

Lily Finally Picks Up

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76262386) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76262386>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/M , Gen , M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike/Jackie Pike
Characters:	Jackie Pike , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Original Characters , Background & Cameo Characters
Additional Tags:	Identity Reveal , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Canon typical injuries , Established Relationship , supportive friends , POV Jackie Pike
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of The Pike Adoption Package
Collections:	*Heated rivalry melts my heart*
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 5,380 Chapters: 1/1

Lily Finally Picks Up

by [fishcollective](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander goes down hard in the third period against Boston. The WAGs are worried about Lily and if she knows. Jackie calls and Lily finally picks up... except. Ilya Rozanov is on the other end of the line.

Jackie's POV of the wonderful [WAG Support Network](#) by [stabthroughme](#)
Which of course was inspired by the amazing text fic [please leave a message](#) by [Ravenesta](#)
(of which parts of this one also takes cues from in the beginning)

Please read those first!
They are both excellent.

Notes

The dialogue between Jackie and Ilya is directly lifted from "WAG Support Network", and of course what actually happens is taken from the same story (except anything with Hayden)
Thank you so much for giving me your blessing stabthroughme!

Beginning inspired by "please leave a message" by Ravenesta, and of course some of the chat messages are directly lifted from that.

I meant for this to be kinda short. It got *very* out of hand.
This also hasn't gone through a beta cause it's christmas. I'll fix things when I find them...

ETA: There is now a [Hayden POV as well. Same story, but he's there.](#)

- Inspired by [WAG Support Network](#) by [stabthroughme](#)
- Inspired by [please leave a message](#) by [subcorax](#)

The game had been a close one all the way through. It usually was when Montreal played against Boston. The two top players in the league captaining the teams, and with their intense rivalry the overall competitive spirit was always at a high. The crowd always went hard too. Montreal fans truly hated Boston, and she knew it was the same when Montreal played over there. The WAGs were just as passionate, both the girls with Jackie at the rink and the ones just joining the chat while watching at home. The scores weren't high as both defences had been real tight, and not much had happened in that regard for a good while. Her man had scored a truly beautiful goal in the first period though and she couldn't wait to celebrate with him a bit later tonight. They were almost through the third period when the Boston left winger slammed into Shane Hollander. They had already had a few scraps with penalties and medical checks but nothing too bad. This though... oh this was bad. *Shit*. Shane hit the boards and went down. Hard. He didn't move and even all the way from where she was sitting Jackie could see blood starting to pool on the ice even before she looked up at the screens.

Jackie automatically typed "oh my god" in the WAG group chat while breathing the same words out loud in shock. This was among the worst hits she had seen in person so far through her many years as a hockey wife. One time a player of the opposing team has had his leg broken in half. That had been gruesome. The bone had stuck right through his skin. But she also counted herself lucky that she had never seen worse, or had any of her own go through it. But god. There was so much blood. *Shane's blood*. Her Shane. Her sweet boy that she and Hayden had all but adopted. They sometimes joked that he was their fifth child. Referring to him as the kids' big brother. And now he was on the ice. Not moving. Blood all over. Hayden had immediately skated up to Shane, kneeling on the ice next to him as the medics assessed the situation. She couldn't help but think *oh, his skates are all bloody now*.

"I'm going down there." Yuna sounded remarkably calm for just having watched her son get knocked out cold.

"Yuna... you okay? Do you want me to come with you?"

"No need sweetie. You stay here with the girls. I'll text you." Her face was set, but Jackie could see the worry in her eyes.

"Okay." Jackie took Yuna's hand as she shuffled past, giving it a reassuring squeeze. "He'll be okay." *He has to be okay*. She felt a slight tremble in Yuna's hand, but then she slipped past and made her way down the steps.

