

Requiem for Hayden Pike's Eyes

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Requiem for Hayden Pike's Eyes

by [tiredfairycake](#)

Summary

“I don’t care what gets you going,” Hayden said, which caused Shane to grimace. “You could have told me you were gay. I wouldn’t have said anything.”

“I didn’t even know I was gay until a year ago.”

Hayden paused. “You were fucking Rozanov for almost ten years and you, what, thought it was just straight homies helping each other out?”

That actually got a laugh out of Rozanov. “Shane is slow sometimes.”

--

Hayden accidentally walks in on Shane and Ilya fucking.

Notes

This has been done before. Now it has been done again.

Hayden is such a good friend I love him.

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

Hayden didn't particularly like Detroit. It could very much be related to the absolute ass-beating they had gotten just hours before by the Boston Raiders. Or the fact that when they first landed he had been so tired he hadn't noticed the wall-length window and walked right into it.

It really could be either.

But the matter of fact stood: Hayden didn't like Detroit. It wasn't his first time here and would probably not be the last, but a man could dream.

If he closed his eyes long enough, he could see Rozanov's smug face as the game was over and they had a resounding win, or the shoulder-check that had caught Hayden unaware. Which had resulted in Rozanov sitting a few minutes in the penalty box, but that hadn't helped the ache.

Shane didn't seem to particularly like Detroit either. Most likely from the loss, or the fact that Shane had been forced to attend the small charity gala the event organizers had arranged. Hayden had noticed as soon as Shane had managed to slither away, he had.

After three shots that had made him hide a grimace every time and conversations with so many people Hayden was glad he hid at the bar. Once, he had headed towards Shane when he was talking to a woman in a blue dress, but when he came within hearing he had immediately turned around because it had sounded boring as fuck and it was an open bar.

So, Hayden was probably sure Shane didn't like Detroit either. He had seemed especially down after the game. Which, to be fair, all of them had been, but Shane especially so.

The entire team had been off-rocker, scoring one meager goal as opposed to Boston's five, three of which Rozanov had been the reason for.

And while Hayden hated Rozanov as much as the next guy (which was immensely with a burning passion), it nothing compared to the contempt Shane harbored for him. Poor guy couldn't even hear Rozanov's name without reacting. It was impressive, really, how after a decade of rivalry his hatred seemed to grow each day.

The look on his face when he realized they and the Boston Raiders would both be accommodated at the same hotel because the one the Boston Raiders were supposed to be at had been victim to booking issues? Priceless, really.

Hayden, being the fantastic person and friend that he was (Shane's best friend, which Shane said was stupid but hadn't denied, so technically agreed to), had made his escape soon after Shane with the goal of cheering his one and only best friend up.

First he had important business to attend to.

He had discovered, over the many years they had known each other, what Shane needed after hard defeats. Time alone was first, but Hayden was also willfully ignorant of that fact every time he decided to intervene. Shane wasn't particularly in the business of shit-talking people

like Hayden was, but maybe today they could deepen their bond through the lamentation of Rozanov's existence on this earth.

Jackie called him a gossip, which was ironic since both of their favorite pastimes together was actively shit-talking. A big portion of their hottest sex all originated from lounging on the couch with wine and gossip they both had heard the coming week.

He knew the time Arthur had been conceived had originated from Jackie's coworker Lindsey cheating on her husband with the 19 year-old intern their company had recently acquired.

While he didn't want gossip with Shane to result in mind-blowing sex (the very image made his skin crawl), it was always a good way to let out steam.

And there was plenty of gossip surrounding Rozanov to be talked about. Hayden had heard from a friend on the Vancouver team that the rumor was Rozanov was dating a girl from Montreal and had abandoned his womanizer days. There was a lot of material there to be hashed over, and especially their sympathies for the poor girl ending up with him.

Maybe Hayden and Shane could place bets on how long before the girl dumped him. Hopefully that would worsen Rozanov's play.

After a bit of running around Detroit and gathering supplies, he had curated a small but suitable collection of goods to loosen Shane and ease his mood.

During the entire game, Rozanov had been out for Shane. Hayden winced remembering how red Shane had looked after getting off the ice, having just exchanged words with Rozanov before.

While Hayden was very familiar and had been on the receiving end of Rozanov's elaborate and creative chirping, Shane always seemed to be the greatest target of it. When Hayden had slapped Shane on the back, trying to cheer him up, Shane had only shrugged him off with his phone in his hand.

