

The things Hayden will do for his wife (and his best friend) (definitely not for himself)

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The things Hayden will do for his wife (and his best friend) (definitely not for himself)

by [frizzlyanya](#)

Summary

THE MUTE BUTTON ON SHANE'S PHONE DIDN'T WORK

Notes

I looooooove Hayden and Jackie. As far as I can tell, they were the main characters of Heated Rivalry. That was true, right?

Thank you to Rachel Reid, Jacob Tierney and the team for the gift of this story.

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

“They’re finally down for their nap,” Jackie said, coming down the stairs. She looked ready to flop down like dead weight on the couch next to where Hayden was sprawled out, but she valiantly made her way back to the kitchen where the remains of the lunchtime disaster were still strewn about. They’d tried to keep up with it, they really had, but with four kids, and the fourth being a newborn, they just hadn’t finished yet.

“Is it time for my nap yet?” Hayden asked. He’d been on his feet with their three eldest most of the afternoon while Jackie had tried to comfort their youngest, Amber, who’d had a particularly hard day. Hayden was a professional athlete with almost unlimited stamina on the ice, but those kids wore him out like nothing else.

Well, he still had energy for some things.

“No, we’ve got some alone time...” Hayden began, making a suggestive face, but Jackie shook her head.

“You should call Shane,” she countered.

Hayden wasn’t going to pressure his wife into anything she wasn’t in the mood for, so he pivoted and thought of less suggestive suggestions for their free hour. An hour, if they were lucky. Not a movie, then.

“Or we could...” he began, holding up the remote, but Jackie walked his phone over to him.

She pushed it onto his chest as she said, “Call him, you’ve complained about how much you miss him three times in two days and we both need human contact with adults outside of this house. I’ll clean up the mess in here.”

She walked back over to the kitchen to brave the horrors there.

“I’ll help with the living room,” Hayden offered, standing up with a feat of herculean strength heretofore yet unseen in the history of man, and picking up three stuffed dogs in one hand from under the couch in the process.

“Okay, call him while you help,” Jackie said.

Hayden hit speaker and tossed the phone on the coffee table after he pressed the call button.

Hayden managed two more tosses into the toy bin as he waited for Shane to pick up, but unearthed a crushed cracker in the carpet and wished he hadn’t seen it.

“Hey, buddy,” Shane said.

There, an adult human distraction. A mature, rational person to talk to about mature, rational things. Not about stuffed puppies going to school together. He never wanted to hear about stuffed puppies going to school together ever again.

Jackie smiled at his voice from across the room.

“Enjoying the cottage?” Hayden asked as he kept moving around the room. How were there more crackers? Did this many crackers even fit into the box?

“Yeah, uh, how's...” Shane began, but Hayden was already talking.

“Haven’t talked to you in ages!”

“I know, I'm so sorry,” Shane said, “But how's...Amber, right?” Hayden caught that he tripped over her name and smiled. He got there eventually. But such was the danger of having four kids, probably. Everyone had gotten the twins’ names right away. By the time you got to the fourth...well, Hayden couldn’t really blame him. He’d called a couple of his kids by the wrong names at various points already today.

“How is she?” Shane asked.

“She’s really great, we’re so in love with her.”

Jackie laughed in the background, sounding slightly hysterical, but quietly enough that the phone probably didn’t pick it up. He understood. *We love her, but we’re tired.* We’re so very, very tired.

“Have you seen the pictures?” Hayden asked. He’d sent six or seven since the last time Shane had responded to one.

“Oh, yeah, the pics are cute,” Shane said.

“I’ll send more, we love her.”

“Oh, good, good.”

Shane was a good friend.

“And Jackie's good too?” he asked, thoughtfully. Jackie held up a thumbs up in the background, and Hayden smiled at her.

“Well, she’s doing well, but the recovery’s always hard.”

“Is it better than, um...” Shane began. He sounded...a little distracted? And had he forgotten Ruby’s name for a minute?

“Yeah, Ruby’s birth was the hardest,” Hayden said to help him out. Trying for a traditional birth after a C-section had been a mistake. Jackie had always wanted to experience that once, but in the end they'd agreed that any other births would be by C-section.

“Yeah, no, I... I remember that.”

Jackie had picked up on something in Shane's voice too. The water turned off, and she watched Hayden and the phone with a quizzical expression. Was something wrong with Shane? He would ask when this line of conversation ended.

“That was the last natural birth for her,” Hayden said. Jackie didn’t acknowledge Hayden’s words, she was too busy staring at the phone with her brows slightly furrowed. She walked away from the sink and leaned her hip on the counter where the kitchen opened up into the living room.

“That was a tough time,” Shane said.

“Mark had to come over every day, we were grateful for the help.”

Jackie mouthed something, and Hayden couldn’t tell what she was trying to say, but he got the point. He was just about to change the subject when Shane quickly said, “Uh, sorry, hey, just, um, my mom's on the other line. I'm just gonna get rid of her, okay?”

Shane? Going to “get rid of” his mother’s phone call? Shane? Talking about his mother like he didn’t cherish and respect her? Shane? Jackie walked towards him, equally intrigued.

