

## love shines through

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# love shines through

by [cloudies](#)

## Summary

Shane accidentally reveals a bit too much when Hayden visits him in the hospital after his injury.

(an alternate way that Hayden finds out)

## Notes

f-bombs: 47

rozanov's: 21

written in the purgatory between episodes 4 and 5  
spoilers for the book and next episode

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

Hayden follows the puck for a moment too long, and the next thing he knows, there's a *crack* and his best friend is collapsed on the ice.

He can't see how bad it is, because as soon as it happens, fucking Rozanov is there. Dropping to the ice by Shane's side. Fucking picking on him when he's down? That fucking crook –

“What the fuck are you doing, Rozanov?” he calls out as he gets to Shane. Shane is muttering something to Rozanov, but it's just out of earshot for Hayden, and it's hard to hear anything besides the adrenaline-infused *rage* at seeing Shane down. “Hey! *Rozanov!*”

Rozanov breaks his focus away from Shane to yell back, “Fuck *off*, Pike.” Whatever the look on Rozanov's face is, Hayden has never seen it before.

He stands to give room for the medics to start taking Shane away, and Hayden swears he starts to see Rozanov reach a hand out towards him.

“Don't you lay a fucking finger on him.”

“That's not –” Rozanov back up, and looks at Hayden with an expression that *roars*. If he were a person with feelings, Hayden might think he's genuinely upset. “I wanted to see he was okay! It was a bad hit!” Hayden hears the cracks in Rozanov's voice – he's a fucking terrible liar.

“Like you give a give a fuck!”

Shane is almost off the ice now, and Ilya rushes forward to Hayden, pushing him against the shoulders. “Say that again!” he dares.

This was too fucking much. Hayden just wanted to know that his best friend was okay and this fucking monster kept that from him. “I bet you're fucking happy now!”

Ilya gets one good punch in before the refs and Marleau pull him back.

The Metros let Hayden give one punch back before he feels hands restraining him and hears “*That's enough, boys.*” Usually Hayden was the one saying that.

But this was not a normal situation. Hayden has never seen Shane take a hit that badly. He's careful. He's fast. He's the best fucking player in the league.

And he's Hayden's best friend, and he needs to be okay, and Hayden will never forgive the fucking Raiders and their supervillain fucking Captain for hurting him. *Fuck.*

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Hayden barely gets his gear off before he is out of the arena and on the way to the hospital. The team doctor texted about twenty minutes ago in the groupchat, saying there was a concussion and a collarbone fracture but that Shane was awake and going to be okay.

*I'm on the way, he texts back. Be there in about 30, depending on traffic.*

Their doctor texts him directly a couple minutes later. *They gave him a lot of pain meds and he is pretty out of it.*

*But he's okay?* Hayden replies.

*Yes. But I don't think the rest of the team should come until tomorrow when he's himself again.*

Hayden breathes another sigh of relief, with a hint of a smile. He almost never got to see Shane let loose. The man was wound tighter than his kid's skates. Despite the circumstances, maybe one night of drug-induced sedation would be a nice release for him.

He sees the drugs on Shane's face as soon as he gets to his private room. He is actually *grinning*. Hayden hadn't been sure if he was capable of doing that before. "Hey, Shane."

"Hiii."

"How're you feeling?" Hayden makes himself comfortable in the chair next to Shane's bed.

"Good," Shane replies, casting his eyes down towards the sling his arm is in. "I won't be able to play for a while, but I feel..." he trails off and doesn't finish his sentence.

"Okay about it?"

"Yeah." *That will change by the morning*, Hayden thinks. "Just glad I'm okay."

"Me too, bud. You scared us pretty fucking bad."

"Scared me, too." They sit in silence for another moment, before Shane asks, "How did the rest of the game go?"

"Honestly, it was a blur. We were all just worried about you."

Shane doesn't seem to like that answer. "Do they know I'm okay?"

"The team knows. I think they posted it on social media, too. Are your parents here already?"

Shane smiles. "Yeah. They're just getting food. They followed the ambulance."

Another moment of silence. Hayden wants to let Shane lead the conversation, depending on how he feels. He isn't itching to tell Shane he got in a fight – their Capitaine holds them to a higher standard than that – but he knows he'll find out about it by tomorrow, and he also really wants to bitch about Rozanov.

It doesn't matter, though, because Shane asks, "What happened to your face?"

*Oh, right.* "Rozanov punched me."

Something falters in Shane's expression. "Why?"

“Do you remember right after the hit? He was crowding you. What were you saying to him, anyway?”