Must be Lily, Hayden had realized. Shane always got oddly defensive over his phone when he was texting her (judging from the little glimpses Hayden had managed to sneak over Shane's shoulder at his phone; he was right to hide away – that girl seemed crazy freaky but in a hopefully good way).

After a loss that hit too hard, Hayden always found himself texting or calling Jackie, so it wasn't strange Shane would be seeking comfort from the girl he had been hooking up with over the years. Sometimes she passed the phone to one of their little hellspawns (whom he very much adored but would force him to an early grave, especially when he remotely had to try and settle a debate about who unfairly had gotten the smallest piece of cake by a millimeter, which Hayden had no way of knowing since he wasn't there, but his children had never found logic important when it came to tormenting him).

1713, Hayden stopped in front of. It was a nice hotel, and it seemed that their slave drivers had felt like taking pity on them and granted them the luxury of their own rooms. Which, while Hayden loved Shane, it was nice to not deal with any of his kids, Shane included.

In his hand he awkwardly held ginger ale, actual beer (if Shane decided to actually chill for once—which Hayden thought he greatly did), and some weird package of dried seaweed Shane liked. That had been an entire adventure to find, and he had ended up in a small Asian store that was still open at ten.

Even more difficult was asking the kid sitting behind the register doing his homework where a worker was, which had ended up with him being scolded by said kid for assuming he wasn't a worker, and Hayden was pretty sure the 20 dollars he paid for the small package was overpriced purely out of spite by the kid.

So, to say, his arms were completely full. He had to ask a man in his late fifties to press the elevator button for him when his elbows didn't do the trick.

Now, he managed to maneuver his elbow and then proceeded to rotate his upper body to gain leverage to knock on the door. To his surprise, it seemed the door hadn't been fully closed, because the second his elbow made contact with the door, it swung open inwards. Soft music was playing from inside.

Slowly, he took a cautious step inside. Shane must have been particularly hurried and upset if he forgot to close the door, considering he always was very careful with closing and locking the door every time they shared a room together.

"Shane?" He called, coming inside the small sitting room with a couch and TV. When he didn't get an answer, he looked towards the opening to the adjacent bedroom. It lacked a door, just like Hayden's.

It had been a surprise when Hayden first entered his. He had video called Jackie just to show off the amazing room.

Shane must be watching some video on his phone because sounds Hayden couldn't identify were trickling out from there. Maybe he was down another rabbit hole. Maybe he even was hiding under his covers like he did when he was overwhelmed. Poor guy, really.

Lucky him, Hayden was there. With his arms still full, he roamed to the bedroom, trying to be mindful of his steps since loud noises always worsened Shane's mood when he was overwhelmed.

Hayden stopped

Hayden blinked.

Hayden wanted to go home and never leave.

He had seen a row of cleaning supplies at the Asian store. They probably had bleach. Or maybe the kid could stab his eyes out with the razor-sharp pen he had been clutching in a

death grip and gestured at Hayden with when he explained that he was a very capable worker with words more eloquent than Hayden possessed.

This was an image that would haunt him until the end of his days. This was worse than the time Ruby and Jade had dropped the Lego Ship that Hayden had been forced into helping with (or maybe he had begged them to let him help, but who could remember, really?) and Hayden had tripped and landed on millions of tiny needles of agony and death.

He would rather have his kids laugh and point at him and Jackie taking pictures while he writhed in pain on the floor than seeing what he was currently seeing.

It took a second for them to realize he was standing there.

On the bed, Shane (innocent little Shane, too pure for the world) was on his hands and knees with—

With fucking Ilya Rozanov behind him. One of his hands was in the middle of Shane's back, and his hips were moving and—

And Shane moaned, pressing his face against his arm, his eyes closed.

“Uh.”

Both of them looked up.

Hayden slowly took a step back.

Shane's eyes were wide and horrified when they met Hayden's. His face was flushed with Ilya Rozanov still behind him. *Inside* him.

“Hayden,” Shane said, in the same kind of breathless voice Jackie always called his name in when it was the two of them on the bed. Not Shane and Ilya Rozanov.

