

Hayden Has A Theory

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Hayden Has A Theory

by [fishcollective](#)

Summary

It's the fall of 2018. Shane has come out to his team, and the night before a game in Boston Hayden comes to Shane's hotel room for a movie night. But he's been thinking, and the math is mathing a bit too well.

"No, my theory here is... your Lily, who you are still totally dating, is Ilya Rozanov."

Mainly Hayden's POV, but some of Shane's at the end.

This is part of the same series as my two other short Hayden POVs (about Shane coming back in Ilya's clothes, as well as the blowjob phone call), and refers back to them a little. But this can absolutely be read on its own too.

Notes

This series is based on the tv version, with Shane presumably coming back to the hotel in Ilya's clothes after the tuna melt freak out. But I was inspired by how Hayden figures out it's Ilya in the epilogue of the book (which we didn't get to see in the s1 finale)

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

One day before practice Shane had taken Hayden aside in the parking lot.

“Hey man, I need to tell you something before we head in,” he had said. Clearly nervous.

Hayden had nodded and they had tucked away around a corner, shielding from the wind.

“Uhm... okay. Uh. I’m gay,” Shane had said, looking down at the ground. Hayden had of course been a little bit surprised, but maybe not as surprised as he thought Shane had expected. He had of course thanked Shane for telling him, and said it wouldn’t change anything. But they hadn’t had any time to actually *talk*, and it turned out that the reason Shane wanted to tell him outside was that he was planning on coming out to the whole team that day, but wanted his best friend to know first. And that had really warmed Hayden’s heart. The team had been generally good about it too. Clearly Scott Hunter kissing his boyfriend live on tv after the Cup win last year had done some real good, for which Hayden was very happy. Even more so now that his friend so clearly benefitted directly from it. Sure there had been some classic locker room banter using Shane’s sexuality as fodder, but not in any truly hurtful way or any different from someone revealing a new girlfriend or some unusual hobby. And he was sure it wouldn’t even be a thing in a month or so. Some guys did seem a bit uncomfortable in the showers, but honestly, fuck them.

The news had been incredibly badly timed however. They didn’t get a chance to talk more that day, or the day after. And then Hayden came down with a really bad case of the flu, curtesy of his twin petri dishes for daughters. He had been out for a week and a half, but apparently it was something that was going around and by the time he came back, Shane was out. Finally the both of them were back to full health and in Boston for an away game. Hayden hoped it would be an easy one. With Ilya Rozanov having signed with Ottawa of all places, the Raiders were slipping a bit.

Even if they didn’t have to share a room anymore, Hayden found himself lounging on one side of the big bed in Shane’s room the evening before the game. As they had an early morning practice, neither of them were going to hit the clubs or anything, and Hayden had asked if Shane wanted to watch a movie together. As they went through the list of available movies and perused the room service menu, Hayden was suddenly hit by a memory.

“Hey,” he said. “Do you remember that time two seasons ago when you came back in someone else’s clothes?”

Shane stopped the movie menu scrolling and looked at him.

“You went to see Lily, and when you came back in some other guy’s clothes, I joked that either she was married or you were hooking up with a guy.”

Shane laughed, and Hayden thought he detected a nervous edge to the laugh.

“And I was right! It was totally a guy.”

“Mm.” Shane looked down at his hands, but Hayden could see him smiling a little. “You told me it was okay if I was. I never forgot, Hayd. Thank you for that.”

Oh. Hayden himself had actually forgotten he said that, but Shane was right of course. Hayden had always been quietly supportive of the potentiality that Shane wasn’t straight, ever since that little seed had been planted in his brain.

“I get why you didn’t tell me back then,” he said. “But I’m happy you did eventually.”

Shane just smiled and kept scrolling the movie list. They decided to go for a movie neither of them has heard of but looked like it could be a couple of hours of mindless fun. They also called for room service and decided to wait for that to arrive before starting the movie. But that gave Hayden an opening.

“I’ve been thinking though,” he said. Because he really had. These past few weeks since Shane came out to him, Hayden had been working on putting puzzle pieces together in his head. And now that they were in Boston again... “You never see Lily anymore when we’re here.”

“We broke up.” It was quick and absolutely sounded like a lie.

“Sure you did. Bud, you still text her—uh, him. I have seen the notifications. Smart to set them to not show a preview though. For someone with a secret gay relationship you leave your phone unattended *a lot*.”

Shane sighed but didn't say anything. It wasn't like he could deny it.

