

he doesn't know it yet but someday he could have it all

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by [thecomputerguy](#)

Summary

Jackie Pike would give her boys the universe if she could. Adopting them, taking care of them, making them part of her support network, well, it'll just have to do.

aka snapshots of Jackie supporting Hollanov (and co) and caring for them like no one else ever could.

Notes

jackie pike the wag that you are i love you

svetlana's character is based on the show rather than the book cuz jacob knew how to make her the perfect character

if you're used to my regularly scheduled nonsense give a gal a moment regular broadcasting will return soon lol the microsoft man has found a new obsession lmfao

title from boys will be girls by keir

[a playlist](#) if you're into that

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

Jackie thinks she deserves a fucking medal for dealing with this shit. Shane had been taken to Montreal General immediately after that fucking hit and Jackie hadn't hesitated — the kids are with her parents and she's at the hospital before Shane's even out of surgery. She's in a private waiting room fielding messages from David as he and Yuna book it up from Ottawa, waiting for Hayden to be free from his team duties and join her in this unknowing and unrelenting hell, when she's struck with a sudden thought.

Boston Lily.

Boston Lily has been around for years, a constant in Shane's life. Sure, no one has met her, and Shane's secretiveness about her in general has raised a few flags.

But Lily is a pillar in Shane's life, Jackie is more than a little sure. Even with her second hand information she'd put money on this relationship, these feelings, being reciprocated. She gets it into her head that someone needs to tell Lily that Shane's okay, well, actually, fucking *fantastic* for the kind of hit he took.

Jackie Pike is a woman on a mission. Using everything in her arsenal and then some — really making the pregnant belly work! for! her! — Jackie has Shane's phone. She doesn't know how it's here before Hayden, who on the staff handed it to the medics to take with them so that they'd have his parents' numbers, but she decides she doesn't care.

Breaking into Shane's phone is just as easy as it has been for forever. The passcode hasn't changed, 8421 granting her access to a phone that isn't exactly blowing up yet. Maybe not ever? She's honestly not sure. Shane's social life has always been a bit of a grey area. It doesn't take her all that long to find Lily's number, and she does her best not to read the previous messages as she writes what is the most awkward thing she's ever sent in her adult life.

Hi Lily, this is Jackie, Hayden Pike's wife. I'm not sure if Shane has mentioned him before, but the two of them are thick as thieves. I'm at the hospital with Shane now, he's in surgery for his collarbone but otherwise they're thinking it's just a concussion. His tests for his head came back clear, they'll run a few more post op just to be sure but they think he's fine. Call if you need anything, okay? I'll be here as long as they let me / until Hayden needs to crash.

Jackie waits and then waits some more, watching the seconds tick by as Lily doesn't answer. A doctor comes by to tell her that Shane's surgery was a success and it'll be a bit before they find him a private room and get him settled, before she has the possibility to check on the boy who's like a brother to her.

It's that, the knowledge that there's light at the end of the tunnel and she can see it, she can fucking *feel it*, that spurs her on. Before she really knows what she's doing, she hits call on Boston Lily's contact.

It barely rings twice before someone answers, a chorus of sniffles the only thing she can hear.

“Lily?”

A few more snuffles, a rather choked sob. Jackie feels herself slip into Mom Mode™ before she can stop it, but she can’t see the harm here.

“Lily, honey, it’s okay. Did you see my text?”

There’s a muffled whimper, notably lower than she anticipated, but Jackie puts her supersleuthing on the back burner. Soothing this poor soul is her top priority, especially now that she knows Shane is okay.

“He’s okay, sweetie. His collarbone needed surgery but his head’s okay. He’s outta surgery now, they’re finding him a room and I’ll see him the second he’s allowed guests.”

The breath on the other side of the line is staticky, but even still Jackie can hear it shake. She can tell that Lily is stealing herself to say something and Jackie finds herself bracing in turn. There’s something inside of her — some sort of alarm or alert going off, flashing but not blaring, a low tire pressure light not a smoking engine — that tells her she’s about to learn something she can’t unlearn. There’s a cat that’s slinking its way out of a bag in front of her and if she wants to keep it contained she needs to cut Lily off.

Even the thought of interrupting Lily makes her heart ache. She doesn’t care how painful this secret is, how terrible it is to keep. For Lily, for Shane, she will keep it. It will be there’s and no one else’s, not even Hayden’s.

“Is,” an accented male voice chokes out and Jackie lets her eyes close. *No supersleuthing*, she chides herself.

“Is what, baby?” The endearment slips out, the same way it would when she’s talking to one of the twins. Her own eyes begin to well with tears when she hears Lily’s breath hitch. She has a feeling that Lily doesn’t have many people looking after him.

“Are they sure he’s okay?”

Her smile is small and sad as she nods, even knowing he can’t see her. “Out for the season, but that’s it. You know concussion protocol, probably better than I do,” she teases, her smile only growing when she hears a wet laugh. “Collarbones suck to heal, but he’s okay. He’ll be as good as new in a few months.”

Lily’s next breath shakes a little less as he lets it out. “As long as he’s okay.”

“I wouldn’t lie to you about this, not ever.” It’s a promise she can only hope he can hear through the phone, through their unfamiliarity, through his second language. After a few moments she lets herself finally, finally, do what she wanted most when he heard his broken sobs. “Do you have anyone with you? You don’t sound like you should be alone tonight, sweetie.”

