

nothing in this world I wouldn't do

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by [Blue](#)

Summary

After Hayden guessed Shane's big secret, after the two of them had a longer conversation but before they'd all had dinner, he'd gone down a rabbit hole of Shane's old interviews trying to find what signs he'd missed.

Hayden handled Shane confirming his crazy ass theory well enough to put a look of relief on Shane's face, but he still had to come to terms with it afterward.

Notes

This is canon compliant for the show (so far), the book epilogue, and The Long Game, with spoilers for The Long Game in particular. Title is from Hey Brother by Avicii.

(Bonus note: Thanks to ritz for letting me know it was, in fact, an actual fic and for doing an early beta <3)

November 2018

After Hayden guessed Shane's big secret, after the two of them had a longer conversation but before they'd all had dinner, he'd gone down a rabbit hole of Shane's old interviews to try and find what signs he'd missed. What he found was Shane getting asked about his rivalry with Rozanov every fucking game no matter who Montreal had actually played. Which Hayden had known, he just hadn't thought anything of it at the time. The sun rose, the sun set, he loved Jackie, and everyone wanted to feed the fire of Shane Hollander versus Ilya Rozanov.

Watching those interviews after he figured it out— He could see the tells, but they weren't as obvious as he expected given the Shane of it all. The points and scoring race were the easy ones, Shane liked those (probably because he was a competitive sonofabitch), and he had no problem saying Montreal would beat Boston, but for the really inflammatory shit his pleasant interview smile tightened and he paused before giving an answer. The answer he gave was inevitably even blander than his usual golden boy, media trained response. Hayden and JJ had agreed many times that it was him being a class act, unlike Rozanov.

Shane paused less over the years and Hayden could actually see him getting better at pretending to hate the guy he was head over fucking heels for. How many of those interviews had he watched Shane drag back into the locker room afterward and open his text messages, carefully hiding it from everyone around him as his face went the kind of soft he absolutely refused to admit to? He didn't remember, but it was often enough the memory was in hi-def.

Further down the rabbit hole Rozanov's interviews started showing up more and more and Hayden started clicking on them too. Rozanov was a lot better at lying, but that wasn't hard considering Shane was the worst liar Hayden had ever met. Or he'd thought so, but apparently Shane was just saving it all for the one really big lie he was telling every day.

Rozanov had it a little easier on how much lying he had to do though because the questions he got were always short. Everyone knew Rozanov was terrible to pin down for questions, that he was the worst captain in the league to get soundbites out of, so they kept the questions brief when they could manage to catch him. No one expected him to have thoughtful answers. Where Shane would politely stop and answer everything thrown at him no matter how tired he was, Rozanov would have one foot out of the screen, ready to bolt after a couple of quips, leaving those longer questions and anything more about the rivalry to be shouted in his wake.

Hayden had always thought it was proof of how he was a stuck up prick who thought being a good representative of the team was beneath him. Then Shane had told him that Rozanov hadn't even understood a lot of the questions at first. That the overlapping asks and all the other noise had made it hard to figure out what was even being said, words flying around that he didn't know and couldn't stop to go look up. That conversation had been a fun shortcut to feeling like an ignorant asshole.

He landed on a rare joint interview eventually, an older one. There was Rozanov wearing an extra serious expression that Hayden, once he knew, could see was him trying desperately to follow the paragraph long questions the reporters were rattling off. There were a few sideways glances Hayden wasn't sure he would have caught if he hadn't been looking and

Shane making a blatant offer to help couched as politeness which got the tiniest nod. A dozen reporters, cameras in their faces, and nobody had seen Rozanov struggling, or hadn't cared. Shane had known, and cared, and he'd hidden it in plain sight.

At that point they had been, according to Shane, "just hooking up", but Hayden wasn't buying this was two people doing something casual. Shane had *also* straight up said that it couldn't be something for either of them, so it had to be nothing for both of them. What all those interviews had made really fucking obvious was that the biggest lies they'd been telling were to themselves.

He had to put the internet down after that. He was past pissed off and into genuinely angry that Shane had done all that alone, that Shane had been terrified of him finding out for *years*, that Hayden himself still couldn't accept it was *Ilya fucking Rozanov* and wasn't that what Shane had been afraid of all that time? Wasn't that *why he hadn't told him*? Everyone had always torn down Rozanov around Shane, it was how they built him up. Shane was better than Rozanov. Rozanov was a shitty person. Rozanov should get what's coming to him. *Fuck Rozanov.*

But Shane always played better after he got to go visit "Lily". Shane smiled and grinned at the texts he traded with "Lily". Shane got distracted at dinner texting "Lily" under the table like a kid. Wasn't it funny how Shane almost panicked every time Hayden mentioned "Lily"? Why couldn't he just admit he was in love with someone? Well now Hayden fucking knew, didn't he.

