

penalty box

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Summary

When a particularly hard hit during an All Star practice scrimmage turns to an actual fist fight, Hayden Pike and Ilya Rozanov end up in timeout.

or

Coach Murdock puts Hayden in a broom closet with his best friend's rival turned boyfriend and he uses the opportunity to give Ilya Rozanov a “shovel talk.”

Standalone fic!

Ilya Rozanov was a fucking asshole. So was Coach Murdock, who was coaching the All-Star Team and who, after Hayden and Rozanov got into a fight during a practice.

It actually went to blows. Shane would be pissed when he found out about it. This All Star Game might be the final nail in the coffin of the fucking fan voted fantasy draft that was some marketing scheme cooked up to get more people into hockey.

Either way, Hayden had a split lip and there was already a bruise forming over Ilya's eye. Yeah, Shane was going to be super pissed. At least he'd be pissed at both of them. At least, Hayden hoped he'd be mad at Rozanov too, seeing as he started it by slamming Hayden into the boards during a scrimmage.

Hayden had told Rozanov to fuck off and shoved him and somewhere in the mix it had become an actual fight. Okay, so maybe Hayden wasn't the best at controlling his emotions and Rozanov knew exactly how to get under Hayden's skin and burrow in like a tick.

Coach Murdock took both of them to a room not much bigger than a penalty box, opened it, made both of them stand inside of it and then said: "Work it out, kill each other, I don't care but you better come back ready to play hockey instead of boxing."

Hayden ignored Rozanov at first.

"This does not seem to be working it out or killing each other. We should listen to our coach." Rozanov had settled on his own crate and was being annoying.

"Do you ever shut the fuck up?" Hayden snapped.

Rozanov's eyes twinkled with amusement. The fucker loved messing with Hayden. "We, Russians, we talk all the time."

Hayden admittedly did not know enough Russians that weren't hockey players (who were a mouthy bunch in general) to confirm or refute that. "Well, maybe if you could stop talking, I can calm down and we can go back out there."

"But we haven't decided if we're going to figure it out or kill each other," Rozanov winked. His eyes were very pretty.

Hayden couldn't lie. Rozanov was objectively attractive, especially according to Jackie's friends, who hated Rozanov as much as anyone in Montreal did but who couldn't deny that he had a look about him.

Rozanov, who could apparently read minds, smirked. "Do you think I'm pretty, Pike?"

The blush happened instantly, a family curse.

"Oh you do!" Rozanov cheered.

"Fuck off!" Hayden bit out. He was such a dick.

“Too bad for you, I am taken,” Rozanov grinned and he actually looked like he was stupid fucking in love when he did that. It made him harder to hate but also-

“Shane told you I know?” He asked, keeping his voice low. He doubted anyone was listening but you could never be too careful.

“I was surprised you figured it out.” Rozanov said with a nod.

“He’s my best friend,” Hayden pointed out.

“Yes but you are, in Russia we say, not everyone is home. In English, it’s something about a bad knife in the drawer.” He stroked his stubble.

“Not the sharpest knife in the drawer,” Hayden corrected and then groaned when Rozanov smiled.

“Yes exactly! You are not the sharpest knife in the drawer.” Rozanov was still grinning.

“I’m very sharp,” Hayden returned. He had also been the victim of more than one concussion so maybe a little less sharp than average.

Rozanov laughed again. Hayden was considering the coach's suggestion of killing Rozanov but Shane would probably be a lot pissed off if Hayden did that.

“Tell me, do I bother you, Pike?” Rozanov asked.

“Yes,” Hayden answered without thinking.

Rozanov hummed. “Why?”

“You’re an asshole,” Hayden responded.

“Yes, but so is Boiziau and you and him are friends,” Rozanov said. “Why am I special?”

“Well, I thought you hated my best friend,” Hayden said. Shane and Rozanov had supposedly been rivals and along the way Hayden started hating Ilya too.

“I love him,” Rozanov said like it was simple, like it was easy, like it was breathing.

Hayden understood that, but it made his heart warm that someone cared like this about his best friend.

“He tells me to stop teasing you, but I do not want to.”

Even if that someone was an asshole.

Speaking of: “Shane is my best friend-“ Hayden opened.

“I am his best friend,” Rozanov corrected. “You are second best.”

Hayden made a show of pouting. Rozanov laughed and then they were both laughing like they were actual teammates.

“But seriously, I am his best friend. I will be the best man at his wedding whether you’re there or not.”

Rozanov laughed a little but then his face fell.

Hayden felt awful. “I was just joking,” Hayden said quickly. “Shane is so in love with you it’s disgusting honestly.”

Rozanov arched an eyebrow.

“Not because you guys are gay,” Hayden said quickly. “I’m an ally. I watch drag race with my wife sometimes and it’s actually-“

“I know all about your drag race,” Rozanov smirked.

Hayden was going to kill Shane.

“And not just because you’re you. It’s because he’s totally smitten. I don’t know how I didn’t notice before.”

“Like you said, you are not sharpest knife in drawer.”

Murder was still an option. “Speaking of sharp things, the reason I’m reminding you that Shane is my best friend is because I’m in a murder book club with Scott Hunter.” Hayden didn’t know why he admitted this but he and Scott Hunter both had an enjoyment of murder novels, even if they were a little weird.

“Okay?” Rozanov dragged out the word. “I’m glad you are able to read, Pike.”

Asshole.

“What I mean is that, if you hurt him, if you break his heart, I know how to dispose of a body.”

“You do not, Pike.”

“Neither do you,” Hayden retorted.

“I am Russian. Of course I can dispose of body.” Rozanov’s eyes twinkled.

“And I’m Canadian. I’ll just take you to the wilderness and strand you there.” Hayden knew Russia could be just as cold and wild, but Rozanov was from Moscow, a city.

“Then I will become strong like bear and walk 1000 miles to Montreal if I have to,” Rozanov responded.

“Why? So you can kiss Shane?” Hayden asked.

“No, so I can kill you and dispose of body and then I will find Shane and kiss him.”

“I don’t think he’d be very happy if you killed me,” Hayden pointed out.

“He will never know,” Rozanov winked again. “I dispose of body, remember.”

Hayden had to laugh. Assholes shouldn’t be allowed to be funny.

“I’m serious,” Hayden said after a bit of laughter. “He is my best friend. I might not be able to kill you or strand you in the wilderness but I can make your life very difficult, understand? I care a lot about him and I don’t want to see him hurt.”

“I will never hurt him, never on purpose. He is... I don’t have the words for it in English. But he is everything. *Everything*.” Rozanov looked so in love that it almost looked painful. And he couldn’t share it with anyone outside of a close circle.

“It must be hard,” Hayden said. “I forget how lucky I am to be able to kiss Jackie after we win a Cup.”

“It is hard,” Rozanov admitted. “Worth it.” He smiled.

Hayden felt like he was going to say something too kind or sappy or something and as much as he loved Shane, it was still fucking Rozanov so Hayden said: “We should probably get back on the ice before Coach assumes we actually killed each other.” He stood up a stretched. Fuck this was a cramped space.

“Not enough time now. The poison has to work and then I have to get rid of you. It’s messy business, take too long.” Rozanov stood and held out a hand for Hayden to shake.

Hayden shook it.

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