

I Like Jane For You

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I Like Jane For You

by [Icopythefax](#)

Summary

After a mix-up leaves Hayden with the wrong phone for three days, he ends up learning more about Ilya Rozanov and his secret girlfriend, Jane.

Another Hayden-Finds-Out, because we can't have too many.

Notes

This started as a body swap, but the phones were the most fun part.

I haven't read the books, so this might be OOC or not accurate if you have. I might revisit this when I do, maybe not. This was just fun for me.

Set pre-tuna-melt.

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

Tuesday night home game.
2015-2016 season.
Final score: Boston 2-Montreal 3

Why did the guys always want to go out to the same bar as their opposing teams? It's like they're looking for a fight. And, since their captain rarely comes out with them, it falls on resident level-head Hayden Pike to make sure those fights don't happen. Especially not in their home city.

Tonight the place is packed with Boston and Montreal players, the two teams only mingling when they approach the bar to scoop up drinks before heading back to their respective corners. Hayden is glad it's a big room this time. Sometimes in smaller, packed bars, a brushed shoulder leads to a shove or some heated words. Now that he's assessed the situation, he'll sleep easier knowing he or Shane (or worse, Coach) won't get called to retrieve anyone from jail.

He pops up to the bar to settle his 2-beer tab. Jackie knows he's out after the win and could be late. Hell— he scored the game-winning goal tonight, he should be celebrating. But he can't help it, he misses his wife and wants to go home. He checks the time on his phone and sets it down on the bar, tapping his card against the bar top, waiting for a bartender's attention.

Too bad the bartender is currently helping World's Largest Asshole, Ilya Rozanov. His elbow brushes Hayden's arm as he reaches to take the beer he's being handed. The bartender asks if he's starting a tab and Rozanov responds curtly, "No, just one." Hayden cocks his head. Huh. He thought Rozanov stays out late at these things.

"Early morning flight?" Hayden guesses out loud. He remembers Boston does actually have a game tomorrow night, and really no one from their team should even be here partying.

"Sure." Rozanov says distractedly, checking his phone. He's texting. The look on his face is one Hayden has seen from almost every guy in the league. Rozanov is making hookup arrangements. Hayden is close enough to see a text thread open with the recipient **Jane**.

Jane: A car will be there for you in a half hour.

Jane: I left it open, just come up when you get here.

Rozanov: 👍

"Ah." Hayden tears his eyes from the screen. Jackie has made him so nosy, such a bloodhound for gossip. "Well, good game. It's always more fun to play against you."

Rozanov puts his phone down on the bar next to his beer to look Hayden directly in the face. "What do you mean by that?"

Maybe there's a language barrier? Hayden thinks he didn't use any weird words, though. "Just... the team rivalry? Goes back decades, right? Doesn't hurt that you and Shane are in this crazy scoring race every season." Rozanov's phone lights up on the bar. Hayden's eyes reflexively look down at the notification.

Jane: can't fucking wait

Rozanov didn't notice. He's sipping his beer and looking around the room. The phone screen turns black again.

"He is ahead for now. But I will beat him." Rozanov responds flatly.

"I don't know... he's at home watching tape with a ginger ale, and you're here, so..." Hayden smiles and shrugs.

"Funny." Rozanov states but doesn't laugh, picking up his beer and his phone, slipping the latter into his pocket. He signs the receipt from the bartender. He tips \$81 for one beer and flashes the receipt to Hayden with a smirk. His jersey number. Goddamn, he even makes tipping well into a dick move.

Hayden finally gets the bartender's attention and settles up. He grabs his phone off the bar, pats his coat pocket for keys, and heads out.

When his phone alarm goes off the next morning, Hayden already knows something is wrong. He's never heard his phone make that sound.

"Is that your phone?" Jackie calls from the en-suite.

"Yeah— I'm not sure why it's doing that." He sits up and grabs it from the nightstand, shuts the alarm off.

The background on the lock screen is a building Hayden has never seen before. Fuck, this isn't his phone. Same phone, same phone case, but these notifications are not meant for him..

Flight 2576 8:35am

Jane: You left your socks here

Jane: How does someone forget socks when they leave??

Jane: How did you put your shoes on???

Cliff: You left the bar?

Cliff: Montreal girl?

Cliff: You're whipped

These give no context clues as to the owner of this phone. Jane... why is that familiar? Cliff is maybe Cliff Marleau, Boston player? "I think I took someone else's phone home from the bar."

“What?? Oh god Hayden you *drove home!*” Jackie responds furiously, “how were you that drunk?”

“I wasn’t, I had two beers! It must have just been a mistake.”

“Call your number. Someone probably turned your phone in at the bar.”

He dials his own number. It’s not saved in the phone, scratching any hope the phone is a teammate’s.

A deep voice with a Russian accent answers the phone. “Hello?”

“Rozanov? Fuck.” Hayden sighs. Jackie mouths “*swear jar*” as if she didn’t just hear whose phone he has. “It’s Hayden Pike. You have my phone?”

“That explains some things. We have same phone. And phone... cover... thingy.” Rozanov trails off as his language fails him.

“Well!? Can I come switch them? Are you still at the hotel?”

“Ehh no. I am at airport. My airplane takes off in a half hour.”

“Fuck! What do we do?”

“On Friday our games are about a three hour's drive.” Well, he knew that information very quickly. “Meet me halfway, we will switch.”

“Ok. Ok.” Hayden breathes, half agreeing, half calming himself. “What do I do until then? I need a phone.”

“Use my phone.” Rozanov says simply. Before Hayden can be surprised at the kindness, he amends his statement. “Uh... for emergencies only. Do not answer calls. Do not read texts. Do not go through pictures. Do not go on my social media. Do not beat any levels in Candy Crush. Ah fuck, do not open uhh... web browser.”

“Yeah. Same. The pictures thing.” Fuck. There are nude pictures of Jackie on his phone. He’ll have to be on the lookout for blackmail in case Rozanov tries anything. “And if there’s anything that looks like an emergency, please text me about it. I have kids— everyone has that number.”

“I will.” Hayden didn’t expect the favor to be so quickly accepted. “Don’t do the same. Don’t look at anything.”