Jackie looked back to the ice. Being so focused on Shane, she hadn't noticed that Ilya Rozanov was hovering just a few feet away, not joining his team or even checking in with his linemate who caused this in the first place. Instead he seemed to be shouting something at Hayden as Shane was being slid onto a backboard and hoisted to be taken off the ice. Shane still wasn't moving, *oh god*. Hayden didn't go with him, and instead got in Rozanov's face. He didn't seem to be yelling but was aggressively motioning for Rozanov to back off and get off

the ice. She knew Hayden must be terrified for his best friend, and having a shithead like Rozanov challenge him in any way in that state... yeah, Hayden snapping was a given at that point. Luckily it seemed that the Boston coach called Rozanov off the ice, or she feared she would've had to deal with not only Shane being in a bad state, but possibly her husband getting into an unnecessary fist fight as well.

Jackie's phone buzzed with a text from Yuna.

Yuna: He's awake. Not sure how hurt yet. Going to Montreal General. Will keep you updated.

She let out a relieved breath and relayed the information to everyone around her while also typing in the chat. Being awake was good. Very good. Hopefully he had just split something that bled like crazy but wasn't actually vital in any way. Jackie had learned years ago that catastrophizing was no use in cases like this. Of course she couldn't help but think of some horrible scenarios but she could also compartmentalise very well and stay logical. Shane wasn't dead, he was awake, and he had his mother with him. All she could do was wait now.

A message from Hayden came in shortly after Yuna's.

Hayden: He'll live. Fuck. Sorry. I need to stay with the boys. Bring the game home. Yuna's with him. Ttyl. Love you.

He was right of course. With their captain gone it was now Hayden's job to keep the team together and push them through the rest of the game. How any of them could get their heads back in it after watching something like that she could never understand. It was only about six minutes left of playtime though so they could probably power through.

A text popped up in the chat just as the whistle sounded and the game resumed.

Dani: Anyone heard from Lily?

Oh shit. Lily! Jackie had been so preoccupied with her own worry, and worrying about her husband, and Yuna for that matter, that she didn't think about Shane's girlfriend in Boston. Was she watching? She hadn't been in the chat...

"Hey, has anyone heard anything from Lily?" she shouted in the general direction of the other girls.

From their horrified expressions and light shaking of heads she figured they had all been as distracted as she had been with what was happening in front of their eyes, and just now realised one of their own was either unknowing or all alone and in distress.

“I’ll call her.” Jackie immediately hit the call button on Lily’s contact page. She let it ring for a while. No reply. “Please pick up honey.” Nothing.

She barely registered the end of game whistle. She didn’t really care for once. Hayden would be heading to the hospital as soon as possible, and the rest of the guys would probably go with him too. Her focus was on fully on Lily now. She sent off a few texts while calling again.

“Is she not picking up?” Priya asked, worry pinching her face.

Jackie shook her head. A clump had formed in the pit of her stomach. What if Lily didn’t know what was going on? She needed to know. Jackie kept typing. Letting Lily know that from what they had heard Shane would be alright, but that he was being taken to the hospital. She started gathering her things, not really knowing what to do. Everyone else were slow to leave as well. They usually hung around talking for a bit while the guys showered and changed, but today they knew no one would be meeting them outside.

Suddenly her phone buzzed.

Lily: We are okay, I went in ambulance with him

Wait what? Lily had been here and she hadn’t joined them?

Priya must’ve seen the shock on Jackie’s face because she asked,

“Did she reply? Did she see? Where is she?”

“Uhh... she’s at the hospital apparently.”

“She was here?!” Priya almost shouted, but then lowered her voice. “Why didn’t she sit with us?”

“I don’t know Priya. I don’t...” She didn’t finish her sentence when more texts came in from Lily.

What does she mean it’s complicated? She’s been lying? About what?

Jackie: Lily, please. What’s going on?

Lily: If you call again, I will answer

“Jackie! What is going on?”

She just waved Priya off as she hit **call** again. She didn’t have to wait long this time, and she didn’t even let Lily say hi she was so relieved when the call got picked up.

