

does anybody have a map?

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by [Archived_owned](#)

Summary

“Okay. That part I get. But fuck, man, why him?” Hayden barked.

“Dude,” Shane said, running a hand through his hair, “I’ve already told you—”

“No!” Hayden cut him off, voice cracking with a mix of frustration and disbelief. “No, no, no! You told us why you love Lily! You said he challenges you, he makes room for you, all that soft, romantic stuff—but there isn’t a shred of proof that that sweet, slightly awkward, totally manageable guy could possibly be Rozanov. Rozanov! The guy people usually want to beat the shit out of on the ice! And you love him?”

Shane pinched the bridge of his nose, exhaling slowly. “Yes. I love him.”

Hayden froze mid-gesture, eyes wide, as if Shane had just announced he was going to join a cult. “Him? Really? Him?”

Amber's fussing turned both men to Jackie who was raising an eyebrow at her husband. "You are going to have to calm down, Hayden. If you hadn't been so busy fighting when Shane got hurt, maybe you would have noticed that Ilya tried to leave with him?"

"Ilya?! Since when the fuck do you call him Ilya?!"

Shane comes out to the Pikes

Notes

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

“I’m gay.”

The words left his mouth and seemed to hover there, heavy and suffocating, as if the air itself had thickened around them. Shane felt them lodge in his chest, pressing against his ribs, daring him to take the next breath.

Jackie’s mouth fell open.

It snapped shut again almost immediately, the sharp little pop of it loud in the quiet living room. Too loud. Amber stirred at the sound, a soft fussy noise breaking from her throat, and Shane watched—because of course he did—as Jackie instinctively pulled her closer, tucking the baby more securely against her chest.

Fuck.

The thought hit him fast and hard, a cold sweep of panic: *Is this it?* Was this the last time he was going to sit in this living room, watch cartoons with the older kids, hold one of the twins while Jackie cooked and Hayden talked his ear off about practice? He knew he wasn’t perfect with them—too stiff sometimes, too careful—but fuck, he loved them. Loved the chaos, the noise, the way they’d become a second family without him even realizing it had happened.

And if Hayden didn’t trust him anymore—if they didn’t want him around—

Shane swallowed and forced himself to look at his best friend.

He didn’t know what he was bracing for. Disgust. Anger. The slow, painful recalibration of someone realizing you weren’t who they thought you were.

But all he saw on Hayden’s face was shock. Pure, unfiltered shock.

So they froze like that—the Pikes seated together on the couch, instinctively united, and Shane standing a few feet away with his back to the doorway.

He’d done that on purpose.

If he needed to leave, he wanted it to be fast.

“Uh, wow—” Hayden finally said, blinking like he’d just come out of a daze. “Fuck, Shane. Wow. That’s, uh—”

Here it comes.

Shane braced himself, shoulders tight, fingers curling at his sides.

“That’s amazing, dude,” Hayden finished. “Are we—shit—are we the first people to know?”

Shane blinked.

Amazing?

“Yeah,” he breathed, the word leaving him like air from a punctured lung. “You guys are.”

For a split second, no one spoke. Then Hayden grinned, wide and genuine, and Jackie laughed—a soft, surprised sound, like something breaking loose in her chest.

“Shane,” she said, already shifting Amber to Hayden’s arm with the ease of someone who’d done this dance a thousand times. She crossed the space between them and wrapped her arms around him before he could react. “Thank you. We’re so happy you could tell us.”

The sound that left him wasn’t quite a laugh and definitely not a sob, but something desperate and unguarded, like his body didn’t know what to do with all the tension suddenly evaporating at once.

“Seriously, man,” Hayden said, bouncing Amber slightly as she settled. “Fuck, that took guts.”

“Don’t I know it,” Shane muttered, and Hayden laughed.

“And we’re really the first?” Hayden continued. “Not even—”

Shane shook his head. “I’m holding off on telling my parents. Knowing my mom, the second the shock wears off she’s gonna try to market this.”

That did it. All three of them laughed, the sound overlapping and warm, and something tight and aching in Shane’s chest finally loosened.

He was okay.

“Come on, dude,” Hayden said, nodding toward the couch. “Sit down. Jacks, I think we can make an exception to the couch rule today, right?”

“Only because Shane won’t spill champagne on it,” Jackie called, already heading toward the kitchen.

“Champagne?” Shane asked, bewildered. “Jackie, no, you don’t need to—”

“Shane,” she said over her shoulder, laughing, “this absolutely warrants celebration.”