“Uh,” Hayden repeated. He hugged all the good in his arms closer as to comfort himself. The package of dried seaweed crinkled in his grip. He made eye contact with Rozanov for a second. Hayden had absolutely no idea what thoughts were going on behind his eyes, his face hard, and Hayden swallowed before he looked away. Still inside Shane.

“Hey, Ilya, get off, get off!” Shane commanded with panic drenched in his words. There was a wet, splouchy sound as Rozanov pulled out.

Hayden closed his eyes for a second, trying his best to store the memory of that sound where he had buried the memory of him stuttering as he was trying to ask out Judith Johnsson in 5th grade and then crying in the bathroom afterwards when she said ‘ew’.

Shane all but rolled off the bed and scrambled for the clothes that were folded in a neat pile on the chair next to the bed.

“Pike. You don't know how to knock?” Rozanov asked, and Hayden made the mistake of looking down before he pointedly pulled his gaze up. He resolutely kept his eyes above waist

level as his brain tried to jumpstart again.

“Uh. I just...it was open?”

“So you just walk inside?” Rozanov looked annoyed, his voice harsh, but he didn’t sound like he did out on the ice. It wasn’t arrogance in the word, but something else.

Jackie had asked once if Shane was gay. Hayden had considered it for a moment before he told her no, Shane wasn’t. He had his Boston girl, and as Shane’s best friend, Hayden would have known if Shane preferred to get busy in the shower with dudes instead of chicks.

“Hayden.”

Apparently that wasn’t the case. Because the sight he witnessed was a sight that no man should ever have to see of his best friend – getting fucked from behind by Ilya fucking Rozaov.

“Hayden,” Shane said again when Hayden didn’t respond.

Rozanov didn’t even flinch when Shane threw a pair of pants at his face, just took them with a roll of his eyes. Shane’s eyes were wide, his gaze flickering around, panic clear in the quick rise and fall of his chest. Or maybe that was just from the sex.

“You just stand there and look stupid, Pike?” Rozanov said and on the ice Hayden would have said something back, maybe about how the reason that Rozanov was such a bitch was because he was compensating for something, but Hayden now knew that no, that wasn’t the case. Rozanov was just an asshole. With his dick just before inside Shane’s ass—

“I’ll just...go. Yeah, I’ll go,” Hayden said and slowly backed out of the room, almost scared that if he turned his back they would continue and he would have to listen to Shane moaning again before he managed to fully escape the room.

“Hayden, wait; can you wait? Can we talk?” Shane hurried to say, his hands out as if Hayden were a spooked animal to calm.

Hayden took a few more steps back until he was out in the sitting room again, but now the pair was emerging from the room, and Hayden had to focus so as not to drop everything in his arms.

“I...Uh...I’m tired. I’ll just go back to my room.”

Before he could turn towards the door that was still ajar and run away, it was slammed shut by one of Rozanov’s hands. Rozanov leaned against the door with his arms crossed, his narrowed eyes looking at Hayden almost as if daring him to try and break through.

Hayden swallowed. Was he going to die? Should he say that Jackie was expecting him to call and that he had swallowed an AirTag so that people would know where they dumped his body? Was this how life ended for him, getting murdered after witnessing his best friend taking it up the ass?

Maybe it really was for the best. Or maybe he had done too much wrong in his life and would end up in hell with the memory playing on repeat for all eternity. Before, he thought the memory that would haunt him the most was when he threw up over his entire desk in eighth grade and Judith Johnsson said ‘ew’ before she and the rest of the class laughed at him. He cried in the nurse's office after.

“Ilya,” Shane hissed and Rozanov crossed his arms.

Right. Ilya. That was Rozanov’s name. And Shane was using it.

“What? We let him go run and tell people?”

“And what have you planned then? To threaten him?”

“Yes.”

The two stared at each other. Hayden should say something. Something smart. Something to erase the entire situation and would end with him lying alone in bed with the hotel’s fancy lotions and that picture of Jacke in the lingerie set Hayden had gotten her on their anniversary on his phone. That sounded like a much better way to spend the evening.

“You’re fucking,” was what he managed to string together.

“Good observation. Maybe if you do more of those, you wouldn’t suck at hockey,” Rozanov mocked, and if Hayden hadn’t been so shocked he would have said something back. Something just as smart. Yeah. Absolutely.

“You’re not fucking helping, Ilya. Shut up.”

And Rozanov did. It was bizarre, really.

