

Jackie is the #1 Hollanov Shipper (Hayden is Reluctantly #2)

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by [Zimmercj](#)

Summary

The Pikes and Hollander-Rozanovs have a night in, trying to adjust to the changes after Ilya and Shane are outed, and the team turns on Shane. Jackie and Shane try (and mostly fail) to make their partners behave, and Jackie wants deets.

Notes

Blame any Russian errors on Google. I will definitely scrub this for errors when I am not battling a cold.

It had been a tough couple of weeks for Shane (and by extension, Ilya). After his team had blamed him for their loss against Ilya, Shane had more or less gone no contact with his former teammates. When he went to clear out his locker, Hayden and Jackie went with him to run interference and make sure nobody would bother him. Jackie kept watch outside the locker room, looking for anyone who would try to make things difficult. As intimidating as Shane and Hayden were off ice, Jackie was as furious-if not more so-off ice. She was a mom of four who took no shit from anyone, and even the Montreal players feared her. She swore that she would fight the coach if it meant protecting Shane. Her maternal instincts immediately grabbed onto Shane, he husband's awkward best friend, and claimed him as hers. And since Ilya was important to Shane, Ilya was hers as well (whether he liked it or not) and *nobody* messed with what was hers. She was also the unofficial "Head Wag", and the WAG chat had been a lot kinder about Shane and Ilya than what the players had been. Mostly because Jackie had threatened everyone who had a problem with her boys that she knew enough dirty laundry to bury all of them in scandals for years. Not that Jackie would ever actually do that, but the other WAGs were not 100% sure, and nobody wanted to test her right now.

Hayden was mostly along for emotional support. He had texted the group chat that if anyone came in and tried to start something, they would be leaving the rink in an ambulance, and Hayden in the back of a police car. He didn't think anyone would have shown up anyway; the rest of the team was avoiding Shane as much as they could. The only one that Hayden thought might show up would have been J.J. he had texted Hayden telling him that he didn't think Shane had tripped on purpose, but he was hurt because Shane had kept this thing with Ilya from him for so long. Hayden had replied with a curt *Tell him, not me* and hadn't heard anything from him since.

In the car ride back to their house, Ilya's team was still playing, and the Pikes were not going to leave Shane alone right now. Yuna and David had volunteered to take him in until Ilya came back, but Hayden told them he wanted to make sure Shane knew someone from his old life was there for him. Hayden had asked him if he had any places he wanted to play now that he was a free agent and definitely not re-signing with Montreal. "New York has reached out," Shane said, his head pressed against the cool of the car's window.

"That's not that far," Hayden said, looking at his best friend in the rearview mirror, piled into the back of their sedan with 10 years' worth of hockey equipment and memories beside him. Shane mumbled something else that Hayden had struggled to hear. He thought he heard something that sounded like 'Ottawa', but wasn't sure if he heard right. The thought made him shudder. Playing against Ilya was brutal. He had taken a bottom rung team and turned them into yearly contenders for the cup. Adding Shane onto that team would be *terrifying*, and it made him shudder just thinking about it. "What was that?" Hayden asked, wanting to make sure he heard everything correctly.

Shane moved his head so it was lying against the headrest of his seat, "I said that Wiebe is trying to shuffle things around to see if he can get me in Ottawa," he said.

"You and Ilya together would be a scary thought," Hayden said.

"It's a long shot, he said that there would need to be a few people moved to AHL to clear cap space, and they don't want to make it look like they're adding me just because I'm engaged to their star." At the word engaged, Jackie reached her hand over and grabbed her husband's arm. He knew how she felt; he was surprised, but happy for his best friend.

"Any team would be crazy not to pick you up, and to insinuate that it would just be because you were fucking Rozanov erases all of your accomplishments. You've got how many more cups than he does?"

Shane gave a weak smile at his friend, "Other way around."

"What?" Hayden said, confused. He met Shane's eyes in the rearview mirror, and after a few quiet seconds, Hayden realized what his best friend meant. "Gross, I do not need to know about your sex life." Shane cracked an actual smile at this, and Jackie laughed so hard she had to take a drink of water.

