Sorry I can't hear you (I'm kind of busy)

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Sorry I can't hear you (I'm kind of busy)

by photographer_of_thoughts

Summary

Shane takes some deep breaths, trying to sound normal again as he goes to press the button to unmute. But as he looks at his phone screen, he realizes there's no line through the microphone on the the call that Hayden is still very much a part of. Which means -

“Um, Hayden?” Shane asks as he brings the phone back to his ear, feeling all the blood drain from his face.

There's a few beats of silence before he hears his best friend practically shout, “What the fuck, Hollander?”

or, at the cottage, Shane forgets to press 'mute.'

Notes

**I'm sure someone has done something like this already, but the idea of this happening has been in my head and wouldn't leave.
**Title from the song 'Telephone' by Lady Gaga ft. Beyonce

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane can't believe Ilya is doing this now.

Now.

He can't wait fifteen minutes for Shane to finish his phone call?

But Shane is also so into it he's seeing stars.

Ilya moves closer, flirty smirk on his perfect lips as Shane lifts his hips enough for the other man to get his cock out. And before Shane can even attempt to stop him again (which he really doesn't want to), Ilya takes him deep into his throat.

Shane hunches forward involuntarily, slamming his lips together so he doesn't whimper into the phone. Ilya sucks him hard right away, no build up. Immediately rough.

He does this sometimes, Shane's learning. Ilya doesn't always want foreplay. He wants a quick release - or to give Shane a quick release - without the teasing.

It's always hot either way. Anything they do is always hot as fuck to Shane. From the very beginning of this, he's always wanted it desperately.

He feels Ilya slap him lightly on his right cheek, and even though they've done this before and understand this is something Shane *likes* - face slapping and being spanked that is - Shane *cannot* do this while trying to pretend he's listening to his best friend.

Ilya should know better than to try that shit right now. It always makes Shane whine and moan and *beg* and come all over himself and -

Ilya slaps him *again,* gagging a bit on Shane's dick which makes him shout like he's being stabbed. "*Fuck!*"

"Woah. Shane, buddy, you good?" Hayden asks, sounding panicked which is not a good sign at all. He smacks Ilya's hand away from him.

"*Yeah!"* Shane says breathlessly, "sorry, just a text."

Ilya speeds up his pace, using his hot throat to pull Shane right up to the edge so fast it might be breaking all his previous records. Which is saying something because he can always make Shane come fast.

He moans, trying to listen to his friend but he can't even keep his eyes open. He tugs at Ilya's soft curls, unable to help the way he rides Rozanov's throat. He thrusts his hips forward over and over, peeking his eyes open to look down, and the sight he's greeted with makes him shake with lust.

Watching his dick disappear into Ilya's wet mouth, the other man moaning around him with need - his own dick a hard line in his pants that Shane desperately wants to touch.

He needs to *mute* this fucking phone call.

Ilya slaps his sore cheek again, moaning so deeply around Shane's dick at the same time that Shane can't help but throw his head back and -

“Sorry, Hay - *oh God.* One sec -” He gasps, pressing the button before he sets his phone down.

He grabs two handfuls of Rozanov’s hair as he shrieks, “Oh *fuck,* Ilya! Gonna come, gonna -”

He pulls Ilya down deep on his cock again, fucking his face like Ilya is encouraging him to, coming hard. They have ways of telling each other how rough to be during blowjobs, and Ilya tapped him on the leg twice to let Shane know he wanted it like this.

Ilya sucks him through it, swallowing most of his release, but he pulls back to catch the last few drops on his tongue and lips.

Shane loves how much Ilya has always loved blowing him. He never would have guessed that a guy who's so much of a *guy* - with his fancy, expensive cars and womanizer reputation - would love gagging on another man's dick.

But Shane is *not* complaining.

Ilya pulls off him, tucks him back into his shorts and moves back up so they're face to face. Eyes never leaving Shane's, his gaze hazy with lust, he starts to lean forward. Shane knows exactly what he wants to do, but they *can't* right now.

He tries to grab his phone, needing to finish this conversation with Hayden - putting a hand on Ilya's chest in reluctant protest - but he doesn't reach it.

Ilya swats Shane's hand away from where the phone fell between two of the couch pillows, and then wraps the same hand he just smacked him with around the back of Shane's neck.

“No, no, Shane. Say thank you first.”

Shane can't help but moan “*thank you”* at Ilya's command, glancing down at the other man's wet lips.

Unable to fight it, Shane leans forward and licks into Ilya's mouth, tasting himself. He moans again, pulling Ilya into him hard and tight. Their kiss is so wet their chins are both soaked in seconds.

“Clean me, Hollander.” Rozanov demands, and Shane feels Ilya’s dick twitch against his soft one as he licks his own come off his lips.

Despite being stressed about what Hayden must think of him after this disastrous, interrupted phone call, Shane can't help but smile after Ilya lightly smacks his ass.

He loves this man so much.

Ilya grins at Shane, moving away enough that Shane can actually grab his phone. He wipes his mouth and takes some deep breaths, trying to sound normal again as he goes to press the button to unmute.

But then he realizes something.

