

mute horror

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by [meriwethersays](#)

Summary

Amber, still asleep on his chest, makes an unhappy noise. Jacki sticks her head through the door and says, “Swear jar!” She shakes her head. “How’s Shane?”

Getting a blowjob from Ilya Rozanov, Hayden doesn’t say, because that sentence can’t exist in reality. “Good. He says he’s—feeling good.” It sure sounds like he’s feeling good.

Jacki nods. “Is he back with Boston Lily now that he and Rose Landry broke up?”

“What?” A horrible thought occurs to Hayden.

“I was just thinking, next time she comes up to Montreal for a game, we should have them over.”

“Comes up to Montreal?” Hayden’s palms are a little sweaty. He wonders if this is what having a panic attack feels like.

“I mean.” Jacki smiles at him like he’s very stupid. “You always tell me Shane is busy after home games against Boston. I assume he’s with her.”

Notes

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

Amber falls asleep on Hayden's chest as he's working on burping her, and if there's one thing he's learned in the last few months, it's that Amber will sleep through anything on him but wakes up instantly in the crib. So, resigned to being nap-trapped for an hour or so, he works his phone out of his pocket and calls Shane. It's been awhile since they talked and Hayden misses him—usually they're tight in the off-season, but this time Shane was squirrely about making plans, and Hayden can't exactly say *please, I'm losing my mind here*.

Shane sounds weird when he answers the phone, though, flustered and almost guilty. "Uh, sorry, hey, just, um, my mom's on the other line. Let me just get rid of her," Shane says, and then there's a beep and Hayden hears him say, "What are you doing?"

"What—" Hayden starts to ask.

On the other end of the line, a man with a Russian accent says, "I think you know."

"Um, I can hear you." Hayden says, a little worried.

"Please stop." Shane's voice is funny.

"Uh, Shane, buddy, you want me to—"

"I don't think it's what you want," the Russian says, and Hayden goes rigid, because he knows that voice, he knows that fucking tone. That's Ilya fucking Rozanov—in the same room as Shane?

"Later, OK?"

"Ok, I make you a deal," Rozanov says, and then Hayden chokes on his breath when Rozanov adds, "I won't touch you, but if you get hard..."

"I won't get hard," Shane says.

Hayden should hang up, but he's too transfixed by what's happening, because what the fuck is Shane doing with Rozanov that Shane might get hard and Rozanov might touch him? What kind of touching are they talking about? His brain refuses to supply an answer.

"Ok, so no problem then," Rozanov says.

Just in case Hayden was about to convince himself that it's some other Russian (like that would be better? yeah, it would), Shane says "Ilya..." in a voice that sounds almost fond. Fuck. Then Shane says, in a completely different tone, "Uh, sorry, man."

"No problem." Hayden tries to clear his throat and coughs. "Your mom?"

"Yeah, my mom is so annoying sometimes," Shane says. Hayden has met Yuna Hollander and he's fucking terrified of her. He'd be afraid to use her as an excuse if it wasn't true.

"Sorry, you were saying?"

Hayden has no idea what he was saying. “Mark’s here helping out. You know, he’s a pediatric nurse—”

“Oh, right, yeah, yeah, Mark.” Shane’s voice is thick. “And that’s her middle brother?”

“Brother-in-law. Her sister’s husband. He’s a good guy, you know?” Shane makes kind of an affirmative noise. “He was at Thanksgiving, I think you met him—the one with two full sleeves?”

“Right, yeah, from Thanksgiving. Yeah, yeah, he’s great.” Hayden wants to ask Shane what the fuck is going on, but the words *Is Ilya Rozanov at your house right now* won’t come out of his mouth. “Well, that’s nice he could come and stay.” Shane’s voice wavers a little. Jesus, are those slurping sounds? Is Ilya Rozanov blowing Shane right now? Hayden can’t really be hearing this.

“Yeah,” Hayden says. “Yeah, he and Jacki’s sister are gonna stay another week or so, she’s like the Ruby-whisperer.”

Shane is almost panting. “Cool, cool, yeah, yeah, that makes sense.”

There’s a little smack, like—like Rozanov slapped him? What the fuck is going on? “What about you?” Hayden asks. “What’s going on with you?”

“Nothing—nothing much here. The headaches are better—*fuck*—”

Hayden hopes he’s having a stroke or something and that’s why he keeps hearing these noises. Or maybe Shane is watching porn. Hayden’s willing to accept that as an explanation, even if it’s weird. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, no, sorry, just a text.” Okay, Shane is definitely getting a blowjob. Hayden’s shared hotel rooms with the guy for eight years, he’s overheard Shane jerking off a couple times and he knows what a really enthusiastic blowjob sounds like too. Fuck. Shane can’t really manage any full sentences, just mumbles “totally” and “yeah, it’s totally clear” in response to Hayden’s questions. Then Shane chokes out, “Sorry, hey, one second,” and Hayden hears what he is 100% confident is Shane coming, gasping for breath, and someone else laughing quietly. Shane makes some excuse about a package at the door and promises to call next week, then ends the call.

Hayden stares at his phone. “What the fuck.”

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“I was just thinking, next time she comes up to Montreal for a game, we should have them over.”

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“I mean.” Jacki smiles at him like he’s very stupid. “You always tell me Shane is busy after home games against Boston. I assume he’s with her.”

“He always tells me it’s not serious,” Hayden says numbly. Fuck. Oh fuck. No wonder Shane’s always been such a paranoid freak about it. All this time—Jesus, eight fucking *years*, Boston Lily is *Ilya Rozanov*. That’s who Shane has been blushing over, that’s who Shane has been sneaking off to meet, that’s why Shane is always such a weirdo about Hayden introducing him to girls—is that why he and Rose broke up? Fuck.

“Honey?” Jacki comes over and puts a hand on his shoulder. “Are you all right?”

“Yeah.” Hayden clears his throat. Eight years, and Shane’s never told him. Hayden thinks frantically back through all the things he’s said to Shane over the years—he’s pretty sure he called Rozanov a cocksucker at least once or twice, because that’s what you *say* about a guy like Rozanov—probably said plenty of other shit too that he wouldn’t have if he’d known Shane was—Jesus. “Yeah, just—” He closes his eyes. “Weird call with Shane.”

Jacki kisses the top of his head. “You’re a good friend.”

“Thanks,” Hayden says, but he can’t help thinking, *not good enough*. Jesus, *Rozanov*—at the very least, he should’ve clocked it and persuaded Shane to find some nice gay guy who isn’t a psycho Russian asshole. That’s what he’ll do, he tells himself. Shane always said it wasn’t serious, so maybe it isn’t. Maybe Hayden just needs to find him someone else. He’s been trying to set Shane up with Jacki’s friends for years—he just needs to adjust the specs a little.

Boston Lily. Fuck. (He owes so much money to the swear jar).

End Notes

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