

Detective Pike

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Detective Pike

by [OlivesAndDates](#)

Summary

Hayden froze, thoughts screeching to a halt.

Getting mad defensive about Lily...

Leaving her place early...

Coming back in a piss poor mood...

Wearing clothes that didn't seem like his...

Was Shane having an affair with a Boston WAG?????

Or, the one where Hayden puts the pieces together and comes to a very wrong conclusion

Notes

This show (and the books, I binge read both of them 🧠) is currently taking over my thoughts so I decided I needed to write something. I've played hockey practically my whole life and I actually started HR thinking it was a hockey show. I mean I guess it is, but like... not really. Anyway, I noticed in episode 4, after the tuna melt situation, Shane leaves Ilya's wearing different clothes from when he got there and I thought, now imagine if someone noticed that! And then I wrote this lol.

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

November 2016:

"I'm uh, heading out for a bit."

Hayden glanced up from where he was unpacking his suitcase. Shane was leaning awkwardly against a wall, gaze fixated on the watch he was fiddling with and—Hayden nearly did a double take—Shane had put effort into his clothes for once. His outfit didn't scream high fashion, but Hayden could count on two hands the times he'd seen Shane in anything other than athletic wear and suits, so A for effort.

"Cool," Hayden said, turning his attention back to untangling a pair of sweats from his other clothes.

"Uh to meet a friend," Shane added, dropping his hands to his sides.

"Nice," Hayden said. He noticed Shane shifting a little bit on his feet.

Okay, the fuck was going on? Shane was usually pretty awkward—that was the Hollzy gold standard—but this was pushing it.

A friend? Since when did Shane have friends in—

Oh.

They were playing Boston.

Shane definitely had a "friend" in Boston.

"I'll be back later," Shane said, voice lilting upwards with forced nonchalance.

"I won't wait up," Hayden muttered with a smirk.

Ahhh okay. Hayden knew what was happening now. It was kind of early for a hookup, but Shane had had this Boston chick on his roster since, like, forever so Hayden couldn't really fault him for wanting to get as much time as possible.

Actually, as far as Hayden knew, there was no roster. It was just her.

"It's... not like that, it's just a friend," Shane said, nodding on the word friend, like he was trying to convince himself of that fact.

Dude, you're not even fooling yourself, Hayden thought. *Alright. If he wants to make this weird, I can make it weird.*

He stopped unpacking, turning to face Shane.

"Oh, so Lily's just a buddy?" he asked, sarcasm dripping from every word.

Shane spluttered. "Uh what?" Hayden could see the fear in his wide eyes.

"Yeah, I know you text some girl named Lily," Hayden said with a laugh.

"I don't!" Shane protested, shaking his head.

"Okay, go get laid weirdo," Hayden shook his head, smiling fondly.

Shane opened and closed his mouth like a fish.

"Or don't! I don't care!" Hayden paused before amending his statement. "Actually, I hope you do. You always play better after."

There. Now that definitely was an incentive that would get Shane out the door and get Hayden out of this conversation.

Shane's brows pinched, shock still lingering on his face. "Go fuck yourself," he bit out.

Ouch. Touchy subject apparently...

"Oh, I plan to. Probably more than once. Love a hotel room," Hayden threw back, not even hiding his shit eating grin as he let the suitcase slam shut.

"Gross..." Shane mumbled, spotty anger already gone.

"Bye!" Hayden said with a wave, flopping back onto his bed.

Shane shook his head slightly, but Hayden could see his lips twitching upwards as he turned towards the door.

Good for you, Shane. Good for you.

Hayden jumped as he heard the door unlock. He scrambled to pause the TV, careful not to knock over his room service container in the process.

What the fuck?

He glanced towards the window. The sun was barely setting! That couldn't be Shane could it? Hayden hadn't been expecting him until tomorrow morning, at least.

His heart was beating out of his chest as he heard footsteps in the entryway.

Fuck fuck fuck, why did he always decide to watch horror movies, he wasn't this much of a pussy, come on!

He let out an audible breath as Shane came into view. Thank fucking god.

"Hey man," Hayden said, heart beat slowing. "Didn't expect you back tonight."

Shane shrugged, walking past Hayden to crawl onto his bed. He stared at the TV without really looking, raking a hand through his hair.

"Are... are you good dude?" Hayden asked.

Had things gone badly with Lily?

Shit had they broken up?!

