

it's all fun and games until someone has been secretly gay this whole time

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it's all fun and games until someone has been secretly gay this whole time

by [thegreenempty](#)

Summary

Hayden had never seen him like this before. The painkillers were making Shane...fun. He was funny, and kind of bitchy? All Hayden had to do was mention a player, any player in the league, and Shane had an absolutely devastating assessment locked and loaded. To hear Canada's Golden Boy with perfect PR presence rip into everyone and everything...it was just too tempting to pass up.

OR

Hayden has some fun with Shane while he's high on pain meds. Shane starts being a little too honest and that's exactly when Ilya Rozanov decides to show some sportsmanship for the first time in his life. Hayden tries to run interference for his best friend and, man, what the hell did he walk into??

Notes

Hello, this is my first Heated Rivalry fic! It has infected my brain. I am living and breathing these boys. Just my take on Hayden accidentally learning Shane's secrets. This is canon for the show through the end of episode 5 and then diverges around how Hayden learns about Shane.

I love kudos or comments if you're enjoying! And I had no beta for this, so any and all feedback is absolutely welcome!

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The response to this has been amazing and overwhelming! Thank you for all the love, all the kudos, and all the comments! I haven't had a chance to answer every single comment but I'm reading them all and will make my way back. Thank you all!!

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

Shane looked better. He had some color back in his face (other than the green and blue bruises blooming around his eyes) and he was more open and relaxed than ever. It sucked that he was concussed and fractured his collarbone, but Hayden was actually kind of loving this.

Shane didn't really drink, never did drugs, and was just generally too anxious and in his head, like, all the time. Hayden had never seen him like this before. The painkillers were making Shane...fun. He was funny, and kind of bitchy? All Hayden had to do was mention a player, any player in the league, and Shane had an absolutely devastating assessment locked and loaded. To hear Canada's Golden Boy with perfect PR presence rip into everyone and everything...it was just too tempting to pass up. Hayden even texted Jackie some of Shane's best comments.

"Okay, how 'bout Scott Hunter? He's looking good for the cup this year." Hayden smiled, waiting for the rant.

"Hunter? First, *hot*."

Hayden tried to hold back his smirk. Shane hadn't just stopped at player's hockey skills, he'd torn into everyone's looks too. One or two guys he'd label as 'hot' and go straight to demolishing their gameplay. Kind of odd, but he was happy to see Shane loose enough to joke around.

"But Scott Hunter, he-he's like one of those fucking dogs, okay? Like he was limping and blind and sick and dying, so you made the appointment to put him to sleep, but suddenly he's running around like a puppy for a day or two."

Hayden laughed. It was *so weird* to hear that kind of thing from Shane Hollander of all people. Two days ago he'd told the press Hunter's ability to turn the season around was an inspiration.

"So, yeah, Hunter's looking good right now, and with me down he *might* get the cup, but it's just the dump of endorphins and adrenaline you get right before you die, okay?"

"Damn, dude!" Hayden texted Jackie.

Hayden: *Said Hunter's winning streak is like a dog finding strength right before you put him down. But at least he's hot, haha*

"Ryan Price?"

"Beast. Absolute beast. Fucking...ginger abominable snowman. Swear to God, Haydes, I almost shit myself the first time he came at me on the ice. Stick handling is shit, can't do anything out there but fuck people up. He's just a hammer but I guess a sledgehammer is a sledgehammer, you know?"

"Got it, sucks at hockey but too big and brutal to matter."

“And you KNOW he’s gotta have a huuuuuge dick. I mean, thing must be massive. Not my type, though, too dumb. Probably he’s dumb as shit cuz there’s too much blood in his dick ‘stead of his brain. Nice consolation prize, I guess.”

Hayden burst out laughing again. Shane was nuts on these painkillers. “Okay, sure. Big guy, big dick, can be happy about that since he can’t be happy about hockey, so really not your type, got it.”

“At all, not my type AT ALL, dude.”

“Okay, what about Rozanov?” Hayden asked. “I mean I know he’s an asshole, but what about his gameplay?”

And weirdly, Shane got a dopey, sappy look in his eyes. “No, man, *he’s* fucking perfect. Plays like he was made for it. He’s fast and precise and powerful out there. I mean, you? You’re fast enough and you’re okay with your stick but, really, you make up for it with heart. You go hard out there because you have to, because you can’t do it on skill alone.”

