

you saw my bones out with somebody new

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76684016) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76684016>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike/Jackie Pike
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike
Additional Tags:	POV Outsider , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Hayden figures it out , Good Friend Hayden Pike , Secret Relationship , Friendship , Humor
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hollanov Outsider POVS
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 3,110 Chapters: 1/1

you saw my bones out with somebody new

by [Viwrit3r](#)

Summary

Ilya fucking Rozanov

Or: Hayden Pike is a Good Friend

Or: Ilya Rozanov was only a little bit more of a surprise than the gay thing. Shane can't believe anyone else saw how besotted he always was, while Hayden can't believe everyone didn't. Ilya's a dick, but he's trying, something Hayden only grudgingly admits. The things you do for your friends, right?

Or: Ilya Rozanov and Hayden Pike's First Proper Meeting goes a little differently (but maybe not better)

Notes

A sequel to 'as the decade would play us for fools' but can probably be read without that. Title from Chloe or Sam or Sophia or Marcus by Taylor Swift.

****Minor Spoilers for the epilogue of Heated Rivalry (the book)****

Something I love in moments from the book/show is moments of people around Shane and Ilya realizing how they actually do fit with each other, but I always kind of felt bad that Shane didn't have that acceptance of 'it's obvious how much you love him' kinda thing. I think Hayden can hate Ilya/feel shocked that Ilya and Shane are thing, while also being like, yeah dude you had this super visible crush for the past decade, kind of embarrassing for you.

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

Hayden manages about a month after Shane comes out before deciding: ok. Enough is enough. He has to know. It will be good, right? Cathartic. Like ripping off a band-aid. Better to just know.

That doesn't make it any easier to see the sappy look on his best friend's face when talking about Ilya fucking Rozanov, of all people. See, Hayden had still kinda thought maybe he was on the wrong track, maybe he was crazy, maybe fatherhood had turned him into a wacko who thought it was possible his best friend of ten years was secretly with Ilya fucking Rozanov, captain of the Boston Raiders.

But then he'd said it, in the parking lot on the way to their cars, exhaustion carved into Shane's face post-roadtrip: 'I think your mystery man is Ilya Rozanov.' He waits for disbelief, for laughter, for denial. Instead what he sees is fear, and shame, and then - relief. Shane nods, and Hayden thinks: ok. Welp, the band-aid's truly off, now.

It didn't really feel any better. 'Are you for real... doing stuff... with Rozanov?' his last-ditch effort.

'Yes.'

Wow, ok. So Shane didn't mince words, he never had. Hayden doesn't know if that's a blessing or not, now, standing in this fucking freezing cold parking lot, facing down the fact that *he'd been right*. All the noticing, all the - all the moments. Shane looked at him, and there was nervousness in his gaze, like he thought Hayden might - might - well, Hayden didn't know how Shane had thought he'd react.

But, well, once he's gotten over hearing his friend actually *say it*, the sting wears off kinda fast - Hayden's been noticing, remember? He's been noticing for like, eight years now - fuck, when did they get old? - and it turns out, he's maybe been noticing down the right path. Or whatever.

So he takes a deep breath and says: 'You love him.'

Shane's eyes widen. 'I - '

But Hayden won't be stopped, now, not after a decade - a decade! - of Ilya fucking Rozanov apparently fucking his best friend (okay, ew) he thinks it's his turn to talk. 'I'm not an idiot,' he says, gesturing maybe a little too emphatically.

'Of course not,' Shane says, and that's his placating voice. Hayden *hates* his placating voice.

'And I'm not blind!' he says, waving his hands again. 'And I'm not crazy! Turns out I'm not crazy!'

'... No?' Shane says, more uncertainly this time.

'I notice things,' Hayden says, punctuating this once again with an arm wave, which Shane dodges. 'I - ok, bud, I love you, but Jackie and I have thought you were gay since, like, 2013. You're not *that* good at hiding things.'

'Seriously?' Shane stops in his tracks.

'Yeah, well, it was really Jacks who figured it out, because she's brilliant, and because you wouldn't look at her boobs - '

' - what - ' Shane mutters,

' - but after that I like started paying attention, right? And like, I didn't know what your type in girls was, but I noticed you noticing - well - guys, or I thought I did, but I wasn't sure, right?' Hayden might be yelling now. 'And then I couldn't stop noticing! And then I noticed, well - ' he waves a hand.

'Me and Rozanov.'