It was Jackie - of course it was Jackie - that finally broke him out of the spiral after the kids were in bed.

"Hayd, I love you so much, but I need you to get your head out of your ass."

"I want to! But you weren't the 'best friend' Shane lied to— *had* to lie to for that many fucking years because he'd be an asshole about it and, oh hey, that's exactly what I'm fucking doing because it's *Ilya fucking Rozanov.*"

"Okay, look. Shane has a good heart and you love that about him, but he's also motherfucking Shane Hollander. You know he can be a mean sonofabitch on the ice but you still think that magically doesn't exist off of it. Shane is *sweet*, and it's sweet that you're so protective of him, but he doesn't need protecting as much as you think he does."

He started to protest and she shut him back down. "I was surprised too, but if there's one person in this world who can understand what it's like to live Shane's crazy ass life, it is, believe it or not, Ilya Rozanov. Does it really surprise you that Shane's attracted to someone who can skate real good and force him to up his game?"

"He's an asshole," Hayden said stubbornly. He wanted her to convince him, he did, for Shane's sake, but he couldn't get past that part. Shane deserved someone who would take care of him.

"He's an asshole to *you*. He's an asshole to every other player in the league. Have you ever seen him be an asshole to anyone else? Because I gotta tell you, Hayd, I've never heard that

from the WAGs and we see a lot of shit you guys don't. I put out some feelers after you told me and it was mostly second and third hand, but it was all the opposite of that." She sighed. "I just think you need to have a little more faith in your best friend. Shane likes being pushed. He lights up when someone challenges him. I'm very sure Rozanov pushes Shane because *Shane likes pushing back.*"

Hayden groaned. "Fuck, okay. Rozanov's not going to stop being an asshole to me, though."

"No," she said, laughing, "he's not, but you're a big bad hockey player, I think you can take it." Hayden winced because, okay, yes, that was fair. "You also had a whole lot of time with Shane that he never got to have and you've made it clear that you hate him. If someone I cared about came in here telling me how you're going to destroy my life and how I was naive for not seeing it—

"I haven't, Jacks! I swear I haven't!"

"—you'd probably take that personally." She ran one thumb along his cheekbone and smiled. "I'm glad you haven't, that's great, sweetheart, but I'd bet Rozanov's going to be expecting it and you with all your hackles up will say plenty. Maybe file the sharp edges off your attitude and give it some time."

"Do I have to be NICE nice? I don't think I can do that."

"No, baby, you just need to be hockey player nice."

"Ugh, okay, fine."

Much later, after his best friend had the worst day of his life because of Hayden, after the fallout from it, he still remembered that conversation occasionally. He'd definitely learned way more in the time between, which included Shane having been up to all sorts of things those years he never would have guessed. Any illusions he'd had about his inexperienced best friend were well and truly shattered along with the assumption it had all been Rozanov's influence. No, no, it turned out Shane Hollander was a horny motherfucker who also happened to play hockey like a god.

July 2021

The wedding had gone great. It'd been a little surreal being Shane's best man and handing him Roz's ring, but Hayden was really, truly happy for them after the shitshow of the last few months. Hell, the last three years. The last— Some number of years since 2010. He'd drank way too much tonight to do math.

He could see Shane across the lawn consorting with the enemy, which was Marleau in this case, while Roz looked more interested in staring at Shane's face and watching him talk than whatever was being said. The important part was only one of their hands was wandering and it was Roz's under Shane's jacket on his lower back. Technically he and JJ were on babysitting duty for keeping a drunk Shane PG-13, because Roz certainly couldn't be counted on to do it, but JJ had disappeared off somewhere and now Hayden had been wrangled into a

group of the Cens. They'd all sprawled out on the grass, mostly so little things like gravity and balance didn't interfere with their drinking.

"Right, so," Bood waved his glass around, which was apparently supposed to be a call to order, "this is the Hollander-Rozanov support group. Pike is now an honorary member."

"*Honorary?*" What the hell, that was straight up offensive.

