

HAYDEN KNOWS

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76684896) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76684896>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike
Characters:	Hayden Pike , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Concussed Shane Hollander , Injury Recovery , Coming Out , POV Shane Hollander , Autistic Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Hurt/Comfort , Light Angst , Good Friend Hayden Pike , Hospitals
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 2,003 Chapters: 1/1

HAYDEN KNOWS

by [Lavishballs](#)

Summary

Hayden knows.

The night after Shane went head first through the boards, he was supposed to be resting without access to his phone so he could recover. Well, he was actually *supposed* to be calling his mother to tell her goodnight to ease her worry. And the nurse was meant to watch him the whole time so he couldn't do something stupid, but she was called away, and he could handle himself.

Except, now Hayden knows.

or

Shane, both high off pain medication and with free access to his phone, tries texting Ilya, but unfortunately texts Hayden instead. Revealing his relationship with Ilya before either of them can prepare.

Notes

A very silly, completely noncanon series of events following Shane's injuries on the ice.

Enjoy<333

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

The florescent lights are buzzing.

It's late on the second night of Shane's recovery. The sun went down hours ago, leaving him with nothing to look at but the lights of the city. His head lulls back against his pillows as he feels a dull, throbbing ache in the back of his skull that refuses to let him rest. And he wants nothing more to *rest*. With the sun gone, his eyes have been hurting for the last few hours, and now he's finding it difficult to keep them open for longer than a few seconds. And the florescent lights are buzzing.

He can handle the frequent beeping and whirling of the machines around him, but those *damn lights* are making him more and more agitated, even in his muddled state, he's not sure how much longer he can handle the noise for.

Clumsy fingers slide across the thin sheet on top of him to call for one of the nurses, hopeful that they'll fix the problem.

It takes a little less than five minutes for one of the nurses to pop her head inside, offering him a cheerful smile as she approached. *She has kind eyes. Like Ilya's, but nowhere as beautiful.*

"Good evening, Mr. Hollander. Are you ready to call your mother?" She asks softly, already moving towards the other side of the room in search of his phone.

He nods slowly in response, forgetting she that she can't see him with her back turned. He tries clearing his voice and mumbling something, but even he couldn't make out his own words. He waits until she walks back over to make his request known.

"Do you need something else, Mr. Hollander?" She looks down at him quizzically as she holds his phone within arms reach, but he doesn't bother to reach for it as he stares back up, squinting in the harsh light.

"Can you turn off the lights, please? They're being loud," his voice cracks from disuse, but he doesn't care.

"Yes, of course. Anything else?" Her voice remains low, her eyes attentive. *She's so patient, and kind.*

Ilya should be here.

"No," his voice cracks again as he shakes his head lightly, before holding out his hand.
"Phone, please."

The nurse offers a sweet smile at his request, before handing his phone over. When she smiles down at him bright enough, her crows feet become all the more apparent. *One day Ilya will look just as beautiful with a pair of his own, if not ten times more.*

His mother's contact is already pulled up, making it easy for him to press the call button without any more help. He offers a dopey smile in return, presses the button, and brings his

phone to his ear to wait for her to pick up.

“I’ll be right out the door,” she told him, pointing back to the place she came from. He nods back to her slowly right as his mother picks up his call.

As the kind nurse leaves, the lights finally turn off, causing him to blow out a sigh of relief. The ache in his skull loosens its grip on him as he talks with his mother about how he’s feeling and his recovery. They talk for a long time — *nearly an hour, but the same amount they normally do* — and when their call finally ends, the nurse never comes back into the room to take his phone back. He stares longingly at the device in his hands.

He misses Ilya; he should be here with him.

Looking at the bright screen hurts his eyes, but his need to talk with Ilya wins out. He opens his messages app and presses on his most recent text conversation exchange, and begins typing, *very slowly*, with his free hand.

Shane

I miss you

His lip juts out in a pout as the ache of his eyes only grow worse with the time he spends waiting for a reply to come.

Hayden

I miss you too

How are you feeling, buddy?

Shane can’t help it as his frown only deepens and his eyebrows furrow. Ilya’s never called him that. Did he do something wrong?

Shane

Are you mad at me?

The three bubbles barely have time to appear on the screen before the next reply comes through.

Hayden

No????!!

Why would I be mad at you?

Shane

Buddy...

Hayden

What else would I call you?

Shane

Baby...

I wanna see you, can you come visit again?

Hayden

Shane, buddy, are you sure you're texting the right person? I feel like these messages are meant for Boston Lily, not me.

Actually, you shouldn't be texting at all.

Why do you have your phone?

Shane

I was calling my mom, Ilya, you know how she worries.

Call me?

The call was instant, bringing his dopey smile back on his face as he rises his phone back to his ear and whispers a small, love sickened, hello.

"Shane? Are you feeling okay, buddy?" The *not Ilya* voice asks, causing his eyebrows to furrow in confusion all over again.

"Hayden? You're not Ilya. I'm waiting on a call from him. Okay? So, goodbye," he says, pulling his phone away from his ear slightly to end the call.

"Shane, wait! You were texting me. I don't think he's going to call."

"Nooo..." his frown deepens, "I was texting Ilya, so he's gonna call."

"*Rozanov* isn't going to call you, Shane. At least not right now, because you were texting me."