Shane *did* look kinda rough, Hayden decided, eyes scanning over him. The guy was just sitting there, staring at the TV—which was still paused, mind you.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Shane said, hands playing with the hem of his oversized black shirt.

Wait... oversized black shirt?? What happened to the clothes he was wearing earlier?? Had he gotten changed at Lily's?

No that didn't make any sense. Shane hadn't brought anything with him. Hayden had watched him leave.

So what...?

A lightbulb went off in Hayden's mind.

He must keep clothes at Lily's place! Duh!

They'd been hooking up long enough for that to be normal.

Hayden let out a breath he hadn't realized he had been holding as he unpaused the movie.

Jesus christ why was he looking into this so deeply anyway? He was spending way too much time with Jackie and the other WAGs...

He heard rustling and glanced away from the TV once again.

On the other bed, Shane had leaned back against the pillows. He rolled onto his side, tapping at his phone.

Hayden still couldn't shake the feeling something was wrong. Shane was always kind of a quiet guy, but now he just looked downright sad.

Shane shifted again and Hayden noticed the logo on his hip.

His eyes widened in surprise. What the hell?

Was Shane wearing *Gym Shark* sweatpants?!

He opened his mouth to ask before thinking better of it. Shane clearly didn't want to talk right now. He wouldn't get any answers.

But actually what the fuck?

Shane pretty much exclusively wore whatever clothes he got from promotions. It was something him and the other guys loved to tease him about.

It was the easiest joke to make. A fucking layup! Like what do you mean you're a millionaire and you don't even buy clothes?

But Shane hadn't done any promotions with Gym Shark.

Hayden's eyes narrowed as he took in Shane once again.

The clothes he was wearing were also just... big. It looked odd, with the fabric from both the shirt and pants pooling around his body.

It almost made Shane look small. Which was just wrong. Shane was *not* a small guy.

Hayden's eyebrows furrowed. He tried to keep his attention on the TV but kept stealing glances at Shane. Shane wasn't really an oversized clothes kind of guy...

Were those even really Shane's clothes?

Hayden froze, thoughts screeching to a halt.

Getting mad defensive about Lily...

Leaving her place early...

Coming back in a piss poor mood...

Wearing clothes that didn't seem like his...

Was Shane having an affair with a Boston WAG?????

Hayden dragged a hand through his hair, grateful for the dim light in the hotel room. He kept his eyes glued firmly on the TV as he tried to reign in his shock. Luckily, Shane seemed to be locked in on his phone.

Fuck, the affair theory was making way too much sense.

It explained why he got so jumpy when Hayden told him he knew about Lily.

It explained the clothes, because they weren't Shane's, they were the other dude's. Lily just must have given them to him.

But wait. Why would Shane be wearing the other dude's clothes?

Another light went off in Hayden's head.

That's where the piss poor mood came in. The Boston guy must have decided to come home early, while Shane and Lily were hooking up! She probably just gave Shane the Boston guy's clothes to get him out of there in time.

Fuck yeah! Someone get him on Scooby Doo. His detective skills were on fire.

His excitement at cracking the case dampened once the reality of the situation set in. Fuck, this was actually kind of bad.

Hollzy bro what are we doing? Hayden thought to himself. *You couldn't have picked any other bird?*

Now that he was thinking about it though, that really *really* didn't seem like something Shane would do...

Maybe he was wrong about this. He needed to talk to Jackie...

Hayden felt the bed dip as Jackie settled beside him. He was honestly exhausted and just wanted to get some sleep before the kids woke him up at ass fuck o'clock, but he needed to talk to Jackie.

"Hey babe?" he asked.

Jackie paused from where she was leaning over the nightstand, about to shut off the lamp.

"Yeah?"

"This is gonna sound really weird... but I think Hollzy's banging a Boston WAG. Like, he's the homewrecker."

Jackie froze, brows pinched and mouth hanging open. The silence stretched between them.

"Honey," she said after a long pause. "Are you... okay?"

Hayden spluttered. "Wha—yeah!" he cried, laughing upright. Why was this getting flipped on him?

"Are you sure? You aren't drunk or anything? Come here, let me smell your breath," Jackie continued, leaning towards him, although the corners of her lips were quirking upwards.

Okay, now this was getting fucking ridiculous!

"No! I'm not fucking drunk," he protested, crossing his arms.

"Yeah I'm still not convinced," Jackie said, although she was full-on smirking at this point. "Because you're saying some really odd shit. You and I both know that Shane Hollander—sweet, polite, kind of awkward Shane Hollander—would not knowingly get involved with a taken woman."