They hang up and Hayden saves his own number as Rozanov. Jackie is getting dressed. “I’m going to text you so you have this number in case of an emergency. Otherwise I have practice all day so if the team needs me, I’ll just be there.” He shoots a text to his wife, carefully *not* saving her number. He can delete these texts when all of this is done and Rozanov doesn’t have to sext his wife.

Rozanov's phone sits quietly away in Hayden's bag all day.

At practice, Hayden debates telling his team about it. Sure, it would be a lot of fun to watch the guys snoop into Rozanov's life. Hell, there might even be some team strategy espionage they could do in his email. But Hayden's probably the most moral person on the team, except maybe Shane, and he wouldn't do that, no matter how much of an asshole Rozanov is. He has to just trust Rozanov is also following their rules.

Still, Hayden needs to find something juicy to use if Rozanov ever thinks to leak Jackie's pictures. And maybe he's just a gossip fiend.

So that night, kids in bed and Jackie watching TV in the next room, Hayden snoops. He starts with the text threads. There are two threads in the Russian Cyrillic alphabet, which Hayden doesn't have the urge to run through a translator. The English-language threads Hayden can read are exactly what you'd expect from Rozanov.

Lots of one-word messages and sexy selfies from influencer-type models with lots of lip filler and fake eyelashes. To each his own, man, if Rozanov likes these types of girls, and lots of them, then by all means. Hayden would take a pregnant, tired Jackie over any of these ladies. The worst part is their names... Red Drink Girl, Corner Cafe Girl, Makeup Artist From Ad... One contact name is just Tinder 3/12/2015. There are only two girls' first names. One is Svetlana, and the texts are in Russian with no risqué pictures, so that could be a relative.

The other is Jane, and Jane is... different. She texts things that aren't just "you up?" Or "come to the club we need VIP access" or, most audaciously, a link to a very expensive bag. No, Jane is talking about Boston's game tonight just minutes after it finished to Boston's 5-3 dismay.

Jane: can't believe you got away with that hit

Jane: your defense fucked you hard, sorry

Jane: they're holding you back.

Jane: 2 goals puts you only 5 behind

Jane: But you like being behind, right? 😊

So definitely not a relative, then. She really knows her hockey, even Rozanov's weird rivalry with Shane. He scrolls up a little. It seems like they met up in Montreal the night the phones got swapped. Before that, Rozanov was counting down the days to see her. He doesn't do that with his other texting partners. He barely responds to them. This is a true conversation, a back and forth.

Their conversation is enthralling for Hayden, and he can't stop scrolling back in time. Jane texts little pieces of her day. There's a picture of a very bland but healthy-looking meal and "*some people treat their bodies well, see?*" to which Rozanov responds "*I have you to treat my body well. All I eat is your ass and I'm best athlete in the league,*" which makes Hayden blush. "*Second best.*" Jane responds and Hayden smiles.

Jane complains vaguely about her over-demanding mother and Rozanov for some reason cares? And gives actual good advice? "*No is a complete sentence.*" To which Jane replies, "*thanks Oprah Rozanov,*" and Hayden giggles.

Rozanov sends her pictures of dogs he met, his detailed workout plans, and some of the filthiest smut you could imagine. Hayden scrolls past those parts, along with some Rozanov dick pics. He doesn't need to know Rozanov's fondness for sexting.

This girl seems great. She can hold her own against Rozanov. He also seems to be less of an asshole to her. Hayden hates himself for actually caring, but if he were friends with Rozanov, he'd be telling him to shut those other women out, focus on Jane.

But any woman deserves better than Rozanov, who quickly reminds Hayden that he is still an asshole to everyone else on the planet.

Rozanov: wife nudies came up on screen

Hayden: don't look. We said no snooping.

Hayden: it's not like she just sent them. She knows I don't have my phone.

Rozanov: I am looking

Rozanov: nothing to be shy about, Lady Pike is hot.

Hayden: then I'm texting these girls back

Hayden: I like Jane the best she likes hockey

Rozanov: do not text Jane.

Hayden: I put on good Russian accent

Rozanov: You cannot text with an accent.

Hayden laughs. He's never had an actual conversation with Rozanov; the bar on Tuesday might have been their longest one. But reading through these texts has him feeling like he knows the hockey legend personally. At least, he knows his life well enough to know Jane would be fine being used for a light prank. He pulls up the text thread with Jane, whose last message is about Rozanov's game that night.

Ilya: thank you sweet Jane

Ilya: sorry I am not as good as Hayden Pike

Before he can even take a screenshot to send to Rozanov, Jane is already texting back.

Jane: thats right asshole

Jane: Hayden scored more than you this week

Jane: And sorry did you win the cup last year?

Jane: Or was that Hayden?

Jane: you're just jealous bc he can see me naked anytime

Hayden's cheeks go pink. Who *is* this girl? She didn't have time to Google those things, she just *knew* them? Hayden is flattered, really. He's not a celebrity, like Shane or Rozanov. People don't just know his stats. Hell, he's had a good week but even *Hayden* wasn't aware he scored more than Rozanov this week. The weirdest part? Hockey gear doesn't really show you what a person looks like while they're on the ice, and Hayden doesn't have endorsement deals like Shane; his face isn't everywhere. You'd have to research to see what he looks like, or see his little mugshot that plays before each game. Jane, before this conversation, has

looked up Hayden Pike and determined he is naked-levels of attractive. *Damn*, that's flattering. He wants to tell her no thank you on the nakedness part, though.

Hayden: [screenshot]

Hayden: ok now I REALLY like Jane

Rozanov: great I will text her from your phone

Rozanov: I will send her lots of pictures

Hayden: wtf don't

And just because without her number it's an empty threat from Rozanov, and maybe he's having a little fun, Hayden keeps it up.

Ilya: pike is married

Ilya: but what about Shane Hollander?

Ilya: I think he's single.

Jane: best player in the league?

Jane: so much better than you?

Jane: still five points ahead of you?

Jane: what about single Shane Hollander?

Hayden: [screenshot]

Hayden: dang should I give her number to Shane?

Hayden: She's in Montreal, I don't think he has a girl here.

