

All That Matters

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All That Matters

by [smackalicious](#)

Summary

Hayden just looked at him for a few moments. He never quite felt like he could fully get a read on him. And then, he had a thought. Shane might punch him in the face, but he had a feeling... “Okay, then. Maybe you’re meeting someone else?” He kept his voice as level as possible, not wanting to spook him. Whatever weird quirks Shane may have had, Hayden still loved the kid. “Maybe... a guy?”

Hayden starts to realize some things about Shane, but he never could have predicted that his secret Boston hookup was... Ilya Rozanov?

Notes

Hello! This is my first Heated Rivalry fic. I kinda love fics where other people figure out what's going on (and I kinda wanted to rewrite how Hayden figures things out bc it feels like kind of a throwaway moment in the book, tbh) and I was like, like Hayden wouldn't notice something weird when Shane comes back in different clothes in episode 4? (That's assuming he didn't put his own clothes back on, but for this we're assuming he didn't.) Obvious canon divergence bc of that and it also affects the events of episode 5, though I kept some of the dialogue from those scenes. I guess we're pretending Rose didn't happen, too, lmao. I couldn't figure out how to insert her into this.

This fic is also told from Hayden's POV, but in third person, so the name choices (first vs. last) are intentional. You'll see what I mean. Also, I am not a hockey girlie (I am a baseball girlie), so excuse any cringe terminology choices, lmao. I tried.

Happy reading!

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

He didn't think much of it at the time.

Shane had been gone for a few hours and returned seeming slightly more frazzled than usual, stripping off his jacket and t-shirt as soon as he entered the room. Hayden almost made a joke about him getting naked and how he couldn't *actually* get him pregnant, but Shane fled to the bathroom and turned on the shower before he could say anything.

He returned some 20 minutes or so later, his skin blotchy from the heat of the shower, though he hadn't lost that skittish energy.

"Hey," Hayden said, and Shane looked over at him without making eye contact, "you okay, buddy?"

Shane nodded stiffly. "Yeah, 'course." His attention shifted to his abandoned clothes on his bed, particularly on the black t-shirt tossed haphazardly over one of the pillows. He reached for it, slowly, like it was a wild animal threatening to bite, and then snatched it so quickly Hayden couldn't help but narrow his eyes.

Maybe this had something to do with his neat freak tendencies – he hadn't folded his clothes when he got back, just ripped them off like they were burning him.

But the way he was looking at that shirt, like it was *haunting* him...

Shane turned his back to Hayden, and Hayden watched him raise the t-shirt to his face, inhaling the scent of it.

What the...

But it wasn't his place to judge. Hockey players were a rare breed, superstitious and full of quirks. And Shane Hollander was far from an exception to that. Hayden had learned years ago that every guy had their own weird things and he really, *truly*, did not give a shit about them, as long as they were a good teammate and helped their team to win. That was really all that mattered.

And Shane was the *best*. Hayden could admit that. He could even admit that the only other player in Shane's stratosphere was Rozanov, as much as he hated the guy. He couldn't imagine how Shane felt about him.

When he focused his attention back on Shane, he found him putting on a different t-shirt, a white one this time, the black one disappeared. Something about his demeanor relaxed as soon as the shirt settled over his skin and Hayden filed that away in the back of his mind.

"You wanna watch a movie or something?" Hayden spoke up, just wanting to erase the awkward silence that had fallen over the room. Shane was acting weird, even for him.

Shane turned and looked at him, actually seeming to see him this time, like he had forgotten he was even there. "Yeah, sure," he said.

Hayden's eyes widened in exasperation as he fumbled around the bedside table for the TV remote. Shane wasn't the most talkative person to begin with, but today he seemed extra quiet.

"We don't have to watch a movie," he said, intentionally keeping his tone light. "We could just, like, talk, if you want."

Shane's head snapped towards him and he just *stared* at him for a moment. "No, I don't wanna talk," he said, his words curt.

"Okay, Jesus," Hayden muttered, turning the TV on and scrolling through the guide to see what was on.

