Caught up in a Blissful Feeling

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Caught up in a Blissful Feeling

by gallybobally71

Summary

> “You can prove it? What, that Rozanov is your Boston girl?” Shane nods, and Hayden looks at him with disbelief. “Go ahead, then. Prove it.” He gestures at Shane, urging him to do so.
>
> “Fine. I will.” Shane pulls his phone out from his pocket with determination and unlocks it. He opens his messages with Lily and presses call in the top corner. The contact page for Lily fills his screen as the call connects. He turns the phone to show Hayden the screen then puts it on speakerphone.
>
> Hayden crosses his arms and watches intently as they wait for the call to connect.
>
> It rings four times before the call connects.
>
> “Ilyaaa.” Shane says into the speaker before Rozanov can greet him. He ignores the way his mouth pulls into a grin when he hears the response.
>
> “Hollander?”

Notes

> Hello again,
>
> I know there are a lot of fics with Hayden finding out about Shane and Ilya’s relationship, but this idea was stuck in my head so I whipped it up in like 2 days lmao. Can u tell I’m obsessed?
>
> Title from wishful dreaming - 5sos

See the end of the work for more notes

Hayden insists Shane needs to let loose for once in his life. Apparently ‘going to the cottage in the summer’ and ‘watching all the Avengers movies back to back’ is *not* letting loose and in fact, normal activities.

So Hayden insists he join him at the bar. Forces him, really, almost dragging Shane out of the hotel room and down to the taxi.

He goes pretty willingly, not that he really wants to go for drinks, but because he sees the grin on Hayden’s face when he begrudgingly accepts.

They get to the bar and find a table, Hayden immediately ordering them a beer and a shot, and a basket of fries. Shane tries to tell him he doesn’t do fries, but Hayden glares at him until Shane gets that his diet will suffer for one night. And he supposes one night won’t set him back at all.

It’s nice, actually, just the two of them sitting across from each other in the bar, sharing the fries and drinking their beers after downing the shot first. There’s a basketball game on in the background, but Shane pays no attention to it. He really doesn’t care for any other sports, only watches hockey if it’s on.

Hayden, on the other hand, is a general sports fan, and cheers loudly with the rest of the bar when the Raptors player hits a three pointer, putting them fifteen points ahead of the other team. The game’s over halfway done and everyone seems to be enjoying it.

And Shane’s enjoying just being here. The atmosphere is nice, the food and drinks are good, Hayden’s company is good, as always. He finds himself enjoying, especially as more alcohol floods his veins, feels himself loosening up more than he usually lets go.

After their second beer, Hayden starts ordering them only shots, apparently the beer not doing it fast enough for him. And while Shane would’ve been fine nursing beers all night, Hayden, apparently, did not have the patience.

So four shots and two beers later, Shane was feeling it. He didn’t drink very often, and when he did, it was a beer or two only. Even with his size, his tolerance was lower than most of his teammates, including Hayden.

“I should stop.” Shane says, after downing his fifth shot of the night, the bitter taste no longer burning his throat as it went down.

“Hmm, no.” Hayden tells him and pushes another shot in front of him. “The night is young and so are we, and I don’t think you’ve loosened up enough yet.”

“Hayden…” Shane tries, but realizes it’s no use when Hayden wiggles his brows at him and lifts up the shot glass. Shane chuckles and picks his up and clinks it against Hayden’s, and they throw it back simultaneously. He makes a face at the taste of it and puts it back down on the table. “Fuck.”

Hayden laughs, too, his cheeks rosy from the alcohol. He's not as drunk as Shane, but he's not too far behind him. "Good shit, eh?"

"Sure, if that's what you want to call it." Shane shoves an onion ring into his mouth, chasing the taste in his mouth away. It was Shane's choice for the second shareable for the night, Hayden at least having enough common sense to not drink without food.

"Seriously, though, I don't know if I'm gonna make it back to the hotel if we keep going." Shane says, holding his head up with his hand, elbow propped on the table for stability.

"Well," Hayden says, devious grin on his face as he scans the patrons around them. "Maybe you don't have to go back to our room."