"Lily holy shit, are you okay?"

The only thing she heard from the other end was a strangled sob.

“Lily?” God this poor girl. How had they not seen her at the rink?

“Ilya.”

Jackie gasped. *Holy shit what*. That was... that was Ilya *Rozanov* on the other end of the line. It’s not like she ever talked to the man, but Ilya fucking Rozanov had obviously just sobbed in her ear after she called “Lily”. *Oh... oh honey no*. Sure these news were shocking as all hell, and she’d deal with that revelation later. But she also immediately realised how much worse this was than she had thought. This wasn’t just a sweet girl sitting at home in Boston watching her boyfriend get knocked unconscious on tv. This wasn’t a mystery girl who didn’t sit with the rest of the WAGs on a surprise visit and was now worried by a hospital bed in need of some support. This was Ilya Rozanov, who not only had to deal with the man he loved (*jesus christ, Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov in love!?*) being possibly seriously injured, and that happening right in front of him by his friend and teammate, but also doing it *in secret*. Not being able to be by his side. The *weight* of this whole thing squeezed Jackie’s heart.

“Oh hon...” She could hear Rozanov’s breath hitch a little. He probably expected her to be mad at him. She would *never*. Especially not like this. They’d talk later but this was definitely *not* the time.

Beside her Priya was making very exaggerated faces and gesticulating wildly to try to get her to share what was going on.

“Just give me a minute...” she told Ilya and turned towards Priya., holding the phone against her collarbone.

“What the hell is happening Jackie? Are you okay? Why do you look like—”

“I’m fine Priya just— give me a minute.” The other WAGs were joining them.

“Priya said Lily is *here*? What did she—” Hanna asked but was interrupted by Liv.

“Is she with Shane?”

“Yeah Lily just—” Jackie couldn’t even finish a whole sentence before someone asked her a question. She understood it though, everyone was worried. Both for Shane and for Li—Ilya.

“Is Shane okay?”

“Can you put her on speaker?”

“Is she at the hospital?”

“Girls!” Jackie put her foot down and everyone immediately stopped. Sometimes going mom-mode was the only way to get things done. She held up a hand to signal for them to stay put, and walked away. Her mind was a riot of thoughts, but she had to push them aside for now. Ilya needed her, and that was all that mattered. Who he was apart from Shane’s... boyfriend? would have to wait. The why and how and when meant nothing right now. She closed the door to a small unlocked meeting room and sank down onto a chair while fishing earphones from her pocket. That way she could have access to her texts if any other news came in. Popping the earphones in she could feel her heart breaking at the thought of Ilya Rozanov alone on the other end of the line.

“Ilya. Hi. Are you okay?” She kept her voice soft.

"I am fine, I am not the one bleeding-" She could hear his voice crack on the last word. With a shaky breath he apologised. “Sorry.”

She felt furious at that. Not at Rozanov, but at the situation. That he would feel like I had to apologise for *any* of this was an outrage.

"Don't you dare apologise to me Rozanov, you've got nothing to apologise for." She needed to make him understand that. Nothing of this was his fault. And men really needed to stop apologising for being *upset* when shit like this happened. And she knew how it felt. She'd been here before. Many times. Not this *bad* maybe, but many worried night with an injured husband. She vividly remembers the 2014 playoffs when Hayden ended up face first into the boards and got knocked out for a good few seconds. Not to mentioned the fractures wrists from stick hits and bloody noses from just straight fists. But Ilya was usually on the other side of that, taking the hits. He was never on the sidelines being worried. Her voice softened. "This is, I think, the one part of hockey I have more experience in than you."

"I lied-" he started saying. And Jackie knew he meant the chat. Saying he was just another girlfriend. Someone named Lily... except he didn't. Not really.