Shane sat down on the end of his bed and let out a sigh. "Sorry," he said. "Not your fault."

Hayden clicked the TV off again and tossed the remote on the other side of his bed. "You guys like have a fight or something?" He rolled onto his side, facing Shane's bed, and rested his head on his hand.

Shane stiffened, which Hayden expected. He didn't seem to handle talking about emotions well. "I don't know what you're talking about," he said after a moment, and Hayden rolled his eyes.

"Lily, your Boston girl?" he said. "I know that's where you went earlier."

Shane spun to face him, his eyes blazing. "I already told you, I didn't go to see anybody."

"Oh my God, dude." Hayden actually laughed. Shane was such a bad liar. "It's fine if you did! I know you've been texting some girl named Lily for ages."

"I-I'm not, though," Shane stammered. "Have you been looking through my phone?!"

Hayden sat up at the panicked tone of his voice. "No, dude, I just see her name pop up on the screen. I'm not, like, reading your messages or anything. You really think I'd snoop through your messages?" He sounded hurt.

Shane shook his head, looking down at the floor. "No, 'course not," he said, his voice quiet.

Hayden leaned back against the headboard, lacing his fingers together behind his head. "I just don't understand what the big deal is. So you've got some girl you hook up with here. You're not the first or the last guy in the league to do it. It's not like you've got a girlfriend back in Montreal or something." He paused then and leaned forward, his eyes wide. "You don't have like a secret girlfriend back in Montreal, do you?"

"What? No." Shane laughed, like the idea of him having a girlfriend in the first place was ridiculous. Well, from how he acted around girls... "I don't have a girlfriend." He hesitated and then sat up straighter, like he was gathering courage to say something. "And I'm not hooking up with some random girl here in Boston."

Hayden just looked at him for a few moments. He never quite felt like he could fully get a read on him. And then, he had a thought. Shane might punch him in the face, but he had a feeling... “Okay, then. Maybe you’re meeting someone else?” He kept his voice as level as possible, not wanting to spook him. Whatever weird quirks Shane may have had, Hayden still loved the kid. “Maybe... a guy?”

Shane didn’t say anything right away, just froze in place, and Hayden was about to apologize, tell Shane he could tell him to fuck off if it wasn’t his business, when Shane turned to face him.

His eyes were swimming with tears and his lip trembled ever so slightly. “Maybe,” he said, his voice barely a breath.

He couldn’t help it, Hayden felt so protective of him in that moment, like an older brother or like Shane was one of his own kids. He swung his legs around so he was sitting on the edge of the bed, facing Shane. “Hey, it’s okay,” he said, his voice gentle. “You know I’m not going to think any less of you, or-or tell anybody. Fuck no, I wouldn’t do that to you.”

Shane nodded, blinking back tears. “Thanks,” he said.

There was a long silence, though thoughts were crashing around in Hayden’s head – *Shane’s gay? Who the fuck is Lily if it’s not a woman? What do I say now?*

And then he remembered his original question to Shane, how upset he’d seemed when he came back earlier. And – that t-shirt. Shit. That was another thing about Shane – he only ever wore *white* t-shirts. Hayden hadn’t really thought about it before, but he never saw him wear black. So that meant...

“That’s his shirt, isn’t it?” He kept his voice low – it was doubtful anybody would be able to hear them from another room, but they didn’t need an audience regardless.

Shane froze again, and Hayden fully expected him to start panicking or deny it, one of the two, so he was surprised when instead he said, “Yeah. I, uh, didn’t realize until I left.”

He looked so fucking miserable right then, like he was about cry again, but for an entirely different reason this time, and Hayden felt for him. “Sorry, man,” he said. “Maybe you guys can work it out?”

Shane gave a watery laugh. “I’m the one who left. We were having a really nice time and then,” he shrugged, “I guess it got a little too much. I kinda freaked out.” He dropped his face into his hands, then wiped at his eyes with his fingertips and sat up straight again. “Probably for the best.”