‘You and Rozanov!’ Hayden says, and he doesn’t miss the light that’s starting to creep into Shane’s eyes. ‘Yes! That!’ he points to his best friend’s face, and Shane flinches away, which, insulting. Hayden is perfectly in control and sane right now, thank you very much. ‘That, ok, because - because it’s hockey for you, right? It’s always been hockey.’ Shane nods. ‘So at first that’s what I thought it was! Hockey! But, but - ‘ he takes in a breath. He can be chill about this, right? He can be chill. He can be a good friend. Hayden Pike, best friend extraordinaire. ‘You play better against him,’ he says helplessly, because now it feels like he’s *justifying* this relationship - and hasn’t he kinda been doing that all along? - listing out the reasons they make sense. He doesn’t *want* Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov to make sense. ‘You always have. You - you light up around him, Shane. There’s like this fire in you that only he can light. I’m not *blind*, bud.’

Shane’s eyes are wide now, and his throat works a little. ‘Yeah,’ he says, and his voice is trembling. ‘I didn’t think anyone else saw it. Yeah, thats - that’s exactly it.’ He takes in a shuddering breath. ‘I love him.’

Hayden looks at him, abruptly feels his own chest tighten - *fuck*, ten *years* of hiding - rubs a hand over his face, and pulls Shane into a tight hug, like he can erase any hurt he’s ever felt through the power of fucking friendship or something. He pulls back, looks Shane in the eyes, nods, and says: ‘I think I need to meet him properly, then.’

It goes about as well as you’d expect, which is to say that Hayden is a fucking saint and Ilya fucking Rozanov is the devil incarnate. Maybe they could have picked a better time, a better place, than Ilya fucking Rozanov’s penthouse the morning of an away game in Ottawa - a more neutral location, or maybe if Jackie had been there, or Shane’s parents, or if there had been alcohol - if it had been anything other than fucking *brunch*. (Hayden hates brunch on principle, mostly because of the idiotic name but partially because he hates the awkward in-between-ness of it, the inexplicable timing. Just eat breakfast, then lunch. Maybe it’s because he’s an athlete and, like Jackie teases, he doesn’t know the meaning of ‘sleeping in’).

He is, inexplicably, nervous. ‘This was a terrible idea.’

‘This was *your idea*,’ Shane points out, unhelpfully. Which, ok, yeah, maybe it was. But there’s been this niggling sense of - not jealousy, really, but the feeling that he’d been left out of his best friend’s life which yeah, is stupid. He knows why Shane didn’t tell him, about being gay and especially about Rozanov. It’s Rozanov more than the gay thing, Hayden

thinks. Even when he was fairly sure Shane *was* gay, he never really thought he'd been in a years-long, committed relationship.

Shane's his best friend, ok? He wants to know about his life. He doesn't want to feel like he's missing out on the big things. Even if the big things are Ilya fucking Rozanov and brunch.

The penthouse is gorgeous, of course. Ilya handles money like it's easy, lives the life of an MLH superstar like it's his second skin. Hayden takes one last deep breath in, does his best to fix a smile on his face, before the door's opening and there's Ilya fucking Rozanov and he - Hayden blinks. There's a second, just a bare fucking second - but Hayden's been *noticing*, ok? Hayden's been noticing Ilya Rozanov for the better part of a decade, now - where Rozanov almost looks nervous. He's wearing track pants and a godawful Centaurs hoodie (seriously, that franchise needs a new graphic designer) and his hair is damp and he's holding a dish towel, twisting it around his hands. He's not sneering. He's not lounging against the doorway. He's standing, shoulders down, facing them head on. He almost looks like he's heading into battle, Hayden thinks, as the cool, unaffected 'ilya-rozanov' mask slips back on.

Well. Ok.

'Pike,' Rozanov drawls. 'You did not die in terrible accident on trip here. Very sad. Not that your team would miss you.'

Fucker. Hayden bites his lip, forces a smile. 'Rozanov.' He looks at Shane, who seems to be alternating between gazing reproachfully/longingly at Rozanov (seriously, Hayden didn't know those two emotions could mix) (also ew) and looking pleadingly at Hayden. Hayden takes a deep breath, reminds himself of all the times he used to kick Shane out of their shared apartment so he could have sex with Jackie, and holds out his hand.

Now it's Rozanov's turn to look almost surprised, as he shakes Hayden's hand and gestures them inside. 'Come, welcome.'

'Thanks.' Hayden doesn't miss the way Rozanov's hand goes to Shane's waist, for a bare moment, as Shane passes by him. Hayden doesn't miss the way Shane's face softens.

