lucky American’s real name is…” he prompted.

“Ilya.” He said, and after a beat. “He is not American.” He did it. He said it!

“Ilya? Ok, that… sounds a lot like Lily.” He said, he sounded casual.

“It’s Ilya” Shane repeated. Waiting.

“I heard you the first time.” He said flatly. Had Shane been in the wrong for expecting a stronger reaction? His mother had looked surprised, but that was it. She had reacted more to them knowing each other since their rookie season than to them being in love. Maybe hearing that her son was gay and seeing him show up with Ilya Rozanov had forced her take in stride whatever else came. But Hayden already knew that, was that why he was so calm? He wasn’t complaining, he did not feel like explaining, or defending, his relationship again.

Shane blinked himself back to reality, Hayden was looking at him expectantly.

“You didn’t hear my question, did you?”

“Sorry”

“Don’t be. I asked when did you two meet?”

“Oh, when we got drafted for our rookie season”.

The summer before a thick Russian voice provided in his head.

“You have been in love with the same man for a decade!? Shane Hollander what the actual fuck!?” Now it was Hayden’s time to flinch back and look at him with undisguised shock on his face. He opened and closed his mouth in between sounds as if he couldn’t decide what to say, hands frozen in the air both pointed at Shane.

That silence did not last long enough for Shane to come up with a proper explanation that did not include the word “lovers”. Thank you, Ilya. As he was about to go on a rant about how they were *not* in love at first, Hayden narrowed his eyes and spoke to him slowly.

“We? Who is we? You said “we” and “our rookie season”. Are you dating another player?

“Yes, Ilya, I just told you.”

“Ilya.”

“Yeah.”

“From Boston.”

“Yeah?”

“Who is not American”

“Oh, no. Don’t call him that be…” he did not get to finish. Hayden stood up and walked to his kitchen to stare at the window there. He came back to the living room to stare at Shane with wild eyes, and then walked back to his kitchen where he shouted:

“Fucking shit! Fucking piece of shit!”

When he went to the couch once more, eyes still wild looking at Shane with sheer disbelief – and wasn’t that closer to the reaction he had anticipated? He clapped his hand in front of his face and spoke, to his own surprise, softly.

“Sorry about that. I just got transported into a parallel reality where my best friend admitted to being in love with the fucking Russian nightmare that is Ilya Rozanov. Because of course the asshole exists in other universes, why wouldn’t he?”

He deflated noticeably after that, and the change showed in his voice. With an apparent great deal of resignation, he continued. “Really, Shane? You can have any man you want, you know you can, you are a good person, and good looking, and a good person, and probably the best hockey player this country is going to see in a while, and such a nice and good person, Shane.”

“Hayden, look Ilya an…”

“Couldn’t you like Scott Hunter?”

“What? No!” When did the conversation even turned to Hunter?, also, “he has a boyfriend.”

“But he seems like a nice guy, so does the boyfriend; maybe they are looking for a third, you could ask.”

“Not funny, man.”

“I’m not trying to be funny, I’m thinking of places to dig a grave.”

Then and there Shane decided that the conversation did not need, nor deserved, the mournful tone Hayden had taken.

“I love him.” He said, proudly.

“Fuck my life.”

“I have loved him for a while, actually.”

“You are stabbing me.” Hayden slid down the couch a little.

“My parents like him.”

“Twist the knife, would’ya?”

“He is going to leave Boston”

At that Hayden lifted an eyebrow. “For retirement, right? Tell me so that I can sleep peacefully.”

“Not, he is going to play in Ottawa.”

Hayden blinked very slowly. “That thing is coming here? Why?”

“To be near me.”

“Fucking shit.” He slid down the couch some more and laid down on the floor. “The asshole has feelings,” he whispered at the ceiling, “for my best friend.”

“He will be Canadian one day.”

“I’ll leave the country.”

“Not before my wedding, you won’t.”

“Of course not, I’ll be right beside you. I’ll threaten him during my best man speech.”

Hayden looked as if he wanted to cry at that. He stood up, grabbed Shane by the hand and pulled him to his feet. They hugged once more and his friend said in his ear:

“I swear I am happy for you, man. And I meant it because I have never seen you like this. This happy. Ever. But you’re gonna have to be patient with me here because…because it’s fucking Rozanov we are talking about, okay?”

Shane nodded as he let go of Hayden. His phone buzzed again in his pocket.

“Is that him? Did he feel that I am happy and wants to ruin the moment?”

“Dude.”

“You are in love with the man, your opinions are not objective.”

He got his phone out of his pocket and opened the chat right there. Not the wisest action, he realized a second later.

He had 2 messages from 20 minutes ago.

Lily: Your parents are coming for dinner.

Your mom wants to cook here.

And then, another message, this one new, on his screen.

Lily: How did it go? Are you still talking? It is only 9 inches. Cannot take you this long.

Hayden looked puzzled as he read that; Shane groaned.

“9 inches?”

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