

hayden pike gets an earful

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Summary

Shane misses the "mute" button when he tries to talk Ilya out of interrupting his call with Hayden. Hayden hears way, way too much.

Notes

We're still working on the other fic we promised! But we saw the episode and we had to smash this out immediately. Shane's dialogue until he says Ilya's name is from the show.

After the first three kids you'd think that Hayden would have been more ready, this time, for how it felt to have a newborn in the house. Every time he looks down at Amber's face, he feels like his heart is going to explode because it can't contain the amount of love he's currently feeling, but also he's *fucking* exhausted and keeps doing shit like putting shaving cream on his toothbrush and coffee creamer in his cereal. He's also going a little crazy without adult interaction with someone who *isn't* just as sleep-deprived as he is. Jackie is his favourite person in the whole world, of course, but she's in exactly the same situation as he is: their brains are puddles, and those puddles are mostly baby piss and vomit. At this point, Mark's brain is only slightly less puddle-like.

He misses Shane. Shane always goes to his cottage during the summer, but usually he calls Hayden to chat pretty frequently. This summer, he hasn't heard from him since the Admirals won the cup, and he hadn't heard much from him before that on account of being unable to use the phone with his concussion. All he wants in this moment is to talk to his best friend, and it only takes him about five minutes to realize that that's actually a very achievable goal. Phones exist, he has one, and he can simply tap his screen a few times to make his dream come true.

Shane picks up after a few rings, and he's sounding a bit better since the last time Hayden spoke to him. "Hey, buddy," he says, and Hayden can hear some rustling around, like he's settling down on the couch or something.

"Hey!" Hayden replies, possibly sounding a little manic. "It's been a while!"

When Shane replies, he sounds pretty distracted. It takes him a second to remember Amber's name, which Hayden ribs him for — only lightly, though, he has kind of a concussion pass. "How is she?" he asks, and there's a smacking noise on the other end; Hayden briefly feels for him, knowing that the mosquitos can get brutal this time of year.

"She's great, man, she's doing good. Jackie's already got her in a bunch of, like, adorable catalogue clothes."

"Oh, yeah, the pics are cute."

"I know right? And she cooperates long enough to let us take them, it's great. Much easier to wrangle than Ruby or Emma."

"Aw, good." Jeez, he really does sound distracted. Hayden is just about to ask if maybe he should call back later, but then Shane continues, "And, uh, and Jackie's good too?"

"She's pretty good. Tired, obviously, but —"

"Is it better than, um —"

"The postpartum after the twins? Yeah, thankfully it's been easier on her this time around."

"Yeah, no I remember that, that was a tough time."

Hayden's about to start gushing (Jackie tends to brush off his I-love-my-wife speeches, and he can only give them to Mark so many times in one month) when Shane's distraction returns. He stutters his way through an explanation that his mom is calling and says that he's going to get rid of her, and then Hayden hears him fumble with his phone.

"What are you doing?" Shane says, his voice a bit muffled. He said his mom was on the other line, didn't he? Does that mean he's asking Hayden what he's doing? Before he can puzzle over why he'd do that, someone answers.

"I think you know," comes a voice, and Hayden knows he's heard it before, but he can't place it. He has the feeling he definitely would if his brain hadn't been replaced with cotton wool, but he's also getting the inkling that he's not supposed to be hearing this.

"Please stop," Shane says. This person must have been what was distracting him, not his mom. Why would he lie about that?

"I don't think is what you want," the person replies, and Hayden is *so* close to figuring out who it is. It's on the tip of his tongue. Why the hell can't he think of the name?

"Later, okay?" says Shane. Maybe Hayden should yell down the phone, make sure Shane knows he can still hear all of this? Although, it sounds like whatever conversation he's having is just about done. It might be better to just let him get away with the fib.

There's more rustling on the other end, the sound of someone moving around, and then the second voice is closer. "Okay," not-Shane says, "I make you a deal. I won't touch you, but if you get hard..."

Fucking. What.

Hayden suddenly becomes much less concerned about which name is escaping him and much more concerned with the fact that Shane is apparently at his cottage hooking up with some guy. That's new information, right? Did he know that about Shane? Not that it's a *problem*, obviously, he's just trying to figure out if this is something he needs to act like he knew this whole time. It's entirely possible Shane had filled him in on this during a baby-puddle-brain period and he proceeded to completely forget it, in which case he'd feel like an asshole. Also, when did Shane break up with Boston Lily?

"I won't get hard!" Shane protests, and Hayden opens his mouth to finally alert Shane that he can still hear him, because *holy shit* is this conversation not for his ears.

"Okay, so no problem then," says... god, who fucking *is* that? He'd definitely remember if Shane had *introduced* a boyfriend or whatever to Hayden, right? How does he know his voice?

"Ilya..." Shane says, and Hayden's brain makes the Windows shut-down noise.

Of course he recognizes the voice. That's *Ilya fucking Rozanov* talking about Shane's hypothetical boner. What is Ilya Rozanov doing in Shane's cottage? What's Ilya Rozanov doing *talking about Shane's boner*?

He really *really* needs to say something. Unfortunately, his mouth seems very unwilling to make sounds.

