Maybe We Could Grow

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by billowyy

Summary

> "Shane?" He goes for the hand on the shoulder. Shane's skin is blazing against his own clammy palm.
>
> With a whimper, Shane says, "Alpha?"
>
> "No—not alpha." Fuck, that's what he should do. "It's Hayden, Shane. Do you have an alpha I can call for you?"
>
> **Or Hayden Pike finds Shane at the beginning of his heat and has to call Lily for help.**

Notes

> I feel like so many of us are just putting all of our faith in google translate and other online translation tools for our HR fic lmao 😅. We're just trusting that our shit makes sense. Also shout out to r/russian. That came in clutch a few times so I wasn't only trusting google translate.
>
> Title from u and me at home by Wet Leg.

See the end of the work for more notes

Something was wrong with Shane.

It, unfortunately, took a while for Hayden to notice at first. But you can't blame him, okay? Shane is always so stoic and straight faced that Hayden can rarely tell how he's feeling. He always appears *fine*.

So Hayden didn't notice. He heard Shane replying to questions with his normal tone of voice and didn't see a trace of anything weird on his face. He still mostly kept to himself unless someone else engaged with him.

But then he missed a pass at practice. And then he missed another one. That was the first sign that something was off.

For the rest of the day after that, everything was just *off* with him. Eventually, Hayden starts to think that he's just sick. He even thinks at one point that Coach is going to tell him to sit out because of how he wobbles with hazy eyes at one point.

But Shane pushes through the rest of the day, just like he always does. Hayden decides to ask him about it once they're back in their hotel room, where he's more likely to be honest.

As soon as Hayden opened the door to his and Shane's room, the only thing he had room for in his head was *omega omega omega.*

The scent coming from the room was so overpowering and heady that it made Hayden, a fucking beta, take a step back and have to readjust to his surroundings. It was making his head a little fuzzy.

Blinking quickly and shaking his head, he quickly stepped inside and shut the door. He turned to face the bed closest to the window.

Shane.

He was curled up on his side, naked except for his underwear, and sweating so much Hayden could see it from where he stood by the door.

Shit.

This is why Shane was so off today. *This* is what was wrong.

Shane started his fucking heat.

There's a moment where Hayden stands there, gawking slightly, and he doesn't do anything except think that he has no idea what he should do. He already knew that Shane was an

omega. He's known that for years. But it's not like they had a game plan for *this.*

Then Hayden has the horrible realization that Shane hasn't noticed that someone entered the room. Luckily it's just Hayden, but it could have been *anyone*, and it seems like Shane is too out of it to know. It's not like hotel doors are quiet.

But then Shane mumbles something, and it sends a flood of relief through Hayden.

"'ya?"

"Huh? What was that?"

He has no idea what Shane just said, but it finally prompts him to move away from the door and to Shane's side. His face is scrunched up in discomfort and he's breathing like he's trying to catch his breath.

He hovers by the side of the bed. He has no idea what he should do here. Should he put a reassuring hand on Shane's shoulder? Or is that too much. Surely, he can't leave him alone, right? He looks fucking miserable. Maybe he should call Jackie.

"Shane?" He goes for the hand on the shoulder. Shane's skin is blazing against his own clammy palm.

With a whimper, Shane says, "Alpha?"

"No—not alpha." Fuck, *that's* what he should do. "It's Hayden, Shane. Do you have an alpha I can call for you?"

Shane only whimpers again and turns his face into the pillow. His shoulders start to shake, and Hayden's parented enough kids that he knows Shane is crying into his pillow right now.

"Hey, hey," he soothes. He kneels down on the floor and rubs Shane's shoulder. "You're okay. I'm gonna help you."

"Hayden," Shane cries. "It hurts."

"I know. I know." He moves his hand to the back of Shane's head, and Shane leans into it. So he's doing *something* right, at least. "What do you usually do during your heats?"

Shane's *never* talked about his heats with Hayden before. Hayden only found out that Shane was an omega on accident, soon after they met. They've talked some about their presentations, but Shane's heats had never come up. It was just yet another thing that Shane kept close to his chest.

If Hayden didn't know better, he'd think Shane doesn't deal with them.

But it's coming up now—in a very, very big way. There's no avoiding this.

"Plan for them. This one—came on suddenly. *Fuck,*" he whimpers. "They're not regular. Bad."