"No you didn't, we assumed." And they really had. She had just asked Hayden on Sarah's request and added Shane's mystery woman to the chat, after she assume Hayden had straight up broken into Shane's phone. Maybe she should talk to him about *that* later. Cause she realised now that there was no way Shane had given *Ilya Rozanov's number* to Hayden freely. Jackie had been so happy when her husband told her that Shane had been texting with some girl in Boston. She wanted him to find someone. And when this Boston-Lily seemingly kept hanging around she didn't even think twice when Sarah brought up the possibility of adding her to the WAGs group chat. And she had been so sweet and funny and engaged in the banter...

“God, Ilya, I'm so sorry you're having to go through this in private.” She had always had people around. Her parents, Hayden's parents, the other WAGs... “Do you have anyone I can

call for you? Your parents?"

"Dead." Ilya sighed, and Jackie's heart broke all over again. This poor man. "No. No one... No one knows."

"Are you still at Montreal General?" she asked.

"Yeah. Just..." His voice was unsteady and Jackie just let him take his time. "Waiting for the team to..." Ilya took a deep but shaky breath.

She could imagine Ilya hiding out in some unoccupied space, maybe a stairwell based on the sound of the call, hiding from Shane's teammates. Scared and alone. Before she could offer her support Ilya dropped the second bombshell of the evening. Albeit a smaller one.

"Hayden knows."

"What?" *Excuse me?! He what?*

"Hayden, your Hayden he knows. He... Caught us. A few months ago." Ilya was quiet for a long time but for once Jackie was too stunned to speak. Her husband, her sweet darling husband, had kept this secret locked up so tight. Not even hinted at anything to her. That man usually vibrated out of his skin if he had as much as ordered surprise flowers for her. And he had gossiped about Lily for years... until that just stopped. And now she realised why.

"He told me to get off the ice, go with Shane." Ilya finally continued. "I... I wanted to, last time this happened I wanted to go with him and I did not because I couldn't and Hayden did not know then and no one else knew—"

She was going to kiss her husband so hard when she saw him. That must've been what he was "arguing" about with Rozanov— Ilya — when Shane was being taken away by the medics. He hadn't been angry. He'd been passionate and aggressively *kind*. She knew Hayden didn't like Rozanov one bit. That wasn't an act, she was sure of that. But he loved Shane, and clearly he knew how Shane felt about Ilya. And no matter Hayden's feelings about the latter, he would always do the right thing. And the right thing was to make sure Ilya was by Shane's side. For both their sakes. God she loved him so much. She couldn't help but wonder how Ilya had even been allowed in the ambulance, but she had to assume that Yuna knew, and Yuna Hollander was a force to be reckoned with.

Last time this happened... Oh. He must have meant the first time Shane got his bell properly rung. It had been last season and there had been no blood that time, but she had been so worried then too. And now that she thought about it, Rozanov had been acting strangely for an arch rival then as well. She hadn't really known much about this "Lily" back then, just little nuggets of gossip from Hayden about Shane sneaking away and trying to play it cool. Which they both thought was adorable. But that had been going on for a while. Wow. Shane and Ilya Rozanov must've had had a thing for *years*.

"I'm coming to the hospital," she declared. This man should *not* be alone. He might not think he had a support network but by god would she become the foundation of it now, whether he liked it or not.

"No." Ilya stopped her. "No, Hayden said he was going home. He needs you."

"You need someone there for you, trust me here." She was sure Hayden was shaken up, but she also knew that if she texted him saying she knew about *this* he would send her straight to the hospital.

Ilya laughed at that. It was a shaky laugh, and she could hear a touch of fear.

"That is what I am doing."

Shit. Yeah. This is a huge secret, and he's trusting me with it.

"Yeah. You are, huh?" Jackie took in a deep breath, quickly restructuring her thoughts and trying to come up with a plan that didn't involve her going to the hospital. "When does Boston play next?"