"Yeah that's what I thought, too. But you gotta hear me out on this one. There's some shit that's just not adding up," Hayden said.

Jackie's smile dimmed a bit, tone softening. "Oh my god. You're really not joking."

Hayden shook his head.

"Okay, this better be pretty damning evidence. Shane's innocent until proven guilty in the court of my mind," she said.

"Alright, so a season or two ago I noticed that Shane texts some girl named Lily and he never does team shit after games when we play in Boston. And because Shane doesn't really do rosters, I kinda just assumed he was going to see her," Hayden started.

Jackie nodded.

"Yeah, well this past weekend, Hollzy and I were rooming together and he told me he was going out in the most awkward way possible so I decided to give him some shit and told him I know about Lily," Hayden explained. "Nothing crazy, just like, dude I know about your bird, get the fuck out of here and go get laid."

"Yeah," Jackie said.

"But Shane like, actually flipped his shit and got all freaked out. Then he left and I kind of forgot about it and thought it was just like you know, typical Shane stuff. But then he ended up coming back *way* earlier than I thought he would *and* he was wearing different clothes."

"Okay, but what if he just got changed. That's a way more reasonable explanation," Jackie interrupted.

"THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT TOO!" Hayden exclaimed, waving a finger in her face.

"SHHHH," Jackie cut him off, grabbing his finger. "You'll wake up the kids," she hissed.

"Oh yeah, sorry," Hayden lowered his tone. "But anyway, that's what I thought too, until I remembered that Shane didn't bring anything with him and the clothes were like two sizes too big on him. AND he was wearing *Gym Shark*, Jackie! Shane doesn't own anything from Gym Shark," Hayden said, getting ready to present his conclusions.

"So I think what happened was that he went to see Lily, who is a Boston WAG, and then they found out the Boston dude was going to show up, and Shane had to get out of there as fast as possible and those clothes were the quickest option," Hayden finished.

Jackie didn't speak for a few seconds. Hayden could practically hear the gears turning in her head.

"I hate that that sounds even remotely plausible," Jackie said at last, crossing her arms with a huff.

"So you agree with me!?" Hayden asked, slamming his hands onto the mattress.

"I mean... I don't know... that still seems a little far fetched," Jackie said, brows scrunching together. "Also, why are you excited about that? That would be a horrible situation," she pointed out.

"Maybe I want to be right sometimes," Hayden muttered. "I kind of thought I was onto something with this one."

Jackie let out an exasperated laugh before growing serious again.

"Hey, I have another possibility, but... it's also kind of a stretch..." Jackie trailed off, her tone becoming apprehensive.

"Let's hear it," Hayden said.

"Have you considered... I mean what if, what if Shane is seeing a man. It would explain the clothes..."

Hayden's face cycled through a complicated series of expressions. "*What?*" he finally managed to get out. "But Shane isn't gay? And he's definitely seeing a chick. I've seen the contact, it says 'Lily'."

"It could be a fake name," Jackie countered. "Come on, it's just as likely as your theory."

"Yeah, I guess you're right..." Hayden mumbled.

The two lapsed into silence.

Shit. That actually was kind of plausible.

Was that why he was never interested when Hayden tried to set him up?

He thought about it a bit more. Hayden didn't really know any gay guys but he knew the hockey world. And yeah, gay in the NHL was not a situation he would want to be in...

Hayden suddenly felt bad for teasing him about Lily.

He hoped for Shane's sake that him and Jackie were just reading into things too deeply.

As if reading his thoughts, Jackie spoke up. "You know what, I think we're just speculating about the situation too much. It's *Shane*. I'm sure he's not involved in some affair and if he's into dudes... we'll just have to switch who we try to set him up with. I have a few gay friends who I think are single."

Hayden laughed. "I'm sure you're right," he said.

From then on, Hayden couldn't help but see things differently. Every game against Boston, Shane would somehow slip away to go meet up with Lily.

Even the ones in Montreal!

That was just beyond risky.

It came to a head four months after his discovery, when he intercepted Shane leaving the hotel only a few hours before they had to get to the rink. He had come down to the vending machine to grab some room snacks for later, when he saw Shane pass by.

"Hey man!" he greeted, catching up to him in the lobby. Shane nearly jumped out of his skin.

"Where ya headed?" Hayden asked.

If possible, Shane looked even more uncomfortable.

"Oh just uh, out," he said with a shrug. His eyes widened slightly and he added, "Don't worry. I won't be late or anything!"