"But, *Ilya*..." he whines, jutting his lip back out. "*I miss him.*"

A long sigh comes from the other end of the line, followed by muttering, before Hayden's voice comes back. "Okay, Shane, I am going to come to the hospital and help you call him. So, I'm going to hang up, and I'll be there in twenty-ish minutes, alright?"

"*Okay,*" He whispers, voice cracking as the line goes dead.

In the morning, his chest felt all warm and fuzzy as his smile never faltered from his face, but the memories of the night before faded with his sleep. It would be another three days for

those fuzzy, little things to make a reappearance as he stood in the bathroom staring at his own reflection. And it took even longer for him to muster up the courage to look at his messages to check the validity of his own drowsy memories.

His heart sinks and his breathing quickens as he frantically messages Ilya.

Shane

Hayden knows

Lily

Hayden knows little more than having eight million children

Shane

No, I'm not joking Ilya. Hayden knows

Lily

He knows what?

Shane

About us!

Lily

How could he know that? Is your head hurting? Do you need to get some more rest?

Shane

Because I accidentally texted him while drugged up trying to text you instead, and now, Hayden knows!

Lily

It cannot be that bad. Hayden is stupid, maybe he does not know anything

Shane

He came to the hospital that night to help me call you, and now I haven't talked to him in three days. And now he knows and probably hates me

Lily

Fuck

Shane

Fuck indeed, that's what I keep trying to tell you

Lily

Okay, okay. Hayden knows. Now what?

Shane stares at the message for a long moment, before sighing and throwing his phone on the bed, because he doesn't know. He hasn't even told his own parents he's gay, much less hooking up with Ilya Rozanov of all people! But now, by some cruel design of fate, Hayden knows.

He thinks about texting Hayden, or maybe calling, but the thought makes his head ache all over again, and he can't quite handle it.

He forces himself to sleep.

Hayden shows up at his parents house a week later with a sheepish grin. His mother greets his teammate warmly and welcomes him in, before making herself scarce. Shane thinks better of having — *what is surely to be a painful conversation* — in the living room, and takes Hayden up to his childhood bedroom. He knocks the door shut with his heel, before sitting down on the bed and waiting for the yelling to begin.

But it doesn't.

Hayden is silent for a long moment, and when Shane looks back up, he sees the other man taking in his room, before moving to sit down beside him.

"How are you feeling?" Hayden asks, awkwardly.

"I'm okay. My head's a lot better." He says, casting his eyes down to his floor and kicking at it lightly.

"Ah. I'm sorry I didn't come by sooner."

"I know. I might be out of the games, but you're not."

Hayden hums thoughtfully, but he doesn't say anything else as he presses his lips into a thin line. Shane swallows back the lump in his throat, and forces himself to catch his friend's eye, trying to gauge how he feels.

"You should be yelling at me," he whispers.

"Why would I yell?" Hayden asks, looking at him with wide eyes. "Because I have nothing to yell about, even though you've been hiding the fact that you're dating *Ilya Rozanov* and that she is Boston Lily. Why would I yell? Do you think I'm mad?"

"We're not dating," is all he manages, because he's right about it all. "I am sorry, but I didn't think you would understand."

"I don't understand, Shane. I didn't even know you were gay. If I did, I wouldn't have tried to set you up with so many of Jackie's friends. And seriously, *Ilya fucking Rozanov?*"

“Okay, listen,” he says, watching as Hayden shuts his mouth and looks back at him with patient eyes. “I didn’t really *know* I was gay...” he pauses and bites his lip. “Or, I at least didn’t accept that part of myself. And yes, I could’ve told you sooner when I realized, but that always comes with all the meddling questions into my personal life—” he trails off, looking anywhere else but at Hayden.

“But you were afraid you’d mention Rozanov?” Hayden supplies.

“Something like that.”

“Was there really *no one* else? Any other guy?”

“You don’t know the half of it Hayd. I wish it was as easy as finding another guy. I would take that over this fucking mess I’m living in. But I can’t, because I love him,” he says, whispering his confession as he feels his heart falter and tears welled up in his eyes.

“I am happy for you man,” Hayden whispers, patting his leg reassuringly. “I don’t understand, and I still hate the guy, but I’m happy you found someone to love. I always worried you’d never find the right person, but little did I know you had. You deserve him, just as long as he makes you happy and treats you right.”

Shane chuckles as he leans some of his weight onto Hayden, smiling softly.

“I am happy.”

“Good.”

Hayden knows, and he doesn’t hate him.

Shane saw Ilya again sooner than he thought he would, but he couldn’t hide his happiness as he tucked himself into the strong arms of the other man, breathing in his deep scent of spice and lingering cigarette. Tears welled up in his eyes as they stand there hugging each other, unable to pull apart.

“Hayden knows, and hates you now, yes?” Ilya smiles as he pulls away just enough to look into Shane’s eyes.

“He knows and he *doesn’t* hate me.” Shane smiles, leaning up to kiss him.

“So the sky did not fall, and you did not die?”

“Oh, shut up,” he laughs, pulling him in for a deeper kiss. “He hates you though,” he says as they pull away, watching Ilya’s soft, kind eyes light up in amusement.

“Yes, I hate him too.”

“Be nice.”

“I am always nice.”

Shane just scoffs as Ilya smiles down at him, before pulling him into a another deep kiss and savoring every moment that they can be together.

Hayden knows, and the sky did not fall.

End Notes

Kudos and comments are always appreciated!!! They keep me both motivated and well feed<333

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