"No." Shane says immediately. He knows what Hayden's looking for, and he's really not in the mood for a meaningless hook up. He doesn't really do that anymore, not since…

Hayden groans. "Why not? We're out having fun! If I can't do hook ups anymore then I want you to at least!" He leans forward, folding his arms on the table. "You could easily find a pretty girl to go home with, with your name and your face." He smirks, and nods towards a group of girls in a booth across from them, who giggle and shy away from them when Shane looks at them.

"I get that, but I'm not really interested in finding someone tonight." Shane reverts his gaze back to in front of him, busying his fingers with the corner of the paper that was under the onion rings.

Hayden levels him with a bored glare. "You're supposed to be letting loose, Shane. And that includes trying to find a nice girl for the night! Nothing wrong with that."

"I know," Shane huffs. He feels his cheeks flush hot, and he's thankful he can blame it on the alcohol. He shakes his head and lets out a short laugh. "I'd rather spend time with you, doing this."

Because he didn't want to hook up with anyone. Especially not a girl. Not tonight, not any night, really. It's not like he didn't think about it, especially on desperate, lonely nights. But every time he even considered taking someone back to his hotel room for the night, he stopped himself. There was always a reason he told himself. Not enough time. Too risky and his teammates might see him. He wasn't really in the mood. But he knew they were just excuses. He knew the real reason, even if he didn't want to admit it to himself.

They weren't Rozanov.

"I am a blast." Hayden agrees. He leans back in his chair, hands behind his head, a smug look on his face. He nods lazily for a moment, then leans forward again, getting as close to Shane as he could. "I've noticed you don't really go out anytime we're on the road. Except in Boston."

If Shane's cheeks weren't already crimson, he's sure they would be scorching now. He shifts awkwardly in his seat, avoiding looking Hayden directly in the eye. He wished the ground

would open up and swallow him whole. He did not want to discuss anything to do with *Boston* with Hayden, he was too drunk to think strongly enough to not let things slip out.

He chuckles awkwardly. “I don’t-” He starts, but Hayden cuts him off.

“I know you always go out to meet up with Lily. You don’t have to hide that from me. I’m glad you have someone you can let go with” Hayden says, keeping his voice as quiet as he can, but loud enough for Shane to hear over the murmur of the bar.

Well, he can go with that. Play along with ‘Lily’. Give just enough details to satiate Hayden’s curiosity. Hopefully.

“Oh, yeah. I uh… yeah, I see Lily.” Shane confirms with a slight nod. He can hear the lack of confidence in his voice, he just hopes Hayden doesn’t catch it.

It doesn’t seem like he does. He doesn’t drop the topic, though. Shane confirming the existence of ‘Lily’ seems to spur him on instead.

“Finally!” Hayden cheers triumphantly. “Finally you confirm that she’s real. I was starting to think I was going insane.”

That makes him laugh out loud, his head falling back as he does. He doesn’t remember the last time he laughed like that. “No, no. She’s uh, she’s real.”

It felt weird to admit, even if it wasn’t the full truth. There wasn’t a ‘Lily’ per se. But there was someone.

It felt good.

“You have to tell me about her. Something, anything, please.” Hayden almost begs, his eyes wide with curiosity and almost desperation. “You never share anything about yourself when it comes to things like this. Please man, I’m dying here.”

Shane laughs again, and he takes a sip of the water he had set to the side. “She’s great.” He finds himself smiling down at his lap while he thinks of ‘Lily’.

The way he makes Shane feel when they get together. The feel of his hands as he pushes Shane into the bed. The press of his lips to Shane’s as he swallows the sounds he makes down.

“Fuck!” Hayden says a bit too loudly. He covers his mouth and tries to hide his excitement. “Holy shit, man. You like her! No wonder you don’t want to hook up. Is she your *girlfriend?”*

Shane shakes his head, unable to hide his smile no matter how much he wants to. “Something like that.” The alcohol unfortunately makes the words come out a lot easier than he would like. He needs to shut this down before Hayden pries too deep and Shane admits something he’s not ready to say out loud.

“I can’t believe this.” Hayden must be drunker than he’s letting on because he’s grinning like a maniac. “We should celebrate!” He says, pushing up from his chair, not waiting for Shane’s

response before he's heading to the bar and orders more shots.

He returns a few moments later, four shots balanced in between his fingers. They spill a little as Hayden sets them down on the table in front of Shane. He sits back down and takes one of the glasses and pushes one to Shane.