"Three days, home game." Ilya replied. "I was only here for tonight, Montreal leaves tomorrow--"

"Well he isn't going to be leaving with them." She needed to get Ilya back in the room with Shane, and she had an idea how. "So, here's what I can do. I can get the girls to make their guys go home, leave you the room. And I'll stay on the phone and make sure Hayden stays last so you'll be all clear to sneak back in. Okay?"

"Okay."

She sent off a text to the group.

Jackie: I'm on the phone with Lily. She's hanging in there. But she's uncomfortable being in the room with the team. Get your boys out of there yeah? Questions later.

Everyone gave thumbs up and she even got an "on it boss". But she didn't much pay attention as she was already typing a text to Hayden.

Jackie: Babe, no time to explain but the girls are calling their guys home. You stay behind. I have Ilya on the phone. I know. We'll talk later. Let me know when you're the only one left. See you at home. Love you.

With that done all she had to do was keep Ilya talking, distract him as much as possible, while the guys finished up. And what better way than to have him tell her the whole story of his and Shane's relationship. And she *was* curious. Very very curious.

It was a sweet story really. She was shocked to find out how long it had been going on, but it also explained so much about Shane through the years. The girls that never worked out, the attempts to get out of any set ups with her friends... and how secretive he was about "Lily" for *years*. And of course it also explained why Lily never joined them, even when some of the WAGs came with the guys to Boston. She always had some excuse, and now she knew. The excuse was that she was literally playing forward on the ice trying to crush everyone else's husband or boyfriend. The thought almost made her laugh. This was a crazy situation but the more Ilya talked about Shane, the more obvious it was how much he loved him. Really truly loved him.

"The others are worried about you," she said after Ilya finished telling their story. "What do you want me to tell them?"

"Fuck." Ilya sighed. "Shane should be released tomorrow and the team will be on the road..."

Jackie checked the calendar really quick. Hayden had an 8am pickup for the airport in the morning. The team was going to Philadelphia.

"Could they..." He took a breath. "Maybe all drop by? And I can... Explain. Or try to, at least."

Oh damn. Okay. He really wanted it all done didn't he? And good for him. For both of them.

"I've got your back, sweetheart. No matter what, they do too." It would be a shock of course, but she was absolutely certain the girls would support him. He was one of them now.

"I hope so." Ilya didn't sound as scared anymore. Her distraction tactic had succeeded.

Her phone lit up with a text.

Hayden: They're gone. I'm the only one here. Shane is asking for him. He's wondering where he went. It's a miracle he didn't say anything to the guys. Our boy is hiiiiiigh.

Hayden: I'm happy you know btw

"Hayden just texted, he's the last one in the room and Shane's asking where you went."

"When Shane is high he gets clingy." Ilya laughed.

"If you happen to get a video of it I wouldn't say no..." She would actually *love* to see Shane be all loopy and mushy. She bet it would be absolutely adorable.

"Do you have any of Hayden?" Ilya asked. "I would be interested in a trade. Chirp fuel is hard to come by when his wife is so wonderful."

She almost “awww”ed out loud at that. But she also immediately thought of the countless videos and pictures on her phone, neatly sorted into a folder labelled “high as a kite”.

"I'll see what I can do, Rozanov. Go get our boy, okay?"

“Okay.” He sounded so much lighter now.

"And I'm glad you trust me," Jackie said. She truly felt so honoured.

"I do."

As she hit the **end call** button the reality finally hit her. She had just spent a really long time talking to *Ilyra Rozanov*, presumed enemy number one, about how much he loved her precious Shane. Talking him down from a panic. That big scary Russian needed her to keep him grounded because the love of his life *Shane Hollander* had suffered a concussion and bled all over the ice. *Wow*.

The rink was pretty much deserted when she made it out of the meeting room. All the girls had left to meet up with their boyfriends or husbands at home. Walking to the parking lot she pulled up the WAGs chat, scrolling back up.

Priya: Jackie is on the phone with Lily now. She's at the hospital with Shane.

Dani: SHE'S HERE???????

