

hayden pike v the 'lily' thing

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hayden pike v the ‘lily’ thing

by [goldengalaxies](#)

Summary

“Just hang up.”

A very, very familiar Russian voice.

What the fuck?

Ilya goddamn Rozanov was with Shane, at the cottage. With Shane.

Oh, holy fuck.

Lily.

Ilya.

(hayden has a long standing dislike for ‘lily’. a second phone call at the cottage makes him dislike lily even more)

Notes

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [【授翻/Hollanov】海登·派克的“百合门”事件](#) by [afanwasdead](#)

Lily', whoever she was, was not Hayden Pike's favourite person.

Not because of anything specific she'd done or anything he knew about her - mostly because he'd never met her and he knew absolutely nothing about her other than the fact that Shane texted her semi-regularly, and had done since he'd been a rookie.

No. His dislike of 'Lily' had begun because of the sheer damn stress she had put Hayden through. And the amount of time he had wasted on her. The secret grey hairs that he got Jackie to pluck out were caused more by Lily than his own children. Everyone had said when he'd had first first kid, even at the ripe age of twenty one, that his hair was in danger once he became a dad. Now he had four, and he was sure that they were 30% responsible for the destruction of his hair. The remaining 70% was down to the sheer havoc Lily had brought to his life without even being in it.

At first, Hayden had thought nothing of it when he'd noticed that when Shane's phone buzzed sometimes it would be notifications from a girl called Lily. Most of the guys on the team were in their early twenties and they were MHL superstars, rich and famous; a few texts with a girl wasn't even worth mentioning. A lot of the guys had full rosters of women all over the country in all the major hockey cities.

Shane hadn't really struck Hayden as the type, in the short while they'd known each other, but Hayden didn't think anything of it, not even bothering to ask about her when her name had flashed up on Shane's phone.

Then he'd gotten to know Shane a little more, and he realised that Shane did not do 'causal' with women. On the rare occasions that Shane did come out, he'd be flooded with interested women. Even as a rookie, who were supposed to be inconsequential compared to the more senior team members, women flocked to Shane. Hayden could see why, Shane was a good looking guy. But he never, ever left the club with these women. He would speak to some of them, sure, but he always looked awkward; like he'd rather be literally anywhere else than talking to these drop-dead gorgeous women.

This was what had made him realise that this Lily girl must have been special. However, by the time he'd realised this, he hadn't seen Lily's name flash up in Shane's notifications for ages - not since before Shane had gone to Sochi for the Olympics, he'd realised. So, Hayden had assumed that things had ended, and he'd thought nothing more about it. He was beginning to become proper friends with Shane, but guys didn't talk about breakups in the same way girls did, Shane had seemed fine, and Hayden was increasingly busy with a new-born at home. So Hayden had let it go.

In fact, he'd pretty much forgotten all about her.

He'd been changing out of his gear, post-game against Boston. They'd lost 3-0, so the locker room was pretty quiet. He kept his eyes down, not wanting to look at anyone else. He knew everyone would be pretty pissy right about now, and he didn't want to deal with anyone's bullshit.

Then, he sees something that almost gives him a fucking *stroke*. For two reasons. Firstly because he hadn't realised that Shane had been texting Lily again. And secondly because when Hayden gets a glance of Shane's phone, he sees the following messages appear in quick succession.

Lily

Tough game

Lily

Is too bad for you

Lily

24 Holden Drive, 01235

Lily

I will make you feel better

Lily

Will fuck you so hard you black out, sound good?

He's known Shane for almost two years now, and while he doesn't totally buy into the whole 'Canada's Golden Boy' spiel that the MHL PR narrative the MHL seemed determined to push onto Shane, he knows it isn't completely off base.

Shane is a bit of a golden boy. He doesn't drink, doesn't chirp, doesn't fuck around.

He didn't even get involved with the standard locker room talk. He mostly just looked awkward when guys discussed things like that. So much so that Hayden would probably have wondered if Shane was a virgin if it wasn't for the fact that he knew Shane had had one girlfriend pre-draft, and whatever Lily had been to him.

So to see a sext that *graphic* on Shane's phone makes him a little surprised, and a little grossed out, because now he knows exactly what his friend is going to get up to tonight, and it's a little bit too much information. But mostly he feels happy for his friend that he and Lily are back 'on', because he was getting worried about Shane. He knows for a fact that he hadn't been with anyone since Lily.