"To Shane," Hayden says, like he's announcing to a group of people, holding the shot up between the two of them. "For finally getting a girlfriend after all these years!"

Shane laughs as he picks his shot up and clinks their glasses together, downing it quickly after. "You're something else, Hayden."

"Yeah, but at least I don't keep my relationship secret from my best friend!" Hayden teases, that dopey grin never leaving his face as he settles in his chair.

Shane feels his own smile drop a bit at the comment. He does feel bad, keeping this from Hayden. Something that is big and important to him. But it wasn't something he could tell people, anyone. Not just Hayden. He couldn't tell anyone. Not that he was gay. And definitely not that he was hooking up with Rozanov, of all people.

"Hey," Hayden reaches across the table and touches Shane's wrist. "I'm just teasin'. I know you're a private person. I get it. I'm happy for you, though."

"Thanks." Shane says, avoiding looking at Hayden.

"She makes you happy?"

Shane thinks for a moment. To every night he has spent with Rozanov, to how good he felt, how free. How happy. He smiles to himself. It's the first time he's admitted the feeling to himself, something he'd never do sober.

"Yeah. She does." He can't help the smile that forms on his face when he admits it.

"That's awesome, man!" Hayden slaps his arm before sitting back. He pushes the last shot to Shane and grabs his. They take the shot, Hayden hisses as he puts the glass down. "Tell me something about her, please. Please."

Shane shakes his head. "I- not here." He looks around the bar. No one is paying attention to him. Their focus is on their companions or the game that was almost finished on the tv. But… it was too risky. "When we get back to the hotel."

He's hoping Hayden would forget about it by the time they got to the hotel, and that would be. And he'd be too drunk to remember asking about it in the morning.

Hayden nods, understanding. "Yeah, right." He glances around, too. "When we get back. You have to tell me everything, though. And show me a picture. Please."

"We'll see." Shane chuckles, and lets the conversation fade from there. And thankfully, Hayden does, too.

They don't get any more shots, just another plate of fries to finish the night. Shane was drunk already, and he really wanted to at least not forget some of the night, so he was glad Hayden didn't order any more alcohol.

They talk about nothing and everything over the plate, Hayden carrying the conversation. Shane surprisingly could keep up, adding more than he normally did.

He was having a great time.

He was happy.

He was also fucking wasted.

It's evident when they finally stand to leave. The bar spins when Shane gets to his feet and he has to grip the edge of the table for stability until it stops. "Holy fuck." He says under his breath once he can see straight.

Hayden laughs at him and throws an arm over his shoulder and guides Shane out of the bar to their waiting cab, and Hayden's laughter is contagious, and Shane can't stop. Nothing is even funny, no one said anything but they laugh together and Shane feels featherlight.

It's late by the time they return to the hotel, most people already gone to bed since it was well past midnight. It takes every ounce of self control for Shane to keep quiet as they take the elevator up to their floor and walk to their room.

He covers his mouth to not laugh too loudly when Hayden fumbles with the keycard, dropping it to the hallway floor three times before he's able to swipe it correctly to let them in. Hayden pushes him through the door once he finally opens it, Shane stumbling in, bursting out laughing.

"Shhh." Hayden shushes him as the door closes loudly behind him. Both of them look at the direction of the door when it clicks shut, both falling silent. Then, a beat later, they're both trying to stifle their laughter.

"It's not funny." Shane tries to tell Hayden, and it's not, both of them know that, but everything is funny right now.

"It's not." Hayden agrees, grin splitting his face. He pushes past Shane. He sits on the end of his bed and kicks his shoes off, leaving them on the floor wherever they land, not bothering to move them.

Shane idly thinks it's a fire hazard, especially with their conditions, but he's too drunk to care. He does slide his off neatly by the door, though, then sits on the end of his bed, mirroring Hayden. The room spins a bit at the speed of his motions, so he falls back onto the bed, hoping it helps level the world out. It only helps a bit.

He giggles.

"I don't think I've ever been this drunk before." He says out loud, not even thinking.

“No shit.” Hayden quips back. Shane watches as he throws his sweater across the room, landing on the floor in front of the chair that’s shoved into the corner. “Did you never go to parties as a teen?”

