

forbidden fruit

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by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

"God, you're such a fucking asshole," Shane said, but his breathing was beginning to even out.

"You love it." Rozanov's voice filtered through the phone.

A pause.

"You feel better now?"

"Yeah... thanks,"

"Good. Listen to me properly, Hollander. Scott Hunter doesn't know shit about us. And if he does, why has he noticed it, hmm? Think about that."

Shane let out another laugh, almost hysterical sounding. "You can't seriously be suggesting that Scott Hunter is gay? You're fucking crazy, Roz."

Oh my God.

The pieces clicked together. Shane and Rozanov?

(shane calls ilya after he fights scott hunter. hayden & jj overhear)

Notes

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

Shane

Shane pumped his fist in the air as the buzzer went off. They'd fucking done it. They've beaten the New York Admirals.

Cheers went up in the air. He could hear his teammates yelling and cheering and he skated up to the group of them to celebrate.

He grinned as he did a lap of the rink, taking in the screaming fans. He felt satisfied; happy with both the win and the way he'd played. He'd done well tonight. Not that he'd even needed to, the way Scott Hunter had been playing. Shane had watched the game against Boston two weeks ago and it had been the same. Rozanov couldn't shut up about how terrible Hunter had been during their game, and it pained Shane to admit it because he liked Hunter, but the man was not playing his best. It was as if he wasn't even on the ice.

A large part of Shane felt disappointed. He wasn't a rookie anymore, but it was still amazing to him to be playing against the players he'd grown up admiring like Hunter. He was an amazing player. And Shane only wanted to beat someone when they played their best. He didn't want anyone to say the Voyagers had only won because Hunter hadn't been playing properly. He wanted to win because they'd earned it, with no one being able to say otherwise.

He spotted Hunter, bent over and catching his breath. Shane skated over, adrenaline still pumping through him from the win.

"Hope next time we play you decide to show up."

Maybe it had been a bit over the line to say it, but it was hockey, a bit of ragging on each other was par for the course. Besides, it wasn't like he was as bad as Rozanov. Besides, he was a bit annoyed; he'd wanted to play Hunter properly. To beat him when he was on top form, now that was an achievement.

"Cheap." Hunter spat onto the rink.

"True." Shane said, and spat too. God, he needed some water after that game.

He was about to skate off to grab some water when Hunter spoke again.

"You're starting to sound like him."

Shane's heart leapt in his chest.

He couldn't possibly mean what Shane thought he meant. There was no way, right?

"I'm sorry, what?"

His heart pounded as he waited for Hunter to say something - anything. To tell him he meant he was starting to sound like Comeau. Shane didn't want to be compared to that fucker because he was a homophobic, slur-saying asshole who was always being an asshole on the rink, but it was better than the unthinkable alternative that Scott fucking Hunter *knew* about him and Rozanov.

He couldn't know.

Hunter lifted his head and met Shane's eyes dead on, his face serious. "You fucking heard me Hollander."

Oh, God. He knew. *He fucking knew.*

Shane felt bile rising in his throat as he tried to push the panic down. From his periphery, he spotted Drapeau skating closer, clearly having heard Hunter's words. He was probably wondering what was going on.

Maybe if it had been said to anyone other than Shane, Drapeau would have skated a little faster. It was common for comments on the ice to turn into all out brawls, but he probably thought there was no danger of that with Shane.

But Shane could not let this go without saying something. He had to deny it, and aggressively. If Hunter said anything more, any hint of revealing what Shane was now sure Hunter that knew, everyone would think it was true, unless Shane made them think otherwise. This was hockey; if another player even suggested you were gay, you fucking clocked their shit. That was what was expected.

So, instead of skating away as he usually would have, he raised his voice in response. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

It wasn't exactly hard to start the fight. Shane really was fucking fuming, the way Hunter was acting. He just usually wouldn't do anything about it, but he was going to this time. Damn fucking Scott Hunter. How dare he?

He'd thought Hunter had been one of the nice ones. When they'd been in Sochi for the Olympics, Carter had been talking about the figure skaters as if he even respected them. Shane himself hadn't said anything in response for fear of coming off as too supportive and giving anything away. Now that he thought about it, Hunter hadn't said anything either - he hadn't agreed with Carter. At the time, Shane hadn't thought much of it, other than assuming that Scott agreed.

Hunter spoke again. "I think you know."