Rozanov: ok so we are doing this.

Minutes later, Hayden gets a screenshot back of a conversation with Shane:

Hayden: I just heard crazy rumor Ilya Rozanov has a huge cock

Shane: ???

Hayden: he is just so handsome, right?

Hayden: I would go gay for him any day.

Rozanov: he didn't respond 😞

Hayden: you're a fucking dick

Rozanov: guess Hollander is too boring to play.

Rozanov: Jane would never ignore me like that

He'll be sure to clear that up with Shane tomorrow.

Jackie's voice appears from the next room, "Honey? Why is Rozanov texting me from your phone?"

"Because he's a dick, sweetie. Don't answer."

Hayden: Truce. Stop texting my wife.

Rozanov: I didn't know you and Hollander are married.

Rozanov: But I would not have been invited I don't think

Hayden laughs. He doesn't know what's happening, really, but he's having fun.

Hayden: Yep. And we live in a huge organized house and watch hockey tape and eat bird food all day

Rozanov: 🙄 it is true

Rozanov: Hollander is boring

Rozanov: stay with Lady Pike

Rozanov: she gives you sexy nudies

Rozanov: Hollander does not do that

Rozanov: I do not think he would

Hayden cringes again with the thought of Rozanov seeing his wife naked. But again, Rozanov had called his wife sexy. Hayden shakes his head. He's also spot-on about Shane, and Hayden laughs at the idea of Shane ever sending anyone a dick pic. How did he get in this situation, where he and Rozanov are joking over text? The man knows how to banter, that's for sure. Shane rivals him in technical hockey skill, but no one out-chirps Rozanov on the ice. Hayden tries to stay away from that stuff, but if it's this much fun, he'll look at this texting as good practice.

He wakes up on Thursday morning to texts sent at 2:30am.

Jane: want to see your jersey on me again?

Jane: I hated it but you went so crazy for it

Jane: Need you to fuck me like that right now

Hayden doesn't respond to those. In fact, he's glad he slept through them. He has a wife. Who gets to see those texts immediately. Rozanov isn't going to get him in any trouble at home, thank you very much.

Jackie laughs, "Must be a new fling. WAGs wear their player's jersey more often than they wear a bra." And she's right. Jackie and Hayden had jersey-sex a few times at the beginning. But seeing her in his number at every game, every gathering, as pajamas to bed... hell even right now feeding the kids at 8am, Jackie is wearing a Montreal T-shirt with PIKE across the back. The novelty wears off. This thing with Jane is either new or they don't see each other a lot. Which, if they met in Montreal, makes sense.

"Or Rozanov has some weird kink about seeing his own name." He blurts out. Suddenly that's the most likely thought.

Hayden manages to get through Thursday without ruining Rozanov's life. He dodges calls from someone named Alexei, texting Rozanov diligently to let him know about the calls. Jane never calls, not that Hayden would pick up.

Hayden: and just now three calls in a row from Alexei.

Rozanov: no one else?

Hayden: no

Rozanov: copy and paste this into text to him

Rozanov: [wall of Russian text]

Hayden: Done.

Hayden does Rozanov's bidding. Then he runs the Cyrillic through a translator. *"Leave me alone, you parasite. This is extortion. I will call Papa on Saturday only if you don't contact me before then. Go do more drugs, you absent father."* Jesus. Some of this must have been translated wrong, surely. Hayden feels terrible for sending that text.

Hayden: Wow. Sweet message.

Rozanov: Is my brother. He will live.

Ah. It occurs to Hayden he has no idea about Rozanov's family and he checks the Wikipedia page for the player (which already comes up in the phone's favorites, the megalomaniac). Apparently his mother died when he was 12, his father has some terminal disease, and his brother keeps giving negative interviews to the Russian press... Hayden feels less bad about sending that Russian text. He also feels more sympathy for Rozanov, against every impulse to hate him.

Hayden has the foresight to switch to private browsing before researching beyond the Wikipedia page. *"Ilya Rozanov girlfriend"* is the first thing Hayden searches. He kind of wants to see a picture of Jane. Instead, he finds picture after picture of someone named Svetlana, whose father's name Hayden recognizes as a hockey great. She has texted but Hayden hasn't told Rozanov that. Should he? He wants Rozanov to end up with Jane but it sounds like Svetlana also knows hockey. Plus, she's Russian. Maybe she'd be a better match?

In a sick attempt to compare Rozanov's love options, Hayden opens the text thread with Svetlana. It's mostly in Russian, with some "lol" and emojis he understands. He picks a recent long message from Svetlana to copy and paste into the translator. *"My new job is great. I know you didn't ask. Spending all your time with Jane has distracted you from the most important thing in your life-- me."*

So even his only rumored girlfriend knows about Jane. Hayden pastes Rozanov's response into the translator. *"Fuck off, Sveta. I'll be home this summer."*

Hayden catches himself wanting to translate more of this conversation, but the copying and pasting gives him an extra few seconds to really think about what he's doing. He hopes Rozanov isn't doing the same type of crazy stalking with his phone, but really there's nothing similar he could do. Hayden is sort of an open book.

Throughout the day, Jane sends a few little slices of her life. Hayden feels bad for the girl.

Hayden: Jane is still texting.

Hayden: will she get mad if you don't respond?

Rozanov: no. Do not text Jane.

Hayden: too late for that right?

Hayden: this one is about hockey, I think I can talk about hockey?

Hayden: in good strong Russian texting accent, da?

Rozanov: You could not point to Russia on a map. And it is very large country. Do not text Jane.

Hayden: she's gonna get pissed. Girls are weird when you don't text them back.

Rozanov: I am not accountable for what Jane sends back.

Hayden: I'm a big boy, I can handle it.

Rozanov: you are average boy.

Rozanov: I have seen pictures.

And oh shit, that's right. It's not just Jackie's body on his phone. He's too mortified to try to clip back at him, opting for a middle finger emoji.

He gets his revenge with the hockey text from Jane.

Jane: Kent out on injury for 2 weeks

Ilya: I'm glad he's out. Kent is better than me.

Jane: lol

Hayden: [screenshot]

Hayden: nailed it.

Rozanov: you nailed nothing.