Hayden didn’t think so, not with how heartbroken Shane looked, but then again... he wasn’t trying to be a gay guy playing pro hockey. And not just any guy – fucking *Shane Hollander*, face of the league. Maybe it *was* for the best.

“That fucking sucks, dude,” he said before he could think twice about it.

Shane gave another half laugh. “Tell me about it,” he muttered. He turned to look at Hayden then, swallowing hard. “Uh, thank you. Again. I kinda haven’t told anybody about this, so…”

Hayden’s eyes widened. “You haven’t come out to anybody else?” Shane shook his head, looking down at his lap. “Holy shit. Well, I’m honored that you trusted me enough, though I suppose I kinda forced it out of you, huh? Damn.”

“No, it’s okay,” Shane said, and that just made Hayden feel worse – now he was comforting *him* when he was the one who had done something dumb. But Shane was still talking and he needed to pay attention to what he was saying. “I suppose I kinda needed to tell someone.”

Hayden nodded, eyebrows furrowed. “Yeah, I can’t imagine trying to keep a secret like that. Hard enough to live your life as Mr. Big Shot Hockey Player as it is, right?”

Shane’s lips quirked up at that and Hayden felt himself relax at seeing him smile again. “I guess,” he said.

Hayden scrambled backwards on his bed, retrieving the remote. “You know what we need? Something absolutely *not* romantic at all.”

Shane sighed. “Are you gonna make me watch one of those Saw movies again?”

“You’ll love it, I promise. It will definitely take your mind off things.”

“Ruby! Jade! If I have to tell you again… Jesus Christ.” Hayden ran a hand through his hair as he made his way towards the couch, joining his wife. “Why did we decide to have kids?” he said as he plopped down next to her.

Jackie raised an eyebrow at him, her mouth set in a line. “Who’s the one taking care of them all day?”

Hayden gave her an apologetic smile. “Sorry, babe. Hey, game’s about to start.”

Jackie reached over and ran her hand through Hayden’s hair and he wound an arm around her waist. He was finally getting some time at home because it was the All-Star weekend and, well, he wasn’t All-Star worthy. Not that he was upset about that. Of course not. It was just…

Shane was gonna have to play on the same team as fucking *Rozanov*. That guy was such an asshole and while Shane never seemed to have any problems with most guys in the league, Rozanov wasn’t like most guys. Hayden knew Shane would take care of himself, but he kinda thought it would be nice if he could be there, just to break things up if stuff got a little too heated.

He would be watching carefully, that much was certain.

The game started and Shane and Rozanov were out there together, of course – the league wasn’t going to have them on the same team and not have them playing at the same time. Hayden leaned forward, studying the screen, watching them pass the puck back and forth, gliding seamlessly over the ice, around other players. It was kind of breathtaking, how

effortless they made it look. But they *were* the best, so it shouldn't have come as a surprise that they'd make it look this easy playing together for the first time.

Rozanov made one final pass to Shane, who swatted the puck into the net and scored for their team. The camera focused in on Shane, and Rozanov, who skated up to him and pressed a kiss to the side of his helmet.

Hayden blinked in surprise. That was... unexpected.

They grinned at each other and Rozanov said something, then Shane said something, and that smile on Shane's face...

Hayden had a sudden sinking feeling in his stomach.

Shane always meeting someone when they played in Boston, Shane furtively texting someone constantly, *especially* when they played Boston...

Boston Lily.

Ilya.

Fuck.

"Hayd, you okay?" Jackie's voice tore him from his thoughts and he focused on her face, her beautiful, confused face, and forced a smile, though he felt like fucking barfing because Shane was sleeping with *Ilya fucking Rozanov???*

"Yeah," he said, and let out a little laugh. "Just got a little thrown off seeing Rozanov smile, I guess. Guy's a dick."

Jackie rolled her eyes. "Stop. He's probably not that bad. Seems like he and Shane are getting along just fine. And you know how Shane is."

Hayden slowly turned back to the TV, though the last thing he wanted to see right now was Shane and Rozanov smiling at each other. They were on the bench now and the camera panned over as the announcers talked about Shane's goal. Rozanov leaned in and said something in Shane's ear and Hayden watched as he tried to hold back a laugh, smiling and looking down.