Hayden could hear a beep on the phone, so he muted his phone.

“He would never-“ he began, but he could hear Shane’s voice, muffled and distant. It wasn’t held up to his ear, so the sound wasn’t as clear.

“What are you doing?” Shane asked.

They stared at each other.

“Does he have a girl there?” Jackie stage whispered. Hayden’s eyes widened frantically as he checked his phone, but no, it was still muted. *His* mute button had worked.

“I think you know,” a man’s voice said. It was quiet and sultry and decidedly male. It was also very suggestive.

Jackie and Hayden both sucked in deep breaths.

“Is he-!” Jackie began. Hayden’s jaw dropped open.

“Please stop,” Shane said.

“I don't think it's what you want,” the man on the other end of the line replied. His voice was kind of familiar actually.

But no, it couldn’t be.

Hayden was imagining things.

Jackie showed no spark of recognition, so he was mistaken.

Not that she would even know that voice...

But no, it wasn’t. It couldn’t be.

Instead of recognition, Jackie whispered, “Well we did think before he might be gay.”

Hayden nodded.

“Later, okay?” Shane asked. Hayden could hear the rustling of fabric as Shane moved his phone. But it was somewhere close to his face, because every word was coming in crystal clear.

The man next to him also must have been very close to the phone, because despite the quiet tones, his voice came through just as well.

“Okay, I make you a deal,” that man said. His voice was slightly accented, but maybe it was western European? Hayden wasn’t exactly a genius at accents. Maybe it wasn’t Russian at all.

“I won't touch you, but if you get hard...”

Jackie squeaked. All pretense of cleaning was long abandoned. She was standing by the table over the phone.

“He’s not going to...” she began.

“I won't get hard,” Shane said firmly. But there was a touch of competition in it, and Hayden knew exactly where this was heading. So did Jackie.

“Oh my God let him!” Jackie said.

Hayden’s eyes widened as he tried to figure out what he fuck to do.

“OK, so no problem then,” the voice said.

“He’s never lived on the edge a day in his life, you have to let him!” Jackie hissed.

Hayden wobbled his head a little and nodded. Shane had probably had the world’s most boring sex life for a long time, he had probably never had a chance to do anything this sexy.

“And maybe after...” Jackie hinted.

Sold.

“Ilya...” Shane said.

If Hayden had been holding the phone, he would have dropped it.

Jackie sort of fell upwards onto her tip toes like she was about to fly off to another plane of existence. Hayden tried to pretend this wasn’t happening. He tried to avoid eye contact with her and just stared at the phone.

“Shane...” that voice, which Hayden had already recognized, but had tried to hard to deny, said.

“Let him let him let him,” Jackie said quickly.

They'd both been cooped up in baby land too long. They had barely interacted with each other as adults in weeks, forget interacted with other people. And they definitely hadn't had sex in too long, between Jackie's physical recovery and their shared baby exhaustion.

Shane needed to live a little, but maybe so did they.

When Shane hit a button on his screen that beeped, Hayden unmuted his phone.

"Uh, sorry, man, yeah," Shane said, "My mom is so annoying sometimes."

Jackie giggled, then dove for the couch and hid her face in a pillow. Hayden muted the phone until it was his turn to speak, just in case.

Shane would never say that, and he should have known that *Hayden* would know that he would never say that. Hayden shook his head, but he was smiling.

"S- Sorry, you were saying?" Shane asked.

Jackie sat up and waved a hand for Hayden to say something, anything.

What had he been saying? What was this completely insane conversation supposed to be about?

Oh right.

"After Ruby was born, Mark was a godsend."

"Oh, right, yeah, yeah, Mark," Shane said. "And that's her...middle brother?"

Jackie was smiling from ear to ear. Shane was usually such a good friend, but man was he distracted.

"Brother-in-law," Hayden corrected.

"Brother-in-law, right," Shane said. "But he's the one..."

"Married to Ally, yeah," Hayden prompted him.

"Got it, right, yeah, from Thanksgiving," Shane said.

His voice was still pretty normal, and there was no sign that anything was happening. Maybe he'd chicken out? Maybe it would be over before it even started?

"Yeah, he was here for weeks."

"Yeah, yeah, he's... he's great."

Shane's breath started to get heavier, so so much for that.

Jackie leaned her shoulder against Hayden so that they were both leaning over the phone together.

“Uh...” Shane started, before pausing.

Jackie pointed at the phone, as though Hayden could be in any way missing that Shane had started...something with...Ilya Rozanov. No. With whoever was on the other end of this phone call with him. Hayden tried not to think about it.

“Well, that's nice he could come and stay.”

There was one loud breath, and then what was most definitely a blow job. From the sound of it, a sloppy, enthusiastic blow job. And Shane's breathing got heavier, with one loud exhale.

Jackie had one hand over her mouth. The other held Hayden's hand in an iron grip.

Hayden tried to focus, because he couldn't stop talking or the jig would be up, and Shane would never forgive himself or Hayden. If Shane knew, they would never be able to make eye contact again. Shane was way too in his head to think that was funny and sexy.

