

with a little help from my friends

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by [gurlsrool](#)

Summary

"My point is that Rozanov, like, talks Shane down before he even realizes he's panicking. He makes him snacks with fucking buckwheat in them and he even gets Shane to take a day off once in a blue moon. He's an asshole," Hayden says. "He's obnoxious and rude and frankly, unpleasant. I'm not saying he's a good guy. But he is a good husband."

Or: 5 times Hayden defends Ilya behind his back, +1 time he defends Ilya in front of him

Notes

Spoilers for The Long Game!

Heads up for homophobia and specifically a homophobic slur. Because, ya know, the Voyageurs are heavily featured in this

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

1.

For one endless minute, the locker room is silent. It usually only gets like this when they've just lost or when it's close to empty.

Hayden debates if he should say something. Should he, like, pretend he didn't know already? Shout out, 'wow, you starting a charity with your sworn enemy is so very cool actually'?

In the end, J.J. breaks the silence before he has the chance to. "I'll say it. This is fucking weird."

"Agreed," Comeau pipes up.

"It's not—" Shane tries.

"Don't you and Rozanov hate each other?" Charlie, one of the rookies who really should learn to keep his mouth shut, asks.

"No," Shane says. "I mean, we did. But we're friends now. Through starting this foundation —"

"Why did you start a foundation with Ilya Rozanov?" Drapeau asks impatiently. "Why did he come to Ottawa? Why is any of this happening?"

"Um. I can't speak to why he came to Ottawa." Jesus, it sounds like Shane's giving a press conference.

"This is cool, guys," Hayden pipes up. "It's a really important cause."

"Sure," Drapeau says. "But why not do it with someone you have more in common with? Like Scott Hunter."

The room falls silent again, except for a bark of laughter that Hayden isn't able to conceal, because *seriously*?

"I, um, I don't really know Scott Hunter that well," Shane says.

"But you know Ilya Rozanov?" J.J. asks, and Shane's cheeks turn pink, probably with the knowledge of just how biblically he does.

"Well, I've met Rozanov once or twice since Shane's started working with him," Hayden says. "He's, ya know, he's different than you'd expect. Nicer."

It's a bold-faced lie. Rozanov is actually meaner than he expected. He still thinks Shane would be better off dating literally any other man in North America, but that doesn't mean he's gonna leave his buddy high and dry. Shane flashes him a grateful smile.

"Wait," J.J. says. "You already knew about this foundation thingy?"

Great, now Hayden has to tend to J.J.'s hurt feelings. He doesn't have time for literally any of this, not with three...wait, four kids at home.

"Just a little. Shane asked me for help with some logistics," Hayden says. J.J. narrows his eyebrows at him, which is fair. What the fuck does Hayden know about logistics?

"Alright. That's it. We're announcing it next week and just...wanted you to know first." Shane clears his throat. "Thanks. Goodbye."

Hayden pats him on the back while everyone else files out. "You did good. Kind of. Mostly."

Shane drops his head, exhaling. "Thanks for helping," he says. "I know you didn't mean any of that..."

Hayden waves a hand. "Don't mention it."

2.

Hayden's really trying to raise his children with basic tenets of kindness and respect.

So when Ruby shrieks out of nowhere, "Uncle Ilya is evil!" it takes everything in him not to respond, 'God, I know right?'

Instead, he mentally praises his daughter for being a good judge of character, and says, "Why do you say that?"

"Beacauuse he has a puppy now and he hasn't brought her over." She pouts.

It's by far the cutest reason anyone's ever hated Ilya Rozanov, that's for sure. "Well, he's busy. He plays as many games as daddy does." *Almost as many. Not like the Centaurs ever make the playoffs.*

"Daddy makes time for us," Ruby argues. "And Uncle Robby's here all the time!"

It's a pretty flimsy argument. Hayden legally has to make time for them, and Jackie's brother has been unemployed for a concerningly long time. "Ilya loves you guys. But he doesn't live in Montreal, remember? He lives in Ottawa. It's not so easy to get over here."