His words are slurred and said as if he's struggling to piece them together. Hayden has no idea if this is normal for an omega. He knows the basics of what happens during a heat, but the specifics? No fucking clue. Both him and Jackie are betas. It's not something he's ever been around before.

There's *got* to be someone better equipped to handle this. Hayden feels like a fish out of water.

Shane starts crying heavily. He untucks his face from the pillow, revealing red, wet eyes. One of his hands cling to the bedsheets, while the other rhythmically squeezes his own bicep so tight it's got to hurt. *Self-soothing* he hears in Jackie's voice.

"I can't—Hayd, I can't—I need—"

"Yeah? What do you need, Shane?" Hayden rubs his thumb over his temple.

"I don't want—" he hiccups, "I don't want to be by myself."

After that, he dissolves into these fucking *heart* wrenching sobs and Hayden can do nothing but watch. He tries to get Shane to turn his head back to face him from where he's shoved it into the pillow again, he tries to tell him that he's *not* alone and pets his head, but nothing is working.

Fuck. Hayden needs help. He grabs Shane's phone from the bedside table and takes hold of Shane's finger so he can unlock it.

He tries again. "Shane. Who can I call? Here, here's your phone. Who in your contacts can I call to help you with this? I want to make sure you're okay."

It takes another couple of tries, but eventually Shane turns to look him. He sniffles and reaches out a hand. He scrolls through for a moment, then pulls back. He glances at Hayden with a look he can't decipher, then buries his face down once again, body shaking.

"Okay. Thank you. I'm gonna step away to call, but I'm still here, okay?"

He doesn't get a response.

Hayden stands and looks at the screen.

Lily.

Well. Time to meet Shane's Boston girl, apparently.

It's ringing for only a couple of seconds before the call gets picked up.

"Are you okay?"

Hayden's mouth was open, ready to respond, but his breath catches.

That's not a woman speaking. That's… is that Ilya Rozanov? What the fuck?

"Shane?"

"…Rozanov?"

The response is immediate and intense. "Who is this?"

At the question, Hayden's brain starts to turn back on from the initial shock of whatever the fuck is happening right now. This is all confusing as hell but he needs to keep moving to help Shane.

Did Shane click the wrong contact? No. When he pulls the phone away to quickly check, it still says 'Lily.'

"Hayden. Pike. Shane's teammate. Listen—something's going on and he asked me to call you."

There's silence on the other end of the phone. Hayden thinks about how *Lily* sounds an awful lot like *Ilya* and the reasons for why Shane would have Rozanov saved that way.

"What is wrong? Why can he not call himself?"

Listen. It's not like Hayden has spent a lot of time around Rozanov, or even a lot of time hearing him speak. It's usually just a chirp here and there when they play against each other. Enough to recognize him, but not *familiar.* But even he can tell that the tone of Rozanov's voice is *weird.* It's not supposed to sound like that. Like he *knows* Shane. Like he's worried about him.

Hayden tries to remember when he first noticed Shane texting his Boston girl.

"He's—" he cuts himself off. He's never told a single soul Shane's secret. But surely Rozanov already knows? If Shane is wanting *him* during his heat?

"He's what?" barks Rozanov's impatient voice.

"In heat. It started after the game."

Rozanov doesn't say anything to that, and Hayden's worried he shared too much. His heart starts pounding and he's *so* scared Rozanov is going to take this information and run, but then —

"I will be there in two hours. Text me the address."

"Two hours?" Hayden can hear the shakiness in his voice.

Two hours is a long time to be left alone with an omega in heat. It's a long time to be the person *responsible* for an omega in heat. But it's *Shane.* As if he'd leave him alone during this, *especially* after he said he didn't want to be by himself. Jesus christ.

"That is what I said. I am in Ottawa. Is he in bed? How is he?"

"Yeah. That's how I found him just now. He's crying a lot. Very sweaty."

"Okay. Put a cold cloth on back of his neck." Hayden immediately gets up and does as he's told. He thinks he hears Shane let out a sad sound as he leaves for the bathroom. He picks his feet up when Rozanov says, "Don't leave him alone. That makes it worse."

"Right, okay. Yeah."

There's shuffling on the other side of the phone as Hayden wets a washcloth and brings it over to Shane. Hayden wants to ask, but he doesn't even know what the fuck he'd say. How long has this been going on? Are you *together* or is it only hooking up? Is it only for heats and ruts? I thought you two *hated* each other?