"This isn't support for them, it's support for us dealing with the absolute chaos those two are going to leave in their wake playing on the same team."

"Okay, no, I'm definitely the founder then."

Bood squinted at him. "How do you figure?"

"How many times have any of you interrupted them making out because otherwise they were going to be late for a public appearance and/or get caught?"

There was a quiet "Oh no" off to his left.

"I can go into how much Shane loves his tablet for road trips. He won't need a tablet anymore."

"Ohhhh noooo" That one was definitely Dykstra.

"Roz has been on cloud nine since the dust settled and they've been pretty handsy today, but I thought, y'know, it's a wedding."

"No, my friend, it's always like this." Okay, being able to terrify other people with the dangers of Shane+Roz was pretty great. "This is, in fact, them on their best behavior. I think I had about a month of grace and that was when they were hiding it from everyone else. You might get a little longer until Shane gets comfortable." He ignored the painful twang he kept getting whenever he remembered he wouldn't be playing beside Shane this year, and probably never again. Maybe eventually it would be just a twinge and not feel like he was losing a limb.

"I gotta admit, kinda figured Hollander would be shutting that down. He seems so... Professional."

"See, you think that, but— Okay, Shane *is* professional. He works his ass off. I'm not saying they're gonna be making out instead of practice, but there's downtime and you've all seen them play against each other."

"Yes, Pike," Barrett said, voice dry as dust, "we've all been there. Multiple times."

"Right, see, Shane is the most competitive motherfucker I've ever met and Roz loves it. The only thing that locks them both in more than competing against each other is being on the same bench. Do *not* play board games with them, trust me."

There was a long moment of silence before Hayes, the goalie, said, "I see where you're going with this and I have concerns."

"The only good advice I can give you is if you need Roz to keep his gloves on and shut his mouth for five fucking minutes, you need Shane. If Shane's pissed off, you're probably screwed, but Roz has the best shot at getting him to chill out. If they're locked on to each other then good luck and godspeed."

Bood groaned and pinched at the bridge of his nose like he had an oncoming headache.

"Oh, and one more thing. Shane? Shane likes to win." The entire group of them looked at him like he was an idiot. "Yeah, I know, we all do, but he'll do damn near anything legal to make it happen." He rolled his eyes. "I hate to say this, like, so much, you don't even know, but your saving grace for now is going to be Roz having the C." He stopped and thought about what he'd just said. Shit, how much had he had to drink tonight?

"So you're saying legendarily nice Shane Hollander is a scary motherfucker and things are about to get exciting."

"I mean, to be fair," Lapointe said, "we had some idea. We *have* seen them play against each other."

A body dropped down behind him and he caught the scent of Shane's cologne before he felt him lean his back against Hayden's. "What're you telling them, Hayd."

"Official custody transfer. You gotta behave, don't make me look bad."

Shane was completely plastered so he just started laughing as Roz circled around and sat down hard in the middle of his team. He didn't even try to stay upright, just kept going until he was on his back and staring up at the sky.

"He is in *my* custody, Pike."

"Oh no, you're part of it. It's a Hollander-Rozanov custody transfer."

Roz's eyes were closed but he was grinning like a drunken fool. "They are used to me you know."

Hayden kicked him. Gently. "Custody of one of you isn't even close to the same as both of you. I have twins, I know how this works."

Roz rolled his head toward Hayden and opened his eyes, still smiling but with more understanding than was entirely comfortable. "We'll take care of him, Pike. Always."

Tears pricked at Hayden's eyes and he tilted his head back, staring up at the sky himself now, Shane a solid, silent weight at his back. The rhythm of his breathing was soothing, but Hayden wasn't sure he was still awake. "You better, asshole, or there won't be any gloves involved." Roz laughed and let it drop.

Quietly, quiet enough probably only Hayden could hear it under the chirp fest the Cens started up, Shane said, "Not going anywhere, Hayd. Not really. You're still my best friend."

"ROZ," half a dozen people who were not Hayden suddenly all yelled at the same time and he looked back down to find Bood had a hand over his captain's mouth. Behind him, Shane started giggling

Hayden just shook his head. Yeah, it was going to suck so bad not being on the same team as Shane, not seeing him hardly at all compared to the last fucking decade, but Shane was going to be okay. Hayden was pretty sure he was in good hands and he was finally going to get the chance to be really happy. He smiled and settled back, letting Shane take their weight while he still could. "Yeah, I know. Everything's going to be fine."

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