Priya: Apparently? I don't know what's going on. Jackie just went up and left. I guess she'll check back in later.

Bridget: You guys all leaving now? You know, for once I barely even care that Boston won.

Bridget: Btw anyone notice that Rozanov didn't return to the ice? I wonder what happened there.

Hanna: Who even cares! Maybe he threw a fit when the coach called him off.

Jackie: I'm on the phone with Lily. She's hanging in there. But she's uncomfortable being in the room with the team. Get your boys out of there yeah? Questions later.

Her text had gotten several thumbs up reactions.

Olivia: On it boss!

Jackie: Hey. Shane is doing okay. He's being released tomorrow. Thanks for getting your guys out so Lily could be with him.

Dani: But of course!

Caitlin: How is she?

Jackie: Shaken of course. And sorry she didn't say anything to us.

Jackie: Can you all come to Shane's house tomorrow afternoon? Lily wants to meet.

Priya: Finally!

Hanna: Oh that's so exciting! Wish it was under different circumstances though.

Dani: Yeah but Shane will be fine right?

Jackie: Yeah.

Sarah: We'll be there!

While driving home she called her mother to ask if she could keep the kids over night, giving a quick summary of what had happened to Shane. Her wonderful mother hadn't questioned the need for some alone time to decompress even for a second. Hayden's car was in the driveway when she arrived at the house. He must've gotten home just a few minutes before her, and as soon as she got through the front door she was enveloped in a tight hug.

"Hey honey. How you holding up?" she asked, relaxing into the embrace.

"Mmm. Better now." He sighed into her hair. "This was a scary one Jacks."

"Yeah I know. But our boy is good yeah? He'll be okay."

She felt Hayden nod against her, still not letting her go.

"How did Ilya seem when you left him?" Hayden took a half step back to look at her, but still keeping his hands on her arms.

"You did wonders I think. He seemed more relaxed, worried of course, but not as... heavy you know?" He shook his head slightly. "I can't believe he told you."

"I can't believe he and Shane are together! You know I don't like to curse, but what the actual fuck Hayden?"

"Yeah I know. It's crazy. But they seem to really love each other..."

Her voice softened. “That they really do. Ilya told me everything. This whole time? Since even before I met you!”

“Imagine my surprise! I fucking hate Rozanov. Well... I did. Still don’t like him that much but—“

“He said you walked in on them?” She raised an eyebrow.

Hayden groaned and put his hands to his face. Jackie took the opportunity and gently steered Hayden to the couch, and sat down next to him.

“I was driving in the morning and realised I had forgotten my good running shoes at Shane’s house, thought I’d just go get them you know? We had played Boston the night before and I assumed he would just be home doing morning yoga or something. And you know how we have his extra key...I did not expect him to find him kissing Rozanov in the fucking kitchen! Sorry.”

He always apologised for swearing since she kept hounding him about it. It was mostly for the kids but she thought it was better to just drill it into him in general.

“Oh honey.”

“I was traumatised okay! Almost turned around and drove home. But Shane looked horrified and Rozanov was laughing and I wanted to punch him so you know...”

“Did you?” she asked, trying not to laugh.

“Did I what?”

“Punch him!”

Hayden laughed at that and Jackie joined in.

“No! Shane stopped me... And then we had a talk.”

“And this was a couple of months ago?”

Hayden nodded.

“And you didn’t tell me!”

“Yeah I’m sorry about that. It was killing me to keep that secret.” He actually looked distressed and Jackie’s heart swelled.

“No. Don’t say you’re sorry. You guys really need to stop apologising! I love that you kept this secret for them. Even from me. It wasn’t yours to share. You did really good babe.”

“I’m so relieved now though...”

“I think Ilya is planning to tell all the girls tomorrow actually.” She said, and then realised something. “Hey did you break into Shane’s phone to get Ilya’s phone number?”

He looked at her sheepishly.