Shane squeezes his eyes shut, like he is really trying to think back. “I... I don’t remember.”

“Well, he was all up in your face, and it was pissing me off. I told him to get the fuck off you and it escalated.”

That was typical Rozanov, so it’s shocking to Hayden that Shane’s breathing changes, like he’s trying not to cry. He turns his face up to the ceiling, and Hayden gets a clear view of the bruise forming up his profile.

“Hey, Shane, what’s up?” He leans forward, concerned.

“How was he after the fight?”

“Rozanov? They benched him the rest of the game. Why?”

To Hayden’s shock, Shane starts to well up.

“Shane, what’s wrong?”

“I must have scared him so bad.”

Hayden couldn’t believe his ears. “You scared us *all* pretty bad. I don’t think Rozanov fucking cared, he’s probably just happy to have less competition --”

“*Don’t.*”

Hayden is taken aback by just how hurt Shane sounds. “What?”

Why would Shane care what Rozanov thought? Why would he *defend* him, when his team had just taken him out for the playoffs, when he’d *just punched his best friend in the face*?

And how does he ask this when his best friend was shutting down and crying over it in front of him?

Deep breaths. He reminds himself of when Ruby had come crying that she’d accidentally broken one of his collectible hockey figurines. He’d been a good dad and focused on calming her down instead of getting upset about the toy. He could do that here, right?

“Shane, buddy, what’s going on?” He’s careful to speak softly. He knocks a finger against the back of Shane’s hand. “You can tell me.”

Shane took a moment to answer. “I want to tell you so bad, but I can’t.” He sniffles, and his voice cracks a bit. “I can’t.”

“You can. Whatever it is, you can.” Something in this conversation is shifting quickly, and Hayden is struggling to keep up.

He can tell that Shane, half-delirious, is desperately trying to practice saying the next part in his head. He has the thought that he should just let it go, but he can't. Not yet.

Finally, Shane speaks. "Il... Rozanov... he's my... friend."

Hayden involuntarily lets out a confused laugh. "What the fuck?"

Shane doesn't say anything.

"Is this some weird side effect of the drugs they put you on?"

Shane tilts his head like he wants to shake it, then presumably remembers the pain and the concussion and stops. "No. We text."

"About what? Since *when*?"

"A long time," Shane admits, and dares a glance over to Hayden to see his reaction. Hayden wants to go back to when he first came in the room and Shane was smiling like a dork. How the fuck did they get here? "But no one can know, Hayden," he whispers, and God, he really is like a kid right now. "We're *rivals*. We are supposed to *hate each other*." He slurs the last part a bit.

He asks, "What do you even talk about?" while he tries to process. It is just so fucking *weird*. Why would Shane feel the need to befriend one of the biggest assholes in the league? And why would he feel the need to *hide* it?

Well, he could kind of get why he'd want to hide it. They were arch rival captains. But, like, they could change that, right? There were friends across the league. Two almost-equally matched players (Shane would always be better) – they could have a mutual respect. It wasn't unheard of. Why the complete secrecy from *literally everyone* that they so much as called each other friends?

As Shane thinks, Hayden sees his earlier smile return to his face. "Hockey," he answers, because well, *duh*. Hayden waits for more, and a mischievous smile Hayden has never seen before blossoms across Shane's face as he adds, "Girls."

He laughs uncomfortably. "Dude, you don't even talk to *me* about girls."

Over the next minute, Shane flips between honest-to-God *giggling*, and shallow breathing a bit, then laughing, then sniffing again, and back to laughing.

This is really fucking weird.

There's got to be more to it, right? He's lying. *Friends* has to mean something else. Are they doing drugs together? Having weird group sex? Gambling? What the fuck? Shane's too innocent for any of this shit. But there had to be more to it, right?

He's about to ask Shane what's really going on, then stops himself. Shane is high as a kite right now. Whatever it is, it's pretty clear that sober-Shane did not want to divulge any

details, and would probably have a fucking panic attack once he remembered what sedated-Shane said. Guilt rises in Hayden just over what he's heard so far, however unintended it was.

And, hey, maybe Shane is telling the truth, and him and Rozanov really are just secret friends. Shane's so neurotic, Hayden wouldn't put it past him to think he needs to hide it from the world. Still, though, the thought of that fucking hurts. *He* was Shane's best friend. Not that Russian prick.

"Hey," he says, now that Shane has calmed mostly calmed down, "I'm still your best friend though, right?"