Ruby and Jade both huff, unnervingly in sync.

"He hates us," Jade says.

"He doesn't hate you! I'm sure if we asked nicely, he'd let you meet his puppy over the phone and bring her over as soon as he can."

The girls light up. "Let's call Uncle Ilya now!" Jade says.

Ugh, why did he say that thing about the phone? What a rookie error.

He can't believe this is his life. He can't believe his children consider Ilya Rozanov, proud owner of the most punchable smirk in the NHL, their uncle.

He can't say no to them though, something Jackie taunts him for often, so he pulls out his phone and FaceTimes him.

He's never done that before, obviously, but Rozanov likes his kids. It'll be fine. Probably. Maybe.

"What do you want, Pike?" Rozanov's clearly laying in bed, which is weird considering it's 1 P.M. "Is Shane okay?"

It's almost sweet how his eyebrows furrow when he asks. "Yeah, I'm just, uh, here with the girls..."

Immediately, Rozanov's face shifts, like a light turns on inside of him. Hayden props the phone on the table so he can see all three of them and Rozanov just *beams*.

"Huh. I thought the girls would be Ruby and Jade," Rozanov says seriously.

Jade frowns. "We are Ruby and Jade!"

"No. You are Anna and Elsa, yes?"

The girls shriek with pleased laughter. Damn. This guy's good. Of course his charm even comes with a G rated setting.

"We want to see the puppy!" Ruby says. Hayden gives her a pointed look. "*Please* can we see the puppy?"

"How can I say no to a princess?"

Jade whispers something to her sister, who nods. "Anna and Elsa are queens," Ruby says seriously.

"Oh, my mistake. I'm sorry, my queens." He does a little honest to God *bow* and the girls giggle. Then, he shouts something in Russian and a second later, a ball of fluff jumps into his lap.

He stays on the line for forty-five minutes letting the girls coo over Anya. He even seems a little disappointed when Jackie calls Jade and Ruby into the kitchen for a snack, but maybe Hayden's imagining things.

"Thanks," Hayden says once they're gone, absorbed by their goldfish. "Uh, I appreciate it."

"Is fine." Rozanov waves a hand. "They're good kids. Must be genetic."

"Oh." Hayden tries and fails to hide the stunned expression from his face. "Wow. Th—"

"I didn't know it was possible to make children without a father, but..."

“Oh fuck you,” Hayden shouts, loud enough to earn him a shake of the swear jar. Rozanov just cackles.

3.

Voyageurs Chat (team only)

Drapeau: What the fuck is this?

Drapeau: Is this a joke??

Comeau: ???

Drapeau: Shocking FanMail Video Exposes Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov Passionately Embracing

Comeau: holy fuck

J.J.: I think it has to be a joke

Comeau: wtf kind of joke would it be?

J.J.: Maybe it's photoshopped?

Charlie: By who? Hayden? The guy who exclusively uses his phone to play Moana songs for his kids?

Patrice Drapeau removed Shane Hollander from the group chat

Hayden: What the fuck? Why did you get rid of Shane?

Hayden Pike added Shane Hollander to the group chat

Gilbert Comeau removed Shane Hollander from the group chat

Comeau: I'm with Patty. Until we figure out what the fuck is going on, he shouldn't be here

Seven people emphasized this message

Comeau: Besides, he'll probably get suspended because of this

J.J.: Shit, you think so?

Charlie: We're so screwed

J.J.: Hayden, seriously, what's going on?

Hayden: Maybe you should keep Shane (our CAPTAIN) in the chat and let him explain himself

Drapeau: not sure there's any reasonable explanation for fucking Ilya Rozanov

Charlie: oh god, do you think they're actually fucking?

Comeau: No, he was searching for something down Rozanov's throat. What do you think, kid?