A sad chuckle fills the line, a few more snuffles echoing between them. “I will visit him tomorrow. Thank you for... Thank you for thinking of me.”

“Wait!” Jackie manages before Lily can hang up on her. She takes a deep breath, calming herself as much as possible in two seconds, before she continues. “I’ll give you my number, and you can text me when you’re gonna be here tomorrow. I’ll clear Yuna and David and Hayden and anyone else from the room. Can I do that for you, Lily?”

There’s a wounded noise that she can’t quite understand, not until he finally manages to speak. “I think we both know my name is not Lily.”

Jackie’s own smile is a little self deprecating, tears still clinging to her lashes. “Your name isn’t as important to me as how happy you make Shane, baby. Text me what you want me to call you and I’ll call you that. Deal?”

“Deal.” A few more sniffles. “Thank you, Jackie. You are too good for Pike.”

Jackie just laughs, because what else is there to do?

It feels like the second she’s off the phone she’s sucked into the whirlwind of finding Shane’s room and passing it along to every anxious party currently hounding her, getting her pregnant ass to wherever the hell they hide generational hockey players in this place and finding the damn room herself.

It’s only hours later when she’s in her car and reading through her swamp of notifications, telling the other WAGs that Shane’s fine and telling her parents that Hayden is on his way there now to grab the kiddos, that she finally sees the text from an unknown number. The absurdity of it all, and the fact that the conspiracy theorist inside of her was fucking *right*, makes her laugh.

Unknown Number

Tell Pike if he isn’t careful I’ll steal you and the mini-Pikes for myself. xoxo Ilya

—

“Um.”

Jackie has never seen Shane so awkward, and that’s really saying something. He’s bright red, his arm strapped to his chest via his ugly ass sling, and his left hand won’t stop fidgeting with things. It’s endearing, it really is, and Jackie can’t help but to be grateful that they have another thirty before Hayden’s done with practice and can join them.

“Yes, Shane dear?”

Shane flushes even more and Jackie buries her smile into her ginger ale. She doesn’t mind waiting for him to find his words, happy to just sit in a quiet house for once while the twins are at a friend’s house and Arthur is down for a nap. With number four growing and growing (and *fucking growing*), Jackie takes the chance to get a quiet house and to get the hell off of her feet whenever she can. She more than deserves it.

Though it takes a few minutes, a steel determination overwhelms Shane's features. As he takes a deep breath Jackie squares herself to him, giving him her full attention even as she keeps her expression soft.

"I wanted to thank you," he starts, his voice stilted in a way she hasn't heard in years. She's smiling, overly endeared, before she can help herself, reaching out to squeeze one of Shane's hands but pointedly not interrupting. "My, um, I mean..." His eyes stick to the counter and he swallows, his hands clenching into fists. She wonders if it makes his collarbone ache. "Ilya told me what you did for him, for *us*, when I was in the hospital. I know that was a shitty position to put you in, and I wanted to thank you for handling it how you did. And, and for being a good friend." His eyes are glassy as he looks back up, tears pointedly not falling as he smiles a wobbly smile at her. "I know you haven't told Hayden, and you guys tell each other everything, so just. Thank you."

Jackie lets her own tears fall as she squeezes Shane's good hand. "It's not my secret to tell Hayden, sweetie, not unless you tell me I can, that I should. I'm sorry I found out before you were ready to tell me." Her heart cracks as she watches a tear slip down his cheek and it's second nature for her to wipe it away. "I'm glad you have someone like that for you, Shaney baby," he laughs, his cheek scrunching under her hand, "I'm just so glad you have someone like that."

Shane snuffles a few times before he's nodding, something so similar to Ilya when she listened to him cry over the phone, saw him pull himself together in the hospital hallway. These boys, she thinks to herself, they'd kill her with earnestness if she were any weaker. Jackie pre kids couldn't survive this, that's for sure.

"Now," she starts when Shane seems to have pulled himself together, her voice soft and kind but serious. Hayden calls it her We Can't Endanger Our Sister's Life tone, and every time he does she rolls her eyes even if it's true. Knowing this she still breaks it out now, knowing that Shane doesn't understand what he's missing right now and that it's kinder to tell him, even if it sucks in the moment. "You get to decide who you tell, both of you do. But I know Hayden, and Hayden will be happy to know this part about you. Even if he starts being a little shit about Ilya, *I will fix it.*"

Shane laughs, a wetter sound than Jackie cares to hear. "I know you will."

Her grin is as wide as ever. It's a given that she can be kind of terrifying, she appreciates when it's recognized. "Still, Hayden won't treat you differently. I promise you that."

Though he looks a little sad, Shane still manages to nod. "I know he wouldn't."

"Doesn't mean you have to tell him," she reassures. Though Shane looks a little surprised, Jackie only shrugs. "I think you'd do better if he knew, but I think both of you having me at least is better than nothing. I don't like to think of what you would have been like if Ilya had gone down like that."

"I would've lost my fucking mind."