This was not—at *all*—what he’d expected. At best, he’d been hoping for quiet acceptance. Polite neutrality. He hadn’t dared to imagine champagne.

Maybe Scott Hunter had been right.

Maybe the world—maybe even the hockey world—was ready.

“Come on,” Hayden said once Shane finally took the recliner near the couch. “Sit. Talk. I don’t even know what I’m allowed to ask. Fuck, this is new territory. Sorry.”

Shane snorted despite himself. “There’s not really anything off-limits. I’m the same amount of private as I’ve always been. I can probably answer stuff.”

Hayden nodded, that familiar crease forming between his brows as he thought. Jackie returned with three champagne flutes filled far more generously than Shane would’ve preferred. He must’ve made a face, because she laughed.

“You spill any,” she warned lightly, “you’re paying for the cleanup.”

Shane immediately took a swallow—part nerves, part self-preservation—grimacing slightly at the bubbles. Somehow, Hayden managed to sip his while still holding Amber.

“So,” Hayden said, diving in headfirst. “When did you know? Is that okay to ask? And—wait—did Hunter have anything to do with this? I mean, he’s hot and all, not my type, but I guess if I were a woman—or a gay guy—fuck, is ‘gay guy’ offensive? Jacks—”

“Oh my God,” Jackie interrupted, rolling her eyes fondly. “Hayden. He’s still Shane. You can talk like a normal person.”

Still Shane.

The words settled deep, warm and steady.

“Yeah,” Shane said, smiling faintly. “Actually... Scott coming out did play a part. Made me feel like maybe it was time. But he’s not really my type.”

Jackie hummed thoughtfully over her glass, eyebrow arching. “So what *is* your type?”

Before Shane could answer, Hayden’s eyes widened dramatically.

“Wait—hold on. Then who the fuck is Lily?”

Jackie’s mouth fell open again. This time, it stayed that way.

“Oh my God. That’s why you didn’t want me adding her—uh, *him*—to the WAGs group chat?”

Shane downed half his champagne in one go.

“Him,” he confirmed hoarsely. “Yeah. He wanted to be added, actually. We just—thought it was risky. If someone grabbed his phone in the locker room...”

“Locker room?” Hayden cut in, suddenly alarmed. “Fuck. Are you dating someone on the team?”

“Oh my God, no!” Shane coughed, nearly choking. “That would be insanely risky.”

Jackie leaned forward, eyes sparkling now. “But he’s in the league.”

Shane stared into his glass like it might save him, then finished it.

“Uh,” he hedged, “I don’t know if I can say.”

The silence that followed was deafening.

Hayden’s face lit up like he’d just solved a murder. He slapped his hand against the coffee table. “Oh, that’s a yes,” he declared. “That is absolutely a yes.”

“That is not what I said,” Shane groaned, dragging a hand down his face.

“It’s exactly what you said,” Jackie shot back, fully delighted now. “You didn’t say no. Which means yes. And the locker room thing? Shane. Please.”

“I *am* being serious,” he muttered. “Which is why I’m not saying anything.”

Hayden leaned back, eyes narrowing, gears visibly grinding. “Okay,” he said slowly. “Not on the team. In the league. Someone whose phone getting grabbed would be a problem.”

Jackie sucked in a sharp breath. “Oh my God. Is he married? Shane Hollander, you cannot be —”

“No!” Shane said, too fast. The word came out sharp, panicked. He winced immediately, scrubbing a hand over his face. “I mean—fuck. No. No, I wouldn’t do that. I’d never date a married man.”

There was a beat. Then Jackie and Hayden nodded in unison, because—yeah. They knew that. Whatever else Shane was, he wasn’t that.

Jackie’s expression softened again almost immediately, curiosity blooming right back up like it hadn’t been interrupted at all. “But,” she said lightly, “you are serious about him.”

Shane shot her a look. “That wasn’t a question.”

“It absolutely was.”

He reached for his glass out of habit, then stopped when his fingers hit empty crystal. The clink as he set it back down was louder than necessary. “Yeah,” he admitted. “I am.”

Jackie smiled, reaching out to take Amber back into her arms with an ease that still amazed him. The baby settled instantly, cheek pressed against Jackie’s shoulder, tiny fingers curling into the soft fabric of her shirt like she’d found exactly where she belonged.

“So,” Jackie said gently, rocking side to side. “What *can* you say?”

The smile that tugged at Shane’s mouth caught him off guard.