Rozanov: Jane knows I am the best player in the world.

Hayden: last night she said Shane Hollander was better

Rozanov: I will sext your grandmother if you don't stop texting Jane.

Hayden: my dead grandmother would sext better than most of the women on your phone

Rozanov: 🤔

Rozanov: Pike is funny. Who knew?

Hayden smiles uncontrollably at that. He outchirped Ilya Rozanov. Shane needs to hear about this one, for sure. One more day and the phones will be switched back and he can tell his friends about the weird week he spent bantering with Rozanov. He kind of can't wait to play them again in a few weeks, actually sling these insults on the ice.

That night, just before an early bedtime to catch his flight tomorrow, after dodging another call from Papa, Hayden gets a text.

Jane: remember 2301?

Jane: thinking about that tonight.

This is excessive. Do they sext every night? He scrolls up past where he had before and... yeah. It's not *every* night, but there's at least something hot and flirty before bed most nights. Rozanov is usually instigating it. This poor girl probably thinks he's ghosting her. He shows Jackie. She takes the phone.

Ilya: Tell me.

Hayden looks incredulously at his wife.

Jane: when I came once on your fingers

Jane: then again on your cock

Jane: thinking about that to get off rn

Jackie and Hayden both blush. “Rozanov will kill me.” Hayden whispers. Jackie shrugs and types again.

Ilya: You can’t do this to me

Ilya: When I’m not there to help

Hayden snatches the phone away from her and pounces. Turns out his wife sexting Rozanov’s girlfriend really does something for him. Jane might have texted back. He’ll check in the morning.

It’s Friday evening before their game, in the away team locker room, when things start to unravel. They’re set to return the phones after their respective games tonight, it couldn’t have waited?

Jane hasn’t texted since she finished off her own late-night sexting (which Hayden wished Jackie was awake early enough to read, it was hot), and Hayden is starting to think maybe he and Jackie were too risky last night by reciprocating. Maybe Rozanov had somehow told Jane what was happening, and she’ll be texting Hayden’s phone or, God forbid, she’ll live without Rozanov’s horny texting thumbs for an evening.

No such luck.

Jane: NY presser?? Insane shit.

The press conference announcing a big trade literally just ended— some guys in the locker room are still hearing about it for the first time right now. Jane is following hockey that closely? Hayden is still impressed with this lady. *Jackie* doesn’t even do that. In fact, it reminds him of when Jackie was trying to impress him before they got married. Jane is clearly working hard to lock down the hockey royalty. He looks at it and smiles.

JJ breaks him from his spell, “Look at you both heart-eyes at your phones, in love. You two are so whipped, texting your girls.”

“I’m watching the presser, asshole.” Shane responds. Hayden looks over his shoulder. Shane does have a video of the presser pulled up on the screen. JJ knows the Lily-Texting face, though, so maybe he’s doing both.

Hayden doesn’t correct JJ about his own heart-eyes. He could be mean. He could announce to the room, no, it’s not Jackie, it’s Ilya Rozanov’s girlfriend. He could out the playboy as a

kinda-monogamous softie. This close to game time the team wouldn't have time for a full blown prank. But, nude-picture-blackmail aside, he doesn't really *want* to out Rozanov, even after the phones get returned. Jane seems really nice, they're obviously not in the public eye for a reason, and knowing this team they'd definitely do something terrible with the info. Rozanov seems sweet (enough) to Jane in their texts, and anyone who makes Rozanov less of an asshole while trolling him right back doesn't deserve to be fucked with.

The other weird part about this is Hayden's weird protective urge toward *Rozanov*. This week, Hayden has realized that being an asshole is Rozanov's love language. If you're close enough for him to insult you, it means he already kind of likes you. Being cold and ignoring the press and rookies and some fans? That's the actual asshole part of him. But insulting, teasing, being an active menace— that's how Rozanov shows affection. He only chirps at people he respects on the ice. None of the random women in his phone get "fuck you" or "fuck off" like Jane or Svetlana do. That's a phrase of endearment for him. Hayden's own texts from Rozanov have gotten increasingly insulting as they get more comfortable. At the beginning, they were cold and curt. Now they are cutting, he puts a little effort into it. He wonders how Shane would feel about this revelation. Rozanov's favorite target for public insult is Shane Hollander.

He decides to not ruin Rozanov's chance at a happy life. He says nothing to his team. He responds to Jane. In retrospect, this was a bad idea.

Ilya: I guess NY will be better now

Ilya: maybe a cup run

Jane: fuck that. Scott Hunter can eat shit.

Jane: what he said still freaks me out

Wait... Jane knows Scott Hunter? And hates him? Hayden desperately wants to know the story, but it sounds like one the real Rozanov would know well. He can't just ask. Can he? Tactfully?

Ilya: wait when was that again?

Jane: 🙄 im not talking you off before a game. why is that story so hot for you?

Hayden is at an impasse. He could push this harder and risk giving himself away, or ignore it and forget about what could be the most interesting gossip he's heard in a long time. Luckily Jane starts typing again, and the room fades around Hayden as he tries to make sense of each new bubble of words.

Jane: I was scared. I thought he knew about you.

Jane: but you're probably right.

Jane: he probably likes men too

Jane: how else would he know what to look for?

Jane: still think you're wrong about him and Vaughn though.

Jane: Vaughn is definitely straight, sorry.

Hayden silently loses his shit. What is Jane saying? What does Hunter know? And he likes men? *Too*?? Meaning Rozanov likes men? There's literally no evidence of this on his phone

at all, but... Hayden looks around at his teammates. Shane has finally turned his attention from the press conference or texting Lily, whatever he was doing on his phone and now he's changing. He could tell him.

Instead he texts Rozanov.

Hayden: who is this Jane??

Rozanov: Do. Not. Text. Jane.

Hayden: why does she know Scott Hunter

Rozanov: hunter is 154 he has probably fucked her great-grandmother.

Hayden: I'm not gonna tell.

Rozanov: there is nothing to tell.

Rozanov: stop texting Jane.

Rozanov: she will be so pissed.

Hayden immediately breaks. He needs to tell *someone* what he just read. Shane is the sweetest guy, if he needs to be discreet... Hayden sits on the bench where Shane is putting on socks.