“Yeah I did. He would never have given it to me! For obvious reasons of course, but I didn’t know that then! I agreed with you that someone Shane had been seeing for so long should be included in you little gang. What I can’t believe is that Ilya went with it!”

Hayden threw his head back onto the couch cushions.

“He’s actually been a really fun addition.” Which was so true. And thinking back he probably hadn’t really lied about anything, just didn’t correct them about his name or gender.

“I bet.” He scoffed. “Wait. Back up. Did you say he’s going to tell everyone tomorrow?”

Jackie nodded.

“He wanted me to get all the WAGs over to Shane’s place after you guys leave for Philadelphia tomorrow morning.”

“Oh wow. That’s gonna be fun for the girls won’t it? I wish I could be there to see it. Make sure Hanna doesn’t punch him on sight.”

“I’ll keep an eye on her,” Jackie said with a laugh. “But speaking of that. You do need to go to bed babe. The flight is early.”

“Yeah yeah.” He wrapped her in another hug. “I’m happy you’re gonna be here for them though. Yeah both of them. I don’t like Rozanov but he’s good for Shane. And he deserves support.” He shook his head again. “I can’t believe you’ve made him part of the WAGs posse.”

Jackie laughed and extracted herself from the hug.

“Okay. Bed. Go!”

The next day Jackie wanted everyone to arrive together, so they car pooled from her place divided between her and Dani’s cars. Dani hadn’t been able to join them at the rink the day before due to being stuck at home with a sick three year old, but today her sister had agreed to babysit and Dani had been caught up on everything... well not *everything*. Of course. Same with Bridget who had been on call all night, but had still be able to watch the whole game which didn’t always happen.

Jackie was almost vibrating with excitement. The shock had settled over night and now she was just looking forward to everyone else having their mind blown, and to get to know Ilya better without any smoke screens.

“So what’s she like?” Olivia asked as they parked in front of Shane’s house in Brossard.

“A sweetheart. But please keep an open mind okay?”

They all exited the car.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Hanna asked as she closed the passenger side door. “And why are you smiling like that?”

Jackie didn’t answer and just marched up to the front door with everyone else trailing behind her. After ringing the doorbell she took a step back and to the side, giving the rest of the group a clear view as the door opened.

Ilya looked tired and nervous. He was fiddling with the gold cross around his neck. Jackie heard a gasp from someone in the group, followed by confused murmuring. No one made a move to enter the house.

"What's Rozanov doing here?" Hanna asked. Her arms were crossed and she sounded pissed.

"Yuna had a conference call and David had to go to work," Ilya answered. He dropped his hands to his sides and angled himself towards the rest of the house. Wordlessly inviting them to come in. “Coffee?”

Jackie gently herded them through the front door. Forcing them to follow Ilya into the house.

"No like, why are you in Shane's house?" Dani asked pointedly.

Ilya turned around, his eyes roving over the gathered group of women. Jackie could see panic start to bubble inside him, so she took a step closer, and gave him a short encouraging nod.
I’m here.

"Because he is-" Ilya stopped.

God, this must be so hard for him, she thought. She wanted to reach out and take his hand but figured he needed to get through this on his own. She heard him take a breath, eyes cast to the floor.

”He is in my phone as Jane. I am in his phone as... Lily.”

"Holy shit," Priya breathed.

The others were quiet. Their expressions pretty much identical with wide eyes and mouths agape. Some a bit more confused and others.

"So. Coffee?" Ilya offered again.

Jackie put a hand on his arm and smiled. The secret was out and she was so proud of him.

"Great idea, Ilya," Jackie said and followed him into the kitchen.

She wondered how Shane was doing, but assumed he was drugged up in bed. The couches were bare and she had a pretty good idea where the cushions had gone, having had to deal with a drugged and stitched up Hayden a few times. She'd check in on him later. This would be a fun afternoon though, she thought. Finally being able to talk and get the rest of the girls onboard. Ilya was a WAG and would stay a WAG. And she was so happy about that.

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