

Hayden Pike: World's Most Oblivious Wingman

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Hayden Pike: World's Most Oblivious Wingman

by [FluffyGoddess](#)

Summary

Hayden helps Shane convince Ilya to go to his cottage in the summer. Accidentally. Obviously. But he does help.

Notes

So apparently what it took to break my several-years-long writing hiatus (fuck you, depression) was gay hockey boys and the notes app on my phone.

I have no concept of if any of this is in character anymore, except Pike completely failing to clock them. That part feels like it's in character.

Happy New Year!

Ilya would not have gone inside Hollander's hospital room if he had known Pike was still in there. He had lurked in the stairwell like a creep on purpose, waiting for the chance to sneak in and say... something. He hadn't decided yet, and it would have been predicated on being alone with Shane anyway.

"Ilya! Rozanov!"

And of course Shane greeted him like he was delighted. He was concussed and drugged and a terrible liar. Pike whipped around to stare at him and he glared back.

"Hollander," he greeted. *Do not fucking out us to Hayden fucking Pike.* If only he could beam that thought into Shane's head.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Pike spat. Ilya raised his hands, *see I am innocent man style*, then shoved them into his pockets where they wouldn't automatically reach for Shane.

"Marlow sends apologies." The idiot guarding Shane blinked, then visibly settled down. "He feels terrible. He did not mean to hurt you."

There. That was fine. Pike would understand a captain coming to apologize after a check went sideways.

He couldn't quite leave it there. "You are okay? Not too bad?"

"Collarbone, minor concussion," Shane reported. "Out for the rest of the season, but, you know, I'll be back."

Ilya nodded. Tried not to show how scared he'd been for the man now beaming sleepily at him.

"Could be worse."

"Could be worse."

"Could've not happened," Pike muttered. They ignored him.

"S'okay. It was a clean check, right? I think it was clean."

"Yes. It was bad, but it was clean," he conceded. And then, because there was an itch under his skin he couldn't expel the way he wanted with a third person in the room, "I will tell Marlow he got lucky, this time. If next time is not so clean, it will be bag skates until he pukes."

"Awww. Good captain Rozanov," Shane declared. Pike sputtered, but this was familiar ground, and Ilya rolled his eyes.

"Yes, yes. You are soft captain. I am scary captain. My team beats yours, my way wins, I am better captain."

Shane actually laughed at that.

"You're an asshole," he added, sounding much too fond and amused for a conversation they were having in front of fucking Hayden Pike.

Ilya shrugged.

This was stupid, and getting stupider by the minute. He couldn't say the things he wanted to say in front of anyone else, and Shane was so obviously high off the pain and the drugs that he *might*. He'd been there himself, more than once -- thankfully he defaults to Russian, which his teammates barely know three words in, so he's never given anything important away -- and he couldn't blame an injured man, but he hated this. Hated seeing the man he fucking loved lying in a hospital bed like this, hated that he could ruin both their lives by saying anything, hated Pike for being in the way.

(Hated that he's a fucking coward, and wouldn't say what he wants to say even if they were alone.)

The smart thing would be to leave, he decided. He could wander by again later, try to catch Shane alone so he could at least look at him properly.

He wasn't doing very well at doing the smart thing.

"C'mere, Rozanov," Shane said. Ilya blinked. "C'mere c'mere c'mere--"

"Jesus," Pike groaned. "Just do it, Rozanov. He's high as a fucking kite, don't take it personally."

He raised his eyebrows. Pike kept glaring at him and jerked his head in the world's most exaggerated *go over there*. He looked like a tiny sheepdog, trying to herd the big Russian over to Shane's side.

Pike apparently did not see this as a suspicious request. Also, Shane was still repeating *c'mere* like a stuck record, and was reaching with his good arm.

He was making grabby motions. It was unfair for this to be adorable.

They were already getting away with this much, he supposed. He kept his hands in his pockets but made his way over to stand beside the bed. Shane's grabby hands made contact with his sleeve and latched on, and he smiled beatifically.

"Bet-ter." Further adorableness. Behind him, Hayden let out another curse. Ilya tried to look above all of this instead of affectionate. Or terrified. "Hi."