So he's happy for his friend.

Not stressed. Not yet. That comes later.

Then, strike one.

It comes after almost a year. As the year goes by, he sees multiple texts from Lily, in varying cities, but mostly Montreal. Sometimes Boston. Vegas, once. Its a lot of random numbers. Addresses. Sexts that make him unable to meet his best friend's eyes for hours afterwards. A lot of rude chirps as well, which surprises Hayden because Shane is such a sweetheart he'd never expected Shane's type to be 'asshole'. His main comeback is 'fuck you'. But Hayden supposes that opposites do attract.

He's in bed, flicking through the channels as he yawns.

"I'm gonna go shower." Shane says, putting his phone down on the bedside table.

Hayden simply nods tiredly in response, too tired to say anything. Coach had put them through the ringer on the rink today and Hayden was feeling it.

He fumbled on the nightstand for his phone, intending to send a quick 'love you, night' text to Jackie. Instead, his eyes are fucking assaulted.

It's a dick.

"Argh!" Hayden yells.

What. The. Fuck.

Then he realises he's picked up Shane's phone, and it's unlocked. Clearly Shane hadn't turned his phone off properly before setting it down, and now Hayden was paying the price. And the price was his eyeballs.

Gross.

His eyes flicker up to see Lily's name at the top of the text thread and, in a moment of pure stupidity he thinks '*what sort of girl sends her boyfriend a picture of another man's dick?*'. Yes, fine, he's an idiot.

The real answer comes to him a second later.

Shane is gay.

Lily is a guy.

It is at this point that the stress begins.

Naively, Hayden thinks that it will be easy to get Shane to admit to him that he's gay.

In the following weeks, he hints to Shane multiple times that he knows. He tries to be subtle, but maybe he's being too subtle because Shane just looks at him like he's speaking Spanish. He tries telling Shane that he can talk to him about anything but all that does is make Shane go pale and clam up for the rest of the day.

He wraps rainbow tape on his stick and reposts things online in support of LGBTQ+ people, just for Shane to see - which backfires pretty quickly when another player calls him a fag on the ice and he sees Shane flinch. But Hayden is nothing if determined to get Shane to feel safe enough to open up to him, so he throws down his gloves and fucking decks the guy. Even though it gets him sent to the penalty box, and they consequently lose the game, it feels worth it. Not just for Shane, but since he's started posting positive LGBT things online, he's had a lot of messages from people within the hockey world telling him how much it means to them to see a straight guy being so supportive of the community. Lots of messages from kids and teens too, aspiring hockey players who are scared about what their sexuality might mean for them in the long run, and Hayden realises how big of a deal this is to people.

He'd always known, of course, that it wouldn't be easy for a guy playing hockey to admit to being gay. But it was more of a vague notion rather than anything concrete. And he'd always kind of assumed - like an idiot, admittedly - that it wasn't really a problem because he didn't even know of any gay hockey players, anyway. Yes, he'd been a moron to assume that just because no one had admitted to it, that meant none of them existed. Since realising what he knows about Shane and getting hundreds of messages from people online, he knows how stupid he's been.

So he does get it, truly, why Shane still doesn't tell him, but he wonders what more he can do to make Shane feel safe enough to tell him. He was a trustworthy guy, wasn't he? He'd shown he was cool with it, and they'd been best friends for years!

And, honestly, Hayden was getting desperate.

The thing was, he was *terrible* at keeping secrets. An awful liar. Absolutely terrible. Lying gave him a stomach ache, and keeping secrets was even worse. He'd taken to buying Jackie's presents the week before any kind of birthday or anniversary or Christmas because he couldn't keep the secret for any longer than that.

And this was a big secret. Huge. He couldn't even talk about it with Jackie, or Shane, and it was *stressful*! He was trying desperately to keep Shane's secret, and he was breaking.

So, yes, fine. He didn't especially like 'Lily'.

This was all his fault.

He tries again.

“What you doing tonight?” Hayden attempts, putting on a forced casual tone.

Shane mumbles something about going to bed early.

“We’re having Liz and Katie over tonight for dinner - you know, our new neighbours. The - uh - they’re a couple.”