“Fair,” she says, swear jar be damned. Hayden has gone down before, not as epically, but enough that Jackie was a complete wreck. It helps to have someone to lean on, especially when there’s a group of you. It’s that thought that spurs her on. “I dunno if Hayden told you, I don’t even know if he knows, but there’s like a, a, a ‘cool WAG’ groupchat,” she says, shoving air quotes around the words in an effort to make them less cringe. Shane still laughs and Jackie makes a mental note to make him something sweet soon. He certainly deserves it. “It’s like six of us, and they’d be good to Ilya if you ever wanted to share him.”

Shane blanches a bit but Jackie just shushes him. “They wouldn’t even tell their guys, not if we told them not to. They’ve wanted Lily to be ours for a while, and I don’t think any of them will care that Lily is a he.”

“But will they care that he’s *Rosanol*?”

“I don’t think so, honestly, but even then no. Not if they don’t want bodily harm.”

A laugh bubbles out of Shane’s throat and Jackie smiles, reaching out to squeeze his hand again. She needs Shane to know that he’s hers, which makes Ilya hers. It doesn’t matter who she has to go all Mama Bear on; if her boys need her to, she’ll ride at fucking dawn.

“You two get to think on it,” she says instead, still smiling at Shane. He looks so young like this, young and scared and Jackie just wants to hold him close and promise that everything will be okay. “But just know that the option is always gonna be there, okay?”

Shane nods, pinching away his tears as he manages to smile back at her. “Okay.”

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Jackie is more than a little grateful that she and the kids end up in a mostly private box during playoffs. It’s going to ruin everyone’s bedtime routines but Jackie can’t find that she cares, not even a little bit. Her mom is staying in their best guest bedroom to help wrangle the kids for the rest of the series, meaning that an extra set of hands that don’t need to be playing at their A game will be there full time whenever Amber or Arthur fusses. Twins followed by Irish twins... Jackie is in a hell of her own making and she *loves* it. Maybe not during playoffs, but she still loves it.

Amber is strapped to her chest, Hayden’s dad sitting with Ruby on his lap as Jade is up to God knows what with who the hell knows in this box. Her mom didn’t mind not staying for the whole game, or even much of it, happy to parade Arthur around with the rest of the gaggle of monsters before whisking him out of Bell Center and taking him home to bed. Her mom is probably loving the quiet uninterrupted grandkid time. Arthur is definitely her most well behaved as of late, meaning her mom is probably reading a trashy novel and drinking a beer with the game on mute in the background, a baby sleeping on her chest.

The dream, really.

Except it's a Montreal Boston series. Montreal managed to come in second in the Atlantic, Boston trailing them by one point at the end of regular season. It lost them home ice advantage but who really cares about that much anymore, Montreal stands covered with more black and gold jerseys than she cared to ever see. Say what you want about Boston, but *fuck* that fan base travels.

It's a series she doesn't want to miss, not normally and especially not now, knowing her fellow WAG is out there playing his fucking heart out. It's nice to be able to support them both like this, to watch them both commit acts of insanity like it's commonplace. Besides, she's proud of the friendship she's managed to cultivate with them both, even if Hayden sulks every time she laughs at a text from Ilya. It's not her fault he's fucking witty as hell.

Her heart stops as second period starts to come to an end.

Ilya gets hit hard enough to lose his footing. It's fine, a run of the mill hit that doesn't seem to bother him beyond knocking him over. As he's trying to get up, Jackie feels like she's dying, just a little bit.

There's a puck battle, fine, but in near vicinity to a downed player, to her *friend*. Happens all the time, right? It'll be fine. Except, except it *isn't*.

Something happens that she can't see and Ilya reacts sharply, a glove flung off and a hand pressed to his face immediately. He's on his feet in a second and his other glove is flicked off somewhere along his journey to the bench, a second hand joining the first as Jackie realizes with horror what she's seeing. Blood is streaming down his hand, from between his fingers and down his sleeve, covering his white sweater in a way that makes her want to barf. He's pressing a towel to it the moment he hits the bench, the earliest moment he fucking can snatch it out of a trainers hand, not even giving the medical staff time to understand what happened before he's off the ice and down the tunnel.

Jackie feels *sick*. She's never wished that Amber wasn't here yet if not for the perfect excuse as to why she's puking her guts up in the bathroom. But then her eyes stick to Shane and her stomach twists even more.

She's never seen Shane so pale. Hayden is leading him off the ice and to the bench, talking to him even though he doesn't appear to be hearing anything. The ice crew is out there scraping off Ilya Rozanov's fucking blood out of the ice, meaning Shane has a few minutes to pull himself together, but Jackie can't staunch the burning in her chest, the twisting in her gut.

She's texting Ilya before she knows what she's doing.

I'll pick you up from the hospital. I'll be there the moment I can.

The second period ends and Jackie only pukes once. The early reports are saying the skate went at his eye, his *fucking eye*-

She texts Hayden next. If she's like this, she can't imagine how Shane is holding up.

Take Shane home to ours. Gonna have your dad take the twins home. You two try and get some rest, I'll bring Ilya home.

She's not shocked that he replies, even when she knows he shouldn't be on his phone right before third period in a tie game.

Hayden <3

Isn't your mom there

You say that like we don't have two guest rooms. And the pullout in the basement.

Hayden <3

Fine. Shane shouldn't be by himself anyways

I know. That's why I told you to take him home. I'll call him with updates.

Hayden <3

Not me?