Shane shakes his head — a bad move at the moment. The action makes his temple throb and his vision go blurry. He makes a mental note to not do that again. “No.” He says quietly, in case Hayden didn’t see him shake his head. “Not really. Barely drank if I did.” He admits. Then he realizes how sad that fucking sounds and tries to recover. “Was too focused on hockey, and the people at the parties weren’t great to be around.”

“Uh huh.” The tone in Hayden’s voice shows how little he believes Shane’s explanation. He doesn’t push it, for once. “Well, I’m glad I was the one who got you to let loose.”

Shane turns his head slowly to look at Hayden. He’s greeted by a shit eating grin aimed in his direction, Hayden laying on the bed, too, but on his side, head propped up on his hand. He’s glad it was Hayden, too. He’s the only person he really felt comfortable enough with to allow himself to get to this point. He trusts Hayden.

“You’re my best friend.” Shane says dopely. It isn’t easy for Shane to normally say things like this, even if they’re obvious, but it’s not something he does. But it comes easy enough now, and it’s not like it’s the life changing secret he’s hiding, so confirming it doesn’t scare the shit out of him. The buzzing in his fingertips that usually is there when Shane admits things out loud isn’t there for once, and he thanks the alcohol for that.

“Yes!” Hayden clenches his fist in victory, like he was waiting for Shane to say it out loud after all these years. “I can’t believe you’ve finally admitted it. You’re also my best friend, in case you hadn’t realized.”

Shane chuckles. “Yeah, I got that.”

“Good. Just don’t tell Jackie. She’s my first best friend.” Hayden tells him, mock seriousness in his voice. He pushes his way up to the top of his bed to rest against the pillows, grabbing the tv remote from the table between their beds.

“‘m gonna tell her.” Shane slurs, grinning. He imagines Jackie’s fake look of shock when Shane tells her he’s Hayden’s best friend next time he sees her, as if she didn’t already know and actively encouraged their friendship.

“Do it and I’ll tell her to never cook for you again.” Hayden threatens, but Shane knows it’s a hollow threat, and it makes both of them laugh.

Hayden turns the tv on. It takes a few seconds to boot up and then he starts flipping through channels.

“You wouldn’t.” Shane says belatedly. He closes his eyes as Hayden scans channels, the rapid flashing from the tv hurting his head.

“I would. Would she listen? Probably not. She adores you.”

Shane smiles to himself. His cheeks hurt from all the smiling and laughing he's done tonight. It's a foreign feeling, but it feels good. "I'm her favourite player."

Hayden doesn't respond right away. "You know what? You probably are." Then he barks out a laugh which just makes Shane laugh even more.

Fuck, his face hurts. He's also too warm, but his limbs feel like they weigh three times as much as they normally do, and he'd have to sit up to take his jacket off. So he lays there instead, hoping if he stays still long enough he'll cool down. He still feels good, still feels light.

They fall silent, the only noise in the room the clips of dialogue from whatever channel that catches Hayden's attention for longer than a fraction of a second before he switches to the next channel.

"Nothin' on." Hayden mutters after a while, finally picking a channel to have on, tossing the remote to the side.

Shane recognizes the voices commentating on the tv. He watches enough game replays to know the TSN broadcasters voices instantly. He doesn't pay attention to what or who they're talking about, he knows they're discussing one of the games of the night but he doesn't care.

Until one name catches his attention.

"...and speaking of great performances, Ilya Rozanov scored two goals back to back in three minutes to lead Boston to a three one victory over Colorado. Let's take a look at the first goal now."

Shane pushes up to his elbow way too fast for his head, his vision swimming the moment his head leaves the bed. It's also way too quick to look normal, because while Shane loves hockey and Hayden knows this, he doesn't love it that much to need to be attentive every time it's mentioned.

He doesn't look at Hayden, just props his head up on his hand and watches the highlights from the Boston game that finished a few hours ago. The player who scores Boston's first goal is a new acquisition for the team, only having played three games so far with them. It's a standard goal, nothing fancy, but it gets the crowd going early in the first.

Colorado answers back late in the second, a beautiful one timer that the goalie isn't expecting. It quiets the crowd just a touch, but not enough to kill the vibe. Boston's a hard crowd to quiet, even when Shane plays.

He watches intently as the recap plays, replaying all the best hits and shots of the game. Once the recap for the third period starts, the commentators start focusing on Rozanov's performance, talking about how electric he was on the ice, how he was hunting the puck down and sending shot after shot at the Colorado goalie.