“But now you drive to Ottawa like... *a lot*.”

Cause that had also been a weird change with Shane lately. He never used to leave Montreal during the season unless it was with the team. And now he'd been doing the two hour drive to Ottawa quite often.

“My parents live there!” Shane retorted. Which while yes, true, was clearly just a panicked excuse.

“Your parents have always lived there. And they come visit you all the time. To be honest, probably too often. Don’t you want your privacy?”

Hayden shifted position so he wasn’t slumped against the headboard anymore, but rather sat facing Shane directly.

“Shut up!” There was no venom in that. Rather affection really. Hayden could tell that Shane wasn’t really going to fight him on this. But he thought he could have some fun with it first, before pressing him on details.

“No, my theory here is... your Lily, who you are still totally dating, is Ilya Rozanov.”

Hayden splayed his hands in a ‘tadaa’-gesture and chuckled. Of course he was joking. Sort of. It was a preposterous thought, but at the same time the logistics and timeline of it all

would fit so perfectly. Rozanov used to play for Boston but signed with Ottawa the season Shane suddenly switched from secret hookups in Boston to frequent drives to the capital.

And then Shane sighed. His shoulders slumped and then he... nodded. *Wait what.*

“Holy shit... You serious? I was kinda joking. You’re with *Rozanov*?! Lily really is Ilya Rozanov? Former captain of the Boston Raiders? Current star center for the Ottawa Centaurs? Grade A asshole and your sworn enemy?”

“Yeah...” Shane kept his gaze locked at his hands in his lap.

Hayden blew out a breath. This was insane. Sure he had thought it would make sort of sense, if considering wild theories. But actually being faced with the truth he couldn’t really believe it. They *hated* Ilya Rozanov. Or rather, apparently only Hayden hated him?

“Wait wait wait... but haven’t you been texting Lily since like 2011?” Hayden was quickly trying to wrap his mind around this, and do some math.

Shane nodded. “Something like that.”

“You’ve been seeing Rozanov for *eight years*?!” No this was too much for him. He didn’t want to do anymore math.

“Uhhhh...” He did not like the sound of that.

“Fucking hell Hollander. Look at me. Don’t tell me it’s been longer than that.” *Please be the other way around.*

Shane finally looked at him, and Hayden knew it was not going to be the other way around. Shane had been sleeping with the enemy for more than eight years.

“Summer before rookie season...”

Oh Jesus.

“*You were fucking Rozanov when we met?!* ” Hayden shouted. He was going to be sick. How had he not seen this? This was crazy.

“Keep your fucking voice down!” Shane hissed.

“Sorry.” Of course he was right, they were in a hotel after all. He didn’t think anyone would’ve heard though. It wasn’t *that* loud and it was a decently sized hotel room with the bed in a good spot to minimise sound travelling. He always appreciated when a hotel did that. Hearing the neighbours having sex at 3am wasn’t conducive to restful sleep. And the times Jackie was with him, or on a video call for that matter, he appreciated it even more. *Oh no.* “Wait... holy shit. That was Rozanov sucking you off when you were on the phone with me last summer! I need to lie down.”

He dramatically slumped onto the bed, and when he looked over at Shane he could see the colour draining from his face.

“Oh my god...” Shane breathed, clearly mortified by the realisation that Hayden had heard everything.

“Dude. That was a sloppy and loud blowjob. You were not subtle either. Jackie was mad at me for not hanging up on you.”

“You told Jackie?” The colour was coming back into his face, and aggressively so. Instead of looking like he’d seen a ghost, Shane was blushing. Deeply.

“Of course I did! I was traumatised!” It had been a time. Funny at first, and Hayden could admit to himself a little bit hot, but not in a gross way. But afterwards he had realised that it was also weird and a bit wrong, maybe.

“You could’ve hung up!” Shane wasn’t wrong there, but in Hayden’s defence Shane could have done the same.

“I was also fascinated and amused and wanted to see what you would do.” He shrugged.

“God!” Shane buried his face in his hands.

“We were proud of you though. For getting some. And we did actually entertain the thought of it possibly being a guy, if not like a celebrity wanting to stay hidden. Because of all the secrecy.”

Shane just groaned.

“Speaking of celebrities though... Rose?” Yeah that was another thing Hayden had struggled with in the past few weeks. Fitting Rose Landry into the equation.

“I tried. I didn’t want to be gay,” Well that broke Hayden’s heart a little. “And we connected. But she was actually the one who forced me to you know... deal with it. We’re still friends.”