He looked... happy. Like, actually genuinely happy.

Well, shit.

Hayden settled back on the couch, his attention shifted from the game. Whatever had happened back in Boston, they seemed to have worked things out. They were playing in Boston soon; he'd be able to get a better read on things then.

The game against Boston came and went and Hayden tried his best to read into Shane's body language, how he acted around Rozanov, but nothing stood out. He had just convinced

himself he was imagining things (and god, wouldn't *that* be a relief) when JJ said, "Did you hear about Rozanov?"

Shane was just walking into the locker room and said, "What about Rozanov?"

Hayden could tell he was trying to sound casual, but he heard the note of panic in his voice.

JJ informed them he didn't fly with the team to Nashville and Hayden tried to diffuse the situation. "Maybe he's sick," he suggested, keeping an eye on Shane as he said it.

"He's not," Shane said immediately, though he amended, "I mean, he didn't seem sick." And then he took out his phone and texted someone.

Hayden turned back to his locker. Circumstantial, for sure, but the evidence was piling up.

A week later, they were back home, playing Boston once again. Rozanov was back from Moscow, his father's funeral. There was a day the week before, when they were on the road, and Shane disappeared from their hotel room for awhile and seemed subdued when he returned, but also couldn't keep a little smile off his face.

Hayden had a feeling he had been talking to the same person he was right now, at center ice, before this game started.

Shane skated over to him after his conversation with Rozanov and Hayden said, "What was that about?" He was curious what excuse Shane would come up with this time.

"Just offering my condolences," Shane said, and Hayden thought, *like you didn't do that immediately after that game last week*.

But he didn't say that, of course. "Oh, yeah," he said, feigning sympathy. "Well, that was nice. Fuck, I should have done that. What did he say?"

"Told me to fuck off," Shane replied.

I'm sure he did, Hayden thought. "Jesus, what a dick!" he said out loud.

"He's not that bad," Shane insisted. "It's mostly an act."

Well, that was not *nothing*.

Shane said something about making sure they won the game and they skated off.

Shane and Rozanov ended up in the faceoff, of course, and Hayden watched as they tapped their sticks together, and... were they *enjoying* this? Was this some kind of foreplay for them?

Ugh, he really did *not* want to think about that.

And then he didn't have time to think about much of anything else because Shane was skating away with the puck one minute, sending a teasing smile back to Rozanov (*don't be so fucking obvious, dude*, Hayden wanted to yell at him), and then, he was in a pile on the ice, unmoving.

Hayden saw fucking red, going after Marlow immediately, and it wasn't until the refs broke up the fight that he looked over to Shane, needing to know how he was, and saw him.

Rozanov.

Of course. He should have expected that. If they were hooking up or whatever, yeah, that made sense.

But the expression on his face... Hayden wasn't expecting that. He looked... spooked. *Scared*. No, not just scared. Utterly terrified.

Oh, *shit*. This was more than just some fuck buddies situation. That much was obvious now, just from looking at Rozanov. He looked fucking devastated. Hayden thought he might even start crying.

But the game had just started and they had no choice but to keep playing, though virtually everybody on both teams seemed rattled by what had just happened. Nobody liked seeing someone taken out on a stretcher, and when it was the best player in the league... That just seemed to make it worse, a very real reminder that anybody can get their shit rocked at any time, nobody's immune to injury.

Finally, after what felt like days, the game ended, and Hayden watched Rozanov rip off his helmet, headed for the locker room as soon as the guys filed through the handshake line. He had an idea and he was sure it was fucking stupid, and maybe a little dangerous, given what was on the line, but if he was right, he knew it would be worth it.

Hayden hurried to the locker room, disposing of his gear and quickly changing into street clothes, not wanting to waste any time. When he stepped back into the hallway, he caught sight of a certain curly haired Russian pushing through a door at the end of the hall, and he jogged down the hall, with only a cursory glance behind him to make sure nobody saw what he was doing.