Drapeau: this is just fucked. I need to bleach my eyes

Hayden: Guys, this isn't a big deal. Rozanov's a decent guy

Eight people thumbs downed this message

Drapeau: Hayden, quit it. Shane's not in here anymore. You don't need to suck up to him

Hayden: ??

Hayden: Rozanov's honestly okay. It's all, like, an act. Mostly. He's really good with my kids!

J.J.: Your KIDS? He's met your fucking KIDS?

Four people emphasized this message

J.J.: How long have you known about this?

Hayden: I'll stop by your place later J.J. and we can talk more

J.J.: Yeah, you fucking better

Hayden: Guys, this is Shane. Our Shane. He's still the same guy, just with a more interesting sex life

Charlie: Ew

Six people emphasized this message

Comeau: We get it, Pike. You feel guilty because your video leaked this shit. You don't have to pretend it's okay

Hayden: Of course it's okay. Why does it matter what Shane does in his personal life? He wins us cups regardless

Drapeau: He probably won't anymore

J.J.: oh god

Charlie: guys were SO SCREWED

Charlie: we're*

Hayden: Shane would never let anything or anyone keep us from winning. Come on, you have to know that

Hayden: This isn't the end of the world. I promise Rozanov's not a bad guy once you get to know him

Patrice Drapeau removed Hayden Pike from the group chat

4.

The night Hayden ruins his best friend's life, he gets drunk.

Very, very, very drunk.

"I mean, I don't even know what they're thinking," Hayden says. Okay, maybe he slurs it. "Literally. Because they took me out of the group chat. Which is, like, fascism probably."

J.J. does a shot. "They're thinking that this is fucked."

"It's not fucked!"

"It's fucked."

"It's not! Okay. Maybe a lil." He sinks deeper into J.J.'s couch. It's softer than his own and it's not covered in sticky stains. How nice. "But like...Rozanov is..."

"What?" J.J. asks. "Rozanov is *what*, Hayden? You can't make this better. You have to know that. It's so..."

"Fucked?" Hayden offers. J.J. nods. He turns on the TV, but it's set to ESPN. They're playing the video. Of course they're playing the video.

Hayden groans. "I'm such an idiot."

"No, Shane's an idiot. I can't believe he didn't tell me. That's so fucked."

Hayden's beginning to think they should start a drinking game. One shot every time someone says the word fucked. Maybe then he'll get drunk enough to stop thinking about how badly he fucked up. Ha, there's a shot.

"Ilya Rozanov," J.J. says aloud, staring up at the TV that's now displaying a photo of Rozanov smirking. Does he even know it's possible to pose for a picture with a normal smile? "Ilya Fucking Rozanov."

"He was nice to me."

"What?"

"Rozanov," Hayden says, barely believing it himself. "He...I went over this morning to tell him and Shane what happened. They didn't know. They were asleep."

"Like in the same bed?" J.J. says.

“Uh, yeah, I assume so,” he says through a laugh. “I thought Rozanov would kill me, but he...didn’t? He, like, thanked me basically. Said I’d kept their secret for awhile and it wasn’t my fault.”

J.J.’s quiet. Hayden’s too foggy to realize his mistake at first. “Awhile,” J.J. says softly. “And how fucking long is awhile?”

“I...I just pieced it together, really. I mean, Shane was dating a dude in Boston, then suddenly he was always in Ottawa. I know he loves his mom, but shit, no one spends *that* much time with their parents.”

“Fuck,” J.J. says. He changes the channel. Ooh, Deadliest Catch is on. “So Rozanov moved to Ottawa for him?”

Hayden nods. “Yeah.” He lets out a laugh that can only be called a giggle. “It’s kind of unreal, if you think about it.”

“This whole thing is unreal.”

“No, like...Ilya Rozanov, biggest playboy in the NHL, settled down and signed with the shittiest team in the league for Shane. Our Shane. The same guy who cleans his phone with a little alcohol wipe whenever he gets off a plane.”