“Okay?” Shane looks at him like he’s being weird, which he probably is.

“Like a gay couple.”

Shane’s face goes forcefully blank.

“Which is cool, right?”

“Uh- yeah, I guess.”

Shane does up the laces on his shoes and practically sprints out the locker room, throwing Hayden a quick "bye" over his shoulder.

Hayden puts his head in his hands and groans.

Fucking Lily.

Hayden changes tactics. Goes for the opposite idea.

“What about Jackie’s friend Emma? She’s a yoga teacher, hmm?”

Shane huffs, looking exasperated.

Could Hayden annoy Shane into admitting this? Was that possible? Maybe it wasn't the nicest thing to do, but fucking hell it had been six fucking years of this shit, he was *tired*.

Keeping this secret was more tiring than having three kids with another one on the way.

Still, Shane says nothing, just mumbles about how he's not looking to date anyone right now.

After his latest failed attempt at getting Shane to admit that 'Lily' is actually a guy, he calls his wife and asks her what to do.

Fine, he breaks, he'll admit it!

He doesn't use names, because he doesn't want Jackie to know before he's even discussed this with Shane himself, but he knows she probably knows. With four kids and an MHL career to keep him busy, he doesn't actually know that many people outside of hockey. So when he asks her what he should do about a hypothetical friend who hypothetically might be gay and won't admit it, he knows he's not exactly hiding things that well. Still, he had to say something, and Jackie is always the best at telling Hayden what to do in situations like these. She always knows what to do.

Unfortunately for him, her advice is not to say anything until Shane is ready to tell him. So he keeps quiet.

Then Shane goes out to meet 'Lily' and comes back wearing an oversized black shirt and adidas track pants, rather than the clothes he'd left in, and Hayden is *desperate* to say something, Jackie be damned.

He'd realised that this 'Lily' guy might be from Boston a while ago. Seemed like a strange choice for Shane, who Hayden never would have thought would be one for a booty call type relationship with a guy from another city, but he supposes that while Shane is still in the closet, it's easier this way. Besides, they're in Boston a lot, and it seems like maybe he travels for work or something, because Shane sees 'Lily' while in Montreal a lot, and a few other cities, too.

So this is all he knows about 'Lily' after all these years: he lives in Boston, probably, maybe travels for work, and that he's quite the asshole. And that the guy is straight up *horny* all the time. Hayden shudders thinking about some of the extremely graphic, in-depth texts he's spotted over the year on Shane's phone, as well as the dick pick that started it all.

He can't help but wonder what Shane's type is.

Then he sees Shane's face crumple and he runs into the bathroom.

"Shane?"

The shower immediately turns on.

"Shane, you alright, bud?"

No response.

Hayden knocks on the door. "Shane?"

He hears Shane clear his throat but when he speaks, his voice is still thick and choked, as if he's been crying. "Dude, I'm fine, just showering-" He fakes a laugh. "You're such a dad, relax!"

Hayden hesitates, but does as his best friend asks.

Jackie was right. If Shane wanted to talk about it, he would.

But still, he makes sure to take extra caution with Shane in the next days, following him around to make sure he's okay like he does after his kids fall over and hit their heads.

Fucking *Lily*!

Then, out of nowhere, Shane starts dating Rose Landry.

At first Hayden is happy for him. After the last time in Boston, he'd been worried. It had been clear that him and 'Lily' had broken up. A decade long relationship ending wasn't good for anyone. If it had been anyone else, Hayden would have gotten them blacked out and found them a one night stand. With Shane, things weren't so simple.

So, when he'd met Rose, Hayden had been mostly relieved. Confusion was a big part of it too. He'd kind of assumed that Shane was gay, with Lily being a guy and the way Shane had acted around women. But it seemed to be going pretty well, Shane seemed happy for the first few weeks of his new relationship, and Hayden spent a whole night on reddit finding out what 'bisexual' meant. Shane was moving on, and he seemed happy about it. And Hayden was partially relived for himself too, now that he didn't have to deal with this Lily bullshit anymore.

Then Shane starts drinking alcohol and going to clubs, and all the guys on the team thought it was great. They all joked about how Rose Landry was a goddess, both in looks and for getting the notoriously boring Shane Hollander to loosen up. Hayden didn't say anything against it, not wanting to upset his friend, but internally he was worried.