You'll be asleep before we're back.

Hayden doesn't answer and she doesn't know if it's because he's offended or he finally put his phone away in order to focus. She doesn't really care, more than a little relieved that Hayden's dad offers to take the twins home himself before she can even ask. They're both hanging out with Gramps now, happily talking about hockey the way that only preschoolers can, one in each knee. It's her only real indication that it's getting late, the way the twins are winding down even with the insanity around them.

She lets her mom know that she'll be late and to expect to see Hayden's father and Shane. She sends back a thumbs up, which *wow* her mom is an unbothered queen at the heart of things, and Jackie knows that's that. Her other boys will be fine in her mom's hands.

It's halfway through the third when Jackie's phone buzzes in her hand and the vice grip on her heart loosens a fraction.

Ilya

Eyeball is fine. Bone is not. Tests almost done. All stitched up.

She could cry, she realizes. The relief she feels is so insurmountable that she kind of wants to break down into sobs. It's a true miracle that she doesn't.

You might beat me back to the rink at this rate. We're only halfway through the third.

Ilya

I saw. Captain bleeds everywhere and suddenly everyone plays his heart out. How annoying.

His sarcasm is more than welcome at this point. If anything his irritation helps soothe her, helps her to believe that Ilya really is okay.

Even still, it doesn't mean she wants him at a hotel.

*Tell team doc you'll stay with a friend tonight. I'm taking you back to the Pike house,
Hayden's bringing Shane home too.*

Ilya

I will try. They are panicking.

Worst case I'll steal you from your hotel.

Ilya

Wow, does Pike know his wife is trying to kidnap me? Very scandalous.

That's the one that finally gets her and she lets out a very unlady-like snort.

Keep me updated asshole.

Ilya

Yes ma'am.

Jackie manages to keep her attention on the game for the rest of the period. It's something to do rather than panic or replay the image of bloody Ilya racing to his bench that seems to have seared into her corneas. Thankfully the twins don't seem to understand what happened, too dozy to even know what's going on around them.

It's final two left to play, Boston up by two and rallying after whatever the hell happened to their captain, when she gets another text from Ilya.

Ilya

Still at the hospital. These tests take long time.

Almost done here. I'll be there with Amber to sit with you in twenty.

Ilya

No problem?

No. No problem.

Even though he doesn't answer, Jackie thinks that this is the best she can do to reassure him while she's still stuck at the arena and he's all by himself.

He's all by himself, she realizes. Did anyone even think to grab him a change of clothes? It's something she needs to know immediately.

Do you have a spare set of clothes or did they leave you bloody?

Ilya

Barely managed to grab my phone before they hauled me off to hospital. Can put back on sweaty shorts. Do you have spare shirt?

She thinks about what's in her car, what she has in case of emergency and they all need full outfit changes. (Babies puke on you only so many times before you start carrying spares.)

Everything for Hayden is Metros but-

But, she thinks she has a massive men's hoodie from when she refused to buy maternity clothes those first few months when she was with the twins. It's, well, it's ugly for sure, probably stained where her bump was from everything she dropped on it. But Ilya will be grateful for blood free clothing. He can fucking deal with the monstrosities she offers.

I've got something you can have. Let me know your room number, I'm leaving in the next few minutes.

And with that Jackie is off to the races. The Metros lose by three, the empty net goal a fucking energy killer. She finds she can't care, carting herself and little Amber off through the building and to her car with more efficiency than most people can dream of. Amber is buckled perfectly in mere moments and Jackie is out of the garage and on the road faster than the majority of the fans are even out of the stadium. She's proud of herself, she has to be, as she white knuckles the steering wheel and drives to the hospital.

The almost sleeping baby strapped to her chest makes it far easier for her to get her way, especially without interruptions. It still takes her a little bit of time to find wherever they've sequestered Ilya in this maze of a place, and then they have to wait for his explicit permission to let her enter the room.

Jackie can't suppress her wince when she sees him. His eye is blackening faster than she expected, completely swollen shut. There are stitches, too many for her to count with her stomach flipping, holding his skin together from beneath his eye to between his brows. It's fucking gnarly and must hurt like a bitch, but Ilya still manages to smile at her when she enters.

"Thank you for coming," he says as if she wouldn't, his voice beyond weary. "They want one more image to..." He trails off and sighs, scrubbing his good side with a hand. "I'm not sure," he admits with a sad little laugh. "English is failing me."

It's that that compels Jackie to sit beside him on the bed, pulling on his shoulder until his head is resting against her shoulders. He relaxes after a few moments, finally letting himself breathe, before the back of his index finger is running sweetly over Amber's baby hairs.

"Hello littlest Pike," he greets softly, rubbing his finger down her nose before he's back to combing through what she has for hair.

"They give you any pain meds?"

Ilya shrugs against her. "I didn't want any."

"Self sacrificing idiot," she chides sweetly, her fingers moving to pull his hair out of his eyes. Ilya's eyes flutter and Jackie suddenly realizes just how exhausted he looks. It makes her ache. "Your boys won," she says just to say something.

He hums back, another shrug jostling her lightly. "They should have. But they will not win the series."

“Not without you,” she agrees easily. Ilya just sighs.