“Damn,” J.J. says.

“I know. Shane must be, like, amazing in bed, right?” Hayden says, because finally he can marvel at this with someone who’s not Jackie. “Just next level. Do you think Shane tops? Or do they switch off? That’s a thing, right?”

“Jesus Christ, we’re not talking about this. I’m ordering pizza. You need to sober up.”

J.J. takes out his phone and orders a meat lovers, Hayden’s favorite. A peace offering of sorts, he hopes. For a few minutes, they watch Deadliest Catch in silence.

“Okay, so Shane’s amazing in bed,” J.J. says finally. “And he’s Shane. He’s great. But what does he see in Rozanov? The guy’s so...”

“I know,” Hayden says. “I do. But I think maybe underneath it all there’s a good guy. Somewhere. We just don’t always get to see it.”

“What, because we’re not Shane?”

“Yeah. Because we’re not Shane.”

5.

Their first game against Ottawa is a fucking nightmare.

It’s already hard enough playing against Shane instead of with him. But they also have Ilya Rozanov to contend with.

He thought Rozanov would be slinging punches, but he hasn't thrown a single one.

He's doing everything in his power to provoke them though.

"Big skates to fill." He nods at Louis, a rookie who's centering on the first line tonight. He's...decent. Good, but not Shane. "Is everyone lonely without their dear captain? Too bad you missed him. Bet you had a poster of him on your bedroom wall, yes?"

"No I didn't old man," Louis spews. Hayden winces. It's a terrible comeback. Also, Louis grew up in Montreal. He totally had a poster of Shane.

"Aww, you miss him. Poor babies. Don't worry, I take good care of him." Rozanov winks.

It turns out to be his tamest chirp of the night.

After Rozanov scores his first goal, he makes sure that everyone knows he'll score again. Both on and off the ice.

Then, when he scores a second, he says he may as well go for a third to fuck the Voyageurs harder than he'll be fucking their dear captain later.

Which, Jesus Christ.

Everyone's under strict orders not to spend the game in the penalty box, and they're doing a surprisingly good job keeping it clean.

Until Rozanov scores a fucking hat trick after all.

When it's time for the next face off, he smiles. "Look at that! One goal for every Cup Shane won you while throwing games for me. Weird."

Hayden can't help the breath of laughter that escapes him. Rozanov flashes him a smile, adds, "One goal for every Cup you'll ever win. Except you, rookie. No Cups for you! Too late!"

"Fuck off, faggot," Louis spits. Hayden's blood runs colder than the ice.

Rozanov doesn't so much as blink, which is honestly concerning. How many times do you have to get called that to take it in stride?

Barrett, however, lunges forward. "What the fuck did you call him?"

"Exactly what you called guys before you started sucking that social media dude's dick," Comeau says.

"Guys. Keep it clean," Hayden barks. He kind of wants to dive under the benches and hide. God, this sucks. Why does he have to play with the bad guys?

"Too late," Rozanov says. "He's going to kill you now."

Sure enough, Barrett already has his gloves off and punches Comeau so hard that blood spills. Rozanov laughs gleefully, diving for Louis. From there, it's utter chaos. The benches clear and the Voyageurs and the Centaurs go to war.

Hayden holds back as many people wearing his jersey colors as he can, catches Shane's eyes as he does the same.

For the first time, they silently communicate on opposite sides of the ice.

'Sorry', Hayden's eyes say.

'Not your fault', Shane's say.

'Not yours either', Hayden's answer.

In the end, they lose in a pretty embarrassing 5-2. Theriault gives them the scolding of their life after.

"He was asking for it," Louis yelps.

Hayden levels him a hard stare. "No one is fucking asking for you to call them a homophobic slur."

"He did what?" J.J. asks.

Hayden's eyes sweep the locker room. Most of them don't know. They fought for their teammate's honor because that's what you do, but maybe if they knew...

