The Phone Call

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The Phone Call

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Summary

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>
> “But it’s true! And you’ve heard them before.” The Russian explained, and Hayden paused. “No. I didn’t. I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about.” Ilya smiled. And Hayden groaned; it was one of those cocky smiles that he had whenever he was about to be an asshole. Which was always.

Or
Ilya gets sent to the hospital after he collapses. Now, all drugged up, he starts explaining to Hayden what happened during the phone call when he and Shane were at the cottage.

Hayden sat on the chair watching Rozanov, contemplating every life decision he had ever made. Why did he agree to come with Shane to the hospital again? Oh, right, cause he's a supportive friend and loves Shane.

Rozanov's chest rose and fell with his breaths. The man was still unconscious, the drugs they gave him knocking him out.

Shane had to run home to get a couple of things and left Hayden all by himself. He had asked him to watch over Ilya in case he woke up, because he didn't want his husband to be left alone.

And now Hayden had to suffer through watching Rozanov. Though as long as he remained asleep, Hayden would be fine with it.

Of course, Rozanov did not care for his comfort.

Hayden had just started to relax, or as much as he could relax in a plastic chair that seemed designed to punish the human spine, when the steady rhythm of Rozanov's breathing stammered. Hayden straightened instantly. "No," he muttered under his breath. "Absolutely not."

Rozanov's brow furrowed, the crease between his eyebrows deepening. His fingers twitched against the sheets. Once. Twice.

Hayden leaned forward despite himself, eyes fixed on the bed. He told himself this was his responsibility. That Shane had trusted him with this. That if Rozanov woke up and tried to rip out his IV or start a fight with the heart monitor, it would technically be Hayden's fault.

His eyelids fluttered.

Hayden groaned softly and scrubbed a hand down his face. "You have got to be kidding me."

Rozanov's eyes opened, slow, unfocused, glassy with medication. For a long moment, he just stared at the ceiling, breathing shallow and uneven, like the air itself was an inconvenience. Then his gaze shifted. And landed on Hayden.

Rozanov squinted, clearly trying to piece together reality. He then slowly moved his head away from Hayden and around the room. "Where is… Shane?"

"Gone," Hayden said. Then, because he wasn't a monster - because he saw the hurt appear on Rozanov's face and he didn't want to see that expression on anyone's face, even if he was Rozanov, he added. "Home. He'll be back."

Rozanov's face relaxed slightly, even though his body remained stiff. His fingers curled in the sheets again, knuckles whitening. "You stayed."

"He left me here," Hayden corrected. "Against my will." That earned him a faint huff of breath that might have been a laugh if it hadn't sounded so painful. Rozanov closed his eyes

for a second, regaining his composure. As much as he could in his highly medicated state. "You look," Rozanov murmured, "miserable."

"Thank you," Hayden said. "I've been working on that." Another silence stretched between them. The machines filled it, beeping steadily, unbothered by the tension coiling in the room. Hayden shifted in his chair, suddenly aware of how close the bed was, how fragile Rozanov looked despite everything he knew about the man.

Rozanov swallowed. "I don't remember… coming here," he admitted. "You collapsed on the ice," Hayden said before he could stop himself. "Scared the hell out of Shane."

Rozanov's eyes flicked back to him, something raw and unsettled flashing across his face before he masked it. He stared at the ceiling again, jaw clenched, like he could will himself back into unconsciousness.

He remembered the sudden collapse of Rozanov. Montreal and Ottawa were playing against each other, and as soon as Ilya's body collided with the ice, Shane became an absolute mess. Thankfully, Rozanov fainted towards the end of the third period; otherwise, Hayden was sure, the paramedics would have had to deal with *two* hockey players in need of medical assistance with Shane's impending panic attack.

Hayden exhaled slowly. Great. Wide awake. Alone together. This was going to be a long wait.

"I want Shane," Rozanov complained. Hayden sighed. "He'll be here soon. He just needed to go grab some of your things." Hayden explained again. He knew Rozanov was medicated, but he really didn't want to keep repeating himself for the entirety of Shane's absence.