"Christ," Hayden mutters. "Can they suck his dick any more?"

Shane's cheeks flare with heat at Hayden's comment. He forces out a chuckle to save face, and he's really glad Hayden could only see the back of his head. "You're just jealous."

Hayden lets out a loud, fake laugh at that. "As if! Only thing I'd be jealous of is his speed. Fucker's fast as shit on the ice. Dances around me every game."

"Hmm." Shane hums, and he hopes it doesn't come off as longingly as it sounded. He goes to say something back to Hayden when the tv starts showing Rozanov's first goal.

Shane watches in awe as Rozanov passes back and forth with his teammates, setting up the perfect opportunity. They glide on the ice, swapping positions as they pass, making the Colorado forwards move as they track the puck. *Tiring them out,* Shane notes in his head. A few more passes are made before Rozanov shoots the puck past the goalie's glove and into the back of the net. The crowd erupts in cheers as their team takes the lead on a beautiful goal by their captain.

"Of course it's a good fuckin' goal." Hayden says under his breath.

The commentators don't stop their praise of Rozanov, pointing out his patience with the puck, his experience taking control and showing his teammates how it's done.

Shane can't help but smile. Normally, he's filled with complaining about Rozanov from his teammates. Rants about how much he pisses them off, or how much of an asshole he is, or how he gets under their skin. So it's refreshing, hearing people sing his praise, since it's all Shane ever wants to do.

Once the network finishes showing replay after replay of the first goal, they start showing clips from Rozanov's second goal, only a few minutes after his first.

Hayden's standing at the end of his bed now, likely on his way to the washroom. Shane hadn't even noticed he stood up, too immersed into the recap. He stands there and watches the replay of Rozanov's second goal.

It's a great goal as well. They usually are. Rozanov pokes the puck from the Colorado defender and creates a two on one play with his winger, passing back and forth while the defender tries to read their play. It's no use, and the winger — Shane's too drunk to pay attention to who it is — passes to Rozanov who nets it easily. The players and fans both celebrate the go ahead goal, and Shane feels an intense surge of emotion flood to his surface.

He's so fucking proud of Rozanov and his success.

The goal is replayed a few times, every other clip showing Rozanov's celebration, the camera zooming onto him and his teammate hugging on the ice, bright smiles on both their faces.

"That's my Lily." Shane says, absentmindedly. He's so filled with adoration that he doesn't even notice he said an inside thought out loud until Hayden speaks.

"What?"

“What?” Shane slowly looks at him. Hayden’s giving him a confused look and Shane’s equally as lost.

“You just said that ‘that’s your Lily’ while they were replaying the last goal.” Hayden tells him, looking between Shane and the tv, which is now showing the post game interview for Boston. With their captain speaking.

“Oh.” Shane blinks slowly at him. “Yes.”

Hayden tilts his head at him then laughs so hard Shane thinks he’s going to fall over.

He doesn’t know what’s so funny. But Hayden’s doubled over, clutching his stomach and holding onto the edge of the bed to keep himself up right as he tries to stop laughing.

“Christ, I didn’t know you were so funny, Shane.” Hayden tells him, wiping tears from his eyes. “You’re fucking hilarious, trying to get me to think that you’re dating Rozanov.”

Shane watches Hayden as he catches his breath. He really doesn’t think Shane’s telling the truth. And Shane shouldn’t get him to believe otherwise, he already screwed up by bringing *Lily* up again, but now he’s implying Rozanov is Lily and he should stop. He should shut up and laugh it off with Hayden and change the fucking channel.

Especially since Rozanov’s voice is filling his ear, post game questions from reporters asking about his goals and how the team played, Rozanov answering each question with hardly broken English, his sexy accent wrapping around each boxy word.

Shane looks back to Hayden, cheeks flaming hot and surely crimson at this point. “Well not dating or whatever, but yes.”

“Oh fuck off.” Hayden cackles again at Shane’s preposterous suggestion. As if Shane would be hooking up with his rival.

“I’m not lyin’.” Shane frowns. He glances back to the tv but it’s showing the Colorado coach’s interview now.

Hayden rolls his eyes and goes to walk to the washroom. “Sure, Shane. You’re fuckin’ funny, man.”