"He called Rozanov a slur. You know, the one that starts with F." He lets the unsaid word sit heavily in the air, levels them all the same look he gives Ruby and Jade when they try to sneak cookies before dinner.

"So?" Drapeau says finally. "He is a—"

Hayden slams him hard against a wall. "Don't fucking finish that sentence."

"Dude."

"Enough!" Theriault snaps. "I don't care who said what. You played sloppy out there. That's all that matters."

"That's all that matters? God, this team fucking sucks." Hayden scoffs, his fists still tight in Drapeau's shirt. "And you know what the worst part is? You guys make Ilya Rozanov seem *nice*."

+1.

Hayden goes out with the Centaurs that night to drink his sorrows.

“I’m sorry,” he says, taking the (third) vodka that Rozanov hands him. “They’re so...why are they like that?”

“They have a lot to compensate for,” J.J. says. Rozanov bursts out laughing while Hayden and Shane throw him matching perplexed looks. “What? I’m serious. You’ve seen them in the showers.”

“If that’s the case, Drapeau has no excuse,” Hayden mutters. Shane tries and fails to hide his laughter behind his cup.

“What?” Rozanov looks between all of them. “How big is it?”

“No,” Shane says. “We’re not talking about this.”

“Shaaane!” Rozanov lays his head on his husband’s shoulder. “I need to know.”

Immediately, Hayden and J.J. both put their hands out, measuring around ten inches. Well, Hayden measures around ten inches. J.J. places his hands way wider.

“It’s not *that* big,” Hayden argues.

“It is!”

Rozanov's eyes light up. “I see the problem,” he says. “His dick is too big.”

“No fucking way.” Evan Dykstra slides into the booth beside J.J. “A dick can’t be too big. That would be, like, complaining that you’re too rich.”

“Yes, my dick is too big and I am too rich,” Rozanov says. “Is a hard life.”

“Really Shane?” J.J. says. “You married him? Like, by choice?”

Rozanov stares at him blankly. “Of course he did. Did you miss the part where I’m too rich and my dick is—”

Shane slaps a hand over his mouth, smothering his words. Rozanov laughs, wrestling it away.

“Okay, but what do you mean *too* big?” Dykstra asks.

Rozanov sighs dramatically. “Like all the time, women say ‘no, I can’t suck that, I will choke’. Problem I used to have. Is probably Drapeau’s problem.”

Ironically, Shane starts choking on his vodka ginger ale. Rozanov hits him hard on the back, then rubs circles on it.

“There’s no way that actually happened to you,” Hayden says.

“Yes. Of course you would not relate to this.”

“No, women aren’t repulsed by the idea of sucking my dick.”

“So what’s the solution?” Dykstra, who apparently is carrying an elephant trunk himself, asks.

“Solution?”

“Yeah, like if women don’t want to suck your dick because it’s too big...what do you tell them? Hypothetically.”

Hayden mouths “hypothetically?” to J.J., who shrugs. Seriously, what are they slinging in the Centaurs locker room?

“Nothing,” Rozanov says.

“Nothing?”

“You can’t make someone suck your dick. You just have to find the right person.” He sips his drink, then shoots a very pointed side-eye at Shane. “You know, someone who can take it like...a champion.”

J.J. curses in French.

“You’re fucking insatiable, man,” Dykstra crows, laughing now.

“No. Shane is.”

“Ilya.” Shane folds his arms, then says something in Russian. Rozanov puts his hands up, like ‘I’ll stop, I’ll stop.’

“Wow,” J.J. says. “You’re whipped, huh?”

“Obviously,” Hayden mutters.

Before Rozanov can defend himself, another man who Hayden’s never seen before plops into the booth. He’s wearing a Voyageurs t-shirt and he reeks of beer.

Oh great. A fan. This should be fun. Hayden starts searching for security.

“Shane Hollanderrrr,” the guy crows. “I have a question for you.”