“Okay, ouch? Not sure why I’m catching strays.”

“Sorry, but you know it’s true. You’re all heart, Haydes. That’s a good thing. Great thing, really. But Ilya?”

“Oh, he’s Ilya now?”

“He’s so fucking good. He doesn’t need that extra, grit, or whatever. He just *belongs* out there. He doesn’t gotta will it so much.”

“Yeah, but he’s only got one cup to your two,” Hayden offered. “So, you’re still beating him.”

“Mmm, but he did it *first*. I can get there, I can be as good as he is at anything, I fucking know I can, but I’m just catching up half the time, you know? And, God, I love it. Cuz he’s *fucking fun*.”

Hayden blinked a few times. “Fun? Ilya Rozanov? Asshole, dirty player, womanizer, sports-car-cliche Russian guy. That Ilya Rozanov? He’s fun?”

And Hayden would swear, Shane blushed.

“Dunno.” Shane shrugged. “Maybe it’s just with me. But when he slams me into the boards, or when he steals the puck from me? When he trips me up or beats me down the line, Christ, I can feel it buzzing through my body. He knows my play *and* he can match my skills. Like, no one else is even close. And it’s not enough that he’s that fucking good, he’s enjoying it more than me, man. I’m still chasing that.”

It took a second for him to compute that one. “You...you’re telling me that you’re so competitive with Rozanov, that you’re mad he enjoys your rivalry more than you do?” Hayden knew Shane was competitive, he knew Rozanov set Shane off like no one else, but that was just ridiculous. Shane might be too focused on this.

“Yeah. And it’s...shit, man, it’s *hot as hell*. But, I mean, obviously. Everything he does is fucking hot.”

Okay, game over. Shane had been talking about other players, about their look or their bodies...and Hayden thought it was just ribbing. But this? This was obviously something else. Shane was clearly attracted to Rozanov. And it wasn’t fair for Hayden to press. If Shane was gay, or had something like that to tell Hayden, then he could do it when he wasn’t high out of mind on painkillers.

Hayden wasn’t going to prod at this. He changed the subject. “So what are you gonna do for the summer? Jackie’s due in like a week, so we’re gonna be kinda locked down. The kids would love to see you around, though. We could do some dinners or cookouts or whatever?”

“And another thing!” Shane yelled, totally ignoring the change in subject. “Why the fuck does Ilya have to slick his hair back like that, now? Like, hello?? I thought the curls were bad enough, but the slicked back look? It’s lethal, dude, fucking lethal.”

Cool, so not only was Shane probably gay it seemed like he had a huge crush (hate crush?) on Ilya fucking Rozanov. Yeah...they were gonna talk about that one later.

“Look, buddy, I think you need some rest, alright? I love you, me and Jackie, we love you and if there’s anything you wanna talk about when you’re not doped to hell, that’ll be great. But I really gotta get home soon, Jackie’s *very* pregnant.”

“Wish Ilya could get me pregnant,” Shane muttered.

Hayden covered his mouth to stifle something between a gasp and laugh. “Your dose is way too high, man. I’m gonna talk to the nurse.”

Hayden clapped Shane’s arm and stepped out of the room. He took a second to collect himself then sent a quick text to Jackie.

Hayden: *Shane is high as shit on the painkillers and I think he just outed himself??*

Jackie: *Outed? Like, he told you he’s gay??*

Hayden: *Maybe? I don’t know! He keeps talking about how hot Rozanov is...like, on a weirdly deep level. I’m not going to press him when he’s high like this*

Jackie: *Wow..I guess that’s why he never wanted to be set up...*

Jackie: *Just be supportive! Let him get some rest, talk to him later, and don’t fucking tell anyone!! He kept it secret for a reason*

Jackie: *Also, ask him what was Rose Landry about, then??*

Hayden: *Not asking that. You can if/when he tells on his own. Love you! Gonna get him settled and be home soon*

Jackie: *Ugh, fine. Give him my love, see you soon*

Jackie: *Bring me an egg sandwich. Everything bagel, turkey bacon 🍔*

Hayden laughed and stuffed his phone in his pocket. He made his way to the nurse's station. One of the nurses looked up at him.

"Hi, um, I'm heading out soon but Shane seems pretty loopy. Is that, is he okay or like...?"