Shane sits up on the edge of his bed, ignoring the stars in his sight. “I can prove it.” He rushes out, and he wishes he’d shut the fuck up. But his filter is long gone and he can no longer control his brain or his mouth.

Hayden stops in his tracks and turns to face Shane. “You can prove it? What, that Rozanov is your Boston girl?” Shane nods, and Hayden looks at him with disbelief. “Go ahead, then. Prove it.” He gestures at Shane, urging him to do so.

“Fine. I will.” Shane pulls his phone out from his pocket with determination and unlocks it. He opens his messages with *Lily* and presses *call* in the top corner. The contact page for *Lily* fills his screen as the call connects. He turns the phone to show Hayden the screen then puts it on speakerphone.

Hayden crosses his arms and watches intently as they wait for the call to connect.

It rings four times before the call connects.

“Ilyaaa.” Shane says into the speaker before Rozanov can greet him. He ignores the way his mouth pulls into a grin when he hears the response.

“Hollander?”

“Hi. It’s me.” Shane confirms. He doesn’t look at Hayden, doesn’t look at anything, really, just listens to the sounds coming from the phone.

“I know.” Rozanov responds flatly. *“What are you doing?”*

“Was watching the replay from your game.” Shane lays back down on the bed, still holding his phone up towards his face. He lets his eyes fall closed as he listens to the sound of Rozanov’s voice.

Rozanov hums. *“So you saw my goals, yes?”*

Shane nods before realizing he’s on a phone call, not FaceTime. “Yes. I saw them. Both of them. Really nice.”

Rozanov snorts. *“Mm, yes. Really nice. Better than your goal yesterday… oh, wait. You did not have one.”*

Shane laughs. He laughs loud and unexpectedly and it even catches him off guard. “Fuck you.”

“*You are drunk, Hollander?*”

“No.” He lies, too quickly. “Yes. How’d you know?”

“*You never say my goals are nice. Should get you drunk more often, yes? Then you will say more nice things about me.”* Rozanov says, and Shane doesn’t think it’s a bad idea at all.

He doesn’t tell Rozanov that, his one compliment already gone to the man’s head. “You’re such an asshole.”

“*But you like it.”* Rozanov teases, drawing out the words in a way that gets under Shane’s skin in all the right ways.

“Yeah,” Shane hums. “I do.”

“Holy shit.”

Hayden’s voice fills the room and suddenly Shane is thrown back into reality. His eyes fly open and he turns to look at his best friend, who he completely forgot was standing beside his bed, let alone in the same room as he.

The look on Hayden's face is almost funny. The mix between realization and disbelief, with a bit of weirded out makes Shane want to laugh and tell Hayden it's just a prank, to get his reaction.

But it's not.

Shane doesn't say anything, just gapes at Hayden.

The line is dead too, nothing but static coming from his phone, until Rozanov finally speaks, breaking the silence.

"Hollander." Shane can't tell what tone he's using, but he's not laughing, either. *"What was that?"*

He should lie. He should say it was the tv or someone passing by the room but he doesn't think Rozanov will believe it. He also… doesn't really care enough to lie.

"Oh, Hayden's here." He says easily, keeping his voice light. It wasn't hard, he felt like he was floating on cloud nine.

"Pike?"

"Yes."

"What the fuck, Hollander?"

Shane hums. He loves the way Rozanov's voice gets when he's mad. "He didn't believe me when I said you were my Boston girl."

The line is quiet for a minute, and if it wasn't for the static coming through the speaker he would've thought Rozanov had hung up on him.

"*Take me off speaker."*

The command comes through firmly, and Shane does as he's told without hesitation. He lifts the phone, presses the button to switch off speakerphone, and puts the phone to his ear.

"Okay," Shane breathes out. "You're off speaker."

Rozanov swears in Russian under his breath. "*You are idiot, Hollander."*

Shane can't help but grin. "Yes, but you like it." He whines it the same way Rozanov did just a few minutes ago.

It takes a beat before Rozanov replies, a heavy sigh leaving his lungs before he does. *"You are lucky I do. Should come to Toronto and murder you in hotel room."*

Shane laughs. He should be scared that he fucked everything up between them, but he's not. For some odd reason (the alcohol) he's not. "I'd like to see you try."