He keeps his voice deliberately low. "Ok this is crazy, and I didn't want the guys to use it for pranks but I'm freaking out, I gotta tell someone."

"What?"

"I have Ilya Rozanov's phone."

Shane freezes and blinks twice.

"And I think he might be gay."

"Uhhh," Shane's wide eyes dart around the room, "Sounds... personal."

"Yeah or maybe bi? Because he's texting a girl who— get this— knows Scott Hunter. And thinks *Scott Hunter* is gay too." Hayden redoubles his whisper for the last part. This is not a conversation for a public locker room like this.

"Oh my God." Shane puts his head in his hands before quickly sitting back up, eyes closed.

"Yeah!" Hayden whispers. "And Scott Hunter knows Rozanov is gay? I had no clue this was all happening under the surface, I thought the league was so straight."

"Yeah maybe," Shane looks a million miles away. His lip quivers. That's fair, he just got a bombshell.

"What do I do? I gotta know more but you have to help me draft a message to this girl. We can delete the texts, as long as she doesn't bring it up to him if they talk later."

Hayden pulls out the phone and scrolls up to show Shane the conversation. He glances quickly and then looks away, wincing.

“I can’t help you with that. Seems... messed up. You definitely shouldn’t be snooping around on there or—*fuck*, Hayden— texting?? anyone...” Shane groans. He gets up quickly and runs his hands through his hair. “Let me know... if you do, though. If you find out— or, learn anything.”

“Hey, he texted Jackie! And *you*! Did you really think it was me talking about dicks?”

“Fuck. You really shouldn’t—*fuck*! Just—” Shane breathes through incoherent muttering. Hayden stares, surprised by the freakout. “We have a fucking game to play.” It’s almost like Shane is talking to himself. “We’ll play this game and then— What’s the plan to get his phone back to him?” He looks up at Hayden.

Hayden looks back incredulously. “What about *my* phone??” Shane glares in response. “Well I’m driving over an hour after the game to meet up with him. You want to come with? Make sure he doesn’t murder me.”

Shane nods rapidly. “I’ll come with you.” The look on his face makes it seem like he’d help with the murder, though. “So he has your phone right now?”

“Yeah. Not sure what he could really do with it except leak Jackie’s nudes. She’s good about not putting her face in them though, or like, identifying features. It would be shit PR but I could deny it. He said he liked them though.”

“Don’t fucking text anyone on there.” Shane slams his locker door and leaves the room without another word, thumbs jabbing frantically at his own phone.

The game is pretty terrible. Shane and Hayden are both all over the place, and the team gets shut out 0-3. Shane has been quiet ever since, so he’s not terribly great company in this rental car that Hayden’s driving to the halfway point to exchange phones.

Hayden takes his eyes off the road and looks at the phone Shane is clutching in his hand, clearly snooping on Rozanov’s life. He’s a little surprised, given Shane’s reaction to his proposed meddling earlier, but he gets it. The temptation is crazy. Hayden’s not really sure of Shane’s type, even after all these years, but the pictures of the Instagram models in the text threads he’s currently scrolling through might be interesting to him.

Hayden focuses his eyes back on the road. “You should message Jane. I’m surprised she hasn’t texted about his game yet. She’s actually pretty cool and sometimes she sends something a little sexy back. It’s been fun!”

“Ugh no, that’s... invasive. You shouldn’t have texted her.” Says the guy currently scrolling through Rozanov’s social media DMs.

“Is it weird I like her for him? Those texts were cute, he obviously likes her a lot.”

“I’m trying not to vomit thinking about them actually.”

“What I don’t get is if he’s gay and texting all these girls...” It hits Hayden in the resounding silence. “Ohhh my God Jane’s not a girl!”

Shane is quick to respond, “No, she’s definitely a girl.”

“No! Hear me out what if she’s— *he’s* just saved under a girl’s name? That’s why she’s so into hockey!”

“Girls can be into hockey.” Shane whines.

“And know Scott Hunter personally? Oh my God it’s definitely a *player*. Or someone who works for the league. *Who* though? I’m dying to know. Can you scroll through and see?”

“That’s invasive. And I’d rather not know.”

“You don’t seem to have a problem scrolling through the text threads from all the other girls.” He eyes the phone open in Shane’s lap and Shane quickly flips it over, “I know Jane doesn’t send as many pictures but she— they had to at some point. There’s a locked folder in his photos labelled Jane. If we can figure out the PIN, it’s 4 digits—”

“No.” Shane says decisively. He angles the phone away and leans his head on the window. Hayden figures he shouldn’t have told him he’s been looking over his shoulder because now he can’t see anything. Through the reflection in the window, he can see Shane scrolling through thumbnails of pictures. Did he get into the locked folder somehow? Or are those just Rozanov’s regular photos? If they weren’t going over the speed limit on the highway, he’d be able to stare long enough to make out what the pictures are.

They get to a scenic overlook parking lot. It’s almost midnight, so the scenery is pitch black. The parking lot is equipped with one yellowish street light. There’s only one other car here, and Rozanov is leaning on it, smoking a cigarette. He quickly flicks it away as their car approaches. Hayden doesn’t want to park directly next to Rozanov, that feels weird, so he parks facing his car, a few spaces down. “We’re just getting a phone. No one’s getting killed.” Hayden repeats like a mantra.

“Hayden Pike!” Rozanov smiles broadly at him as they get out and walk over to meet between the two cars. Hayden can’t stop the grin that takes over his face. “I think tonight I have caught you in our scoring race.” It’s crazy that this texting thing might translate into an actual real-life friendship? What, like they’re going to hang out whenever they play each other? How does anyone explain that to the press?

“I had a good three-day run where I was better than Ilya Rozanov. They’ll put it on my tombstone.” Hayden responds, and Rozanov cackles. Shane is pale, looking between them. He could never understand what Hayden knows now: The asshole act, the affectionate insults, the soft texts with Jane. He still thinks Rozanov is the silent, douchey Russian who he’s hated since their rookie season. Probably before.