Hayden wanted to go back to his room. Call Jackie and cry because he saw Ilya Rozanov’s fucking dick, and it wasn’t smaller than his. Because Rozanov had been fucking Shane, and Hayden had heard him moan. He didn’t even want to gossip about it. Didn’t want to have their gossip-fueled sex about this.

“Hayden,” Shane said again, coming to a stop in front of him. Hayden could see the quick rise and fall of his chest, the trembling hands.

“Uh. Jackie’s expecting me to call.”

Hayden would say he was a pretty good Shane-reader. A craft he had honed very well over the years. Would say he knew him well. Hayden knew what he liked to eat, what he didn’t like to eat, how bright lights and loud noise overwhelmed him, so every time they went out he tried to keep an eye on Shane and make an excuse about needing air and asked Shane to accompany him so Shane could get a break without feeling bad about himself.

He knew Shane was head over heels for his Boston girl (wait, was she-), how all of his clothes had their tags carefully cut off, knew the way his face always twisted when he was coerced into taking shots (most of the time Hayden being the coercer).

But if Hayden knew him so well, why the fuck didn't he know that Shane was gay? And most of all, how the fuck hadn't he noticed that Shane didn't resent Rozanov like the rest of them? Like the rest of the world should be doing? Devil incarnate in Russian form.

All his friends hated Rozanov. Shane's parents hated Rozanov. Wait, did Shane's parents know about this? How many knew?

Maybe Hayden wasn't a very good Shane-reader. Had he ever been good at it, when he hadn't noticed this? Because this seemed like a pretty big fucking thing.

"I won't tell. So, uh. Yeah. Can he open the door?"

Rozanov didn't move, however. What would it take for him to let Hayden out? A blood promise about secrecy? At the moment Hayden would promise his soul to some Russian fucking demon Rozanov worshipped if that meant Hayden could escape this place that reeked of sex.

"Let me explain," Shane said, or maybe begged was the better word.

"I think I should just go."

It was a little strange, seeing the absolutely heartbroken expression on Shane's face because Shane liked to keep strong emotions to himself.

But now Hayden could hear his heaving breaths, the panic clinging to him.

"Hayden." Shane's voice cracked, his eyes tearing up and Hayden took a deep breath.

He remembered the first time he had met Shane. Hayden had actually been nervous, because he had seen Shane play and he was so fucking good Hayden had been star-struck seeing him the first time. He knew how excited Montreal was after the draft, the way his coach talked about young and upcoming star Shane Hollander.

He hadn't known what Shane would be like, but he had pictured this confident, maybe even arrogant, teenager who thought he was better than the others because he really was.

What he had been faced with however, was a stumbled greeting, a stiff hand held out towards him and apprehensive but nervous fucking Bambi eyes looking everywhere but his face. Hayden had been immediately charmed by him and nowadays he saw him more like his younger brother than just a friend.

Hayden swallowed. He really, really wanted to go back to his room. Or buy overpriced bleach from a 7 year old.

But—

Shane was looking at him with wet, pleading Bambi eyes.

Fuck.

“Okay,” Hayden found himself agreeing, because he had known Shane for almost a decade, and Shane looked on the verge of crying or having a panic attack within the next few seconds.

Shane paused, his mouth halfway open, probably having been about to continue pleading with him or hyperventilate.

“Okay. We can talk,” Hayden repeated. ”But uh– can he put on a shirt?”

“What? You are jealous because you have dad-bod?” Rozanov said but still pushed away from the door and walked to the couch where his shirt was thrown.

First of all, how the fuck did Rozanov even know what that meant? And second of all,

“I don’t. You have that.”

Yeah, that would tell him alright.

“Very eloquent. And people say I speak bad English. Do you know–”

“Ilya. I’m serious. Stop antagonizing him.”

Rozanov rolled his eyes but nodded, plopping down onto the couch with his arms spread out over the backrest. Hayden awkwardly sat down opposite on the small, fabric stool. The silence was almost painful, as was watching how Shane looked like he was walking to his own doom as he sat down.

With as much grace as he could manage, Hayden leaned over towards the floor and emptied his arms. The cans and package of seaweed fell on the dark green carpet. Fortunately, nothing started rolling away because Hayden would not chase after it if it did.