“My friend from Boston is rushing here now. The doctors do not want me flying for annoyingly long time; I will stay here while the team goes back to Boston. She will take care of me once she’s here, you will not have fifth child for long time.”

Jackie shushes him, scratching at his scalp as he sinks into her even further. “I don’t mind when it’s you, Ilya. I never have and I never will.”

She feels him smile against her. “Pike should be careful, soon you will be mine.”

Jackie laughs and pushes at him playfully, finally allowing herself to relax. She’s been so high strung since Ilya went down, it’s nice to know that he’s okay and feeling well enough to joke.

“I’ll tell Hayden to step his game up.”

“Mm, that too.”

Though subdued, Jackie is beyond grateful for the laughter that fills his hospital room.

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Ilya pouts the entire way home in his ugly ass safety pink hoodie. Jackie would laugh if she had the energy too, really. Instead she just drives them back to hers, the radio quiet between them. Laurie Brown is saying something soft in the background, something Jackie usually would care to listen to — The Signal has been there for her late night drives longer than she cares to think about — but right now all she wants is to just be *home*. She wants to tuck Amber in and press kisses to the heads of her sleeping babies and crash *so hard*.

But still, a few more minutes left in the drive and the three of them are home free. She’s got this.

“How long until Svetlana is here?”

Ilya hums softly, pulling out his phone and tapping a few times before he reads something. His brows are drawn in thought, even though it must be pulling on the new stitches Ilya doesn’t seem to care, too lost in thought to give a damn.

“She decided driving would be quicker, easier. Planes do not fly at all hours, you know. Rented a car for long distance that she can return up here, stopped by my apartment for some stuff before she started driving. I told her stay overnight somewhere nice, I pay, but she might come straight here. Are you okay if I give her your address?”

Jackie just hums softly, glancing at Amber through her mirrors. “A friend of yours is a friend of ours, Ilya. Of course you can, she just might have to crash on the couch.”

Ilya shoots her a look that she can't quite figure out while she's driving. She just smiles at him, her blinker clicking softly in the background as she pulls up to a light. They're bathed in red as they wait for it to turn, and Jackie realizes she has a sudden aversion to Ilya and the color red at the moment. She speaks only so that she doesn't scream.

"How's Shane?"

"Asleep, I think. He has not answered a text since we left the hospital."

That shocks her, if she's honest. "I hadn't expected him to be able to fall asleep yet. Not without checking on you first."

Ilya hums softly but doesn't bother with words. She can't even imagine how exhausted he is.

Their driveway is full when they finally make it to the Pike house, and without even asking Ilya is opening the back door and unbuckling Amber, somehow managing not to rouse her throughout the process. Jackie couldn't bite back her smile if she wanted to, not like she does, and it's as she watches him mumble to Amber in soft Russian that she makes an easy choice.

"You wanna take her inside for me?"

Ilya's good eye widens comically wide as he turns to her. "Are you sure? I do not want to wake her."

Jackie just smiles as she leans against the car. "I'm sure. Don't worry if you wake her, I need to change her into a sleep sack anyway."

"Sleep sack?" He parrots as he gently, oh so gently that Jackie kind of wants to cry, scoops her up and cradles her to his chest.

"Kind of like pajamas."

Ilya hums softly but doesn't bother to say anything more, too busy staring at the tiny sleeping baby in his arms. Jackie loves this for him, shutting the car door and resting a hand on his bicep before she's opening the door for them all. The house is silent and dark as they walk in and kick off their shoes, a problem for morning Jackie, and she shoots Ilya a conspiratorial smile as she leads him towards the couch. It's just as she expected and she can't stop herself before she has her phone out and is taking pictures of the two idiots fast asleep on the chaise, curled around each other like a pair of octopi. Ilya stops beside her, leaning against Jackie fondly as he shakes his head at their boys.

"They are helpless without us."

"And don't we know it."

They don't bother to wake them, instead taking the time to get Amber settled before Jackie is peeking into the other rooms and pressing kisses to the heads of her sleeping babies. With her chest significantly less heavy post baby kissing, she leads Ilya to her room, shoving some of Hayden's spare pajamas at him.

“I can show you where the shower is if you wanna get clean now, otherwise we can go rouse the boys and I’ll get you and Shane to bed.”

Ilya smiles at her softly, his good eye looking far wetter than it should, but Jackie doesn’t bother to think about it. In the morning she can over analyze everything that happened tonight. Right now all she wants to do is sleep.

“I think we both need sleep, yeah?”

Jackie pats his arm once more before they’re making their way back to the couch. The boys haven’t moved an inch and Jackie has to stifle a laugh; they’re truly dead to the world. “I’ll take mine if you take yours?”

Ilya just hums, moving to the side of the chaise that Shane is mostly on before he’s gently waking him up. Jackie follows in suit, rousing Hayden with a hand on his shin. He stirs faster than Shane, his blue eyes bleary with sleep. When he manages to spy Ilya he gasps like a Victorian maiden.

“Holy *fuck*, Rozanov! Can you even fucking see?!”

“You wish I couldn’t so you could finally win something, Pike.”

That’s what finally gets through to Shane, his nose scrunching and eyelids fluttering before he finally wakes up enough to set eyes on Ilya. He makes a wounded noise and suddenly Jackie doesn’t think she has enough in her to witness the weep session that’s about to happen. She shakes Hayden, pulling at his shorts and legs and any part of him she can get her hands on until he’s finally up and standing next to her, scrubbing the sleep out of his eyes as he does so.