"He's on a hefty dose of painkillers, so it's not unusual for him to be a little disoriented or uninhibited. Anything concerning? Complaining of itching, shortness of breath, anxiety?"

"No, no, nothing like that, just I dunno. I don't wanna leave him if he's so out of it," Hayden said with a shrug.

"Well it's normal. He does need to rest, though."

"Okay, thanks." But Hayden wasn't looking at the nurse anymore, because Ilya fucking Rozanov just came off the elevator.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

It wasn't unusual for a team captain to visit if someone got hurt during a game. It was a good show of sportsmanship, actually. Hayden wouldn't have expected it from Rozanov but he could appreciate that probably at least some of his asshole demeanor was just an act. Some of it. The issue was Hayden's best friend was apparently (maybe?) gay. At the very least he was currently high off his ass muttering about wanting Ilya Rozanov, resident asshole of the league, to get him pregnant. Hayden wasn't gonna let Shane talk to Rozanov like that. He moved to block the space in front of Shane's room.

"Rozanov!" he called out as Rozanov looked around for the right room.

Rozanov looked up, a bit startled. For a second he looked nervous, concerned, pretty different from his usually cocky self. Then he caught a glimpse of Hayden and his trademark smirk was in place.

"Ahh, Hayden Pike. You hurt your wrist during the fight with Marlow. You get cast for it?" Rozanov came up to Hayden and actually grabbed his hand as if to examine the injury. Not that there *was* an injury. Hayden knew how to throw a punch, for fuck's sake.

"Fuck off," Hayden said, with more venom than was really needed. "My hand is fine and Marlow is a piece of shit."

Rozanov grimaced. "He feels terrible. He did not mean to hurt Hollander. It was a clean hit, just...unlucky. But Hollander is okay, yes?"

"Define 'okay.'" Hayden heard the edge in his own voice. He wasn't sure why. Here was Rozanov, trying to be nice, trying to show some sportsmanship, and Hayden was going to

have to chase him out of here so that Shane didn't say something like *Everything Rozanov does is fucking hot*.

"They told us he has a concussion and broken clavicle?"

"Well, I don't call that okay."

"No, it is horrible, I agree. But I am glad it was no worse. Marlow, too. You're leaving now? I will go see Hollander."

"Uh, no, no you won't. You're an asshole. All you've ever done is rile him up. Shane needs rest."

For some reason, Rozanov smirked at that too. *What an asshole.*

"You are his mother now, yes? Tuck him in to bed? Not let big scary Russian bother him?"

"Rozanov, *fuck off!*" Hayden was probably being a little too loud. One of the nurses shot him a look. He tried to lower his voice a bit. "Shane is injured. He's concussed, he's high off his ass on painkillers, and you do not need to be here. I'll tell him you stopped by. Hell, I'll even lie and tell him you were nice. Now go!"

"Illllllya?" Shane's voice, kind and sing-songy, came booming out from the hospital room. Hayden had left the door cracked open.

Rozanov's face went blank for a second, then he moved around Hayden and pushed the door open. Hayden was half a step behind him. *Fuck!* What the fuck was he supposed to do? Should he physically push Rozanov out? Should he be ready to shout down whatever Shane said? *Fuck!*

Hayden looked at Rozanov, and he looked...devastated. Small, sad, scared. It was weird.

"I, um, I just wanted to..." Rozanov looked at Shane and swallowed a few times. He nodded his head like he was steeling himself. "Are you okay?"

Fucking weird. Why was everyone being so fucking weird?

Shane smiled in a way Hayden had never seen before. It was gentle and unguarded and silly, even. "Concussion and a fractured collarbone. Out for the playoffs, but..." Shane actually ogled Rozanov. He basically had cartoon heart-eyes. It was insane! How had Hayden never noticed before? Did he always look at Rozanov like that? Or was it just the drugs?

"Could have been worse." Rozanov finished for Shane.

"Could have been worse." Shane agreed. "But it's part of the game. We all get our bell rung eventually, right?"

"Right." Rozanov nodded and Hayden could have sworn the guy went pale. He almost looked like he was shaking.

“Hey, hey!” Shane reached out for Rozanov.

“Okay, okay, maybe you should go, so Shane can rest?” Hayden said.

“No, hey, come here, come here!” Shane insisted and fucking Rozanov moved to his side. He took Shane’s hand for a second and placed it back on the bed.

