

The Not-So Heartless Monster

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The Not-So Heartless Monster

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Summary

Ilya Rozanov is an asshole. It's a fact of life. The sky is blue. Grass is green. The Bears are going to lose this season.

Ilya Rozanov is an asshole.

Hayden's POV

Notes

i've had this idea in my head for literally ever. big bad ilya who annoys everyone but shane. everyone only sees him as the menacing russian with a loud mouth.

what would happen if someone who hates ilya sees the way he is when he's alone with shane? the only person who knows the real him.

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

Ilya Rozanov is an asshole. It's a fact of life. The sky is blue. Grass is green. The Bears are going to lose this season.

Ilya Rozanov is an asshole.

"You might need a bigger helmet," Rozanov tells Hayden. He skates circles around him. His stoic face doesn't give his antics away, but Hayden is already clenching his teeth. "Your poor brain. Brain needs space to grow. It has not grown."

"You still can't speak proper English," Hayden sneers.

"Ah." The corners of Rozanov's mouth curves down and he nods, feigning offense. "I know three languages. You barely know one. I tell your lady friend how much better she is than you in multiple languages."

"Don't fucking talk about my wife!"

Hayden shoves Rozanov hard into the boards. Ilya recovers quickly, hardly blinking an eye, instead grins like a lunatic. "Finally. I was beginning to worry for you. No muscle mass in a sport can be very dangerous."

Hayden snarls and grabs Rozanov's collar and throws him around again. Rozanov does not reciprocate, just grins with wild eyes and skates off.

Ilya Rozanov is a fucking asshole.

He's always been an asshole. The second he put his skate on the rink - even before that - Rozanov's mouth was chirping like a damn bird. His mouth was irritating and filthy, spouting out whatever he could. He collected facts and searched for details on everyone, and he used them as weapons to make precise insults that hit far too close to home. He baited anyone who would listen, and frankly, he'd turn to pen and paper for those who wouldn't.

You'd think he was there to only piss people off, and the act of playing hockey was a second priority. He'd see someone minding their business, and his face would light up like the fourth of July. He'd say something too oddly fitting and irritatingly vague. His blue eyes sparkled like the ice they skate on, and he prowled the rink searching for his next victim to antagonize.

Scott Hunter always looked ready to throw a punch at the damn Russian. Rozanov chipped away at his stone walls, each chirp another nail. If Rozanov went missing, Hayden would immediately think of Scott, or he might've gotten too drunk and did it himself.

Rozanov and his mouth. Hayden wants to staple it shut. He wants to break his jaw every time Rozanov flaps his mouth and sticks his tongue out like he hadn't just pinpointed Hayden's weaknesses and put them on the jumbotron. Rozanov and his radar vision, slicing through defenses like they're made of butter.

Rozanov won MVP, and Hayden almost smashed his glass. Coal burned in his belly, and he would do anything to wipe that smirk off his face.

And the fucker *keeps winning awards* because he's *good*, but that shouldn't be the only reason. Hayden doesn't understand. Can't anyone see the asshole under his boyish grin and charm? Can't they see there wasn't a serious bone in his body, and he didn't deserve any fame or recognition?

Hayden feels bad for Rozanov's parents. They must've wanted to strangle him growing up. Hayden can imagine he was a kid who demanded all the attention. He probably broke lamps and blamed his siblings. Batted his eyes and looked like the definition of innocent.

His parents no doubt wish they could forget him.

Hayden wishes he could.

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Hayden takes it back. That was a low blow. Learning about Rozanov losing his father and disappearing for a week took him by surprise and built quite a bit of guilt.

But then Hayden tried to share his condolences, and Rozanov told him *fuck off* and shoved him with a strength he hadn't shown before.

Which is totally different apparently from how he responded to Shane. He watched the way they interacted. Neither one of them looked particularly on edge or uncomfortable. Rozanov looked at Shane from where he was stretching, face open and body lax. It was friendly, and they took turns looking at each other. Rozanov didn't have that innate need to aim his insults to rile Shane. His jeers and mocks never held that bullying, snarky factor he gave to literally everyone else.

Hayden once asked Shane what he did to get that treatment. Shane shrugged.

He's not all that bad. Most of it is a performance.

Hayden tries to be nice. The Bears win, and he finds Rozanov. "Good job."

Rozanov looks him up and down. "Okay. How is it saying the words you'll never hear? Taste like poison, yes?"

Rage flashes in Hayden's eyes, and he shoves Rozanov to the ground and gets yelled at by a referee.