Shane felt a tidal wave of panic and pure rage. Without hesitating, he dropped his gloves and lunged forward to punch Hunter in the face.

Fuck, that hurt.

Hunter went sprawling across the ice, and the crowd screamed. He heard his teammates and the others on the rink start brawling around them. He saw Hayden and Taylor skating towards him frantically.

"Woah, what the fuck, Shane!" Drapeau shouted.

Hunter lifted himself up, as Carter and another man from the New York team rushed up to defend their Captain.

"What the hell was that, Hollander?" Hunter shouted, dropping his own.

Shane skated forwards pushing Hunter again. "Go fuck yourself, Hunter."

He heard Hayden inhale sharply next to him. "Guys, calm the fuck down-"

Hunter's grin was cruel and bitter. "Oh, I-"

Whatever was said next was lost as Shane hit him again. Christ, that hurt. His knuckles were stinging.

"You fucking pussy! Go on-" Shane was shouting now.

He felt Taylor and Hayden pull him back by his arms as he struggled against them. Hunter was being similarly detained by his teammates. Two refs had got in between them as Hunter spat blood onto the ice and tried to get out of his teammates' grips.

"Fucking go home, Hunter." Shane shouted. "Go home."

"Fuck you, Hollander."

"Hunter, come on, stop-" Taylor said.

Shane pulled against the two holding him back. "You're fucking 45. Go home-"

Another ref skated up to them, clearly fuming. "Both of you. Get the fuck off the ice and calm down before I get your coaches to bench you for the rest of the season. *Now.*"

Shane took a breath and nodded, attempting to shake off his teammates. His heart was still racing, both from the adrenaline from the fight and Hunter's words.

Fuck.

"I'm fine, guys. Let go."

They did, though a little reluctantly. Shane skated off the rink to both loud booing from the New York fans and cheering from his own. The cheering was outweighing the booing because it was a home game, and so they had more fans here, but all Shane felt was horrible, aching shame. He'd let himself down, his team, and his parents.

And Scott Hunter knew about him and Rozanov. He was sure of it, and could tell God knew how many fucking people about them.

His guts churned. Fights on the rink were typical but not for Shane Hollander; what if Rolex wanted to drop him because of this? It had been clear that part of the reason they'd wanted to partner with him was his 'golden boy of hockey' reputation. Fuck, his mom was going to be so mad. He could already hear her lecturing him on how he need to be better, that he couldn't get away with acting the way the white guys did, because he was different. He had to set a better example.

Shit. He knew he'd fucked up.

Still, he felt almost comforted by the fact that at least if Hunter did say something to someone, Shane could show the fight. That he'd not accepted it. He could use it to show it wasn't true.

Fuck, he needed to call Rozanov.

He entered the locker room to cheers. He stared at his team in shock.

Comeau grinned at him and checked him on the shoulder. "Damn, Hollzy, I didn't know you had it in you, dude!"

Drapeau nodded. "Never thought I'd see golden boy Shane Hollander punch Scott fucking Hunter."

Shane laughed nervously, and shrugged. "Guy's an asshole."

He quickly made his way over to his cubby, stripping quickly. He didn't want to talk about this any more than he had to.

"What even happened, dude?" Taylor asked.

"Hunter's an asshole, that's what happened." Shane sighed as he realised they weren't going to give up easily. "He was just shit talking. I overreacted. Sorry, guys."

Comeau grinned again. "No apology needed. That was fucking awesome."

The guys all laughed, thankfully taking their focus off him finally.

Hayden leant over to him. "Dude, are you okay? What the fuck was that? I've never seen you lose it like that."

"I'm fine, Hayden. Let's just move on."

Shane continued undressing in silence, and escaped to the showers as soon as possible.

He needed to call Rozanov as soon as he got a moment alone.

Hayden

Hayden was worried about Shane.

He'd always been a private person ever since he'd joined the team. Hayden might even call him secretive. He was always so adamant that he didn't have anyone, but he was constantly texting with a dopey smile on his face. That couldn't be to his mum, no matter what the other man said. But Hayden left it. It was private, he'd leave it alone. As long as Shane was doing okay, it was not really his business. It wasn't like Hayden told Shane everything, either.

However, it was a little strange how evasive Shane was being about what Hunter had said to get him so riled up.