"Hmm. Next time I see you I will fuck you to death. For punishment." Rozanov's voice is devoid of any emotion but he's teasing nonetheless. Shane knows him well enough to read through his fake lack of emotion.

And Shane has to hold back a moan since he was now hyper aware of Hayden standing beside him. He wills all the blood in his body to stay put and not head south.

"Fuck off." It's too breathy to play unaffected, how could he? With Rozanov murmuring sweet threats of a good time in his ear, how could Shane pretend he was okay?

"Ah, you like that?" Rozanov coos on the other end, lowering his voice a register, knowing exactly what he's doing to Shane. "*You act like bad boy so you can get punished? Is that what you want?*"

Shane screws his eyes shut and bites his lips to stifle the sounds that want to fall from his mouth. Fuck, he really, really wishes Hayden wasn't here right now. "Yes." Does escape his lips, and Shane grimaces at himself, embarrassment flooding his body after admitting that in front of Hayden.

"Oh my god, I'm going to be sick." Hayden mutters from where he's standing. He doesn't move though.

"*Good. Does he believe you now?"* Rozanov asks Shane, and it takes a moment for Shane to catch on.

Shane hazards a glance at Hayden, who looks like he wishes he was anywhere else but this hotel room. "Uh, yeah, I think so."

"*Okay. Put me back on speaker."*

Shane does as he's told instantly, putting the call back on speaker as soon as Rozanov demands. "You're on speaker again."

"*Such a good listener."* Rozanov praises him and Shane thinks he may have died and gone to heaven. Then, he speaks again, but his tone of voice changes, less teasing and playful and *for Shane,* and more firm and commanding. "*Hey, Pike, you should listen to your captain more. He is better hockey player than you and knows what he is talking about."*

Hayden looks like he's seen a ghost, his face going pale and his eyes wide. He stammers as he talks. "Uh, yeah, sure. I'll uh, I'll listen to Shane more."

Shane can't help the smirk that forms.

"*Yes, and if you say anything to anyone about this, next time you are in Boston, I will come to your hotel, and I will kill you slow and it will take them months to find your body."*

They both chuckle at that, Hayden's more nervous than Shane's.

"Yeah… I don't plan on telling anyone." Hayden shakes his head even though Rozanov can't see him. "I'd never do that to Shane." He meets Shane's eyes and purses his lips.

"*Okay, good."* Rozanov sounds pleased with Hayden's response. "*Shane*?"

"Yes?"

"*Do not forget what I told you. You will not have fun time next time I see you."*

Shane grins. "Can't wait."

Rozanov takes a moment to reply. He's softer when he speaks again. "*Go to bed, Hollander. Call me tomorrow if you do not have… after-drunk."*

"A hangover?"

"*Yes, hangover.*"

"Okay. I will. Night, Ilya."

"*Goodnight, Shane."*

The line cuts dead and no one says a word. No one says a word and no one moves. Shane lets his phone fall to his chest and his eyes fall closed again. He feels like he's ten feet above his body and he doesn't plan on returning tonight.

Hayden, however, seems to have sobered up a bit and is having a mild freak out. "Ohh-kay, what in the actual fuck was that?"

"I told you." Shane says in a sing-song voice.

"I don't believe this." Hayden mutters, and Shane can hear him pacing the room.

Shane groans and pushes up onto both elbows, peeling his eyes open. He's getting dizzy just by watching Hayden walk back and forth. "What's not to believe?"

Hayden glares at him wide eyed and flings his arms out towards Shane. "Literally everything that just happened! That entire phone conversation! I feel like I'm being punk'd."

"Punk'd?" Shane asks, slightly confused.

"Shane, buddy. Don't do this to me right now." Hayden holds a hand up at him then resumes his pacing.

"Look, I told you he was Lily and you didn't believe me, so I had to-"

Hayden lets out a loud groan. "Are you pranking me? Please tell me this is a prank that your weird brain came up with and somehow got Rozanov in on it. I beg you, *please* tell me you're fucking with me."

"Sorry, Hayden, not a prank." Shane tells him. Which seems to confirm to Hayden that his worst nightmare has come true.

That his best friend is hooking up with the most annoying fucking player in the league.

“You’re being serious?” Hayden asks. Shane nods. “You’re seriously… you’re… what even are you doing with Rozanov?”