Fuck his supposed performance. He wouldn't be surprised if Rozanov was nice to Shane just to piss Hayden off. That only angers him more, and he kicks Rozanov in the side.

He looks to find Shane staring at the scene. He doesn't look happy - practically seething disapproval. Hayden sighs and holds his hands up. He had tried to be nice. He did!

Rozanov is too damn aggravating, and his face is too punchable to resist. His ego was sky high. Shane has a habit of seeing the good in people he shouldn't. He grew up on the ice, yet somehow threw insults like they didn't fit on his tongue. His mouth physically couldn't form the words, and they came out harmless.

If anyone is going to protect Shane from people like Rozanov, it'll be Hayden. He's happy to do it. He just wishes Rozanov would torment Shane to give him a reason to knock his lights out.

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Hayden really hadn't meant to stumble upon the scene. He wishes he hadn't. He didn't actually need his out of town jersey. He could've easily asked Shane to pack it for him. He didn't need to go get it himself. He has Shane's key, but he should've at least announced his return.

And Hayden did go inside without calling out, which led to him walking upstairs to the very end of the hall. The door was ajar, and the voices inside sounded alarming.

Hayden peeks inside.

There's someone sitting on the bed. He spots Shane's black hair and the outfit he hasn't changed out of yet. He's speaking quietly, voice hushed and tender.

Then Hayden realizes Shane is not by himself. He's sitting on *Rozanov's lap*, and oh god he did not want to see this. It's bad enough his best friend picked the son of Satan himself for a boyfriend. A man who was indifferent to a fault and pelted people with nasty words that stung. Rozanov cares about nothing, and Hayden doesn't trust him with his best friend.

“любимый,” Shane says.

Okay, wait, what?

Rozanov has his face pressed to Shane's neck. His curly hair is more in disarray than usual like someone has been pulling on the strands. Shane, to be exact. He has one hand on the back of Rozanov's head, and his other arm is wrapped tightly around Rozanov's upper back. The muscles in his arms are taut, and he has to be holding onto Rozanov in a vice grip.

“I'm s-sorry,” Rozanov chokes.

Hayden's stomach drops, and icicles form in every inch of his body. His legs are immovable at the bizarre sight that shouldn't exist. Rozanov shouldn't be this...shattered. It doesn't fit. Shane told him today was a bad day for Rozanov, but not for one second did he think anything could bring the great Ilya Rozanov to this state.

Rozanov pulls away from Shane's neck. His eyes are red and watery, and there are tears falling over his cheeks. His mouth trembles, and he looks at Shane as if he has all the answers. He's holding Shane like it wasn't gravity holding him down, but Hollander himself.

Hayden thinks back on the thousands of times Rozanov skated circles around Hollander. Hayden thought he was messing with him, finally treating him with the same malice and snark he gives everyone else. He thought Rozanov was chirping at his arch rival to get under his skin.

But instead, just like how the earth was the moon's whole world, Hollander was Rozanov's.

Shane brings a hand to the side of Rozanov's face, holding him in place. Not giving him the chance to turn away, as if Rozanov has ever *not* looked at Shane at every opportunity. The same man who had to be physically hauled off the rink when Shane almost died.

He tilts Rozanov's chin, and he kisses him deeply. They're short lasting, but they're fierce with the vehement need to explain *something* Shane can't find the right words to say.

One kiss turns into two and three, and they break apart. Shane rests his forehead against Rozanov's, and he plants another soft, loving kiss to the spot right beside his eye. It's unbelievably tender - not at all what Hayden ever expected from Rozanov. He was trembling, and he rocks Shane back and forth with iron arms around his lower back.

Rozanov places his head against Shane's chest. Shane cups the back of his head and with the same focus he shows on the rink, comforts Rozanov while he cries and shakes.

Their body language spoke volumes about how much they trusted each other. Rozanov can take down his fortress around Shane, and let him see every piece of him. Layers Rozanov wouldn't show anyone else. Shane has that privilege.

“я тебя люблю,” Shane says.

Hayden didn't need to understand Russian to know what those words mean. The fact Shane learned Russian for Rozanov makes Hayden snap out of the trance.

“я люблю тебя всем сердцем,” Rozanov rasps. He hides his face again in Shane's shirt.

He shouldn't be watching this. He'd gladly let Rozanov kick his ass - maybe even kill him - for staying at all.

He races out on quiet feet.

Damn the jersey.

End Notes

любимый - darling

я тебя люблю - i love you

я люблю тебя всем сердцем - i love you with my whole heart

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