“So,” Hayden eventually said because it was actually starting to physically hurt him. He had been in many awkward situations before, like that time when Judith Johnsson had been dared to kiss him at a party, and she had said ‘ew’ and nothing more and then everyone in the circle had been sitting in awkward silence while Hayden pretended he wasn’t about to cry.

Shane wiped his hands on his pants. Rozanov didn’t look like he was going to contribute anything, looking at Shane and waiting for him to talk. Eventually, he did, but it was with a shaky voice and eyes locked on the table in between them.

“Are you...are you okay with it? With...me?”

Hayden was still as if in a trance, his mind still not wrapping around what was in front of him. When he shook his head, Shane looked absolutely heartbroken and Rozanov narrowed his eyes. It wasn’t until Shane started talking that he realized how it must have been interpreted.

“Oh. Okay. I’m, uh, glad you’re honest. And it’s okay if you don’t– if you’re not okay with it. But please don’t tell any–”

“It’s not the gay part,” Hayden interrupted, stopping Shane mid-sentence. Shane looked up at him, meeting his eyes for a few seconds before he looked away again. “I mean– I don’t have a problem that you’re gay. I’m, uh, surprised, but Jackie has theorized you were so I mean, I have thought about it.”

“Wait. Jackie thought I was gay?” Shane asked. He almost looked offended.

“You are though,” Hayden said, words tilting more on a question.

“Yeah, but, well, I’m good at hiding it.”

Rozanov snorted, and Shane elbowed him before Shane took a deep breath and with effort forced himself to look at Hayden.

“So you don’t have a problem with me? That I’m...gay?”

Hayden shook his head.

“No, that’s– I don’t have a problem with that. You do you and all that.”

And while Hayden was hurt that Shane hadn’t told him, he didn’t think now was a good time to bring that up. But he was hurt. He tried to shake that feeling off but it had already settled in.

Hayden took a breath, crossing his arms. “It’s him.”

“Ilya?” Shane asked, and Rozanov just lifted an eyebrow as if to mock him. Hayden narrowed his eyes.

“Yeah. Don’t you hate the guy? I mean; you’re rivals. For years.” Because that was the part Hayden really had issues with grasping. Sure, Shane liked to get fucked by dudes, whatever; so did Jackie, so who was Hayden to judge?

Or well, Jackie didn’t like to get fucked by dudes, but by one dude. By Hayden. At least she told him he did, and he was pretty sure she did, but maybe he should fuck her the first thing he does when he gets back, just for good measure.

“Kinda. Not really.”

Hayden frowned, because seriously? His entire career Shane had been hating Rozanov. Reacted as soon as someone mentioned his name, checked the calendar and always stopped with his finger on the dates on which they would play against Boston with something decisive on his face.

“I mean. You’re always excited every time we play against him.” Because Shane wanted to win and crush him, right? “You always talk about him. Every time he’s on TV you stop everything you’re doing to look. And you always talk about how you’re going to beat him. I mean, you’re obsessed with...” Hayden trailed off with realization. “Oh.”

Shane's already red face turned even redder. Was Hayden really so dumb that he hadn't noticed that? Rozanov had turned his head from Hayden towards Shane, tilting his head to try and meet Shane's eyes, which were now staring at his hands.

"Wow, Hollander. Obsessed with me? How embarrassing for you," Rozanov said in a voice Hayden had never heard him use before. There was a slight smile playing on his lips.

Shane huffed a laugh, wiping minutely at his eyes, shoving at Rozanov with his shoulders. "Fuck off. Like you aren't the same, asshole." He sounded lighter for a moment, no longer like he was seconds from crying.

Was he a shit friend for not noticing this? When he tried to set Shane up with Jackie's friend? When he asked over and over when he would join him in the I-love-my-kids-but-jesus-fuck-I-should-have-practiced-my-pull-out-game club?

The way Shane had sounded uncertain and Hayden had still pushed him to agree to at least one date. He just thought Shane had been nervous, unwilling to break out of his shell and Hayden had thought that had been his job to help him with.

But looking at Shane sitting beside Rozanov, the latter's hand shifting to hold Shane's hand, which he had been fidgeting with the entire time, Hayden realized that maybe it wasn't his job.

Still.

"But Shane," Hayden looked forwards and side-eyed Rozanov who looked too amused for the situation, "him?"

"Yeah."

"There's a lot of other guys out there, you know. Have you even tried?" Hayden asked because there were probably many guys out there who would love to fuck Shane. So maybe it didn't have to be Rozanov.

