

what name sounds like lily?

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by [lucych3n](#)

Summary

Shane accidentally reveals something in a drug-fuelled conversation with Hayden (and his wife connects some dots).

Notes

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

"He's over there. Room 33."

"Thanks," Hayden replied, walking in the direction the nurse had pointed. He'd heard from Shane's parents that he was awake and wanted to visit him as soon as he could (after taking a breather to prevent himself from murdering Marleau).

"Hey," Hayden said, opening Shane's door.

Shane opened his eyes at the sound of the opening door. "Haaaaayden. Hi."

"How are you?"

"Concussion and a fractured collarbone. Could have been worse."

"That was a nasty fall. Seriously, it's the worst I've seen in a while. I'm glad you're alright."

Shane smiled. It was a dizzy-looking smile; the aftereffects of a concussion and the pain medication rushing through his body were making him more than a bit loopy. "Thanks, man."

"Has Marleau been to visit?"

"Not yet," Shane replied, his smile growing bigger. "Ilya did, though."

"Ilya," Hayden stuttered slightly. He'd never heard Shane refer to that man by anything but his last name or some sort of insult. "Ilya Rozanov?"

"Yeah. Made sure I was okay and told me Marleau was sorry."

"He came and visited you in hospital," Hayden was genuinely shocked. "Ilya Rozanov came to your hospital room to make sure you were okay. Ilya Rozanov."

"It's not that unusual for captains to visit someone injured by a member of their team!"

"There's captains, and then there's Ilya Rozanov."

"He's not that bad. Just an act!"

"You said that earlier."

"And I'm right. Come on, just leave it."

"Alright, alright," Hayden said, stepping back and turning his eyes to the corner of the room. There was a large hamper sitting on the table next to Shane's bed filled with chocolates and flowers and all sorts of get-well-soon style gifts. "Your mom get you this?"

"What?"

Hayden gestured to the table next to Shane. "The massive hamper next to you?"

Shane seemed surprised by said hamper. It must have arrived whilst he slept. "Oh. Yeah, probably my mom. Love her."

"Let me have a look and maybe steal some chocolate. You probably won't eat it."

"Don't you dare. Those chocolates are part of my treatment plan. Ask my doctor!"

"Here we go," Hayden said, laughing as he pulled the plastic back from the basket and reached for a small card. "To Shane. Hope you feel better soon. From...Lily?"

"Oh," Shane muttered, a slight blush reaching his freckled cheeks, his eyes wide. "Give."

"I thought you and Lily were just...buddies?"

"We are."

"Then why is she sending you a gift basket that would have cost at least a hundred bucks?"

"He's just- I mean, she's just sweet."

Hayden paused, eyebrows raising slightly. "What did you just say?"

"She's just sweet."

"Right. And *she's* just your buddy of like five years who you text almost constantly?"

"Exactly!"

"And by buddies, I mean fuck buddies."

Shane's already flushed cheeks reddened further. "We're not--"

"Alright." Hayden very much did not believe him, but one does not harass the friend lying in a hospital bed with a million bruises.

"I think I should sleep now."

"Of course. I gotta get home anyway." He also recognised that Shane was uncomfortable with the conversation.

"Thanks for checking on me. Looooove you."

"Love you as well," Hayden replied, trying not to laugh at the personality that a combination of strong pain medication and a nasty concussion gave Shane.

--

Hayden drove home quickly, knowing Jackie was probably waiting for him. He walked up to his front door and turned his key. "I'm home!"

"Hey," Jackie said. "Is Shane alright?"

"Other than being immensely high on pain meds, I think he'll be fine. Be uncomfortable for a bit, but nothing too serious."

"That's good."

"Oh, believe it or not, Rozanov went to visit him!"

"Rozanov? Number one enemy of Shane, Rozanov? Wow. That's rather nice."

"He is *not* nice, Jackie, and you know that. You've heard all the shit he's said. Shane even called the guy Ilya. Seriously high."

"Hey, maybe he felt bad about someone on his team doing it. You know, the guy who you tried to kill on the ice."

"Yeah," Hayden said. "That's what Shane said. Apparently, Marleau feels *really* bad."

"That makes sense. Anyways, do you know when he's getting out of hospital? We could do some sort of gift basket for him or something. Make him some of his gross meals or whatever."

"I think he's got the gift basket covered," Hayden muttered, his eyes widening slightly at the memory.

"What?"

"There was a very generous hamper there from a certain Lily."

Hayden had told his wife all about Lily; he found Shane's secretive nature surrounding her both amusing and confusing. They'd had many a conversation trying to figure out both the identity of this Lily and why Shane hid her.

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Would've cost at least a hundred bucks."

It was obvious he had more to say. "And?"

"Listen, I don't really know what this means or if it was an accident or-"

"Hayden, just tell me."

"While we were discussing the basket, he called this 'Lily' a he. He corrected himself, but I don't know."

"You think it could be a dude? That Shane's gay or something?"

“Maybe.”

“He doesn't really talk about women. And the one he did, Rose, he broke up with pretty quickly.”

“And Lily never seemed to leave his life.”

“Oh my God,” Jackie’s eyes widened as she spoke. It was as if something had clicked in her brain. “I think I figured something out.”

“You can’t just say that and not tell me what it is!”

“What name sounds like Lily?”

“What?”

“A name that is kinda like Lily, and a person who visited Shane before you. A person whom Shane referred to rather affectionately.”

Hayden paused, putting the dots together in his mind. “No.”

“It would make sense with all the secrecy.”

“No way he would sleep with that asshole. Shane’s probably not even gay - just stuttered on the meds.”

Jackie did not look convinced. “Didn't you say he often sees this 'Lily' in Boston?”

Hayden was simply staring into the air with a lost expression on his face. There was no way that Shane Hollander would feel anything but annoyance or hatred towards Ilya Rozanov. Right?

“It’s 2017, babe. I can’t believe you’d have a problem with that.”

“I don’t care if he’s gay! But gay for Ilya Fucking Rozanov?”

“Swear jar. And in Shane’s defence, he is quite a good-looking guy. Great hair.”

“Ew,” Hayden scrunched his face. “Don’t say that.”

Jackie laughed.

“They’ve hated each other for so long!”

“Maybe they became *friendly* during the All-Star match.”

“Nah, Shane’s been texting this ‘Lily’ for far longer than that. I told you about her like 5 years ago. There’s no way it’s Rozanov. Must have just been the drugs talking.”

“Hate can be foreplay!”

“Nope. No way.”

“For sure. Definitely.”

“I’m going to go check on the kids,” Hayden said, his tone clearly indicating the end of the conversation.

(A few years later, after the pair officially came out to them, Jackie repeatedly made fun of Hayden for his disbelief at her theory.)

End Notes

thought this would be fun xoxo give me your thoughts

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