Or maybe he wasn't. Maybe Hayden had misread him the whole time.

Because Shane was the one getting head on a phone call, not Hayden.

Shane was the one who had...someone...at his cottage, someone who apparently couldn't survive a four-minute call without Shane's dick in his mouth.

If it wouldn't have killed Shane, Hayden would have liked to have mocked...that person...about that.

But he was not sending his best friend to an early grave, so he focused on the task at hand.

“It was really helpful, but by the end we were glad to have the house to ourselves.”

“Cool, cool, yeah, yeah, that makes sense,” Shane managed to get out while getting what sounded like the best blow job of his life. And was there a slap? It was so close to the phone. Had Shane been slapped by...the person...who was sucking him off while he was on a phone call?

If Hayden didn't hate every single thing about the person giving it, he might almost have been jealous.

As it was, he tried hard to be grossed out.

God, why was this miserably hot.

No wonder audio porn was a thing.

“So how are you doing, man, anything new?” Hayden asked, trying to keep up anything like a normal line of questioning. He couldn't keep talking about his brother-in-law right now, that was way too weird.

“Uh, no, nothing much here,” Shane said in a strained voice as the background noise continued. “The- the- the- headaches are better.”

Man, the stammering mixed with the sucking sounds were really painting a picture Hayden absolutely did not want to see in his head.

“Fuck!” Shane gasped out. Hayden had no idea how he thought he was getting away with this. Shane was just lucky this was them on the line.

“No, sorry, just a text,” Shane said in the most breathless lie Hayden had ever heard. The background noise got so vivid Hayden was sure he’d hear it in his dreams. Or Nightmares. He just hoped there weren’t pictures.

The topic was Shane’s concussion, right? He stuck with that.

“Okay, so your concussion’s doing better, that’s good.”

“Totally.” Shane sounded like he was on another plane of existence. “Yeah, it’s totally clear, so all’s well there.”

“Ah, jeez.” Another slap. More enthusiastic sucking.

Jackie fanned herself. Hayden was glad she was enjoying herself, even as he tried to remind himself that he was miserable, because this was...not a good person to have on the other end of the blow job. Why couldn’t it be literally anyone else?

Shane gasped. He was definitely about to come.

“Sorry, hey, one second,” Shane said, slamming a button on his phone so that there was a loud beep.

Hayden prayed to any God who was listening that the mute button would malfunction again.

Hayden slammed his finger into his own mute button before Shane could hear anything from him or Jackie.

“Oh fuck! Oh fuck!” Shane gasped. “Ungh.” And then he moaned as he undeniably came in Ilya Rozanov’s mouth. “Unggghhh,” Shane moaned again, panting as he breathed through his release.

Hayden was, unfortunately very turned on. Jackie’s hand was an iron grip on his thigh. Oh boy was this good. He couldn’t believe what they’d just heard.

Shane gasped for another few moments before hitting that malfunctioning button.

“Ah. Sorry, man,” he said, still breathing hard. He hadn’t caught his breath yet. “I just... I have to run.” He paused for a long moment, as though trying to figure out how words worked. “Someone’s at the door.”

Hayden and Jackie tried to contain their laughter.

Shane let out a breathy “Fuck!” while giggling, probably with that guy on the other end of the line.

“Your mom?” Hayden asked, since Shane had brought her up earlier. But no, he instantly regretted bringing her up in *this* conversation. Thankfully, Shane had already moved on with a different lie.

“No, it's just... It's just Amazon.” More heavy breathing. He sounded like he'd run a marathon. It must have been a good blow job. “But, um, I'll call you next week, and...”

“That'll be great,” Hayden said, and maybe next week they could have that actual adult conversation. He would look forward to it.

“Yeah, yeah, so, totally. And, uh...”

Jackie blew a kiss towards the phone.

“We love you,” Hayden said with a grin.

“Alright, yes, love you, man, and give my best to Jackie and the kids.”

Shane hung up, and Hayden and Jackie fell into giggles.

“I can't believe he just-“ Jackie began, before bursting into giggles again. She brought the pillow she was still holding up to her face and screamed into it in excitement.

“He's a wild one after all!” Hayden said. “But I'm never doing that again. Once was enough.”

Jackie grinned and sat up.

“I'll make it worth it for you, that's the most fun I've had in weeks,” she said

“I thought you loved playing with-“ Hayden teased.

“Do *not* bring up our kids right now, I haven't been this turned on in months. Let me have this.”

“Oh, boy will I ever let you!” Hayden said, and he picked her up and ran into the guest room on the first floor. No time to make it to their bedroom upstairs, where no telling who might hear them coming up the stairs and start crying.

Jackie giggled and kissed him and made it all worth it. No matter who was on the other end of the line.

End Notes

Honestly, who needed that more, Shane or Jackie? Everybody wins, so long as Shane's never finds out.

Thanks for reading!

If you are interested in reading more Jackie, try [The Group Chat Needs One More to be Perfect](#)

If you want more Hayden, try [Shane's passcode has been 1221 since 2011, duh](#)

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