Rozanov finally stopped smiling, tilting his head back just so he could haughtily look down in nose at Hayden.

"Yeah, uh, not really?" Shane said.

"Shouldn't you...I don't know, explore your options?"

"Are you trying to encourage Shane to leave me?" Rozanov questioned and Hayden nodded vehemently.

"Yes, exactly. Glad to know we're on the same wavelength."

Shane brushed at his lashes, groaning, putting his face in his hands.

"Wow. Bad friend. Right Shane? You have a bad friend. You should kick him off team."

Yeah, it seemed Hayden had forgotten for a second just how much of an asshole Rozanov really was. How could Shane, precious Shane, whom Hayden would adopt if he could, get turned on by Rozanov? Just the thought of Rozanov made Hayden's testicles shrivel up enough that he had no use for a vasectomy.

Hayden's glare didn't seem to stop Rozanov, who now had a mocking smile on his lips. Now he looked a lot more like he did out on the ice.

"You should become a cleaner instead. Requires very little thinking. You would be good at it. Better than you are at hockey."

"Aren't you the one asking me not to say anything? Shouldn't you, I don't know, be less of an asshole?"

"See, Shane. Bad friend. Threatening to out you because I'm friendly teasing."

"You know what—"

"Ilya, I swear to god, shut up," Shane warned and Rozanov huffed affrontedly.

"Me? What about him?" Rozanov pointed at Hayden, who just crossed his arms.

"You sound like my toddler," Hayden said, tremendously happy to finally be getting the upper hand even if it had been because of Shane. A win was a win. Shane actually laughed, the first time since this unfortunate...meeting.

Rozanov glared at Shane, but Hayden, now that he knew what to look for, could see the glimmer in his eyes, the slight tilt on his lips.

"What? He's not wrong."

Before Rozanov could say something and ruin Hayden's win, Hayden spoke.

"So. How long has this been going on for?"

"Summer before rookie season," Shane said and exchanged a look with Rozanov. They looked at each other like it was some inside joke that Hayden wasn't privy to.

Like how Judith Johnsson and her friend had looked at each other and giggled when Hayden had tried to give her tickets for his first important hockey game in the junior league and she had said 'ew,' but still took the tickets and then showed up at his game with her boyfriend that Hayden hadn't known she had.

Hayden had been happy he could blame his crying in the locker room afterwards on the loss.

Maybe it was better Hayden didn't know the joke.

Hayden choked on air. "You've been fucking this guy our entire friendship?"

“Technically before that,” Shane added as if it was some important detail that needed clarification. Which it definitely didn’t, according to Hayden.

Oh god. He couldn’t pull the ‘I was here before you’ card with Rozanov, considering Rozanov was the one actually there first. Damn.

“And you never told me?” Hayden asked before he could stop himself.

This really wasn’t about him. While he wasn’t gay (not more than the average man who could appreciate a fine man’s body in a very heterosexual way) he could understand why Shane hadn’t told him. He knew the position Shane and Rozanov were in; both men were painted as rivals for their entire careers, like the league liked to do with good players drafted at the same time.

And then came the fact that they were both men. Hayden knew the locker room talk. Knew what they said, and had been part of it a few times himself, he realized with a dawning horror. Scott Hunter making out with his boyfriend on live TV had lessened some of it, but Hayden had already heard what people said about him afterwards.

Not that much was positive, not really.

It would be...difficult if the fact that Shane and Rozanov were fucking got out. Hayden knew that. He understood.

But still. He shouldn't have a right to feel hurt but he still did.

“I didn’t know how to,” Shane admitted, looking down at his hands. ”In the beginning we weren’t even really a thing. It’s just this summer we got together.”

“That’s almost a decade.”

“We, uh, yeah.”

Hayden’s eyes landed on their legs that were touching, and while Shane was looking at Hayden, his body was angled towards Rozanov. It made something in his stomach twist.

“And well. You know. We’re both...” Shane trailed off.

“Yeah, I get that.”

Rozanov twitched, like he wanted to say something and Hayden would bet everything he had that it would have been a comment about Hayden’s intellect. But Rozanov had been quiet, sitting beside Shane and letting him do all the talking, ever since Shane told him to stop.