In the weeks since then, a lot had changed. J.J. had gotten his head out of his ass and apologized to Shane. Things were still not like they used to be between them, but they were better. News had broken that Shane had officially left Montreal and would not be resigning with them, and that he would be joining Ilya in Ottawa. Hayden told Shane that he would have followed him to Ottawa, but he had the kids in Montreal and still had a few years left on his contract. Shane told him that he appreciated the thought, but that Hayden was where he should be, for his family. He told Shane that he was his family too, and Shane had hugged him and told him thanks. As Shane had predicted, there were several sports "journalists" who were making comments that the only reason Ottawa had signed him was that Ilya was there, but Coach Wiebe had quashed those rumours as soon as he heard them, with comments that made Harris dread his job. He had gotten into it with a certain sports-talk podcaster/radio host who insinuated that Ilya was running the team instead of him.

"I don't know what world you are living in where having the top two forwards in the entire world on your team is crazy, and placating a certain player, you should really reconsider calling your show 'sports talk' if that's the best you've got. Shane has three Stanley Cups and has led his team to the playoffs more times than anyone else in recent history. The fact that any team would let him walk *for any reason* is [expletive beeped] ridiculous, no matter what certain coaches might say. We welcome any team that thinks they can stop us, and we will wipe the floor with them. We are the gayest team in hockey, and we are winning the [expletive beeped] cup." Hayden had agreed with Wiebe that Ottawa were going to be a force to reckon with this season. Scott had also let it slip that there was beef between Wiebe and the Montreal coach from years ago when they were players, and Hayden wanted to hear more about that, but guessed he never would, but he had a bottle of good Russian vodka to ply Ilya with for deets.

They were visiting Shane and Ilya at their cottage for two weeks, and the kids were more than happy to spend the night with Grandpa David and Grandma Yuna. Hayden, Ilya, Shane, and Jackie were sitting around a table, and all four of them were incredibly drunk. Hayden was drunk enough that he didn't mind sitting next to Ilya (that morning, after complaining about something Ilya had said, Jackie had told him "You like *Ilya*, you *hate* Rozanov. You

hate the public jerk persona that the media and the league created to drum up a stupid rivalry, but you love the nerd that adores dogs and worships the ground Shane walks on." She got up, patted his cheek, and walked away in search of breakfast. Hayden had sat at the end of the bed, thinking about what she had said. For all that he wanted to hate Ilya, and only tolerate him for Shane's sake, the Ilya he had seen so far this week was an entirely different person. He was still an ass, but not the same way he was on the ice. Hayden was starting to tell that all of Ilya's bravado was a wall he put up to protect himself, and only let it down around Shane.)

"Alright," Jackie slurred, "Mama is drunk, and I want deets." Ilya had snorted into his beer at that. She was really spending too much time with the new WAGs and picking up their lingo. Hayden thought it was cute; he was drunk enough to admit that everything she did was cute. To be honest, he thought that sober.

"What you want to know?" Ilya asked, his Russian accent getting thicker the more he drank, "We are open book. Shane is bad at keeping secrets."

"Really? He's bad at keeping secrets?" Hayden snorted, "Like the ten-and-a-half-year secret relationship with a certain Russian jackass?"

"Da, if anyone was smart enough to notice, they would have seen him staring like love-sick puppy. It was absolutely disgusting." Ilya said with a grin.

"Like you were any better, I remember you having to be esc,esc, taken back to your bench when I got hurt," Shane said, eyes drooping.

"Nyet, I was stoic, like Russian Bear. Was only concern for injured player."

"No, you weren't." Jackie said, "I knew you were at least fucking at that point." Shane tries to hide himself in Ilya's side. Ilya wraps his arms around his fiancé protectively and places a kiss on his forehead with laughing lips. Jackie pounds back another shot of vodka, and wrings her hands in front of her. "Who said 'I love you' first? I already know this is going to be sappy."

"Ilya," Shane mumbled from under Ilya's arm. Jackie actually squealed at that answer. "He said it in Russian early on, I told him to tell me what he couldn't tell anyone, but in Russian so I could listen for him but not understand or judge. But he doesn't know I understood some of what he was saying. Shh, it's a secret."