“Shaney baby, do you know what bedroom you two are in?”

Shane manages to find her eyes and nod before his focus is back on Ilya and Jackie decides that’s enough of that. She grabs Hayden’s hand and leads him to their room, more than a little grateful that she can shut the door on this day behind them. Sure, she knows she should shower but she’s shoving her pajamas on faster than she thinks she ever has before, pausing when she hears soft chuckling erupt from her bed.

“Hayden, I swear to *God*-”

“No no no,” he reassures, holding his hands up in surrender even as Jackie throws shit at him. “It’s just, I mean,” he sighs and Jackie decides she’ll listen to him just this once. “I knew Shane was down bad for Rozanov, sure. I just, hadn’t realized how fuckin’ *in love* he was ‘til tonight. That’s all.”

Jackie lets out a heavy sigh, her pajamas fully on and her hair now down. She debates taking off her makeup before she decides she’ll deal with it and the consequences later, flopping onto bed and making Hayden bounce with the movement.

“They’re both a little hopeless about it,” she admits, something she can only manage to say because of the dark, of the familiarity of Hayden beside her. “It’s always been like this, as long as I’ve known them.”

“Really?” Hayden sounds a little surprised, but it’s mostly subdued. Jackie curls himself into his side, settling down easier than she had expected. She had thought it would be a lot harder to settle tonight, to calm down, but here in the arms of the man she loves she finds herself feeling soothed faster than she ever anticipated. Once more it makes her heart swell a little that her two favorite dorks get this too.

“Yeah,” she mumbles, scooching closer to Hayden somehow. “They’re worse than we are and we have a fuckin’ gaggle of kids.”

Hayden laughs once more, and it’s like that that the two of them manage to find sleep after a hellish day. It’s everything Jackie has ever dreamed of, even after all these years.

—

Svetlana is not what Jackie expects. She’s stunning, far too stunning for having driven what, fucking five hours straight? She looks like she’s ready to go to a fashion shoot or something even if Jackie can tell that she’s on her last legs.

“Do you want coffee or food? Or are you looking to see that he’s alright and then fucking crash?”

Svetlana laughs, the exhaustion clear even in that sound, as she shakes her head. “I couldn’t put you out like that.”

Jackie just smiles, leading her to the kitchen. “Yes you absolutely can. None of the boys are up yet, my mom took advantage of the nice morning to go out walking so it’s just me and Amber right now. You wouldn’t be putting me out at all.”

Svetlana just sighs, sinking onto one of their stools and finally allowing herself to slouch. “If you’re serious-”

“I am.”

A laugh, a small one, but enough of a laugh that Jackie feels like she won. “Then I would love a coffee please.”

“Of course,” Jackie says, pouring Svetlana a cup from the pot she already has made and pushing the cream and sugar towards the other woman. She bounces Amber in her rocker (yeah, on the counter because it’s easier this way and there are no grabby hands to risk her baby going flying, fucking sue her) and hums her silly little good morning song, grateful to see that Amber’s big blue eyes seem to be closing once more. Good, she really should be asleep.

“How is he? Actually?” Svetlana’s voice tears Jackie from her little world and she offers her her own tired smile, one hand continuing to bounce Amber as the other curls around her own mug of coffee.

“Frazeled, I think. Injury wise he has a fracture to his orbital bone and a shit ton of stitches.”

“His eye is swollen shut?”

“Absolutely.”

Svetlana lets out a breath. “And that’s it? Just the bruising and the stitches and the orbital break? Nothing more?”

Jackie shakes her head, taking a pull from her mug and half wishing it was something stronger. “His eyeball is fine. His vision *should* be fine under the swelling. He can’t fly for a while, they’re leaving him in Montreal for the series.”

“So next season? He’ll be fine? He would be more than just heartbroken if this is how his career ends.”

“Probably. He’s got a lotta hockey left in him, unfortunately for us.”

Svetlana laughs at her shitty joke and Jackie appreciates the levity at ass o’clock in the morning. It’s nice to be sharing her kitchen with a woman who gets it, a woman who loves one of these miserable fucking fools the same way she does. These pucks flying always make her stomach drop, god fucking forbid *skate blades* where they don’t belong, and looking at the dark circles under Svetlana’s eyes, the rumpledness that she can now finally notice in her appearance, though she looks chic sure, Jackie knows that this is a woman who gets it.

“He scared me,” Svetlana admits. Her eyes are glued to her mug and she refuses to look anywhere else. “There was a lot of blood for that to amount to a nothing injury.”

“Scared me too,” Jackie offers easily. “He’s in a city that isn’t his own and he’s leaking like that? That’s nothing you ever want to see.”

“Especially not like that. Get your brow split in a fight like every other fucking asshole and leave it like that,” she huffs and Jackie finds herself laughing once again.

“It’s Ilya. He always has to go big leagues with it.”

Svetlana sighs, holding herself up with a hand. She sucks on her teeth for a moment, her tongue curled around what must be her incisor, as she taps her fingers against her coffee mug. There’s something she wants to say, clearly, and Jackie must admit she’s sort of dying to know.