It bloomed anyway—slow and unguarded, the kind he never quite managed to stop anymore. He wasn’t surprised, not really. It had been happening more often these days: soft smiles sneaking up on him when he wasn’t paying attention, his focus drifting at the wrong moments. When he heard Ilya’s voice, low and rough and unexpectedly careful. When his

phone lit up with a badly timed message that looked like English had been wrestled into place through sheer determination.

He stared at the middle distance for a moment, choosing his words.

“He challenges me,” Shane said quietly. “Calls me on my shit. Doesn’t let me hide behind excuses or the league or—” He shrugged. “Any of it.”

Hayden watched him closely now, the joking edge gone, something more serious settling in its place.

“He doesn’t care about the image,” Shane continued. “Or the noise. Or what people expect from him—or me.” He paused, breath catching just slightly before he exhaled. “And somehow, in all of that... he still makes room for me.”

Jackie’s smile softened into something warm and knowing. “That sounds like love,” she said simply.

Shane didn’t argue.

Hayden let out a slow breath. “Fuck,” he muttered. “You’re going to go public aren’t you?”

“No. We, uh, know it’d be pretty risky for both our careers. He’s got just as much riding on this as I do. Maybe more.”

Hayden’s eyes narrowed. “Shane, dude. Who are you dating?”

What could he really say? Ilya *had* given permission earlier that day.

“Just talk, Hollander. Pike not very smart, but even he can figure it out if you talk.”

“Fuck, let me just—” Shane broke off, already reaching for his phone. His fingers fumbled slightly as he unlocked it. “Let me text him. See what he’s okay with me saying.”

That alone earned him *looks*—Hayden’s curious, Jackie’s gentle but sharp—but neither of them interrupted. Shane turned slightly away, shoulders hunching like he could shield the screen with his body, thumbs hovering for a second longer than necessary before he typed.

Jane: Hey. Were you serious about me telling Hayden about us?

The reply came almost immediately.

Lily: yes
Lily: I do not lie

Shane huffed out a breath, half a laugh, half a wince.

Jane: No, I know. I just wanted to know what you're comfortable with me saying.

There was a pause this time. Long enough that Shane's knee started bouncing. Then—

Lily: Pike
Lily: He does not like me, yes?

Shane rubbed his forehead.

Jane: No.

Three dots appeared. Disappeared. Appeared again.

Lily: Tell everything
Lily: Want him to know
Lily: Will probably torture him

Shane snorted despite himself, shaking his head.

Jane: You're not helping my anxiety here.

Lily: Is funny
Lily: Record face for me?

Shane stared at the screen, rolled his eyes. He locked the phone and let it drop into his palm, suddenly very aware of how quiet the room had gotten.

Hayden squinted at him. "You done over there, or are you negotiating international treaties?"

Shane swallowed. "So. Uh. He says I can tell you everything."

Jackie's eyes softened instantly. "That's sweet."

Hayden leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "Okay," he said slowly, like he was bracing himself. "So—who is he?"

Shane opened his mouth.

Nothing came out.

He closed it again, jaw tightening, then dragged a hand down his face like he could physically haul the answer out of himself. His pulse thudded in his ears.

“I—uh,” he started, then stopped, breath hitching. “Ilya.”

Hayden blinked.

Once.

Twice.

Then—“*What the fuck?!?*”

The words tore out of him, loud and unrestrained, bouncing off the living room walls. Amber startled at the sound, a sharp cry cutting through the air. Jackie reacted instantly, shushing softly as she pulled the baby closer, rocking her with practiced ease while shooting her husband a sharp look over Amber’s head.

“Hayden,” she hissed. “Lower your voice.”

“No—no, I’m sorry,” Hayden said quickly, hands flying up in surrender even as he sprang to his feet. He started pacing, running a hand through his hair. “No, Shane. Absolutely not. *Ilya Rozanov?* That Ilya?”

Shane grimaced, shoulders lifting in a helpless half-shrug. “There’s really only one of him.”

Hayden stopped short, turning so fast he nearly tripped over the coffee table. He stared at Shane like he’d just spoken in another language.

“Why not Scott Hunter?!” he demanded. “Or literally *anyone else* in the league? It’s cool, man—I love you, I don’t care that you’re gay—but *him?!?*”

Jackie straightened, her voice firm now, cutting cleanly through his spiraling. “Hayden.”

He opened his mouth to keep going.

“Enough,” she said, gentle but immovable. “You’re not wrong to be surprised. You *are* wrong to make this about you.”