“So you never...” Hayden let the question hang in the air.

“No we did. It was awful.” He really looked regretful about that.

“Aw buddy. I guess good for you for trying and figuring everything out. But fuck, did it have to be Rozanov?”

“It’s not like we could help it!” He gave a short laugh. A sad laugh really.

“A decade?” It was an absolutely wild thought. His best friend and that Russian shithead, hooking up for 10 years.

“Yeah.” While the little laugh had been a bit sad, his small smile was now fond. Hayden was starting to see what this actually was. *Damn.*

“It’s serious then? Or are you just fuck buddies?” He had to ask but he was pretty sure he knew the answer.

“I love him.” Yeah, there it was. And he could really see it in Shane’s face. The way he couldn’t help but smile a little. The way his eyes softened.

“Fuck Shane. That’s...” It was bad. It was really bad. Shane wasn’t even publicly out as gay to the fans or the greater MLH. That would probably be okay though. But this?

“Yeah I know. It’s not great is it?” His smile had faded and he looked sad again.

“No it really isn’t. If this gets out you’re probably fucked.” Big time. Their professional integrity would most certainly be put into question. They were captains of rivalling teams. While Hayden knew Shane, and had seen him play against Rozanov up close with honestly more fire than against other teams and their respective captains, other people didn’t. Hell, he was sure some of their teammates would even question it. Especially if something happened. A bad day, a skate getting caught on the ice, a missed pass... they could all be misconstrued as throwing it for Rozanov. *Fuck*.

“We know.” *We*. Hayden guessed he had to start getting used to thinking of them like that.

“So what’s the plan?” He asked. Because this was Shane Hollander. His life was planned out. Maybe not fully by himself but still.

“We keep it a secret until we retire. That’s it.” Oh that was *sad*. Simple but so sad. Shane continued, “Actually, I guess it’s a day of sharing secrets. Obviously this stays between us, all of it.” Hayden nodded. Of course. “But me and Ilya are starting a charity. We’re both passionate about it, and it will be a way to start moving away from the idea of us as bitter rivals who hate each other.”

“And it won’t be weird if you’re seen in public... yeah that’s smart actually.” Hayden was honestly impressed.

“Thanks.”

“I still don’t like him,” Hayden grumbled.

Shane laughed. A proper laugh. Light and normal. Hayden figured it must be like a weight was lifted, finally being able to share the secret. To have someone on their side. And he was. He really was going to be by their side through this. Even if he didn’t like Rozanov. Because he loved Shane.

“But I guess I should meet him. Properly I mean,” he said. Because he never had. Now that he thought about it, they had only ever really interacted on the ice. And that was usually bodies slamming into each other, shouted curses, and snide remarks. But if Shane loved this man and planned to spend his life with him... Hayden needed to try.

Their room service arrived then, and they spent some time just eating their caesar salads in silence by the window. Shane even turned off the tv without saying anything. Clearly neither of them were in the mood for the random action movie they had chosen.

“I promise I won’t tell anyone,” Hayden blurted out between bites of chicken.

“I know. I trust you.” Shane smiled. “But you can tell Jackie.”

“Oh thank god!” Hayden was so relieved. “I wouldn’t have okay? I may be a big gossip with her, but I would never tell her a secret I’ve sworn to keep. That’s different. She will be thrilled about this though!”

Finishing up the salad realisation dawned on him. And he groaned.

“Shit. Jackie will absolutely want to invite the two of you to dinner. I’d say expect a text from her within a day.”

Shane chuckled. “She takes such good care of me.”

“You are our fifth child according to her.”

“I know. Dad.”

If Hayden had had any food left on his plate he would’ve thrown it at Shane. He had to settle for just the napkin. It wasn’t as if he actually minded it that much though. He did think of Shane as family. Dear god, did that make Rozanov his son in almost-law now? *Nope, not going down that path.*

“Well son,” he joked while getting up with an exaggerated grunt. “This has been... an interesting conversation. And not where I expected the evening to go when I asked to come over for a movie. But I guess I shall go back to my room. I have a phone call to make.”

“Thank you. Really. For being okay with this. Even if you don’t like him,” Shane said.

“You love him, and he loves you I assume. And that’s enough for me to try.” And that was it really. That was all it took. He would try to get over his distaste for Ilya Rozanov, because it would mean everything to Shane. And Shane meant a lot to Hayden.

“Alright. Goodnight man.”