"Obviously," Shane laughs. "Ilya is *different*." He says it like an inside joke that Hayden doesn't yet understand, and, wow, *Ilya*. Hayden needs to get out of here before Shane says anything else he can't take back, and also if he hears Shane call him that again, he might throw up.

He stands suddenly and gives Shane free arm a squeeze. "I'm glad you're okay. I'm going to head out now."

"Okay."

"Tell normal Shane that he didn't say anything weird and I am always his number one best friend."

"Okay..."

Hayden says goodbye and leaves, and for the first time in his life, truly understands the meaning of *bewildered*.

---

*Shane, Two Days Later*

*Hayden:* Hey, how're you holding up?

*Shane:* Yuna scribing. I'm OK.

*Hayden:* Up for visitors?

*Shane:* You sure. Rest of team maybe next week.

*Shane:* You guys gave it your all last night. I'm sorry I wasn't there with you.

*Hayden:* Nothing to be sorry for. Can I come by around 2pm?

*Shane:* Sure.

Shane spends most of the day in bed with blackout curtains and an audiobook on about whales. He'd begun with a book about hockey, but it started sending him into a spiral about missing the playoffs and failing his team, so. Whales.

He's imagining himself cresting through the surface of the Pacific Ocean when, out of the blue, he remembers Hayden coming to his hospital room right after the hit, and his heart stops.

His brain is still fuzzy, and it's the first time since most of the drugs wore off that he remembers it had even happened.

And, *oh fuck*, Shane cannot remember almost anything he said.

He remembers the feelings. He remembers being so fucking sad about getting hurt in front of Ilya. Because he understood how much it hurt to not be able to do anything. And he remembers knowing that he couldn't tell Hayden anything, and being so frustrated, because he wanted to tell him more than anything and in the confusion he couldn't remember why he couldn't. Just that it was buried down there so deep, he wouldn't be able to get the words out if he'd tried.

And then he remembers the relief. He remembers laughing. *Oh God*. What the fuck did he say?

---

"Hey."

"Hey."

Hayden is once again by Shane's bedside, this time at his parent's home in Ottawa.

Shane is staring at him like a terrified baby deer. That, at least, answers one of Hayden's questions. He remembers the hospital visit.

He's still nervous that he'll need to coax it out of him – Shane is so intensely private. But before he's even sat down, Shane says, "What exactly did I tell you when you visited me?"

Hayden purses his lips. "You were pretty confused and doped up." He pauses. "You said you and Rozanov were, like, friends. But not as best friends as you and me."

Shane chokes a little bit. "Friends?"

"Yeah," Hayden answers. "Are you going to tell me now that it was a drug-induced hallucination and you aren't friends with our collective worst enemy?"

"Is that what you want?" Shane asks, and Hayden knows what he means. *Would it be easier if we pretended to take it back?*

And, in truth, Hayden doesn't know what to say. Shane is looking at him so vulnerably. He's fucking scared. And Hayden knows that the way he found out is probably Shane Hollander's

worst fucking nightmare come true. But he also can't deny how he feels about it, or that he's able to pretend it's not there.

"You're my best friend, dude. I'll stand by you always. You know that. But..."

Shane is watching him expectantly. Hayden runs a tired hand across his face. "It sounds stupid, but I feel pretty fucking betrayed."

"I'm sorry," Shane whispers back.

"You lied," Hayden continues. "Why would you lie about it?"

"Because you all hate him."

"We hate him because he's the *worst*, Shane. Why are you *friends* with him?"

"Because I..." Shane stopped himself from finishing the sentence. "He's not so bad, once you get to know him."

"I can't say I'm inclined to try. He literally just *gave me a black eye*."

Shane's breathing was getting unsteady again, but Hayden was getting too angry to be helpful about it.

"Like, do you not care about that? About how nasty he is?"

"He..." Shane struggles to find the wording for his answer.

"What is the point of going through all this – secrecy, and lying, to be friends with a giant jerk when you *have* a ton of great friends on the team you're the *leader* of?" Hayden knows he's raising his voice, but he can't help it. He's out of the chair, pacing the room. It just makes no fucking *sense*. He's been running it through his head over and over ever since the visit, and he keeps coming back to the idea that there has to be something that Shane isn't telling him.

There has to be something Rozanov provides that no one else could. Just being a friend wasn't enough to justify all of *this*. Also, fuck it, Rozanov couldn't *be* a good enough friend to be worth Shane's time.

"There's got to be something else, dude. Is it drugs? Money? Sex? What the fuck does he have over you?"

Hayden stops pacing, and finds Shane looking so, so scared.