“Shh,” Rozanov whispered.

What the fuck was going on?!

“No, it’s fine, Ilya! Hayden’s fine. He’s like, married with a bunch of kids. His wife keeps gingerale for me! He doesn’t care. He spent the last hour playing hot or not with me about every guy in the league. He doesn’t care. It’s okay.”

Shane reached his hand up for Rozanov’s face. “I’m sorry I didn’t text you last night,” Shane whispered.

And Rozanov...took Shane’s hand. Pulled it across gently his own cheek. Sighed into it.

Oh, Hayden thought. Well, then.

“Ummm, I’m gonna just—” Hayden pointed toward the door. Rozanov gave him a half-nod, half-frown and Hayden backed out of the room.

Well...that was...something.

Hayden stood by the door.

He didn’t know what Shane was saying, or what Rozanov was doing, or what the fuck was happening, but he wasn’t gonna let some doctor or nurse walk in on them talking or flirting or whatever. After a few minutes the nurse made her way over toward the door and Hayden gave a quick knock to announce her arrival. He stepped into the room a few seconds before she did.

Rozanov dropped Shane’s hand.

“Oh good, Mr. Pike, you’re making sure Mr. Rozanov here doesn’t smother our star center with a pillow, right?” the nurse asked.

“Oh,” Rozanov gave an empty laugh, “no, no. Good thinking, but no, I was just leaving.”

“Uh, yeah, me too,” Hayden added, “I’m gonna head out, Shane.”

“Yeah, okay, sure. And you’ll think about it?” Shane asked, looking at Rozanov.

“Goodbye, Hollander. Get well soon.”

“Yeah, bye-bye!” Shane sounded downright chipper. Then he cleared his throat and said a much lower register, “See you next season.”

It was an awkward walk to the elevator. Neither Hayden nor Rozanov said anything. It was awkward getting into the elevator. Neither of them said anything then, either. Hayden was a shorter guy for hockey. He was used to guys towering over him on the ice but, like Shane had so indelicately put it, what Hayden lacked in physicality he made up for with heart. He turned to face Rozanov.

“Is this like, real? This thing between you two, or are you just fucking with him?”

Rozanov didn’t answer right away, but his lips pulled tight and his throat worked a little. Hayden wasn’t the smartest or most observant guy in the world, but he thought he knew what that meant.

“I’m not fucking with him, okay? It is complicated, yes, but I never want to see him get hurt. Not from hockey, not from what we have.”

Hayden turned back around and faced the elevator doors. It wasn’t his place. He wasn’t going to push it any more. He still didn’t like Rozanov. He had no idea what the fuck happened between the two of them to make this *thing* happen. But Shane was his best friend. And his teammate, and his captain. So, he had Shane’s back and would at least try to trust his judgement.

“I won’t tell anyone,” Hayden said as the elevator doors opened.

“Obviously.”

Rozanov was such an asshole. Hayden was trying to show support, be nice, and Rozanov couldn’t even pretend to show gratitude.

“But if you do something, if you throw this in his face, or fuck with his head over this, I swear to God, Rozanov...” Hayden probably should have thought of something to say, because he just sort of trailed off.

Rozanov lit up. For the first time today he looked like the menace Hayden was used to seeing on the ice. “Ahh, so *this* is why Montreal keeps you on their roster! You are easily worst player on the team and you don’t think through what you are trying to do or say, but you have loyalty. And that is something, at least!”

Hayden glared. *Fuck this guy.*

“Good luck in the playoffs, you will die out there without Shane.” Rozanov slipped on his sunglasses and walked off without so much as looking back at Hayden.

Shane. He called him Shane. Hayden shook his head. It was...a lot. He figured he’d give Shane three or four days before he brought it up, but he would absolutely be bringing it up.

Why did Shane have to have something going with that fucking guy??

His phone buzzed in his pocket.

Jackie: *Where's my egg sandwich? And anything else from Shane?*

Hayden: *Babe...I don't even know where to begin*

Jackie: *????*

End Notes

Just started out on twitter, come find me there so we can shout about Hollanov together. I promise to follow back! @thegreenempty

FOR THE RECORD: I love, love, love Ryan Price!! Shane just doesn't know him yet and is high and having fun being a mean girl. Please don't take the Ryan Price slander to heart!

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