"Hollzy, I don't think anyone's worried about *you* being late," Hayden said with a laugh.

But wait... Shane's tone of voice, his skittishness...

Fuck, he was going to see Lily.

Before the game?? Oh nah. Shane was going to get himself caught. Hayden had to say something.

He dropped his tone. "Don't you think going over there now is a little risky?"

Shane blanched, all color leaving his face.

"What?" he stammered out.

"Like, you know, hooking up right before the game? I'm just a little worried for you, buddy," Hayden confessed.

Shane looked like he might pass out. He was standing perfectly still, eyes blown wide.

Well, on one hand this practically confirmed his theory. Take that, Jackie!

On the other hand, he felt kind of bad for jumping on Shane like this. It wasn't really Hayden's business. Even if it was pretty fucked up.

But Shane was a grown ass man. He could make his own choices.

"Listen," Hayden said. "Just... be careful, okay?"

His eyes darted around Shane's face, looking for some kind of confirmation.

Shane gave a minute nod, chin barely dipping, but his tension seemed to ease slightly as he let out a shaky breath.

Hayden clapped his shoulder before turning back towards the elevators. "See you later, yeah?"

"Yeah..." Shane breathed.

As he waited for the elevator, thoughts tumbled through Hayden's mind. This was actually so messed up. He loved Shane, and they'd always be best friends, but Shane needed to cut things off with this Boston WAG.

Like as soon as possible.

Cheating was so normalized in the hockey world. It was just a fact. But he hadn't thought Shane was one of those guys!

This was so fucked up.

Come on Shane! Get your shit together, he thought angrily.

September 2018:

Hayden sighed as he taped his shin guards. He was excited for the new season, of course, but he was going to miss the free time he had in the summer.

At least the start of the season meant he could start making a new tape ball, he noted as he tossed his roll of clear back into his stall. His was totally going to be bigger than JJ's this year.

The door to the locker room opened and Shane slipped in.

"Ayyyyy what up Hollzy!?" Hayden heard JJ shout. "Have a good summer?"

Shane laughed although it seemed a little strained. "Uh yeah. Good to be back though," he said, approaching Hayden.

Hayden grinned and patted the stall next to his. Shane didn't move. Instead, his eyes darted from Hayden to the ground.

"Um, can I talk to you outside for a sec?" Shane asked.

Hayden's grin faded. "Sure buddy," he said, getting to his feet.

The door to the locker room shut behind them, cutting off their teammates' chatter and laughter. Shane didn't stop though, and they kept walking until they were in some back hallway of the rink.

This didn't seem great. Shane looked like he was about to tweak out. Hayden felt a pit of worry form in his gut.

"Um, okay so I have something I want to tell you, and I'm gonna tell the team, but I guess I wanted to tell you first..." Shane trailed off.

"Is everything good, man?" Hayden asked. Fuck was there something wrong with Shane? What if he had cancer or something? Or worse—what if he was getting traded??

"Oh—Yeah, I'm fine. It's just—" Shane took a deep breath, like he was steeling himself for something, "—I'm gay," he blurted out.

"You... *what?*" Hayden spluttered. No way...

"Yeah..." Shane trailed off. He looked like he'd rather be anywhere else and was avoiding looking at Hayden like not making eye contact was the secret to winning the Stanley cup.

Okay, this was not what he was expecting. At all. And it kind of blew up his theory. Which was technically a good thing, but it meant Jackie was right.

"Dude, I'm not gonna lie," Hayden started. "That's not what I thought you were going to say," he said with a laugh. "Oh god, I thought you were going to say you had cancer! Or worse! That you were getting traded!"

Shane scowled. "Me getting traded is worse than me having cancer?"

"Oh yeah, for sure. You can recover from cancer and come back to the Metros, but if you get traded, we'd like never see each other again!" Hayden said.

Shane's brows pinched together. "I feel like getting cancer would lead to a higher chance of not seeing each other again, but sure, whatever," he muttered.

"Okay, fine. Getting traded and getting cancer are equal levels of bad," Hayden conceded.

Shane's lips curved into a small smile. "Thanks for... I don't know. Not making it weird," Shane whispered.

"Of course, man," Hayden said, clapping his shoulder. "You're always gonna be my best friend."

Shane's smile widened as he turned to head back to the locker room. "Oh, and you can tell Jackie, but please don't tell anyone else," he added, already walking away.

As soon as Shane was out of earshot, Hayden whipped out his phone, dialing Jackie in an instant.