The anger pivots a bit, from his best friend, to the Russian devil. Gently, Hayden asks, "Is he blackmailing you?"

"*No*," Shane answers, and it's almost a whine.

"What *is it*?"

“I can’t tell you.”

“Bullshit, Hollander! There’s nothing so bad I can’t help you. Please, whatever it is, *tell me.*”

He’s staring at Shane, waiting, when he hears his phone buzz. Whenever either of them is out on concussion, they usually set their notifications for important contacts only. Less reminders to use it that way.

Shane takes the opportunity to avoid the question. “Who’s it from?”

Hayden sighs, *not* giving up, and grabs the phone. “2 messages. From Lily.” *Oh great, Hayden thinks. A reminder of another fucking thing my best friend is lying to me about. Jesus Christ.*

Shane takes a deep breath. “What do they say?”

He tells Hayden the code, and he reads them out.

*Lily:* How did it go?

*Lily:* I support you, no matter what. Is not your fault.

And that, finally, is when Shane breaks.

“Hayden, I love him.” Silence, then a moment later, “I’m completely screwed.”

“Jesus, Shane, what are you talking about?” He puts the phone away, and there are tears starting to roll down Shane’s face.

“Lily is Ilya,” he admits, and just leaves that sitting in the air while Hayden’s mind reels.

He can’t begin to even process. He has one million too many questions.

“Okay, okay, okay, Jesus,” he mumbles, sitting back down next to Ilya. He’d been expecting him admitting to some fucked-up benders with one of the MHL’s most notorious playboys – something messy, potentially illegal, but common enough to contain and deal with. Not... whatever the fuck this is.

“Hayden, fuck, please just say something.”

“Dude, I genuinely have no fucking idea what to say.” God, he wants to tell Shane it’s okay, but he just can’t yet. Not until he understands. And it’s not – “It’s not because it’s – you know – gay. You know I don’t care. I’m... glad... you have someone you care about.”

Shane paused. “But it’s him. I know.”

“Yeah. Wow. Okay. I can see why you didn’t tell me.”

“I’m sorry.”

There's a silence as Hayden thinks. "How long?"

Shane lets out a hollow laugh. "You don't want to know."

And Hayden, finally, believes him. "Point fucking taken." This doesn't feel fucking *real*. "You two are, like... a couple?"

"No," Shane whispers. "It's hard, when you're, you know, us."

"But you want to be?" The words are physically painful for Hayden.

Shane squeezes his eyes shut for a moment. "More than I've wanted fucking anything."

Hopefully one day Shane would understand what a good fucking best friend he was being by supporting this conversation. "And does he... want it too?"

"I think so. Usually. It's hard, you know..."

"When you're the biggest asshole in the world." He knows it's the wrong answer, but he *just* learned about this, okay?

"When there's so much pressure," Shane corrects. "If we just had more time, more space, I think we could make it work."

"What do you even see in him?"

"Hayden, do you really want me to get all poetic about Ilya Rozanov right now?"

"You know what, no," he answers. "I fucking hate that guy."

"I know."

"Is he good to you?"

"Yes," Shane smiles.

"Can you tell him to maybe be good to other people too? And to beat the shit out of Cliff Marleau?"

"I can pass that along."

"Good."

There's a pause, and Shane sighs with a finality. There's still so much say, but they both need some space first. "I think I should probably rest, Hayden."

Hayden agrees. He is ready to get the fuck out of this room. He just had to be good for another minute longer. "I should probably go."

"I'm sorry."

*I feel like I hardly know you right now* is what Hayden wants to say. “You’re always my best friend. Always. Even when you have the worst taste in dudes I’ve ever seen. Okay?” He gives Shane’s arm a squeeze. He is still mad. But he doesn’t want to be mad. Especially in front of Shane. “Just give me a bit of time.”

“Please don’t tell anyone.”

*Why would you even think you needed to ask that?* “Of course, dude, I wouldn’t say anything.”

“Not even Jackie.”

He sighs. He doesn’t like it, but he gets it. “I know.”

Hayden stands up to leave with resignation. He will drive home, scream in his car, be a good dad to his four amazing kids, and the next time he talks to Shane, he will not be mad. He will be a good best friend and support him through this insane fucking situation. After he screams.

“Okay,” Shane sighs.

“I love you, dude.”

“I love you too, *dude*.”

## End Notes

thank you for reading! i love hayden and shane sm

it's so incredibly over for me because i have been living in nothing but yaoi world since november 28, but that's ok, they're worth it <3

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