On his phone screen - on the call that Hayden is still very much a part of - the button isn't pressed for mute. The microphone symbol doesn't have a line through it.

The mute button is definitely *not* pressed. Which means -

"Um, Hayden?" Shane asks as he brings the phone back to his ear, feeling all the blood drain from his face.

There's a few beats of silence before he hears Hayden practically shout, "What the fuck, Hollander??"

Shane looks over at Ilya who immediately knows something's wrong based on whatever Shane's face is doing. Shane just shakes his head, his brain lost in panic and worst case scenarios. His eyes fill with tears.

He knows, he knows, he knows.

"What is it?" Ilya whispers, trying not to be heard.

"Shane, my *dude*. Did I just hear you getting down and dirty?" Hayden asks in his ear, sounding horrified.

"No, no - I -" Shane tries, but he can't find words. All of the English language is unreachable right now. He's so overwhelmingly embarrassed.

Ilya sits up on his knees again, hands on Shane's shaking legs. He's mouthing "*it's okay, take a deep breath*" but Shane can't do that right now. He tries to suck oxygen into his lungs but it's like all of it has suddenly left the room.

"Shane?" Hayden sighs deeply, sounding annoyed now which makes Shane feel even worse. "Are you still fucking Rozanov - *gross*, by the way - or are you idiots done yet?"

"*What?"* Shane balks, apparently able to find his voice again because of the pure shock. "That's not - *I'm* not - how do you -"

Shane thinks, *how does he know it was Ilya,* before he remembers everything they said to each other that Hayden must have *heard.* He feels like he might puke.

"Oh, save it, Hollander. I just heard you say his name and then I heard his voice. You ain't fooling nobody, my guy." Hayden huffs, laughing a bit maniacally.

He's laughing! Like it's the funniest thing in the world. Like Shane isn't about to go into heart failure.

Shane is still spiraling and totally unable to figure out what to do or say. He's so completely overwhelmed, hands shaking, that he just shoves the phone at Ilya - who looks rightfully confused. He must have heard some of the conversation, though. Hayden was shouting loud enough to be heard even if he wasn't on speaker.

"You want me to…?" Ilya asks, still whispering as he motions to the phone.

Shane just stares back helplessly. He doesn't fucking *know.*

"Hollander? Hey! Hello? Stop sucking that Russian's face and -" Hayden is yelling, but then Ilya rolls his eyes and presses 'speaker.'

"For fuck's sake, Pike, shut up." He snaps.

Oh no, Shane thinks. That's the last thing Hayden is going to want to hear.

"Me shut up? *Me?* You're the one who's distracting my best friend! I bet you any money that was your idea, Rozanov. Not Shane's." Hayden continues, and he laughs again. But this time it's his normal laugh. His relaxed laugh.

Which makes Shane relax a bit, too.

Ilya taps Shane's chin, trying to coax Shane to look up at him. He does, only because he feels like if he doesn't have something tethering him he's going to float into space.

Someone knows about me and Rozanov.

Hayden knows I like guys.

He's dreaded this happening. For so many years. It always felt like if someone knew, it would end Shane's world as he knows it. It would be the end of his career. The end of whatever was between him and Ilya because their secret can't be known.

It's only safe if nobody knows.

"Pike, your best friend is having a panic attack because you know about us." Ilya says calmly, still looking at Shane and holding his chin. "Now, despite you being shit at hockey, I do not think you are shit best friend. So, please tell Shane that you do not care that he likes guys. Even if listening to that was awkward for you."

Shane sucks in a deep breath, anxiety rushing through him as he waits for whatever Hayden says next.

But thankfully, he doesn't have to wait long.

"Shane, my *guy."* Hayden begins without hesitation, and his tone makes Shane smile - breaking him out of his inner turmoil for a second. "I absolutely do not care who you're sleeping with. As I've always told you. No big deal, okay? But there's this thing called a *mute* button, you know? Or, '*oops, sorry, service is bad up here on my island Hayden, the call dropped.*'"

Shane laughs wetly and Ilya smiles at him, holding the phone between them now so Shane can reply.

“I thought I pressed mute. Sorry, man.”

“You fucking better be. That was awful to listen to.”

“Hey.” Ilya tuts. "You could have hung up, you know."

“Fuck you, Rozanov. Also, Shane, I could have hooked you up with *so* many better guys! Jackie has so many gay friends! Why would you choose this dickhead?”

“Hey.” Shane tuts this time. “He’s not a dickhead.”

Hayden scoffs. “Yeah, right.”

Shane feels himself calm down, no longer anxious but still buzzing with adrenaline. He feels like he could sprint around the entire island if he started running.

“We are going to have a beer, Pike, to calm down. And then Shane will call you back later for proper talk, yes?” Ilya asks, looking for Shane’s approval of his suggestion.

Shane nods, so fucking grateful for Ilya.

“Alrighty. But hey, Shane?” Hayden asks, voice going soft the way it does when he’s being genuine.

“Yeah?” Shane whispers.

“Love ya, dude. Okay? And I won’t say anything. Promise.”

Shane sniffs, wiping his wet face. “Thanks, Hay.”