“The honors?” Rozanov hands the phone to Hayden and Hayden hands his back. It could look like a drug deal to an onlooker. Hayden is thankful there’s no building nearby with any

security camera. This meeting would be the league's weirdest scandal.

Rozanov nods at Shane, "How did you do tonight? I didn't have time to look at final score."

"Rozanov..." Shane seethes. Oh, he's still in a mood from earlier, and now he has to talk to the guy he hates most in the world. Shane can throw a mean tantrum when he doesn't like something. Usually it's right around when they get picked out of the playoffs, but I guess your best friend texting people from your nemesis's phone is on the same level.

"Nah, he's kind of cool, Shane. It's fine." Hayden turns back to Rozanov, "The game sucked. We got shut out."

"I am not kind of cool. I am the coolest." Rozanov looks deeply offended. Hayden just laughs.

He can't let Rozanov just leave after the week they've had. He has to let him know his secrets are safe, that he has no reason to leak Jackie's nudes, and that Jane sounds like endgame for him. There weren't really any friends in his texts either, just teammates talking logistics. This guy needs a friend to weigh in, give advice, and Hayden could do that.

"Look man, it's none of my business—"

"—you are a smart man, Pike. It is not."

"...But those other girls just text you when they want something. I think Jane is different, and I think you like them. You should... hold onto that one."

"Is that what you think?" Rozanov says lowly. He's looking at Shane.

"We should go..." Shane has his hands in his pockets and is staring at the ground.

"I won't tell anyone what I saw in there, and I know you two could never be like... open about it, I know Russia is crazy but..."

"Hollander, you agree? Did you also make your way into my private sexual life?"

"I wouldn't do that. I think it's really—" Shane closes his mouth abruptly. He shifts his weight uncomfortably. "Let's just go."

Rozanov's shit-eating victory grin appears on his face. "Should I call Jane right now and see if she picks up?"

"No." Shane says immediately, looking at Rozanov like he's crazy, "*That* sounds like a private conversation."

Actually? Fuck Shane's weird obsession with privacy. Hayden nods his head. "Yeah, you should! I kind of want to meet her— him?" He tries to look supportive, "After spending three days talking to them."

Shane makes a noise and turns away from their awkward triangle, muttering “Three *days*... oh my God.”

“Well I couldn’t have just left her on read! She would have dumped him!”

He turns back, genuinely angry at this, “Then tell them someone else has the phone!” His voice is raised to borderline yell.

“Oh I see.” Rozanov hasn’t stopped grinning. “My Jane got too into the sexting with you, Pike.”

“Uhh yeah, so... my wife might have responded to a few.” Hayden admits. Somehow, knowing Rozanov a little better now, he thinks he might not care. Jane would be the one to care if she ever found out.

“*Jackie??*” Shane cries. Rozanov giggles. Shane points at Rozanov, taking a step forward, seething, “And you, *asshole*.” Hayden has never seen Shane approach a fight off the ice. Or really on it either, except that one time with Scott Hunter, ironically. But here he is, surging toward Rozanov in a way Hayden reflexively wants to hold him back. “*You* could have said something before—” He stops himself with a frustrated groan. Rozanov looks... entertained? That’s fair, Shane has never been very threatening. He’s angrier than Hayden has seen him in a long time, though.

He shrugs, “I told him, do not text Jane.”

“Did you tell *Jane* not to text *him*??” Shane steps even closer to Rozanov and continues loudly, “No password on your phone, putting it down in a public place... fucking *irresponsible*, Rozanov!” Hayden is grateful there’s no one around for miles to hear Shane nagging Rozanov like a mother. “Anyone else would have gone directly to the press. You are so *fucking* lucky it was Hayden.” The press? What? Why does Shane care? Unless— did he know Rozanov was gay? They’ve done ad spots together, they’re constantly paired up for press. They must have learned basic facts about each other. It’s something Hayden had never considered before today. Shane turns to Hayden. “I’m leaving. I will literally drive back without you.”

“I have the keys.” Hayden points out, still kind of shocked from Shane’s outburst. It sounded like a little more than the moral high ground argument he’s been making. Maybe he’s had something leaked before and this is a sore spot? Or he’s been catfished? Is that why he’s so guarded about his love life? Fuck, is he going to be mad at Jackie now too? These are car-ride-home conversations. There’s a more pressing issue. “Let’s just wait until Rozanov calls this guy. I’m so fucking curious.”

“Don’t do this.” Shane pleads, his eyes shut.

“I know you’re like...” *prudish*, Hayden wants to say, “but aren’t you curious? This could be another *player*!”

Rozanov smiles. “I don’t mind. I’ll call her. My Jane would drop any boring conversation to answer me. She is constantly begging for it.” Ugh, gross.

If Shane hadn't just yelled in Rozanov's face, if he hadn't just learned Rozanov and Hunter and Vaughn might be gay, Hayden might have been appropriately shocked by what happened next. Shane says something, quietly, in *Russian*. Shane knows fucking *Russian*?? It's only one or two words, a short clip, followed by an English "please."

The words change Rozanov's face. The grin leaves, he softens. He puts the phone into his pocket and he puts his hands up in surrender. There's a minute of silence.

"What the fuck," Hayden whispers. He wants to know what the fuck magic spell Shane just said. It must have been something really threatening because Rozanov doesn't just have an "off" switch like that. Hayden compartmentalizes his shock for the car ride home. He doesn't like that Rozanov put the phone in his pocket; that means the chance of them calling Jane and finding out is slimmer. Honestly if this isn't happening, Hayden would like to go back to the hotel and shower the game off him, to be honest. Maybe call Jackie before it's too late at night. "Umm well whatever the deal is, we should head out soon, so just call her, let's make it quick."

"Hollander." Rozanov's voice is low like he's telling a secret. Shane closes his eyes when he hears his name. "Your *best friend* Hayden Pike is going to be good no matter who picks up. He has already said he would not tell anyone, and he is... relentless? He will not relent?" Rozanov furrows his brow at his English. "Do you really want *this* drive home? Or... maybe I trust one person. Might help Jane. Might help *me*." Hayden doesn't really understand what Rozanov is saying, maybe there's a language miscommunication? But Shane is slowly nodding at the ground like he understands.