Shane shrugs. “We mostly just fuck when we can. I’m completely obsessed with him, but it’s mostly just hooking up. It’s fun.”

Hayden looks like he’s malfunctioning. It takes him a moment to wrap his head around what Shane’s told him. Then, after a few, long moments, Hayden’s face scrunches in utter disbelief and he starts motioning with his hands like he isn’t sure what to do or make of any of this.

He then closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, like he’s trying to steel himself to handle this normally. “Okay,” Hayden says with a huff. “You’re fucking Rozanov? Like, Ilya fucking Rozanov.”

“Yes. Well, actually, he’s the one who f-”

“I do not need any details. I’ve already heard enough from that phone call that I am *choosing* to believe did not happen, for the sake of my sanity.” Hayden continues. “I know you’ve been obsessed with him since we were rookies, but I assumed it was just surface level and you only kept tabs on him to know your competition.”

Shane nods slowly. “That, and I want to know how he’s doing. All.. the.. time…” He feels awkward now that he’s saying it out loud. Fucking creepy if you ask anyone. But it’s normal to keep tabs on your rival, if only to improve your own career. At least that’s what Shane tells himself.

“Oh my god. You’re going to kill me.” Hayden starts pacing again briefly before stopping. “Do you *actually* like him? Or is it just ‘for fun’.” He puts air quotes around the last words.

“I like him.” Shane admits, a bit sheepishly. His earlier confidence started to fade. “And I think he likes me?”

Hayden’s brows fly to his hairline. “Oh, I think he more than likes you.”

His cheeks go hot again, and Shane shies away, looking down at his lap so Hayden can’t see the blush on his face.

“Fuck, he’s got you whipped.” Hayden groans again. “Shane?”

“Yes?”

“Look at me.”

Shane hesitates but slowly lifts his head to meet Hayden’s eyes.

“How the fuck did this happen?” No, when the fuck did this happen?” Hayden asks, but he doesn’t sound too sure that he wants to know the answer.

“Um,” Shane shifts uncomfortably on the bed. “Since… rookie season?”

Hayden stares at him. “Rook- you’re shitting me. *Rookie season?*”

“Uh, yeah?”

“Rookie season.” Hayden says it again like he needs the extra confirmation, as if Shane’s answer will change.

“Since rookie season.” Shane confirms.

“So you’ve been, like, *obsessed* obsessed with him. Since rookie season.”

Shane shrugs again. “Yeah, pretty much. I guess.”

“Ilya Rozanov?” Hayden asks once more, hoping this answer would change.

“Ilya Rozanov.”

“Oh god.” Hayden looks away. “You even say his name like he’s a god.”

Shane doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t know what to say. He’s suddenly filled with a wave of dread, the way Hayden is freaking out is getting to him. Maybe… maybe he made a mistake.

“I’m sorry.” Shane mumbles, and he doesn’t feel very good anymore.

Hayden immediately senses the shift in his mood. Still, he comes off a bit too brash. “For what? Not telling me that you’re seeing someone or not telling me that that someone is your arch-rival?”

Shane frowns. “I… I was afraid you’d react like this.”

Hayden comes and sits beside him. He bumps their shoulders together. “I’m not… I’m not mad at you or anything. That you didn’t tell me you’re gay… or whatever. I don’t care about that. I’m hurt you didn’t tell me, but I get it.” He throws an arm over Shane’s shoulder. “It’s just… *Rozanov*? Really?”

A bit of relief pushes away the dread, because Hayden’s only freaking out about one part of this. Shane can’t help but chuckle. “I know, I know.”

“Like really? *Rozanov*? There are like, five hundred players in the league and you had to choose him to hook up with?”

“He’s really not all that bad.” Shane says, a bit quieter. He gets Hayden’s reaction. It’s part of the reason he didn’t want him to find out. He knows Rozanov’s reputation and how most of the league views him.

Hayden snickers. “Oh, I’m sure he is. Seems pretty prone to murder, but he’s not all that bad.”

“He’s not.” Shane says with a fond smile and shake of his head. “He’s not all that bad.”

“Alright, alright. Just remind me to never get you this drunk again.”

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Thanks for ready, kudos, and commenting 🫶

I def will be writing more for these two that's for sure

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