There's another moment of strange disconnect when Hayden realizes that Rozanov has cooked brunch for them. The tea towel, wrapped around his hands, is from wiping down the counter. There are dirty dishes piled in the sink of his otherwise pristine kitchen, plates laden with truly delicious smelling food. Shane smiles, wide and fond. 'Ilya, you didn't have to.'

He glances at Hayden after he says it. *Ilya*. Has Shane ever said Rozanov's first name in front of Hayden before? Maybe he hasn't. Hayden shoves down the weird sense of guilt at that. He's being chill, he really is. He's being far more chill about this than anyone really has the right to expect him to be. This is Rozanov! Voted most-punchable MLH player like three times in a row! Cocky, brash Rozanov, always ready with a fucking chirp, that stupid sneer of his, the drawling words right before he scores, always scores. Hayden fucking hates the guy. He's a dick, and he knows it, uses it to his advantage. He's like the opposite of Shane in every way.

Over the course of the brunch, Hayden - who notices things now, remember - starts to wonder if that's why Shane and Rozanov - Ilya? Fuck no, that's weird - work. Opposites attract, right? Shane's nervous, too, clearly, so Rozanov picks at him, bugs him until he's snapping back. Part of it puts Hayden on the defense, ready to protect his best friend, until he sees that Shane is smiling.

'- and I am fastest player in league,' Rozanov says, through a mouthful of toast, ignoring Shane's glare and sputtering denials. 'Is no wonder I am beloved by all.'

'Beloved', that's a new word,' Shane bites out. 'Have you been reading a dictionary?'

'No need to read dictionary,' Rozanov says, smirking. 'Not when I already know plenty about dick-'

'-Ok!' Shane says, cutting him off frantically.

'Is pointless to argue in front of Pike, anyway,' Rozanov shrugs. 'He is so far behind, not even in the race. Can't even tell top of skate from bottom.'

Hayden clenches his jaw. 'Sure, but I don't end up in the penalty box every night,' he counters, though Rozanov's been getting in less fights recently. Shane's influence? 'Not the fastest, but not the most hated, either.'

'Teamwork is important,' Shane says, and Hayden gives him a fist bump. Rozanov's eyes narrow. 'Remember that game against - was it Colorado? We were like, 21 - '

'Oh, yeah,' Hayden laughs, remembering what a shit-show that game had been - for Colorado, not for them. 'I have no clue what happened, but man were they at each others throats - '

'You should have seen it, Ilya, the guys were like fighting on the bench!' Shane says gleefully. 'It almost felt mean, playing them. They didn't stand a chance.'

'They didn't stand a chance because it was *you*, buddy,' Hayden says, squeezing his shoulder. 'The rest of us just tried not to get in your way, I think.'

Rozanov twists his lips, something dangerous in his gaze. 'Ah, Pike, you are not so stupid after all. You know when you are not needed, then?'

'Fuck you, man,' Hayden says, just as Shane says:

'Seriously, Ilya, Hayden is a good player.'

'Good, not great,' Ilya tips his head. 'Must settle, then, Pike? I feel bad for your wife - '

'At least she has someone who cares for her,' Hayden retorts. 'I've got no idea what Shane sees in you.'

Rozanov twists his lips again, and Hayden gets the feeling he's struck a nerve. 'I am handsome, good at hockey, rich,' he says. 'Good in bed. As far as I can see, you are mediocre

player with more children than sense - ‘

Hayden doesn't lunge across the table and punch Rozanov in his stupid face, but it's a close thing - a chair might get overturned, and a plate of eggs might be one of the casualties, but Shane keeps them separated. Rozanov is grinning, and only subsides when he sees the actual anger on Shane's face.

Hayden is angry, too. He's been trying, right? He hasn't said anything *too* dickish, right?

‘Can we not do this, please?’ Shane says, and *fuck*, there's a tight line to his shoulders that Hayden has come to recognize as a warning sign. Looking at Rozanov, he thinks the other man sees it too, from the way his own shoulders slump.

‘I am sorry, *moya lyubov*,’ he says, reaching for Shane's hand. ‘You are right.’ He swallows and looks at Hayden, seeming to brace himself for something. Through gritted teeth, he says: ‘You are alright player, Pike. And I should not have said those things about your wife, was uncalled for.’

Hayden subsides, running a hand over his face. ‘I shouldn't have questioned what Shane sees in you,’ he says grudgingly. ‘The two of you together - it sounds far-fetched, but when you see it, it makes sense. You guys - fit.’ He grits the last word out, but is rewarded with a softening of Shane's face.

‘I can't believe you figured it out,’ his best friend of ten years says, who also happens to be terrible at lying.

‘It wasn't that hard,’ Hayden says. ‘You get fucking - hearts in your eyes, when you look at him.’