“How did Shane handle it? I have a feeling he would be worse off than Ilya.”

Jackie sighs softly. “I don’t think very well. I left him with Hayden all night. I wouldn’t be shocked if Rose makes her way here too.”

“Rose? Like, Rose Landry?” Svetlana asks, and once again Jackie has to beat down the supersleuth inside of her. Instead she just manages a tired smile.

“Yeah. She and Shane are close. I wouldn’t be shocked if she appears after practice today — she’s filming in town anyway.”

Svetlana hums, her fingers tapping away as if they were itching to hold something. Suddenly Jackie wonders if she smokes, if she should offer this woman a place to light up and get a nicotine hit just so that she may feel okay. She doesn’t get a chance to before Svetlana’s speaking again.

“I will try to get us out of your hair soon. It cannot be easy to have such a full house.”

Jackie waves away the notion of inconvenience. “It’s not a worry, really. It especially won’t be after the boys ship off to Boston for games three and four.”

“No six?” Svetlana asks with a smile, teasing in a way that Jackie can already tell that she’s going to love. She didn’t expect her family to grow today, but apparently there’s one more Russian kid she’s adopting.

“My money’s on a gentlemen’s sweep.”

“Ahhh,” Svetlana says softly, taking a sip of her coffee as she contemplates. “I think it depends on how well Boston can hold on by their fingernails. They’re not going to win, not without him,” she adds with a no nonsense tone and a rather scrunched expression, clearly thinking it over before nodding to herself again. “No, they can’t. Shane will be incentivized and Boston does not click right without Ilya in the lineup.”

“They won’t even have him in the room,” Jackie adds. “Not for the home games.”

“The city might have them rally. They might go six instead of five.”

“Or they lose in seven. I’d just prefer for Ilya’s sake it’s ripped off like a bandaid. Quick and easy.”

Svetlana hums, nodding after a few moments of consideration. “It depends on who gets injured when. I do not trust that all of Boston is at 100%. With Ilya out of the lineup...”

“They’ll play until their team doc literally restrains them.”

Once more Jackie’s kitchen is filled with Svetlana’s laughter. Jackie finds herself basking in it more than she cares to admit. The levity after last night is more than a little needed.

They’re both quietly picking at muffins when the first intruder makes an appearance, Hayden’s coffee already being slid across the island to him. His smile is as warm as it was on the night they met and Jackie feels herself melt a little, his relaxed posture not changing as he takes in Svetlana.

“Rozanov’s friend?”

Svetlana raises an eyebrow, smirking almost, before she nods. “That’s me, yes. Svetlana Vetrova.”

Hayden’s brows draw at her last name and Jackie has to hide her smile behind her mug. “Vetrova?”

“Yes, Hayden Pike. Your backcheck needs some work.”

Jackie was right; she fucking *loves* Svetlana.

Hayden just shakes his head, turning to look at Jackie with his eyebrows raised. “So we have two of them now?”

“Yep,” Jackie pops the P as she grins back at him.

He rolls his eyes this time, playful, before he’s sitting in front of Amber and looking her over with that sickeningly sweet look he looks at all his children with. “How’d cranky pants do last night? I didn’t wake up to a monitor or screaming.”

“Good. Got up to feed her when we were due and that was about it.”

Hayden rubs his thumb over little Amber’s foot, smiling dopily at their sleeping youngest. “Maybe daddy should be in the playoffs every night, huh? Maybe you’ll actually sleep.”

Jackie ruffles his hair and rolls her eyes at his silliness. If only, she thinks to herself, if only.

—

Jackie is sitting at the table, checking her email on her laptop like it’s the early aughts when there’s a knock on the door. She pauses, her head tilting and hair falling askew, as she tries to figure out who the hell is at her door. The twins are at preschool, Arthur, Amber, and her mother all upstairs napping, her boys at practice, Ilya and Svetlana speaking in soft Russian as they lounge about the couch.

With everyone accounted for Jackie feels more than a little confused. She opens the door with that confusion front and center, blinking a few times as Rose Landry waves at her weakly.

What the *fuck*? A little fucking *notice* Shane? *Would it kill you?*

Jackie lets her in without a word, shaking her head and cursing Shane out under her breath, in perfect French thank you very much. She’ll bitch Shane out later. Now, she has a bigger problem on her hands. Turning back to Rose Jackie manages to smile, letting out a deep breath as she forces herself to calm the fuck down. She met Canada’s darling Sidney Crosby before, she’s *got this*.

“Hi, I’m Jackie. I’m sure Shane told you to just swing by whenever?”

Rose laughs, seemingly too self assured to be awkward. Jackie thinks she might just need to have this one too. "I'm Rose, and yes, yes he did."

"The idiots are at practice."

Rose rolls her eyes. "God forbid he tell me that."

They laugh together and yes, Jackie knows this is someone she will get to join her motley crew come hell or high water. She leans against the wall as they settle, hoping her expression is as open and as kind as she feels.

"You're more than welcome to stay and wait for the dingus." Jackie shakes her head softly before Rose can voice an answer, her smile not moving even as Rose looks at her curiously. "My mom's here, two of my babies as well. Ilya is here and has a friend over, but besides that I don't expect any other visitors today, at least not outside the family. That okay?"