"That's adorable," Jackie said. Hayden had to admit it was cute, too.

"You understood, solnyshko?" Ilya said after he had a second to process what Shane had said. Shane mumbled something against Ilya's side. "You'll need to speak up lyubimiy mine."

Shane sheepishly lifted his head, "Not everything. I wanted to know what some of the Russian players in the league were saying on the ice, and did a little bit of googling with what I could remember it sounding like. Besides the curse words, the phrase "I hate you" came up a lot."

"Who hate you? I will knock their teeth in." Ilya said, looking directly into Shane's eyes. Hayden made a gagging sound. Ilya and Shane flipped him off in tandem, making Jackie laugh again.

"No one, I'm sure they said it to anyone they faced off against," Shane said, patting Ilya's knee. "And it's only a small leap going from 'I hate you' to 'I love you'."

"I'll say," Jackie said, grinning.

"I promise, I wasn't trying to lie to you, Ilya. Other than that, I didn't understand much. Are you mad at me?"

"How could I be mad? But if you want to learn best language, I can teach you," Ilya said.

"Sure," Shane said, leaning up for a kiss. A bright light made both of them jump in surprise.

"Oops, sorry," Jackie said, holding her phone sheepishly, having been caught sneaking a picture of them. She starts tapping on her phone, sending the picture to the rest of them. Shane opened the picture and looked at it. In all honesty, it was a horrible picture. The flash blowing the light out of balance, and neither Shane nor Ilya were in focus, thanks to both the flash scaring them and Jackie not being able to hold the phone steady. Shane did a few quick clicks on his phone and set it as his background. It was one of the first pictures that had been taken just for them since they came out. Not for an Instagram post, or team statement, but just a candid snapshot showing him and Ilya in love, taken by one of their friends. Shane locked his phone, but then both his and Ilya's phones dinged again. He looked down at the notification saying he was added to a new group chat.

OttaWAGS (+and Harris)

[Jackie Pike added Shane Hollander and Ilya Rosanov to the chat]

Jackie Pike: Thnx for the temporary add, Harris

Harris: My pleasure

Jackie Pike: Just jumping in quack to say I'm turning Ilya and Shane over two y'all. Take care of my boyz.

Jackie Pike: Fcking autocorrect, I'm a little drunk.

Cassie Boodram: Don't worry, we accept custody. They are ours now.

Lisa Hayes: #oneofus #oneofus

Shane Hollander: Why are we in the WAG chat? I thought players weren't in these.

Caitlin Dykstra: You are both, you are in both.

Jackie Pike: Let them love you Shane [ by Harris, Lisa Hayes, Cassie Boodram]

Ilya Rosanov: Yes shane, let them love you

Cassie Boodram: YOU are a part of this, too, Ilya. We love you too.

Jackie Pike: [IMAGE]

Harris: That is adorable

Caitlin Dykstra: Agreed

Shane Hollander: Thanks, I needed that

Caitlin Dykstra: If anyone messes with you, they mess with all of us.

Jackie Pike: Bye all, treat my boys right. 🙌

[Jackie Pike left the chat]

Shane was on the verge of tears. He looked up at Jackie and whispered, "Thank you." She raised her glass to him in a salute.

"Time for bed," Ilya said, standing up and pulling Shane with him. He steadied Shane, who Hayden could tell was going to have one hell of a hangover in the morning. Ilya, on the other hand, looked annoyingly sober and steady on his feet. *Damn Russians and their high alcohol tolerance.* Ilya raised their intertwined hands and placed a kiss on where their fingers crossed. "Good night, Pike. Lady Pike." Ilya said, inclining his head towards him and Jackie in turn. He wrapped his arm around Shane's waist and supported his weight as they started back towards the house, mumbling something towards Shane that was too low for Hayden to hear, but made Shane blush and Ilya laugh.

"Hey Rozanov," Hayden called after them.

"Yes?" Ilya looked back at him over his shoulder.

"Love looks good on you," and after a second, he added, "Ilya." Ilya didn't say anything to him, but gave him one of the first genuine smiles that he had seen Ilya give anybody but Shane. My wife was right, Hayden thought to himself. He did like Ilya.

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