"But why couldn't he go later?" Ilya whined. Hayden resisted the urge to roll his eyes. Somehow, this particular brand of Rozanov chaos was… almost amusing. He had half a mind to take out his phone and record him, just to spite him afterwards. "Because we didn't expect you'd wake up already. He thought he'd come back to you still asleep."

Ilya frowned, as if Hayden had just told him the world's greatest injustice. "But Shane is supposed to be here when I wake up."

"I know," Hayden said, through gritted teeth. "He will be. Soon." Ilya stared at the ceiling for a moment, then turned his head again, eyes unfocused. "He usually is." Hayden paused, unsure where this was going. And kinda scared. Rozanov on a normal day was an ass, Rozanov high on drugs… "Usually is *what?"*

"Here, when I wake up," Ilya clarified. "Or when I fall asleep. Or in between." He hummed thoughtfully. "Especially in between." A lopsided smile appeared on his face, his eyes closing as if he had lost himself in a memory. Hayden felt something cold settle in his spine. He had a bad feeling about where this was going. "Okay," he said quickly. "We don't need to-"

"Because we have sex," Ilya said, plainly. Hayden choked on absolutely nothing. "Yep. There it is." He said, mortified, and then muttered. "I'm gonna kill Shane." Ilya blinked at him,

brow creasing again. “You are very red.”

“I’m *fine,”* Hayden snapped, voice cracking just a little. “You’re on drugs. You’re confused. Let’s maybe not talk about your… your marital activities.” He looked away from the man, finding the floor much more intriguing. “But it is true! And you have heard them before.” The Russian explained, and Hayden paused. “No. I didn’t. I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about.” Ilya smiled. And Hayden groaned; it was one of those cocky smiles that he had whenever he was about to be an asshole. Which was always.

“Yeah, when we were at the cottage.” Hayden looked back at Rozanov, his brows furrowed. Now he really didn’t know where he was going with this story. “What are you talking about? I’ve never been to the cottage with you.” Hayden has been to Shane’s cottage, of course, but that was years ago when Shane had first built it. The cottage was quite far from him, and he didn’t have time to visit Shane while he was there. Nowadays, he just visited their home. Or Shane and Ilya came over to his.

Ilya laughed. “No. No. You were not there. You were on phone.” Hayden tilted his head to the side. A bad feeling settled in his stomach. Rozanov continued. “Was years ago. You called him, and I was bored.” Hayden stared at him. Then laughed once, sharp and disbelieving. “No.” Ilya nodded. “Yes.”

“No,” Hayden said again, more desperately. “Because I would’ve noticed,” Hayden tried to explain. “You did not,” Ilya said, sounding faintly smug. Hayden furrowed his eyebrows, thinking back. Had there ever been a moment when he had called Shane and sounded weird? He tried to think, but his mind couldn’t supply him with anything.

Until it remembered the year Amber was born. His eyes immediately widened. “No.” He whispered in shock. Rozanov just laughed. “No, you didn’t. I was- what? You- you were?” Hayden stood up from the chair and started pacing. His face felt hot. He could remember how breathless Shane had sounded that day. Hayden just assumed he was tired or something similar. But he was having- He squeezed his eyes shut, needing to quiet his brain. He was not finishing that thought.

“You are tomato,” Rozanov said through his laughter. “That day was fun.” He continued, and Hayden turned towards him, really needing him to stop talking. “Shut up, Rozanov!” Hayden nearly screamed, raking his hands through his hair. He couldn’t believe that his best friend had subjected him to that. Granted, he wasn’t aware of it then, but still! It’s about the principle!

“But why? Was great blowjob. You should know about it.” Hayden felt his face grow even redder. “No. Fuck this. I’m leaving.” He grabbed his bag and searched for his phone. He loved Shane, he did, but this was too much. He was just going to wait outside. “No. Pike, stay. I haven’t even told you about him cumming in my mouth.”