There's relief in Rose's expression, Jackie is certain of it. It makes Rose more human, more precious, someone else that she wants to gather in her arms until the world feels less scary. Still, Jackie has manners, thank you very much, and she manages to restrain herself.

"That's perfect Jackie, thank you."

Jackie just smiles again, waving Rose in as she leads her to where Ilya and Svetlana sit, the curiosity inside of her brimming with the need to watch how this goes.

"Hey," she says softly, catching the Russian duo's attention easily. Ilya smiles at her sweetly, his face still a rather morbid sight, and Svetlana starts to do the same before her attention catches on the figure behind Jackie. She's not sure her supersleuthing instinct will ever *not* be bruised at the way she has to beat it back again, but somehow she manages to ignore it. "Shane invited Rose over but didn't tell her when practice was. You mind if she hangs out with you?"

A ghost of something passes over Ilya's expression before he's looking at the other woman, a rather teasing grimace that only he can pull off somehow decorating his features. "What, do I have something on my face?"

Ilya's quip shatters any tension in the room as they all laugh, and Jackie runs her fingers through his hair as she passes in a silent thanks. With how he preens after, she's more than a little sure that he understood what she meant.

Jackie does her best not to eavesdrop, her head busy with trying to plan what they're going to do in Hayden's few weeks off as a silly little family. Maybe they'll go to Brockville or Kingston or something, see some of her girls who settled closer to Toronto, and the twins do love aquariums and Tall Ships is only like an hour away... Or they could stay in Quebec and go to the train museum, Hade would certainly get a kick out of it...

It's as she's debating what to do that Ilya must join her in the kitchen. She startles as a body sags against her before she's laughing, her hand settling in his curls as she goes back to scrolling another mommy blog for ideas.

“Taking the mini-Pikes somewhere?” Ilya rumbles, his voice low and accent thick as if he’s exhausted. Jackie hums.

“We do a family vacation during Hayden’s weeks off. Trying to decide where we’re going so I have something to do besides hover.”

Ilya makes a soft noise in agreement. He huddles closer after a few minutes of quiet, the women in the other room speaking so lowly it’s as if they’re speaking in whispers, sharing secrets, and the noise and the burly man crowding into her space has Jackie relaxing. It’s a little odd, but she can’t say that she minds.

Ilya offers a few opinions here and there and together they get her options narrowed down, a successful day in her mind. She shuts her laptop with a sigh — she knows she should go check on her babies but the quiet is so *so* nice right now that she wants to do anything to draw it out. It’s why she decides to question Ilya, solely so she doesn’t have to give up her adults only time yet (she just, five minutes. She needs five more minutes before she faces a diaper).

“Why are you out here with me instead of your girl?”

Ilya hums softly, moving until his nose is pressed firmly against Jackie’s neck. She’s happy to indulge him like this, her hand still massaging at his scalp as she leans back against him.

“They,” he eventually rumbles, sounding so tired that Jackie figures she should put him down for a nap while she goes and works on the babies, “their sexual tension is worse than Shane and mine.”

Jackie laughs softly. “Oh yeah?”

“Mm,” Ilya grumbles. “By the time I am cleared to fly they will be together.”

“Wanna bet on it?”

“Sure,” Ilya drawls, a hint of playfulness appearing in his tone. “I get a WAG jacket when I’m right.”

“And you watch the kids for a full day for me when *I’m* right.”

“A play date with the mini-Pikes? Absolutely you are on.”

Jackie grins, hiding her smile in Ilya’s curls. She never expected to love him like this, the night she called Boston Lily, but she is *oh so glad* that she did. She can only hope that he and Shane are comfortable letting in the other girls. Having more people backing them, in their circle, she can’t see how it would hurt them. If anything, all she can think of is Ilya’s playfulness butting against Emily’s snark, Tash’s ultra competitive streak ready to challenge Ilya’s own, Kat’s warm embrace gathering Ilya’s softness and never letting him go, Anezka’s fierce loyalty immediately burning bright for him, Jojo holding him together whenever he wants to fall apart. She loves these women, and he knows he would love them too.

After this series, maybe. While he's still stuck in Montreal, with Svetlana and Rose with them. Her people, their kids, all gathered to watch people they care about play hockey. It's a dream, really.

She hopes one day she gets to have it, one day soon.

End Notes

the skate blade to the face is based off of the Jakub Lauko skate blade to the face incident in chi in 2023. he had a lovely sense of humor about it (Lauko i love you) and thankfully all that happened to Lauko is what happens to Ilya here in this fic, but oh man was that an insane thing to see happen, especially right off the heels of Adam Johnson tragedy.

i was debating continuing this, especially with the post ottawa move (jackie pike would do a field trip to check on Her Boy tm) (plus ilya and the “cool wags” is everything to me thx) and the mcavoy puck to the face injury this season (my poor boy isn’t even on SOLIDS yet someone better have burned that puck) - lemme know if that’s something you’d be interested in! maybe it’s the depressed bruins fan in me but like these two being the best and having no other major injuries mentioned besides the shit hit and bruised ribs was one thing that did make me laugh like no one’s targeting them during games?? they haven’t had a dinnerware incident?? no knee on knee collisions?? no flying pucks?? no groin issues?? i get that these were written before this season but the injury bug is out for blood rn and [who am i](#) to stop it.

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