“Well. I don’t care what gets you going,” Hayden said, which caused Shane to grimace. “You could have told me you were gay. I wouldn’t have said anything.”

“I didn’t even know I was gay until a year ago.”

Hayden paused. “You were fucking Rozanov for ten years and you, what, thought it was just straight homies helping each other out?”

That actually got a laugh out of Rozanov, which was a unique experience to have caused. Rozanov seemed to catch himself soon enough, probably unwilling to admit the fact that Hayden was funnier than he was.

“Shane is slow sometimes,” Rozanov said, almost as if offering an olive branch made out of shared insults over someone it seemed both of them cared about.

“Don’t I know it.”

“Fuck off, both of you.”

Hayden chuckled for a second, sharing an amused look with Rozanov before he realized what he was doing and looked away. Ew. He didn’t want to have anything in common with Rozanov, of all people.

Then a thought struck him.

“Do your parents know?” Hayden asked.

Shane shifted, his hand now fully interlacing with Rozanov’s. “Uh. Yeah. They found out during summer.”

Hayden paused at the phrasing. “Found out?”

Shane’s face twisted and Hayden knew him well enough to at least know how he looked when he was embarrassed.

Wait.

“Are you telling me that your parents also walked in on Rozanov fucking you in the—”

“Jesus fuck, Hayden, don’t say it like that!” Shane said exasperatedly, and Hayden just shrugged unabashed.

What did Shane want him to say instead? *You getting pounded? Getting your cheeks clapped? Making love—*

Ew. Hayden really, really needed to stop thinking about it.

Even Rozanov looked embarrassed, which was a sight in itself.

“Seriously?” Hayden asked because were these two incapable of fucking without someone seeing?

“Not like that!” Shane sputtered, seemingly very much out of his depth at the moment. Which Hayden assumed all three of them was, really. “We were just kissing and uh. My dad saw it.”

This was really out of Hayden's territory. Jackie would have been amazing here, but Hayden felt stiff and awkward, balancing hurt and trying to wrap his head around it while having to focus really hard to block out the most traumatizing sight he had ever seen.

Rozanov naked. Behind Shane. Shane moaning as—

Maybe he could try hypnotherapy.

"I haven't let him win," Shane said out of nowhere when Hayden had been silent for a few seconds. Hayden raised an eyebrow at the nervous expression back on Shane's face.

"Didn't think you had, buddy."

"Just in case you were thinking tha—"

"Nope. No thinking at all," Hayden said and immediately regretted it when Rozanov smirked.

"Easy for you, yes?"

Yeah, Hayden practically handed him that on a silver platter. "Fuck you, Rozanov."

Shane was looking disapprovingly at Rozanov, but the latter just reclined even further in the couch, looking far too pleased.

"Can I tell Jackie?" Hayden asked, knowing he would keep the secret but knowing Jackie would kill him if he didn't ask. Not that she would know that she needed to kill him if he wasn't allowed to tell, but the principle stood.

Shane seemed to consider it for a moment, looking over at Rozanov before he nodded. "Yeah, that's fine."

Hayden suddenly felt awfully tired. It had been a long day, losing to Boston, getting fucking body slammed by someone who later fucked his captain, walking in on said fucking, and then being forced to talk about having seen the fucking. Even the gala had been draining, Hayden having drunk far less alcohol than the night had required. He had just planned on half-lying on Shane and watch some stupid TV, eat healthy seaweed chips and drink beer, and maybe even shit-talk someone, preferably Rozanov.

"Am I allowed to leave now or is Rozanov here going to block the door again?" Hayden asked sarcastically, but Rozanov looked down at Shane as if asking if he should actually block the door again.

"Yeah, of course. Sorry about him, by the way," Shane said and shrugged off Rozanov's arm that had during one point landed over his shoulders before standing up.

"You can have that. I got it for you." Hayden gestured at the beer, ginger ale and seaweed chips he had dumped on the floor beside the stool and Shane nodded.

"Thanks. And I'm sorry about...this."

“No worries, man. At least you’re getting laid, I guess.”

Shane winced while Rozanov looked proud. Ugh.

“Great. Now we can continue what you interrupted,” Rozanov said as he clapped his hands and stood up from the couch. Shane and Hayden cringed at the same time.

“Please don’t say that,” Hayden said, or maybe pleaded. Begged.