“Night Hayd.”

And with that Hayden walked back to his room. Stunned. *What had just happened? Really?*

The moment the door to his, thankfully also private, hotel room closed behind him he pulled his wife’s contact up on his phone and hit call.

“Babe, you’re not going to believe this...”

He was happy Hayden had figured it out. Shane probably wouldn't have told him for a good while otherwise. They wanted to stay a secret for as long as possible, and the more people who knew the higher the risk of exposure. But he also realised it might be good to have an ally. Someone who could maybe cover for them, and just... someone they could be themselves around for once. It was a small weight lifted.

When Hayden had asked to come to Shane's room for a movie and maybe some food, Shane had thought that maybe something like this would happen. Maybe not the full truth coming out, but at least Hayden having questions about his sexuality and whatnot. Especially since he had been on him about Lily for years. Being in Boston without feeling the rush of potential for a secret hookup still felt a little weird. A little empty maybe, if Shane was honest with himself. But of course he much preferred being able to see Ilya as often as he could, and being able to stay over too. It was just that Boston held some memories.

Since their intended movie night was cut short Shane figured he could just as well get ready for bed and maybe read a little. He had just gotten Sean Avery's memoir and thought that might be a fun read. And it didn't hurt to be extra well rested for the upcoming game. So he brushed his teeth and washed his face, and got into bed. Before settling in with the book he sent a text to Ilya, still listed as Lily in his phone. He wasn't even sure he'd want to change that whenever they made their relationship public.

“Hayden figured it out. Us. It’s okay. Good job against Detroit. We’re going to annihilate Boston tomorrow. They’re nothing without you. Goodnight, love you.”

Just as he put the phone on the night stand it rang. He assumed it would be Ilya, so he was surprised when the screen lit up with Jackie Pike's name accompanied by a picture Ruby had taken of her mother with Shane's phone.

“Hi Jackie.” He knew exactly why she was calling. Looking at the time he assumed the half hour since Hayden had left had been him on the phone with his wife freaking out, and now she was closing the loop.

“Oh my god, *sweetheart!* I'm so happy for you two!” No greeting, just straight down to business.

Shane laughed. “Thanks.”

“But also sad that you have to hide. *Please* come to dinner next time Ilya— can I call him Ilya?— next time he's in Montreal.” Jackie was excited. And had reacted exactly as Shane had expected. He had known Hayden wouldn't take it super well, as he definitely hated Ilya. But while Jackie was a passionate hockey wife who would cheer for the destruction of whatever team her husband was up against, she was also the sweetest woman Shane had ever met. And he had been sure that if Jackie found out how he and Ilya felt about each other, she would put any hockey rivalry aside in a heartbeat.

“Yes of course you can call him Ilya. That’s his name.”

“I think Hayd will stick to Rozanov for a while. He does not like your man.”

“Yeah I know.” He laughed. “We’ll get there though.”

“But I don’t care! If you love him and he loves you, he’s now family. That’s how it works. Please come to dinner?”

Shane almost got a little choked up at the thought of his boyfriend being incorporated into an additional loving family. Well, half of one at least. Having watched his parents immediately welcoming Ilya into the family had made him so happy and warm inside. Ilya deserved that. He deserved *everything*, but especially a family that loved him unconditionally. Shane’s own mother kept joking that Ilya was her favourite son. Was it even a joke at this point? Not that it mattered to Shane that much. Ilya was his favourite too after all. And now Jackie was welcoming him with open arms as well.

“Yes of course we will come to dinner,” he managed to keep his voice steady.

“Excellent! Is he allergic to anything?” He could hear Jackie’s gears turning already. Planning the welcoming dinner for her new, sixth, child.

“No.” He laughed again. “I’m the picky one.”

“Yes yes, rabbit food.” On his end Shane rolled his eyes, and he was sure Jackie was doing the same.

“Thank you Jackie. For everything.” Sometimes Shane couldn’t believe how lucky he was to have these people in his life, and he needed to make sure to thank them more often.

“Oh honey. Of course! Okay, I’ll let you rest up for the big game tomorrow. Take them down!” Yup, hockey wife through and through.

“I will. Goodnight!”

“Goodnight.”

They hung up, and Shane rested his head against the headboard. Yeah, they would be okay. It would suck to keep their relationship a secret until they retired, but with people like Jackie and Hayden around it would at least be a little bit easier.

End Notes

Yes I absolutely looked up what could be a real hockey memoir Shane could've been reading in 2018

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