“Uh, sorry man, yeah,” Shane says, after another brief moment of phone-fumbling. His voice is no longer muffled, so Hayden is pretty sure he’s the intended recipient this time. Rather than *fucking Rozanov*. “Uh, sorry, you were saying?”

Hayden has no idea what he’d been saying before Shane claimed his mom was on the other line. All he can think about is the fact that *Ilya Rozanov* is at *Shane’s cottage* and *talking about his dick*??? He’s not sure he’d be able to get past this situation even if his brain *didn’t* feel like it was melting due to sleep deprivation.

“Um,” he finally manages, “Shane, dude, I’m... assuming you meant to put yourself on mute just then?”

There’s silence on the other end, broken by a snort of laughter that’s definitely not Shane’s. Jesus Christ, he needs to confirm he’s not hallucinating.

“Shane, is fucking Ilya Rozanov with you right now?”

“No,” Shane says really fast, in the tone he always uses when he’s lying. Or when he’s talking about Boston Lily. That confirms it’s just how he talks about his hookups, apparently (and that for some reason he’s really into people from Boston). That or Hayden really is hallucinating from exhaustion. “Or — I mean — fuck, Hayden, I am so sorry, you weren’t... supposed to hear all that —”

Okay, so not hallucinating. “And is he trying to get it in *while* you’re on the phone with me?”

“...Y-yes?”

“Jesus, what a dick.”

This silence is even longer. Someone (*Ilya goddamn fucking Rozanov*) is shamelessly giggling on the other end of the line, while Shane makes distressed shushing noises.

“And, uh, is that... the only problem you have?” Shane asks eventually, and he actually sounds *scared*, which makes Hayden feel goddamn terrible that his brain was too made of molasses to alert Shane that he wasn’t on mute the second he realized. “That he’s trying to blow me while I’m on the phone?”

Unfortunately, the molasses-brain situation hasn’t improved *since* the conversation resumed, which means that instead of saying something reassuring to Shane about how much he loves him and it doesn’t matter that he’s gay and they’re still best bros, he says, “And also that he’s from fucking Boston.”

Luckily, Shane laughs in response, although it does sound borderline-hysterical. “Dude, seriously, though —”

“Oh, are we talking to Hayden now?” comes Rozanov’s voice, from *quite* close to the phone. “Hello Hayden!”

Hayden closes his eyes and counts backwards from five. If Rozanov and his best friend are... involved, somehow, then he has to at least make some effort to be pleasant and not just call him a shithead or something. He won't even protest at Rozanov using his first name.

"Hi, Rozanov," he says, impressively (he thinks) evenly. "Can you please not blow my buddy when we're on the phone?"

"Hmm, I make no promises."

"*Ilya* —" Shane hisses.

"Hayden, you must understand, he is looking exceptionally blowable right now."

"Rozanov, I cannot express how much I don't want to hear about your sex life with my best friend," he says. Wait, is that homophobic? Should he be willing? Wait, no, that's stupid, it's not like he asks about the details with Boston Lily. Well, he tried once, but he gave up pretty quickly when it became clear Shane would never disclose anything. Also, it's not like he had Boston Lily in front of him describing Shane as *blowable*.

"So you don't think he is blowable?" Rozanov says, and Hayden wants to die. What's the correct answer here? Thankfully, he's saved from having to work that out when Shane interjects.

"Rozanov, Jesus Christ," Shane says, and when Hayden hears Ilya say "Oi!" in response, it sounds like he's no longer as close to the phone. Thank God. "Hayden, seriously, I am *so* sorry."

Hayden has so many questions, but also he's pretty sure he doesn't have the mental capacity to process any of the answers. He also is definitely getting the sense that Shane is dying of embarrassment and badly wants to get off the phone. So he takes a deep breath and says, "Shane, I haven't slept in like... twenty-four hours or something and I'm pretty sure I'm actively covered in spit-up right now, so I think we're going to have to talk about this some other time. But listen, I love you even though you have questionable taste in men. We'll talk soon, okay bud? Preferably when Rozanov is... not in the immediate area."

"Yeah," says Shane, sounding immensely relieved. "Okay, sounds good. Sorry again, Hayd. Um, hope you get some sleep soon."

He hangs up, and Hayden stands there staring at his phone for a full minute in total disbelief before Jackie comes wandering into the living room, raising an eyebrow at the sight of him.

"Jackie," he says, and then pauses because now he has to work out how to put what he just experienced into words. "Jackie, I think... I think Ilya Rozanov just tried to give Shane Hollander a blowjob while I was on the phone with him?" By the end of the sentence, his voice is more of a squeak than anything. He held it together on the phone long enough to stop making Shane sound afraid of him, and now that ability has run out.

"Baby," she says, and Hayden is in awe of how calm and together she is. God, he loves his wife so much. "I don't think most guys are being literal when they say 'suck my dick'."

He could correct her and explain what just happened. Or he could go have a shower and lie face-down on the floor until Amber cries again. Only one of those involves him getting anything approaching rest, so he takes the second option.

“Yeah, true,” he says. “I’m, uh, I’m going to go have a nap, is that okay?”

“Sure, baby,” she says, giving him a warm smile. “Sounds like you really need one.”

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