‘You are terrible liar,’ Rozanov agrees, his face softening. ‘So am I, when it comes to you. Could not take my eyes off of you, was always surprised no one figured it out from the beginning. Even before - ‘ he looks at Hayden, then at Shane, and seems to make a choice. Hayden doesn't think he's ever heard Rozanov speak this honestly about something for this long. ‘Even before it was love, and I was just hot man for you to fuck.’

Ok, never mind. (also ew).

‘For *me* to fuck,’ Shane protests, laughing. ‘I wasn’t the one doing the fucking, Ilya. As I remember it, you were the one with the power over me - ‘

‘No,’ Rozanov says, eyes intent. ‘Was you, *moya lyubov*’. I wanted to be - ‘ he breaks off. ‘Casual. But with you it was impossible. I was under your spell.’

Hayden gags, but Shane essentially melts, his eyes going wide and soft.

They finish brunch with minimal casualties, though Shane mostly just picks at the food and drinks one of his terrible smoothies which, Hayden notices, Ilya has made sure to have ready for him. When it’s been long enough that all of them really should start thinking more about the game that evening and less about their own personal lives, Hayden excuses himself to use the washroom. As he leaves, he hears Shane start clattering around with the dishes, unable to leave a mess as usual. Rozanov seems used to it, moving around Shane with the ease of someone who has done this before, and Hayden catches a glimpse of Rozanov brushing a quick hand over Shane’s hair as he passes him, a fond look in his eyes.

The penthouse is gorgeous like he’d thought before, he thinks, as he makes his way back - but it’s empty, a surface level pristineness created by a designer. He supposes Ilya hasn’t been there that long, and then for a quick moment is hit with the reality of Ilya Rozanov packing up his life in Boston - the last decade of his life, he’d been *drafted* there, lived there since he was a teen - and moving to Canada, to *Ottawa* of all places, for Shane. It’s a lot, all of a sudden, as Hayden looks around at the bare walls, empty spaces where he would expect pictures. Not that he could put up pictures of him and Shane, even if he wanted to, even if he had them.

There’s a picture which hangs on the fridge at Hayden and Jackie’s house, a much creased, now-slightly-faded polaroid. In it, they’re no more than 20, just kids, really - Jackie has longer hair, a little darker then, and Hayden looks skinnier and a little tired and so nervous, and they both look so fucking young. It’s from the first time they met, a house party that’s a blur now. Someone had been going around with a polaroid camera, and Hayden had had the foresight to keep the photo. It’s his most prized possession.

Do Shane and Rozanov have anything like that? He doubts it.

He catches murmured voices as he rounds the corner to the kitchen and so he slows - not exactly eavesdropping, just not broadcasting his presence. Shane is standing at the sink, his hands gripping the edge, staring down into it. Rozanov is standing beside him, one hand on his back, rubbing slow circles over Shane's t-shirt.

'... I just want it to be easy,' Shane says, miserably. Rozanov makes a low commiserating noise.

'Pike seems fine with it, though,' he points out. 'He is your best friend. Was his idea to come. And he has been - fine. Good, really. Is me who is asshole.'

Shane shrugs. 'I can't imagine it's easy for you, either, Ilya. I hate the way everyone looks at you - my parents, Hayden - when I first talk about you. It's not fair.'

'Mm,' Ilya says. 'Is because they do not know me. Now your parents know me, and they love me. I am favourite son.' He says this with a whole lot of satisfaction, and Shane chuckles and flips him off.

'I can't believe you won them over so quickly. They really are gonna replace me with you.'

Rozanov shakes his head, moving forward and placing his hands on Shane's hips. 'Is impossible,' Rozanov murmurs. 'You are irreplaceable, *moya lyubov*'.

Hayden Pike met Shane Hollander when they were both 17. His first impression consisted of dark, neat hair, a painfully serious demeanor (an extreme lack of chill, one might say) and the feeling that Shane was slightly - apart from the rest of the world. Shane was hockey's golden boy, even then, and as his career grew to new heights, Hayden had watched that space between him and the world only widen, until some days it seemed like there was a chasm between his best friend and everyone else.

But now, he watches Shane sway forward slightly, like he wants to collapse into Rozanov's arms, like Rozanov is a safe place for him to fall. He watches Rozanov put a hand on Shane's face, trace his thumb under Shane's eye, look at him like he'll always be there to catch him if he does, and Hayden thinks: *Damn. I really am going to have to start calling him Ilya.*

End Notes

the support from this fandom has been crazy, I truly appreciate every comment and kudos, love u all.

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