The others might think this was great, but Hayden knew his friend. Sure, sometimes he would have a beer and he was more than capable of having fun, but this wasn't that. Shane hated clubbing, he was off his game on the ice, and one glance at Shane dancing with Rose told Hayden all he needed to know. Shane was faking it. He knew what it looked like when a guy who was interested in women danced with a woman in the club, and this was not it. Especially not with Rose fucking Landry, who was a goddess among women (second to Jackie, of course).

He was now more sure than ever that Shane was gay, and he was trying to cover it up - or avoid it, maybe. And it wasn't healthy. Shane was distracted on the ice, missing easy passes, and he was quieter than ever outside of the rink. He looked awful, with dark rings around his eyes as if he wasn't sleeping. Hayden caught him checking the text thread between him and 'Lily' multiple times a day.

Hayden was worried, he didn't know how to help, and Hayden can't help but think: this is all 'Lily's' fucking fault.

Then Shane gets hurt. Properly hurt. Like, taken off the ice on a stretcher, hurt, and Hayden can't even call 'Lily' to let him know because he doesn't have 'Lily's' number. He wonders if 'Lily' even knows Shane is hurt.

He rolls over in bed, yet again.

"Hayden." Jackie groans. "Stop moving and go to sleep!"

Hayden curses the day he learned of Lily's existence.

Then Hayden has his fourth kid and all thoughts of Shane and 'Lily' go out the window. She's so beautiful. Hayden can't stop staring at her. Seriously, he's obsessed.

Amber is a handful already, though. She keeps him up the entire night with her crying, and she refuses to settle until someone is rocking her constantly. The second he tries to put her down she starts wailing again. So he's gotten into a bit of a nocturnal sleeping pattern these days. Jackie tries to force him to share the night-time baby duties, but he refuses. She spends every single day with the kids all year round while he's on the road, the least he can do is give her a break on the off season before training starts up again. Even if it's only two weeks, he wants her to be able to go out and live her life.

That's what leads him to now, where he's desperately trying to get Amber to sleep. Jackie had gone out with a friend and the other kids were thankfully at a play date with their friends from school, so it was just him and Amber. And Hayden was exhausted. Amber had kept him up all night, and he was feeling it. His eyes were drooping constantly, but Amber was yet again only quite when he was holding her.

So he decides to ring Shane to keep him awake. If he's talking to someone he can't fall asleep.

They chat for a while and they talk about Amber, and Hayden complains about his in laws who keep coming round uninvited to see the new baby, and he asks Shane about his injury. He tries everything to keep the conversation going, but Hayden keeps nodding off. Shane doesn't seem to notice, which is good, but he sounds weird. Out of breath, kind of. Strained. Then he says something about getting an amazon package from the door, and Hayden's tired brain thinks *'well that's definitely a lie'*, but he's too exhausted to read anymore into it. They

hang up and finally Amber is properly asleep. He gently lowers her into her cot, praying to anyone listening that she won't wake up.

When she doesn't he thanks God and promptly passes out on the sofa.

When he wakes he finds out he's been asleep for thirteen hours. The house is light, the early morning sun just rising and he thinks '*what the fuck, it was just afternoon?*'. He looks at the clock and sees it's 5.30 am the next morning and shoots up. A blanket has been put on top of him and he almost falls as his legs get tangled up. He frantically looks in the cot for Amber.

He races out the room to find Jackie sat with Amber. Jackie smiles at him and his stomach warms. After all this time she still gives him butterflies.

He reaches out for Amber and they catch up. Jackie tells him about her day out with the girls, he updates her on Amber and Shane.

"Yeah, I should call Shane back. I don't think he noticed but I was literally falling asleep on the phone with him yesterday."

Jackie laughs at him, and he immediately forgets about Shane.

He doesn't end up calling him back until a week later.

"Hey, Shane, how's it going bud?"

"Hey, Hayden. Pretty good over here. How's, uh - Amber?"

Hayden, given the excuse to talk about Amber, goes on a rant about how much her sleeping has improved. He's so ridiculously proud of her already, which is so sappy of him, he knows.

He realises Shane has gotten quiet over the line.