That gave Hayden pause. The room settled, the noise giving way to something steadier.

Hayden let out a slow breath. “Jesus Christ,” he muttered. “I need another drink.”

Shane huffed a small, shaky laugh.

“How long has this been going on?!” Hayden yelled from the kitchen, cabinet doors thumping as he yanked them open with increasing desperation. Childproof locks clicked uselessly under his hands. Somewhere, glass clinked.

Shane didn't even have to look to picture it—Hayden pacing, muttering, fighting with the cabinets like they'd personally betrayed him.

Well.

Might as well rip the rest of the bandage off.

“Uh,” Shane called back, scratching at the side of his neck. “Summer before our rookie years?”

There was a beat of silence.

Then—“*Are you fucking kidding me?!?*”

Hayden reappeared in the doorway, wild-eyed, holding a bottle of something amber like he'd wrestled it free by sheer force of will. “That's—Shane, that's *years*,” he said, voice climbing higher with every word. “That's not a fling. That's not even a secret relationship. That's a *second life*.”

Jackie sighed, already resigned, bouncing Amber gently. “Hayden.”

“No, I'm serious,” he said, gesturing with the bottle. “Do you know what was happening the summer before our rookie years? I was panicking about training camp and this asshole—” he pointed at Shane “—was apparently falling in love with the biggest asshole in the league.”

Shane winced. “That's a dramatic way to put it.”

“It's an accurate way to put it,” Hayden shot back. He took a swig straight from the bottle, then stopped short. “Wait. So all those off-season ‘conditioning trips’—”

“Not all of them,” Shane said quickly.

Hayden stared at him.

“Some of them,” Shane amended.

Jackie pinched the bridge of her nose. “I'm going to need you both to calm down before you scare the baby again.”

Hayden dragged a hand down his face, pacing once more. “I cannot believe you kept this from me for *that* long.”

Shane's voice softened. “I didn't know how to tell you.”

That made Hayden stop.

The room went quiet except for Amber's soft breathing. Hayden looked at Shane, really looked at him, and something in his expression shifted—anger giving way to understanding.

“...Okay,” he said finally, quieter now. “Okay. That part I get. But fuck, man, why *him*?” Hayden barked.

“Dude,” Shane said, running a hand through his hair, “I’ve already told you—”

“No!” Hayden cut him off, voice cracking with a mix of frustration and disbelief. “No, no, no! You told us why you love *Lily*! You said he challenges you, he makes room for you, all that soft, romantic shit—but there isn’t a shred of proof that that sweet, slightly awkward, totally manageable guy could *possibly* be Rozanov. Rozanov! The guy people usually want to beat the shit out of on the ice! And you love him?”

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Amber's fussing turned both men to Jackie who was raising an eyebrow at her husband. "You are going to have to calm down, Hayden. If you hadn't been so busy fighting when Shane got hurt, maybe you would have noticed that Ilya tried to leave with him?"

"Ilya?! Since when the fuck do you call him Ilya?!"

Jackie just leveled him with a look and Hayden flopped into a chair, hands still gripping his head. “I cannot believe this. I cannot *compute* this. Shane, you are... completely insane.”

Jackie softened, leaning forward to set Amber on the floor with a gentle pat. “Hayden,” she said, voice like velvet wrapped around steel, “you sound like you’re about to have a heart attack. Take a breath. Look at him. He’s happy. Isn’t that what matters?”

Hayden blinked, blinking again, then muttered, “I guess... but it’s *Rozanov*.”

“Yes,” Shane said, tilting his head with a small, amused smile. “Yes, it is.”

Hayden groaned and flopped forward onto the couch, face planted in his hands. “I’m gonna need... a plan. A *full dossier*. Likes, dislikes, weird habits, hidden powers... anything. I need to survive this, Shane. I cannot be blindsided.”

Shane shook his head, laughing quietly. “You do realize you’re basically saying you want me to hand you a manual on my boyfriend so you can emotionally survive him?”

"God, I hate that he's your boyfriend." Hayden bemoaned at the exact same time Jackie cooed, "Aw, you guys are boyfriends?"

"Oh, I - uh, I think? I mean, we haven't said--"

Hayden peeked his face out of his hands. "You've been *fucking* for like, nine years, and you don't know if you're dating?"

Shane groaned.

"Shane, how do you *not know if you're dating after--!*"

End Notes

In the end, Hayden will just have to accept that his best friend has officially lost his fucking mind, and Jackie will ask for photos.

A super quick work I hope you enjoy! Thank you!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!