It was like seeing salvation when the door opened, because the room still smelled like sex and Hayden was desperate to finally escape it. Shane, and for some reason Rozanov accompanied him to the doorway. Rozanov leaned against the doorframe, and Hayden narrowed his eyes at him.

“If you—” Hayden began before Rozanov interrupted him.

“Yes, yes, I know the talk. He’s good. We’re good.”

Rozanov didn’t have that annoying smirk on his face. His face looked different. Hayden shouldn’t trust him, should drag Shane away, should do something. But Rozanov looked genuine, with something soft in his voice. The implication of the earnesty Hayden could see in his face made his stomach turn.

It was a sudden realization that dawned on Hayden; Rozanov and Shane were looking at each other like how Hayden knew he and Jackie looked at each other. He swallowed.

“Okay.”

Rozanov nodded at him before he turned away from the door, leaving Hayden and Shane alone.

“Are you sure?” Hayden said, looking in after Rozanov. He knew Rozanov would hear everything they were saying, but he also didn’t particularly care. “Like, really sure?”

“I’m sure,” Shane confirmed with a nod. His voice was steady, his shoulders straight.

“Because you can ju--”

“It’s him, Hayden.”

Hayden pulled him in for a hug. It wasn’t something they usually did off the ice, but at the moment it felt right. Shane tensed for a second before his muscles relaxed.

“Okay,” Hayden agreed, his hands in Shane’s hair. It felt a little like hugging Ruby after she had a particularly bad nightmare. Maybe best not to voice that thought to Shane, however. He didn’t think Shane would appreciate being compared to Hayden’s literal child.

When they pulled away, Shane turned his head and hurriedly wiped at his eyes.

“Babe, you have no idea what I just witnessed,” Hayden said the second the call went through. He threw himself down on his bed.

“Huh? What did you see? Is it gossip? Did someone cheat—”

“I walked in on Shane and Rozanov. Fucking each other.”

A pause.

“Wait a second. I just put down the kids. Let me go outside.”

“Outside. Why?”

Then he had to hold the phone away from his ear at the screech Jackie let out.

A good thing that happened later was that he didn’t have to use the picture of Jackie from their anniversary, because she had been in the mood for a video call.

The moment he had met Jackie, the crush he had on Judith Johnsson had turned completely irrelevant. When Hayden had puked once, right on the floor in Jackie’s apartment when they first started dating (because it seemed for some reason Hayden couldn’t keep his stomach content where it belonged at the most inopportune moments) she had helped him to the bathroom and patted his back while he continued throwing up. Maybe he shouldn’t have eaten pink chicken the day before.

Then she had cleaned up the puke on the floor and sat beside him while he tried not to cry into the toilet because he realized he was completely in love with Jackie while his stomach was revolting against him.

The next day at the airport, Shane was awkward. Stiff movements and avoided eye contact, just like in the beginning when they first met.

They still sat together on the plane after Hayden bullied JJ out of his ticket.

“You know. If you’re happy with Lily, then I’m happy for you.”

Shane looked at him with wide eyes, as if surprised Hayden had figured out that Lily was actually Ilya Rozanov. It felt a little insulting.

“And, uh. While I don’t really like her, I wouldn’t have judged you for it.

Shane nodded, his eyes wide.

“But for dear god, Shane, I never want to see you two fucking again, or I will ask the scary Asian kid to actually kill me.”

Instantly, Shane’s face blossomed with red. ”I don’t really want you seeing that again either.”

“Good to know we’re on the same plane.”

“Why wouldn’t we be?”

“I don’t know! But we are, so.”

Shane nodded, his shoulders not as tense anymore, a content look in his eyes.

“Jackie said she wanted you two over for dinner sometime.”

Shane frowned. “Yeah, I don’t know about t–”

“She didn’t phrase it like an option,” Hayden said because she really hadn’t. It was more under threat of painful death that Hayden was asking, because it wasn’t as if he was really excited to have Rozanov of all people inside his house. At dinner. Sitting at the same table with the guy he had seen fucking his best friend. Yeah, Hayden could think of many better dinner guests.

”Okay,” Shane said with a smile after a few moments had passed, before his brows pulled together. “What did you mean by ‘scary Asian kid’, by the way?”

“Imagine if you and Lily had a secret love child. Like that.”

Hayden took the hit to his shoulder with grace.

End Notes

Thanks for reading<3

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