"Shane?"

Shane lets out a choked breath. "Uh, one sec-"

"You okay?"

"Yeah, just, um - another call on the line, one sec-"

Hayden hears Shane press a button but it doesn't put him on hold. He's about to say something when he hears Shane speak again, clearly not realising Hayden can still hear him.

"Oh, not again - can you control yourself for five minutes? This is the second time you've tried to give me a blowjob while I'm on the phone, Christ--"

Holy fuck.

That call last week.

As out of it as Hayden had been, he hadn't thought much of it at the time, but now Shane's shaking voice and rapid breathing are suddenly making a lot more sense.

Ah, Jesus, Shane. For fuck's sake. *Gross!*

And fucking 'Lily'!

After all these years, after all the *stress*, and this was the thanks he got?

Fucking 'Lily'.

Then, another thought occurred to him. Was that 'Lily' at the cottage?

Hayden kind of figured that after so long, things would be serious, but for Shane's secret guy to be at the cottage, this was real shit.

He grinned. If anyone deserved their happy ending, it was Shane.

He was about to quickly let Shane know that he actually hadn't muted Hayden, when a voice spoke.

"Just hang up."

A very, very familiar *Russian* voice.

What the fuck?

Ilya goddamn Rozanov was with Shane, at the cottage. With Shane.

Oh, holy fuck.

Lily.

Ilya.

Oh, Hayden was going to kill Shane for getting a fucking blowie from Ilya fucking Rozanov while Hayden was on the phone. He was going to wring Shane's *goddamn* neck.

"No, let me talk to Hayden--"

"*Why?*" Rozanov's voice was whiny, like a child's.

"Wait - are you *jealous?*" Shane sounded delighted at the prospect.

"Am not!"

"Oh my fucking God, you are!" Shane crowed. "You possessive asshole."

Rozanov let out a snarky laugh. “Me, jealous of Montreal’s fifteenth best player? Right.”

What a dick!

This was what he got in return for years of stress?

“This is like Rose all over again!” Shane teased.

“Whatever.” Rozanov mutters, sounding like Hayden's toddler having a sulk.

“I would rather die than fuck Hayden. Just for the record.”

Hayden silently thinks ‘*fuck you, Shane*’, and then immediately thinks ‘*why am I even offended about that?*’

“That makes sense, I suppose. You like good hockey players only.”

Okay, fuck you too, Rozanov.

“Asshole. He’s my best friend. And he’s a great skater!”

“If you say so.”

“Go away. Hayden’s going to wonder why I’ve muted him for this long.”

He hears an exaggerated groan from Rozanov.

“You’re such a baby, Jesus.”

“You love it.” Hayden can almost hear the classic Rozanov smirk in his tone.

A beat of silence.

“Yeah.” Shane says, sounding awfully soft. “I love you.”

Hayden holds his breath. Was Rozanov going to say it back? Had they said it to each other already?

“Love you too, *moy lyubimyy*.”

It didn’t sound like the first time. It sounded easy, too relaxed for the first time saying ‘I love you’.

Had they been in love this whole time?

“What does that one mean?”

“Find out for yourself.”

“You said you would teach me.” Shane whines.

“So needy, Hollander.”

Gross.

“Go fuck yourself.”

It was almost a relief to hear Shane say the words.

A beat.

“It means my beloved.”

Was this a dream? Rozanov being *sweet*?

Hayden heard the sound of kissing.

He grimaced. Fucking Ilya Rozanov. Why, Shane, *why*?

”Okay, now go away.” Shane attempted to sound stern but Hayden could hear the smile in his voice.

"Fine. Gimme kiss first."

The sound of another kiss.

“Go make yourself useful and start the pasta.”

”Bossy. Aren’t you supposed to be taking care of me, Mr Bellboy?”

Ugh, *Mr Bellboy*? What was this, *roleplay*?

Hayden was learning *far* too much about his best friend.

And now everything was ten times worse because this secret had just gotten ten times bigger...

Fucking *Ilya*.

End Notes

yet again hayden is my victim for the reveal fic, sorry king!

also any usual reader will be aware that any mistakes will be edited out when i can be bothered cause i am too lazy, but i hope everyone enjoyed anyways <3

Works inspired by this one

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