There hadn't been much of a chance to speak to him about it either because as soon as they'd finished in the showers, they'd been hurried to get dressed and shepherded right onto the team's plane for their flight to Minnesota for their next game. Then, when they'd gotten to the hotel, Hayden had ended up sharing with JJ, which was fine, except it meant that he couldn't interrogate Shane anymore, and Hayden hated sharing with JJ anyways, because he always had to sleep with the window open, no matter the weather.

"Dude, that was a fucking mental game today," JJ said, flopping onto his bed.

"I know. I still can't believe Shane punched *Scott Hunter*."

"Are you kidding? That moment is going to live in my brain on repeat forever."

Hayden grinned. "It was kind of funny to see Shane lose his shit like that. I don't think he's ever been involved in a fight, like, ever."

JJ grinned back. "Our Capitaine is wild."

Hayden laughed, thinking of Shane's macrobiotic diet and steadfast refusal to stay out past 10pm. Wild, indeed.

"What do you think could set him off like that?"

JJ shrugged. "Hell if I know. I didn't hear any of whatever went down."

Hayden shifted in his bed before sitting up. The light was off but he could still just about see JJ. "I have no clue either. By the time I got there, Shane was just shouting that Hunter was a 'fucking pussy'. It was fucking crazy."

JJ opened his mouth to respond, but was interrupted by Shane's voice outside.

"Come on, come on, fucking *pick up*."

The window was wide open and they were only on the second floor so they could hear him clearly. Leaves crunched underfoot and he could hear a very faint ringing sound.

Then, all of a sudden: "Hunter knows."

There had been no 'hello' or introduction. Simply, 'Hunter knows'. Hayden slipped out of bed and quickly moved towards the window, glancing out. It was Shane, as he'd thought. He felt JJ next to him.

JJ and Hayden exchanged a look, as if to say '*what the fuck?*'.

He couldn't hear any response, they were too far away, but Shane's voice was clear as a bell.

Hayden hesitated, exchanging a glance with JJ. They shouldn't be listening to this, but it was pretty damn suspicious. Shane had a secret, and Scott Hunter knew. And the fact that Hunter knew this secret was worth punching him in the face, twice, and having a secret phone call about. It was weird. Was it drugs? Doping?

Hayden heard Shane let out a shaky breath. "Yes, I'm fucking sure! He said 'you're starting to sound like him'."

Okay, not drugs then, surely. But what did that mean, '*you're starting to sound like him,*'?

A beat passed in silence.

"Don't tell me to calm down, you weren't fucking there! I'm telling you, he knows."

Hayden's heart was beating frantically in his chest just listening.

Whoever was on the other end had clearly started speaking, because Shane went quiet for a beat.

"It was the way he said it, I could tell what he was getting at. Besides, he would have had an opportunity to find out."

A pause.

"Yes, I'm fucking blaming you! You're the one who told me your fucking room number right in front of him."

Room number? What the hell did that mean?

"Oh, fuck *you*, Rozanov."

JJ inhaled sharply next to him at the mention of the name. They looked at each other with wide eyes.

He hadn't even known Shane had the other man's phone number, let alone was calling him at midnight to talk about whatever secret dealings Hunter had found out about. Hayden

desperately wanted to scream '*what the fuck*', but they had to stay silent to listen to the rest of this conversation.

What had Shane gotten himself into?

Whatever it was, it had to be Rozanov's fault.

They listened as Shane blew out a shaky breath. "What are we going to do, Ilya?"

Ilya? They were on a first name fucking basis now?

Oh, this just got weirder and weirder. He felt as if he barely knew Shane anymore.

"I know, he might have just been guessing. Fine. But what if he wasn't! He was next door to us at that hotel. What if he heard something? What if he saw me leaving your room? Oh God, what if he took pictures. Our fucking careers could be over!"

Hayden couldn't make sense of any of this, but if it was damaging enough for Shane to say it could kill both his and Rozanov's careers, it had to be something truly terrible.

He heard Shane's breathing change and the clatter of something. It sounded like he'd dropped his phone.

"I can't-"

Shane was clearly panicking, his breathing rapid. From what Hayden could hear, it sounded like he tried to pick up his phone and had dropped it again.

He heard a muffled voice shouting through the phone. The sound of a button being pressed.

Suddenly, he heard Rozanov's voice clearly. Shane had put him on speaker.

"Hollander. Breathe. Come on. In. Out."