There's so many thoughts going through his head. He doesn't end up saying any of it. Instead, he places the washcloth on Shane's neck, kneels down and starts rubbing his shoulder again, and continues to get directions from Ilya fucking Rozanov about how to help *his* best friend.

"What should I do now?"

Hayden hears a car door shut. "Give him something that you've scented. And something of his own. Hotel is horrible scent for a nest."

Just as Hayden is getting up once again, Rozanov says—

"And leave the phone. Put me on speaker. I want to talk to him."

He does as he's told at the same time as he shakes off the weird fucking feeling of taking direction from Rozanov.

"Okay, I'll be right back."

Right back feels like a weird way to word it, considering he only goes a few steps away to his suitcase. He picks up the shirt he was going to wear to bed tonight—nice and soft—and brings it to his neck to scent. He can hear everything being said between Shane and Rozanov, and he's never felt like more of a third wheel in his life.

"Lyubimyy." He feels even *more* like a third wheel when he hears how soft Rozanov's voice gets as he speaks to Shane.

Shane, who had been crying softly, audibly perks up.

"Ilya?"

"I'm on my way. I'll be there soon. S toboy vse budet khorosho. Da?"

"Da."

Hayden's mind reels a bit when he realizes that *Shane understands Russian.*

"Hayden's going to stay with you until I get there. Pike?"

"I'm here, I'm here." He hurries over to Shane's side.

Shane's clothes are scattered on the floor, and Hayden can picture the way he must have desperately taken them off of himself when he started to overheat. They're not even folded, which unnerves him even more. He grabs them as he approaches the bed.

"Here, Shane," he says, dumping the clothes in front of Shane's chest.

Shane makes a mewling noise, then slowly grabs each article, brings them to his nose, and places them around himself. Hayden's not too familiar with nests outside of what he'd see from his mom sometimes, but he knows that this is a pathetic excuse for one. Hopefully Rozanov is going to bring something.

For the next two hours, Hayden stays at Shane's side. He progressed from the floor to the bed next to him about an hour into it when Shane started whining and pulling at his arm. He cautiously climbed into his nest. It felt like such a careful space to be in.

"Okay?" he had asked. Shane had tipped his head to rest on Hayden's side. Hayden kept his hand on Shane's shoulder.

"Mhm. Okay."

Every once in a while Rozanov would tell him to do something, but he mostly kept his attention on Shane. Hayden could hear the distant sound of a car driving down the highway as Rozanov spoke softly to Shane, words Hayden tried to ignore, mixed in with even softer Russian.

Hayden does end up texting Jackie, if only to have something to focus on so he doesn't have to listen to Rozanov. He quickly realized that whatever what happening between these two, it definitely *was* romantic. He texted Jackie his thoughts about it so he wouldn't be tempted to say them out loud.

She calms him down enough that when Rozanov finally says that he's walking down the hallway, he's not totally freaking out anymore about the Rozanov of it all.

He's barely spared a glance when he opens the door. Well, he gets looked up and down, assessing, but then Rozanov is striding in with eyes only for Shane, duffel bag in hand.

Shane was asleep, had been for the last half an hour or so, but he blinks his eyes open as soon as Rozanov leans in and runs his fingers through his damp hair.

"Ilya." He starts crying again and reaches for Rozanov.

"I'm here, moya lyubov. You're okay."

He says some other soothing words, then shoots a pointed look at Hayden.

Yeah, it's definitely time to get out of here. No way does he want to be in the same room as an omega in heat and their alpha.

He quickly grabs his wallet and phone, then hesitates by the door.

"You sure you got him?"

Hayden *sees* the way they're acting together. He's heard the way Rozanov spoke to him over the past two hours and how much care he seems to have for him. He sees how much Shane wants—*needs*—him here.

But it's still *Ilya Rozanov.* How can he be sure he's going to treat Shane nicely?

Rozanov must understand his hesitation. His glare softens and he nods.

"Yes, Pike. I will take care of him. Will text you later."

"Right. Okay. Thanks." He nods and opens the door.

Just as he's turning to leave, Rozanov says, "Thank *you."*

Him and Rozanov lock eyes. Hayden gives him a serious nod.

Then he gets the fuck out of there.

End Notes

billowyy on Tumblr.

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