“Um okay,” Shane says, ever the polite Canadian. Rozanov, meanwhile, leans forward, like he’s preparing to pounce if need be.

“Do you knooow Adrian Dela Cruz?”

Okay. Weird turn. “No?” Shane says. “I mean, not personally.”

“Should marry him instead,” the guy slurs. “All I’m saying. There are so many fucking hot famous gay guys that are actually nice. Marry one of them instead of this asshole.” He gestures at Rozanov, because apparently he has a death wish.

Rozanov just looks amused though. “Yes, Shane. Why not marry a nice man?”

“Exactly.” The guy snaps his fingers. “Like why...*why*? You know? Why?”

“Um,” Shane says again.

“Oh come on,” Hayden interjects before Shane inevitably breaks his brain formulating an answer. “That’s such a stupid question.”

“And who the fuuuck are you?” the guy asks Hayden, which makes Rozanov howl with laughter, the asshole.

Hayden almost wants to take it all back and tell him that yeah, he’s right, Rozanov sucks.

The problem is that he doesn’t. After years of having a front row seat to the Shane-and-Ilya show, he knows what the rest of the world doesn’t: they work.

“Is Rozanov an asshole?” Hayden says, glossing over the douche’s last question. “Yes. Is he a dickbag? Sure! Was he voted ‘smarmiest NHL player’ five years running for a reason? Totally.”

“Gee, thanks Hayd,” Shane mutters under his breath.

“But Rozanov, like...he moved to Ottawa for Shane. No one talks about that. Ottawa sucks.”

“Bro,” Dykstra says.

“We literally beat you tonight!” Shane says.

“No.” Hayden rolls his eyes. “I don’t mean as a team. Though they did when he signed with them, sorry Dykstra. But I mean like...the city sucks. It’s boring. What do you do in Ottawa? You stare at a lake and consider throwing yourself into it.”

Rozanov cackles. “I’m *from* Ottawa,” Shane grumbles.

“My condolences,” Hayden says. “He sold his sports car collection too. You know? And he’s always fucking grocery shopping.”

“Grocery shopping?” J.J. says.

“I swear to God. Every time I’m over there, Shane’s, like, complaining about being almost out of ginger ale and two seconds later, Rozanov’s running to the store in the fucking mini van he has now.”

“Is not a mini van.” For the first time in the course of this conversation, Rozanov looks murderous. “Take that back, Pike.”

“Whatever. My point is that Rozanov, like, talks Shane down before he even realizes he’s panicking. He makes him snacks with fucking buckwheat in them and he even gets Shane to take a day off once in a blue moon. He’s an asshole,” Hayden says. “He’s obnoxious and rude and frankly, unpleasant. I’m not saying he’s a good guy. But he is a good husband.”

“Yes, Shane,” Ilya says. “What did you say? Please share.”

“Shut up,” Shane mumbles, turning beet red. Which means it’s probably something disgusting and definitely something sexual. Cool. “Anyways, thank you Hayden. That was very...nice.”

“Yes.” Rozanov goes back to smirking. “I didn’t know you were such a fan.”

“I’m not a fan!”

“You kinda are,” J.J. says unhelpfully. “You’re always defending him.”

“Oh?” Rozanov quirks an eyebrow.

“I’m not defending *you*,” Hayden argues. “You’re married to Shane. I’m defending him.”

“It kinda sounds like you’re defending him,” J.J. says, “but okay.”

“Because if people are insulting him, it’s an insult to Shane!” Kind of. Sort of.

“Is okay, Pike.” Rozanov pats him on the back. “No need to pretend. You love me.”

“No. I hate you,” Hayden mutters, but even to his own ears it’s unconvincing.

“Yes,” Ilya says just as lightly. “I hate you too.”

End Notes

Quietly despising the Voyageurs is NOT enough, I had to post two hate fics in a row lmao

Thank you for reading, comments are as appreciated as much as Ilya and Hayden secretly appreciate each other!

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