"You were right," he blurted as soon as she picked up.

"What?" Jackie said, confusion lacing her tone.

"You were right. Shane's gay," he explained before immediately hanging up. He didn't need to hear her gloat right before practice.

October 2018:

It was about a month later when everything fell into place. Jackie had been a little shocked at first, but then acted real smug about being right, much to Hayden's annoyance.

And Hayden was glad that Shane wasn't a homewrecker.

But something wasn't really adding up. Shane still texted that Lily dude.

He didn't go see him anymore when they played Boston, but Hayden had literally seen Shane making plans to see him after their last game against Ottawa.

Maybe he had moved from Boston to Ottawa?

Wait a damn minute...

Moving from Boston to Ottawa...

Hook ups that lined up with the Boston and Ottawa game schedule...

No way. No fucking way. NOOO!!

He really hoped he was wrong this time.

"JACKIE!" he yelled, jumping up from where he had been sitting on the couch.

"SHHHH," she hissed back. "You'll wake the kids up from their nap! I literally just put them down."

"Oh, right, sorry, sorry. I just really need you to tell me I'm wrong about something," he said.

"Oh, with pleasure," she said with a smirk, sitting down next to him.

He shot her a look, but moved on quickly.

"Alright, so you know how Shane had that Lily—" he made airquote around the name, "—guy he was seeing in Boston?"

Jackie nodded.

"Well, he still texts him, but they meet up in Ottawa now. And I was thinking... what if it's Ilya Rozanov?" he said.

Jackie stiffened next to him.

"But obviously that's stupid, right?" Hayden asked.

"Hmmm," Jackie hummed, letting out a breath. "I don't know... that actually seems like it could be a real possibility. I mean what are the chances of someone else moving from Boston to Ottawa this time of year? And you were convinced Lily was a Boston WAG because of how their hookups fit with the game schedule, so by that logic it could have also been a Boston player. 'Lily' even kind of sounds like 'Ilya'. I mean it could be a coincidence, but I don't know..."

"Fuck," Hayden bit out.

"You'd have to ask Shane," she said with a shrug, standing from the couch.

A week later, walking to their cars after getting back from an away game, Hayden jogged up to Shane, determined to prove himself wrong.

"Hey, can I ask you something?" Hayden started. "You know how you used to go meet up with your mystery man every time we played in Boston? But now you don't?"

"Um. We, uh.... broke up," Shane said, too quickly. It sounded more like a question than a statement.

"Uh-huh," Hayden said with a smirk before continuing on. "But you've been driving to Ottawa a lot this season."

"Yeah, my parents live there. I've been, um, visiting," Shane explained. Badly.

Come on! How had Shane managed to keep this secret for years when he was such a shit liar? Hayden almost felt a little insulted he hadn't put anything together earlier.

"Your parents have always lived there, and they drive to Montreal even more than you drive to Ottawa," Hayden countered. He continued on before Shane had a chance to jump in. "So I have another theory."

Okay, here goes...

"I think your mystery man is Ilya Rozanov."

Shane froze, pupils blowing wide, but he didn't say anything. When they reached Hayden's car, he blew out the breath he had been holding and nodded.

Hayden blanched. What the fuck? He wasn't supposed to be right!

"Holy shit. Shane buddy, are you for real?"

"Yes."

"Oh my god, what is happening?" Hayden spun towards his car and planted both hands on the roof, leaning forward as if he thought he might pass out. Honestly, he was so shocked, he just might...

"To be honest, I thought you already knew," Shane whispered. "You literally called me out on how risky it was to go see him right before our game like a year and a half ago."

What??? When had he done that—ohhhh. That day in the hotel lobby.

"I thought you were hooking up with a Boston WAG!" Hayden cried, near hysterics now. "Not Ilya fucking Rozanov!"

"A Boston WAG—WHAT?" Shane blurted, brows pinched and mouth hanging open in shock and confusion.

Holy fuck. He needed to call Jackie.

End Notes

Hayden is such a funny character. I don't know if he'd be observant enough to pick up on Shane's outfit change, but he canonically put it together that Shane was seeing Ilya so idk I'm giving him the benefit of the doubt.

Also, hockey slang dictionary for those who need it:

- Bird = an attractive woman or a girlfriend
- Clear = a kind of tape used to keep your socks against your shin guards (among other things)
- WAG = Wives and Girlfriends

I don't think I used any other hockey terms, but if I missed anything, let me know and I'll add it!

Anyway, thanks for reading :)))

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