"I can't-"

"Hollander. In. Out. Yes?"

Shane's breathing slowed slightly, copying Rozanov's voice as he repeated the words 'in' and 'out'.

"Is okay." The Russian's voice was as soft as Hayden had ever heard it. "In and out. Is easy. Even you can do it."

Instead of making things worse - as Hayden would have expected such words to do - Shane let out a wet sounding laugh.

It almost sounded like they were friends... what the hell was going on?

Hayden glanced at JJ to see if he was any closer to understanding what they were hearing, but the other man looked just as baffled as he felt.

"God, you're such a fucking asshole," Shane said.

A few seconds passed as Shane got his breathing under control.

"You love it." Rozanov's voice filtered through the phone.

A pause.

"You feel better now?" Rozanov asked.

"Yeah... thanks,"

This was so fucking weird.

"Good. Listen to me properly, Hollander. Scott Hunter doesn't know shit about us. And if he does, why has he noticed it, hmm? Think about that."

Shane let out another laugh, almost hysterical sounding. "You can't seriously be suggesting that Scott Hunter is *gay*? You're fucking crazy, Roz."

Oh my God.

The pieces clicked together, and Hayden felt like an absolute fool for not seeing it earlier.
Shane and Rozanov?

That was why Shane had called Rozanov, *Ilya*. Why Rozanov had helped Shane through a panic attack. Why Rozanov's voice was so soft when he was speaking to Shane.

Hayden felt like his brain was exploding.

They heard Rozanov laugh. "I don't know. I am - what is word I always forget?"

"Perceptive?"

"Perceptive."

Neither of them said anything for a moment.

"Shane. It will be okay, I promise. No more panic attack, please."

Shane huffed a laugh.

"I'll try. God, I wish you were here."

Shane inhaled sharply after he'd spoken, as if he couldn't believe what he'd just said. Hayden couldn't blame him - he couldn't fucking believe the words falling from Shane's mouth either.

"I mean, I-"

"Me too."

"Really?"

"Don't push it, Hollander."

"You called me Shane before."

"Whatever, *Hollander*."

Hayden's head was pounding at the implications of everything he'd heard. Shane and Rozanov? *Shane and Rozanov*?

How long had this been going on? Were they in an actual relationship? Did anyone else know?

The questions circled round in his head, making him dizzy with confusion.

"You will be in Boston soon, yes?"

"Yeah, we've just landed in Minnesota. We'll be in Boston in two days, I just have to get through this game."

"Maybe that will make you work hard to win, yes? I will be your reward."

"God, are you never not horny?" Shane said, but he sounded amused.

"It is your fault. Was very sexy you fighting Hunter."

Christ, Hayden was going to puke.

Shane laughed again. "Only you would find that sexy."

"Is not my fault. You are too hot."

"Oh, so it's my fault now?"

Jesus, Shane was flirting with Ilya goddamn Rozanov.

"Yes. You are bad influence on me, Hollander. You are hot doing anything."

"Even when I beat you?"

"Ha! You wish, Hollander. We will fucking beat your ass in Boston."

"Keep dreaming, asshole."

This had to be a dream. This couldn't be real life. There was no fucking way.

Even listening to them like this, none of his questions were answered. It was bizarre, the way they were almost the same as they were in real life. There was still that intense, biting rivalry, even if it was a bit softer now.

"I should go. It's fucking freezing out here."

"Okay. You are okay, Hollander?"

Rozanov's voice was almost... caring.

Who was this man on the phone and what had he done with the Rozanov that had laughed when Hayden's front teeth had been knocked out on the ice?

"I'm fine. Thanks, for - you know. Calming me down." Shane said, sounding awkward. It was the first time tonight that Hayden felt he actually recognised Shane.

"Is fine."

"Still, thanks. Anyway. I have to go."

"Ok. See you in Boston. You know where I live."

"Bye."

"Bye."

Silence filled the air, only cut by the quiet beeping sound of a phone call being ended, and Shane walking away, back to the hotel entrance.

Hayden felt JJ move away from the window, and he did the same, as if on autopilot.

They stared at each other in the darkened room. From JJ's expression it was clear he and JJ were thinking the exact same thing: *what the fuck had they just heard?*

End Notes

ao3 writers i take my hat off to you... i came on here after i watched the episode and there's already 4 fics of this scene...

thanks for reading <3

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