“Bye losers!” Hayden yells, and then hangs up.

Ilya tosses the phone back onto the couch and then pulls Shane into a hug that Shane melts into. He tucks his face in Ilya’s neck and just breathes and Ilya rubs a hand up and down his back.

“Okay?” Ilya whispers, kissing his forehead.

Shane nods. “Yeah.”

**

After dinner, and after three beers, Shane is pleasantly buzzed and way more calm than he was a few hours ago. He grabs his phone and tells Ilya, “I’m going to sit on the dock and call Hayden back.”

Ilya, hands deep in the sink doing the dishes, looks up.

“Okay, but do not fall in and drown, Hollander. I have plans for you.” He winks, and Shane smiles.

He sits down on the red Muskoka chair, listening to the waves lap against the side of the dock, and calls his best friend.

Hayden picks up after one ring. “Hey!”

“Hey,” Shane grins.

“You alone this time?” Hayden jokes.

“Yes. God, sorry. I’m so embarrassed.” He admits, groaning.

“I would be, too.”

Surprisingly, they get right into talking for a while about what Hayden actually called to talk to Shane about earlier. Shane listens, trying not to be surprised at how *normal* Hayden is being about this. He figured it would be a lot bigger of a deal, that Hayden would be asking a million questions. Or at the very least, giving him endless shit about earlier.

But he’s not. And Shane is grateful.

After about half an hour catching up - and without Hayden even once mentioning Ilya - Shane hears Jackie calling for her husband in the background.

“Sorry, buddy, I kind of have to go.” Hayden says, sounding disappointed. “Jackie’s parents are coming over soon.”

“No worries, man.”

There’s a beat of silence before Hayden clears his throat and says, “Hey, uh, I know what we do - our job - makes it hard to talk about stuff sometimes. Stuff like you liking guys."

Shane swallows. “Yeah, it does."

He thinks he knows where Hayden is going with this.

“But I hope I never made you think that you couldn’t…tell me? Like me specifically, I mean. I'm sorry if I ever did."

Shane is shaking his head before Hayden even finishes his sentence. “No, man. You didn’t do anything. I’ve just - things have been complicated for me. And with...Ilya. I just never told anyone. Less chance of anything bad happening.”

“Right. I can see that. Okay, Jackie, just a minute!” Hayden calls, and then laughs before he says, “God, I love that woman.”

Shane smiles. “I know you do.”

And I love Ilya, he thinks.

“I gotta say, Hayd - I thought you’d be freaking out a lot more about Ilya. Since him and I have been rivals for years.” Shane admits, breathing in deep. “You’re always saying how much you hate him on my behalf.”

"Well, but -" Hayden says, tone serious. "*You* like him. And I think you're a good judge of character. So, I guess, I trust that?"

Shane feels his eyes water again, but this time it's because he's so fucking happy.

"But if he ever hurts you in any way, there will be fisticuffs. And I'll kick his ass." Hayden says genuinely, which makes Shane laugh. "I'm *serious!* I will go full angry Dad mode on him."

"He’s actually a good guy, you know.” Shane says, a little shyly.

“Uh-huh.” Hayden says dubiously.

“I’m serious.”

“Well,” Hayden says with a laugh, “He’s welcome to come for dinner sometime, if you ever want to tell other people. I won’t tell Jackie if you don’t want me to. But I know she would love to have you guys over if she knew.”

That makes Shane feel warm to his core. “Thanks, Hayden. I appreciate it."

"No problem." He says cheerily, but then he blurts out, "oh *God"* a second later and makes a long groaning sound into the phone.

"What?" Shane asks, eyes going a bit wide.

"Is *Rozanov* Boston Lily? Because 'Lily' sounds a lot like 'Ilya.'" Hayden says, sounding so disappointed it makes Shane laugh again.

"Ding, ding, ding." He confirms and Hayden makes another loud noise.

"Goddamnit. Well, I guess whatever helps you play better, huh?"

"Shut up, Hayden."

"I can't believe -" Hayden begins, but then Shane hears Jackie shriek in the background, "*Hayden Michael Pike, get your ass in here to help me right now or I swear to god you won't see my tits for a year!"*

Shane practically cackles as he says, "I guess you should go before your wife murders you.”

Hayden sighs. “Good advice. Talk to you soon, okay? I need the whole story about you and 'Lily.' I mean, if you wanna tell me.”

Shane nods. "I'll tell you all about it, as long as you keep in mind that I really like this guy, okay? Can't hate on him too bad."

"No promises. It's Rozanov! Kidding, sort of. Okay love you man, bye!" Hayden calls, chuckling.

“Love ya, Hayd. Talk soon.” He smiles, hanging up.

Shane watches the sky for a few long minutes before he gets up and heads back inside to Ilya.

End Notes

I know in the books, Hayden is a lot more upset/confused/hurt about Shane being with Ilya. But in the show, to me anyway, he seems more relaxed about stuff. Maybe him being chill about this happening is a bit ooc for him in the books, but in the show I imagine him as a bit of a loveable doofus who wouldn't be too fazed about Shane being gay and with Ilya

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