He rolled his eyes.

"Did they give you all the drugs in pharmacy, Hollander? You are very high right now."

"I knowwww. I wanna. Listen. I wanna hold, like, everybody's hand."

For some reason, this made Pike burst into laughter. Ilya suspected there was some sort of joke about this, but he didn't know it. He didn't know if Shane was always like this when the doctors gave him the good stuff, but Pike knew.

An unpleasant reminder. He was jealous of Pike and the rest of Hollander's teammates. He didn't *like* these people, wouldn't have wanted to join them even if he could, but he was coldly, viciously jealous that there was a side of Hollander that they knew and he didn't.

The thought made him glare at Pike out of the corner of his eye. Pike glared right back. And also shrugged, clearly uncomfortable with his captain being so vulnerable in front of his big bad rival, but for some reason unwilling to actually do anything about it.

"You want to hold everybody's hand," he repeated flatly. Pike squirmed.

"Uh-huh," Shane confirmed. "That's the drugs."

"Jesus," Pike muttered.

"Oh!"

"What?"

"What?"

Ugh. They'd responded at the same time. Ilya shot an extra glower Pike's way on principal.

"I remembered what I was gonna ask you."

Shane looked sleepily triumphant. Ilya felt his stomach clench, dread slithering back in instantly.

"You can ask me anything you want, man. But can it maybe wait until Rozanov goes away?" Pike suggested.

"No. Asking Rozanov."

"The fuck?"

He had to get out of here. He had to stop this conversation before it got any worse.

"I should go," he blurted out. Shane's fingers tightened.

"Yeah," Pike muttered, while Shane moaned out a forlorn *noooooo*.

"Hollander."

"Nope!"

"You should probably rest now."

"Hate to agree with the enemy, here, but yeah. You clearly do not know what you're saying. Or who you're saying it to."

"M'fine, guys."

"Jesus. You are so not fine, Shane."

"I also hate to agree with enemy, but you are very drugged. You should rest. Heal. Cannot beat you on ice next season if you are not healed yet."

"You fucking wish," Shane drawled. Ilya caught his own lips curling up at the edges. Just a little. He could not be blamed for that much of a smile. "C'mon, Rozanov. I'm concussed *and* drugged, you gotta be nice to me. That's the ruuulllllllle."

More swearing from Pike. He looked over. Now the man looked both annoyed and embarrassed. Ilya raised an eyebrow.

"I don't think Rozanov is gonna know that rule. Come on, man."

"What rule?" Shane's fingers were still locked on his sleeve. Except for one finger, which had wiggled in under his cuff, and which he was going to have to ignore. Stupid Montreal rules would maybe distract him.

"When any player is recovering from a concussion or drugged in the hospital you must be nice to them and not chirp them for saying stupid shit and you have to do whatever they ask you to do," Hollander recited brightly.

Ah. He turned to the Montreal player that was not technically incapacitated.

"Team rule," the man admitted. He snorted.

"I am not a member of your team. Team rules do not apply."

"They doooooo," Shane sighed. His pinkie was now stroking back and forth inside Ilya's sleeve. He was going to kill this man.

Although *Pike* was maybe overreacting a bit by burying his face in his hands and screaming. Perhaps they were giving him an aneurysm. Or an ulcer.

"Okay, look. Rozanov, just -- just tell him you're going to do whatever he wants you to do and get *out* of here. Marlow's sorry, you've done your duty, time to *go*."

He nodded. Shane let out a whiny little whimpering noise that he had heard before. He whipped his head around and glared at the little shit, because no way that was innocent.

Shane graced him with a triumphant smile.

Definitely not innocent.

"Yes, fine. I will do the stupid thing."

"Promise," Shane demanded.

"Maybe." His heart clenched. He wanted to be able to say yes. "Maybe."

Shane pouted. Ilya stifled a groan of his own. This was ridiculous. *Shane* was ridiculous. He was going to give them away; how Pike hadn't caught on yet was beyond him.

"Just ask him already and let's get this over with," the oblivious man muttered.