Hayden was about to explode. His redness was making him become a bomb. “You promised Shane to stay.” He turned slowly, fixing Rozanov with a glare that could’ve incinerated walls. “I promised Shane I’d make sure you didn’t die. Not that I’d stay here while you traumatize me.”

Ilya pouted. Actually pouted. It was deeply unsettling. “You are very dramatic.”

“I just found out my best friend was-“ Hayden stopped himself hard, jaw snapping shut. “No. Not finishing that sentence.”

Then the door suddenly opened, and Shane entered, bag first. “Shane!” Ilya shouted, his eyes suddenly filling with love and adoration. And, fuck, why did he have to look so in love with Shane? “Hi.” Shane greeted him and walked up to the man to drop a kiss on his cheek. “You’re awake.” He said, completely ignoring Hayden in the room. “Yeah. Missed you.” Ilya said while interlacing their fingers together. Shane smiled. “Missed you too.”

Hayden made a strangled noise somewhere in the back of his throat. Shane finally looked up. He took in Hayden’s rigid posture. The death grip on the bag and the fact that Hayden was approximately the color of a fire truck. “…Hey, Hayd,” Shane said cautiously. Hayden said nothing. Just stared. Shane’s brow furrowed. His gaze flicked briefly to Ilya, who was still smiling, entirely pleased with himself, then back to Hayden. “Um, what happened?” He asked carefully. He wasn’t sure he even wanted to know the answer. “Well, um, your husband, um-“ Hayden’s face was just growing redder, and he was not capable of eye contact with Shane for some reason.

“I told him about the blowjob at the cottage,” Ilya mumbled and squeezed his hand tighter. Shane froze, his eyes growing wide and cheeks going red. “Ilya! Fuck, Hayden, I’m so sorry.” Shane immediately tried to apologize. He never wanted Hayden to learn about that. Fuck Ilya and these stupid meds. “No. Don’t wanna hear about it. You can make it up to me by babysitting the kids for the next 10 years.” Hayden didn’t wait for a response. He just turned on his heel and marched towards the door, his soul permanently scarred.

“Ten years,” he repeated over his shoulder. *“Minimum.”* The door swung shut behind him with a click.

For a moment, the room was silent except for the steady beeping of the monitors. Shane stared after the door, then slowly dragged a hand down his face. “I am *so* dead.” Ilya hummed, entirely unashamed. “He will survive.”

“He absolutely will not,” Shane said. “He’s going to bring this up for the rest of our lives.” Ilya smiled lazily. “Good story.” Shane shot him a look. “You are on *very* thin ice.”

“I was already on ice,” Ilya said reasonably. “That is how we got here.” Shane snorted despite himself, then sighed and turned back to him, fingers automatically checking the IV, the monitors, grounding himself in the fact that Ilya was awake and alive and right there. “You okay?” Shane asked quietly. Ilya’s expression softened. “Yes. Better now.” Shane leaned in, resting his forehead against Ilya’s temple. “You scared the hell out of me.” Ilya lifted their joined hands and pressed a kiss to Shane’s knuckles. “Sorry.”

Another pause.

“I like Hayden,” Ilya added. “He is loud.” Shane chuckled. That’s a phrase he’ll never hear again. “You traumatized him.” Ilya rolled his eyes. “He will recover,” Ilya said. “Eventually.”

Shane pulled back just enough to look at him. “You owe him an apology.” Ilya considered that. Thought about it very seriously. “Why? He was so nice to talk to.” Shane sighed. “Okay, we’ll revisit this once you’re not so high, okay.”

“Yes,” Ilya said, or rather *slurred*.

Outside the room, Hayden leaned against the wall, staring at nothing, trying to unlearn several memories at once. He pulled out his phone and typed one message with shaking thumbs.

Hayden: I hope you know I am never calling you again.

A few seconds later, his phone buzzed.

Shane: Fair.

Hayden closed his eyes. He was never setting foot in a hospital again.

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