He didn't think they'd want an audience for this conversation.

He stepped outside, immediately being hit in the face with the brisk cold, and regretted not putting on a coat. Rozanov was standing about 20 feet away, next to the building, lighting a cigarette. Hayden hesitated, still wondering if this was a good idea, but then walked over.

Rozanov looked up at him. "Pike," he addressed him. "You want something?"

Hayden shook his head, then nodded. "Yeah, I guess, uh." He reached up, scratching his head. He really didn't know how to go about this. "I'm Shane's - Hollander's medical proxy on the team -"

“You have update?” Rozanov interrupted, his tone urgent. “Is he okay?”

“I-I don’t know yet,” Hayden said, and Rozanov pursed his lips in frustration, looking away. “Sorry. I just wanted to say...”

“What?” Rozanov said, turning back to look at him, eyes blazing. *That* was more of the Rozanov Hayden was used to. “Wanted to tell me to stay away?”

Hayden shook his head slowly. “No, dude, I was going to tell you that I’m sure his parents are there right now, but maybe if you came to the hospital with me, we could get an update. Together.”

Rozanov eyed him warily. Hayden couldn’t really blame him for that. “Why are you being nice to me?” he asked.

Hayden sighed, then looked around, wanting to make sure they were alone, before turning back to Rozanov. “You looked pretty freaked out over what happened. More than what a rival should be, that’s for sure.” He paused. “Maybe more than a friend, too.”

Rozanov looked up sharply at that, then schooled his features. “I do not know what you mean.” He took a long drag from his cigarette.

Hayden leaned in, dropping his voice. “Does the name Lily mean anything to you?”

“Why are you doing this, Pike?” Rozanov asked, forcing Hayden to take a step back. “You want me to get kicked out of the league? Remove your competition? Is what this is about?”

Hayden looked at him with incredulity, and a bit of irritation. He was trying to extend an olive branch, make an exception because it seemed obvious that Rozanov cared about Shane as much as he did, and here he was, being an asshole. As usual. “No, man! Fuck. God, I don’t know what Shane sees in you.”

Rozanov quirked his head at that. “I do not know, either,” he said, and when Hayden looked at him, *really* looked at him, he saw it, what Shane had said.

The asshole persona, being a huge dick to everyone, that was all an act. Hayden had never questioned it before, never had *reason* to question it – he certainly didn’t spend his time analyzing Ilya Rozanov, that was for sure – but now? Looking at him smoking a cigarette in the dark cold Montreal night, he could see how much he was hurting.

A long enough time had passed without either of them saying anything that Rozanov looked up at him and said, “Are you not going to hospital to see Shane now?”

And *that*, that’s what did it for Hayden. He wasn’t even sure he’d done it intentionally. It seemed like it just came out naturally. *Shane*. Not Hollander, like you’d expect from a rival team captain, but Shane, what you’d hear from a friend. A lover.

Okay, not lover. That was gross.

But he didn't know what else to call them. It was clear, standing here in front of him, having watched his reaction earlier on the ice, that Rozanov cared about Shane, and he was sure Shane felt the same way about him.

"Yeah," Hayden said eventually. "But you're coming with me."

Rozanov looked at him in surprise. "What?"

"If I know anything about Shane, he's going to want you there," Hayden explained, and... "Are you blushing?" Well, how about that?

"No, is cold. Russians do not blush."

Hayden grinned to himself. He'd have to tell Shane about that later. "Alright. Well, come on. Let's go see him."

This whole situation was still weird as fuck, but Hayden was starting to think he could live with it. Shane's happiness was what really mattered here, and if an asshole Russian hockey player made him happy, then he couldn't be mad about it, not really. Maybe a little disapproving (really, Shane? Rozanov? Of all people?), but he'd get over it.

Eventually.

Maybe.

THE END!

End Notes

I also have no idea about the medical proxy thing, lmao. I've seen it used in other fics, so I inserted it here. For narrative purposes. Creative liberties! Hope you all enjoyed. :)

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