Rozanov looks earnest like Hayden has never seen. He runs a hand over his hair, a little frizzy post-game. Hayden almost feels bad at the display of vulnerability, like maybe he *should*... relent? Before he can, Rozanov takes the phone back out and continues slowly, like he's trying not to spook a scared animal. Or maybe like he's thinking through his word choices very carefully, "I am going to call my Jane, phone is always on silent, and if maybe she wants to pick up and have a conversation to your best friend, she will. I will hang up after five rings, I will not let it play her voicemail. But I think she should answer."

This is... oddly specific, and Rozanov's voice is calming and direct as he stares directly at Shane. Hayden darts his eyes between the two. Clearly there are many car-ride-home conversations to be had. He's glad he has a new friendship with Rozanov, because Shane is probably *not* going to be very forthcoming with answers. Shane nods again with a blank face, still staring at the ground.

Rozanov's victory grin comes back, "...Because maybe this will benefit me, too, if her friend fucks off for a half hour, I can see if maybe she wants to get touched in my car."

Hayden makes a face. He doesn't need to hear about what the phone call will be planning. "That's TMI, Rozanov. Just call her."

Shane shakes his head rapidly. "No, that won't be— ugh, just do it already."

Rozanov nods at Shane, and Shane nods back, calmed down from his outburst. Hayden feels like he's not in this conversation at all, but Jane's name appears on Rozanov's screen and he

puts speakerphone on to broadcast as it rings.

Shane closes his eyes and breathes deeply. Then, he pulls his phone out of his pocket. It's lit up: Lily.

"Ah shit, you gotta take that?" Hayden says quietly as Rozanov's phone sounds a third ring on speakerphone. Hayden hopes not, he doesn't want Shane to miss the big reveal. But Shane has excused himself from a lot of conversations when Lily calls or texts.

Rozanov rolls his eyes and mutters several words in Russian. They sound sarcastic.

Shane swipes to answer but doesn't lift it to his ear. The ringing from Rozanov's phone stops. Hayden darts his eyes between the two, who just hold their phones up to show him their screens. Rozanov's says Jane. Shane's says Lily. *Ilya*.

"No, what the fuck?" Hayden's eyes are wide. "Answer it." He whispers, like it won't be true and some lady's voice will pop on the line when she hears Shane.

"I did." He says, with a defeated half-shrug, and it echoes out of the speakerphone off Rozanov's phone. He hangs up quickly and Rozanov's phone also goes blank.

"What the fuck... Lily is—"

"Yeah."

"Are you two like—"

"Yeah."

Hayden's brain blacks out with this information. He literally can't think of anything to say. Or ask. Or even like, a sound to make.

Rozanov shatters the tentative silence without tact, "We have broken Hayden Pike. May we go have sex in a car now?"

Hayden turns completely toward Shane, "What— is it serious? Are you, like, in love?"

"No. No-no-no. No." Sounds off from Rozanov at the same time as, "No, no that's gross no," from Shane.

"Oh my God but the *sexting*?" It dawns on Hayden that he has been reading his best friend's sexts for days. And his wife *responded* to them... Ugh. Hayden feels numb.

Shane crumbles into a squatting fetal position. "*God*, I am so sorry Hayden." He rests his head on his folded forearms.

Rozanov steps over and crouches down with him. He rubs Shane's back. "Hey, hey. Is ok, Hollander, I'm sure it was best sexting he's ever had. Wife mainly talks about babies, sends some pregnant nudies. All very boring."

“Oh my god, no.” Shane breathes, “Stop talking.”

Hayden feels weird, like even though he’s the topic of conversation, he shouldn’t be watching this. He needs an escape. “I’m uhh... who knows? Can I tell Jackie?” Shane’s head nods almost imperceptibly from where it hangs.

“*No one* knows.” Rozanov stares intensely up at Hayden to amend Shane’s dazed nod. “You are it. Nude-Lady-Pike is it. Now? three people know. And they are all here.” He gestures to the three of them. Hayden sees the desperation on Rozanov’s face, his hand still resting on Shane’s crumpled back. He thinks about the request from a Russian citizen and hockey’s golden boy. The two top athletes in a sport that’s never had an out player. A wildly public rivalry. Yeah. No shit. No one else can ever know about this.

“Of course.” Hayden whispers.

“See?” Rozanov turns back to Shane and mutters in his ear, “He’s good. You’re good. We’re good.” The large hand rubs up and down Shane’s back, cups the nape of his neck a little, rubs his hair, runs back down.

It’s too intimate of a moment for Hayden to be there. “Ok I’m gonna go sit in the car and... my wife. And you guys can... I don’t know.” He walks away. He instinctively wants to give them privacy but unfortunately remembers Rozanov’s car sex fixation over the last few minutes.

He hears Rozanov say “Take a walk, Hollander.” Shane gets up to walk with him.

He really does want to tell Jackie, but now, sitting in this quiet car by himself, head in his hands, Hayden is paralyzed by everything he just learned. He’s a little ashamed he wasn’t more supportive of both men coming out to him. He should have said he’s an ally, that the gay part isn’t anything bad. He’s not mad at his best friend. Shane has always been a private person— though now, thinking about those texts, he’s not exactly *that* private. What would Shane be like if he were allowed to be himself, unguarded? Is it sick that the only person who probably knows his actual personality is... Ilya Rozanov? Jane in those texts is funny and free. Not that Shane isn’t funny, he just always seems like there’s stuff he’s thinking and not saying. Jane seems like she gets to speak her mind.

And Boston Lily has been around for *years*. Hayden feels bad for snooping now that he knows who Jane is, but he didn’t really know they text *every day*. They share intimate details of their lives, not just sex stuff, which Hayden is trying desperately to wipe from his memory. Shane was complaining about his mom. He never does that. Shane texted Rozanov about the NY presser, even before he engaged in the conversation with his team in the locker room. Rozanov knows about his weird diet. Rozanov’s rumored girlfriend even knows there’s a Jane, even if she doesn’t know it’s Shane Hollander.

So why are they lying about not being serious? Why were they so quick to say it’s nothing, they’re not in love?

He texts Jackie.

Hayden: got my phone back.