"Hey," Shane whispered. He looked down for just long enough to look up through his eyelashes. And he stopped stroking his fingertip across Roz's wrist, tapping it instead for emphasis. "Will you come to my cottage this summer?"

Pike started choking at the end of the bed. Neither of them looked up.

"Don't go to Russia. Come to my house."

"Hollander."

"We'll have so much fun..."

"Holy *shit*," the third man in the room yelled.

Ilya tried to open his mouth.

He had to fix this. Had to make this sound less... less fucking intimate. Shane couldn't control himself, so it was up to him to cover for him, to protect them both.

"Stupid idea, Hollander," he said harshly. *Stupid time to ask*, he hoped Shane heard.

"The cottage? The *cottage*?!?!"

He half turned, lips pursed. The little blond was glaring just at Shane now, his arms in the air.

"You're inviting Rozanov to the *cottage*? Dude! You barely even invite *me* to the cottage! What the hell, man?"

"Swear jar," Shane singsonged, then visibly dismissed the interruption. "Nobody will know."

"I will know! I am right here! Listening to this!"

"We'll have so much *fun*." He frowned. "Hayden? Can you stop yelling? I am drugged *and* concussed."

"This is clear," Ilya muttered.

"Say you'll come."

It hurt. Standing next to Shane, wanting so badly to take his hand properly and knowing he couldn't. Any control he'd ever had over this situation was so far out of reach it might as well be in Moscow. Or Siberia.

"No," he said. That was too soft. He needed to sound disinterested. His throat ached. "No."

"I have a rink," Shane coaxed, as if he could bargain his way into a yes. "We can practice the powerplay. Drive everyone *crazy* next all-stars."

"Jesus Christ, this is about the *all-stars*?" Pike spit out. They both turned to look at him. "You are concussed! You are in a fucking hospital bed with a broken collarbone! And you're thinking about *the fucking all-stars*?"

It was an opening. Rozanov was good at openings.

"That part does not surprise me." He got an unintelligible shriek of rage in answer, and smirked. "We did play well, last all-stars. Would be fun to do that again."

"Jesus, you're as bad as he is," Pike groaned. "You know what? Fuck it. Team rules *do* apply to you, Rozanov."

"They do not," he snapped, startled. That was a rather abrupt turnaround.

"They do if you're already planning on being on the same team! Again!"

"We totally will. We're *perfect* together," Shane sighed.

"You're *annoying* together!" Hayden spat. "Team rules, Rozanov. You're going to his cottage to practice for *fucking all-stars*, and if you don't you're a goddamned pus--"

"Swear jar!" Shane interrupted.

It was possible, Ilya thought, that every single player in Montreal was so fucking insane that they'd think this made sense. He looked down at Shane, who looked like a smug little doped up kitten, and over at Pike, who looked idiotic but not even a little like he suspected *practicing for all-stars* was code for *lots and lots of sex*.

"I... do not have ticket to Russia booked yet," he conceded, his skin buzzing.

"Good. You're going. And you know what, Shane? *I'm* going. Now. I'm going to get a coffee, and *I'm not going to bring you back anything*. God, you two fucking deserve each other."

"That may be nicest thing you have ever said to me," Ilya said, because he couldn't not. Pike made yet another noise of utter and complete frustration, and then he left.

He actually left.

Ilya looked back down, to where Shane was now happily petting his wrist.

"Are you actually high right now?"

"I'm impulsive when I'm high," Shane informed him loftily. "That doesn't make me *stupid*."

He continued staring.

"Also, they cut off the morphine just before you got here, and Hayden always thinks it takes way longer than it does to clear my system."

He laughed.

"Ty malen'kiy sorvanets. Poor Hollander. Are you in pain?"

"I'd be in less pain if you kissed me," Shane suggested hopefully.

He shook his head. But--

"Soon. At the cottage."

"At the cottage," Shane echoed happily.

He looked up as the door opened again. This time it was a nurse, and Ilya made his excuses, shushing Hollander's *byyyyyyyyy* as he left.

The cottage. This summer. It was risky, stupidly risky.

But. Not impossible.

Especially if all the other NHL skaters were as oblivious as Pike.

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