Hayden: Jane is Shane.

She calls almost immediately. The shrieked “What?!?” is a genuinely positive reaction to the best gossip she’s ever heard in her life, even as Hayden is still numbly reeling. “Is he there now?”

“Which— No, they’re both...” he looks around for wherever they went. His eyes land on Rozanov’s car a few spaces over, where through the windshield he sees the streetlight reflect on Shane’s face, thrown back in the passenger’s seat, mouth hung open. Rozanov isn’t there... oh. Ew. “Ugh. They’re in Rozanov’s car. I think Shane is getting blown? This is too much.”

“Oh my god!! Shane Hollander, like... *Shane* we’re talking about??”

He fills her in on the full conversation. They share their immediate guilt about sexting with Shane and Hayden gives her the obligatory you-cant-even-tell-your-friends. In return, Jackie laughs about how oblivious Hayden was to all the clues tonight and reminds him, “Stop saying *ew* just because they’re two guys.”

”No, it’s *ew* because it’s Shane and sex. And Rozanov. And sex.” Hayden considers this for a minute, “They’re both very attractive people, I’m sure it’s objectively not gross, it’s just... Shane. Also? *Shane* said it was gross when I asked if they were serious.”

But Jackie is coming to the same conclusion as Hayden: this *is* serious. Why lie about that now that Hayden knows everything else?

He chances a glance back to the other car, where Rozanov has reappeared and is now holding Shane’s chin with his thumb. Shane is twining his fingers idly in Rozanov’s hair. They’re just staring at each other’s faces. It doesn’t even look like they’re talking. “They’re just *gazing* at each other, Jackie. This is so weird. They’re so in love and mushy, *that’s* the gross part.” The two lean in to kiss, and Hayden looks away.

Jackie is still asking questions when Shane hops into Hayden’s rental and buckles his seatbelt. Rozanov’s car pulls away. “Love you Jackie but our third just got in the car. Gotta call you back later!” Hayden hangs up before Jackie can demand to talk to Shane, who looks like emotionally and physically he just played a second professional hockey game tonight. Shane glares at him. “Too soon?”

Shane opens and closes his mouth to start a few times before he settles on, “You can probably imagine this is mortifying for me. But I’ll answer... some questions if you have them.”

Hayden has huge questions: when’s the fucking wedding? How was what he just witnessed *not* love? But there’s got to be a reason they’re keeping that last secret, so he doesn’t jump in with that.

“Alright. We have a long drive for all that.” He should get the earnest stuff out of the way before he has to watch the road. “Thanks for telling me, and trusting me. I know you didn’t want to.” Shane nods. Hayden backs the car out in silence and they get back on the road, all phones returned to their rightful owners. “Jackie apologizes for sexting you.” Shane covers his face with his hands.

The car ride back is excruciating. There are long stretches of silence speckled with hasty, uncomfortable, short questions. Like...

“Oh! Scott Hunter??”

“Oh God,” Shane laughs a little, relieved that the topic of conversation isn’t him. “You can’t tell anyone. It’s probably nothing. It’s just... we like to think about who else might be...” he trails off.

“Ew... Is that your pillow talk?”

“Ugh no. Well, yeah, I guess... *after* is the only time we talk, so yeah I guess. Ugh that’s gross to think about...” Shane shudders. “Anyway. Hunter made a comment...”

“The fight! You fought with him!” Hayden laughs. Of course Rozanov would find that attractive.

“Yeah he... he sounded like he knew and I freaked out. Then Rozanov pointed out he wouldn’t know what to look for unless... Well, I shouldn’t speculate. We don’t know anything for sure, it’s just a fun game we play.”

“You have fun, inside-joke games with Ilya Rozanov.” Hayden shakes his head in disbelief.

“... yeah. I guess.”

“And you speak Russian now?”

“No? What?” Shane looks at Hayden, confused.

“You said something to him. In Russian.”

Even under the rapid street lights passing above the highway, Hayden can see Shane’s face turn pink. He whispers “Oh my god” and makes no attempt to answer the question.

Hayden takes one hand off the steering wheel to gesture, ‘...*and?*’

It’s the quietest Shane has ever been, but he mutters under his breath, “*isaidmysafeword.*” He breathes, “I think it just means like, no, stop, or like... no more.”

Hayden braces himself to not swerve the car. “Oh my god! Ok. Yikes.”

“Sorry. I *really* didn’t want anyone to find out, ever. And panicked and I knew that would stop him.” Shane sighs, “But he was right. Right? You’ll be cool about it? And won’t tell anyone?”

“Of course.” He responds on autopilot. That was never in question. But now all Hayden can remember is how Rozanov shifted gears and softened, put the phone and the jokes away the second he heard Shane’s weird Russian safeword. He really isn’t an asshole. “God, if this

were three days ago I think I'd be pissed it's him but... he's kind of growing on me. He's better than I thought."

"I know. He can be serious if he really has to be. He's... safe? I trust him." Shane sounds a little surprised to hear himself say it. He quickly corrects himself. "I mean, he's an asshole. Just not when..."

Hayden fake-retches. But silently, he's misting up a little. He remembers their immediate, declarative, resounding dismissal when he asked if they were in love. He wonders if they practice that.

"Thanks. Yeah the whole thing is gross, I'm sorry you even know about it. No one is supposed to. There's nothing to even *know*. It's just... sex? When we can. But our schedules don't really line up too much, thank God."

Hayden rolls his eyes. The words escape him, "Buddy, this Boston Lily has been around how long...?"

"Uhh, not really that long." Shane's voice is high. "We didn't actually do it until a few years ago. But... he put Lily in my phone a few years before that, and like, we did *some* stuff that time too, because we had already—"

"Yeah. I get it." He cuts off the string of denial. "Forever. Longer than I've been around." Shane nods guiltily. Hayden summons his courage. "I'm just not sure why you're... still not being honest with me."

"What do you mean?? You know more than anyone else on the *planet* now."

"No, why you both said it's not serious, like you're not in love."

Hayden takes his eyes off the road to look at Shane's offended face. *Oh*. They really don't know.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Might post some Hayden-Rozanov text threads because I like them being friends.

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