

Jackie Said It's Cool

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Jackie Said It's Cool

by [Internerdionality](#)

Summary

Shane turns bright red, his freckles showing up as lighter pink specks against the dusky color of his cheeks. "It's not like... I haven't been... I don't have a crush on you or anything!"

"Why not?" Hayden demands, too shocked to filter his words. "We're best friends! I'd have a crush on you if I was gay!"

Shane gapes up at him. Jackie puts her hand over her mouth, her eyes dancing. Hayden realizes, far too late, how that must have sounded.

Well, at this point, it's too late for him to do anything other than lean into it, right? He folds his arms across his chest. "I mean, jeez, man, am I not hot enough for you?"

Hayden Pike has a terrible, horrible, no-good, very bad day. And then, just to make it worse, Ilya Rozanov shows up.

Notes

So many thanks to my super beta bestie squad, [hopelessscribe](#), [multifandomhomo](#), [Sunless_Garden](#) and [phoenix_ascended](#), both for cheering me on during this unholy journey, and helping me make it so much more perfectly unhinged!

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

Hayden Pike is having a real fucking shitty night.

“C’mon, buddy,” he pleads again. “Let me hit up the rest of the guys for puck bunnies—”

“No,” Shane insists, and curls even tighter in on himself, managing to make even his substantial nearly six-foot bulk look tiny on the narrow hospital bed.

Hayden doesn’t look at what Shane’s hands are doing. Not that he gives a flying fuck about seeing Shane jerking off. Hayden’s generally a pretty chill guy when it comes to shit like that; it’s not as if he hasn’t seen it all, what with sharing hotel rooms and group showers; and for that matter, he participated in his fair share of circle jerks and limp biscuits as an idiotic, horny teenage boy (which is, as Jackie would say, a redundancy of terms, heh). But Shane’s always been intensely shy, and he’s gonna have a hard enough time with this as it is—plenty of the guys on the Metros would just laugh off getting hit with some kind of fucked up sex roofie, but man, Shane is sure as fuck not one of them.

“I can’t *do* that, Hayds,” Shane continues. “With some stranger? I can’t—I’d rather just stay here, they said they’d bring some meds—”

Hayden groans. The nurses had assured him that the sketchy memory was a harmless, temporary symptom, that it wouldn’t have any long-term repercussions. But it doesn’t make it any easier to deal with—especially when Shane is perfectly coherent *otherwise*, and not even acting all out of character, other than the constant jerking off. It’s just so fucking weird.

“You’ve already had all the meds they can give you, dude. The last round wore off in like, fifteen minutes. They said you’re having a really acute reaction, that without other, ah, treatment, you might have a fucking *heart attack*, bro. Okay? You’ve gotta... you just gotta, Hollzy.”

Hayden just barely keeps his voice from breaking on the last syllable. For all that he’s only three years older than Shane, he’s felt protective of their star forward since Shane walked into the Metros’ locker room that first day, with his face all serious, determined, and *lonely*. And it’s not just Hayden, for that matter—half the thirst tweets Hollzy gets are from women talking about how they want to bring him home and feed him warm soup and shit instead of anything actually *sexy*. And when Hayden had finally managed to drag him home to Jackie, she reacted approximately the same as when she’d pulled Gretzky, their chocolate lab, out of the gift box Hayden had put him in as a puppy.

(Oh, for fuck’s—look, they’d talked about it beforehand, and he put the lid on like thirty seconds before she opened it, okay? And it had air holes and everything. He’s not a monster.)

Anyway, so. Hayden fucking hates to see Shane in pain. And this is the most pain he’s ever seen him in.

“Rose—” Shane tries, next.

“I already called her, dude, she’s in LA for the weekend, and she can’t make it back in time. I even tried Boston Lily, just in case she was somehow in town. No answer.”

“L-Lily?” Shane cranes his neck back over his shoulder, his eyes confused and scared. God, it fucking hurts to see him like this. “I don’t—I’m not...”

“I know, bro, I know. You broke up, or stopped seeing her, or whatever. It’s okay, we all know you’re not a cheater, dude. But Rose said, you know, that whatever you need tonight is fine. I mean, obviously she doesn’t want you to *die*, Hollz.”

(Admittedly, the chance of death is apparently, like, less than one percent. The nurses made it pretty clear that they don’t think that Shane’s in any urgent danger, but... Hayden really isn’t okay with anything that’s not a *zero* percent chance of death. And anyway, he doesn’t exactly want to spend the next six to eight hours watching his best friend go fucking crazy from horniness, either.)

Hayden expects Shane to protest further—like he did the *last* four times they had this argument—but he only turns back around, his shoulders moving rhythmically again, little noises of pain forcing their way out between his teeth. After a second, Hayden pushes his advantage.

“Isn’t there *anyone* else we could call, Hollzy? Anyone you’ve ever had a crush on? I mean, look, you gotta know you can have anyone you want in this damn town—”

But Shane is shaking his head. “I just... I can’t. I need to *know* someone, before I...”

Which is when Hayden has his next bad idea, but... look. He’s *desperate*.

“Okay, then, look. What if you came home with me?” he asks.

This time, Shane turns all the way around, even letting go of his dick as he stares at Hayden incredulously. Hayden chokes. It’s not like he hasn’t seen Shane’s dick plenty of times—he doesn’t *look*, but you can’t avoid catching the occasional glimpse in the showers—but apparently the man is a grower, because holy *shit* that’s a *massive* boner he’s sporting, under the front-laced hospital gown that hides... really nothing at all.

“With... you?” Shane asks, falteringly.

“Yeah, dude!” Hayden says, warming up to it. Shit. Did that sound too enthusiastic? It’s not like he knows the etiquette for inviting your best friend over to have sex with your wife.

“Look, Jackie can take the kids over to her parents while we’re getting out of here, right? It’ll be nice and private, no one around... And you know she loves you as much as I do, bro. She’ll be totally cool with it.”

“I don’t know...” Shane’s hand drifts down to his dick again, as if he just can’t help himself. Hayden doesn’t *not* look. There’s only so much Herculean effort he can be expected to expend. “I can’t... You’re my best friend, Hayds, and... I don’t want to make things... weird.”

Hayden surprises himself by laughing. “Yeah, I think that ship has sailed, bro,” he says honestly. “But I swear to God, Hollzy, you’re stuck with me at this point, okay? There’s *nothing* you could do that would make me ditch you. Things’ll probably be awkward as fuck for a while, but we’ll get over it. Right?”

After a long moment, Shane nods, and Hayden takes the first painfree breath he’s managed since J.J. had first come over to him in that *fucking* club they should never have taken their Cap to, and told him that Shane had gotten roofied with something real bad.

“Okay, man, that’s fantastic,” he says. “Seriously, that’s so great. Let me get the nurse and spring us out of here. It shouldn’t be too long; they’ve been trying to get rid of us all night.”

He texts Jackie on the way, driving one-handed while trying desperately to ignore Shane, who’d yanked his fly back open the second Hayden had manhandled him into the backseat. Cause, like, it’s one thing to volunteer his wife for a pity fuck, and it’s another thing to *surprise* her with it, right?

(The nurses had given Shane another round of the sexual suppression meds right before they’d discharged him—with some paperwork that Hayden deserves another Olympic medal for not photographing for future blackmail purposes—but he’d still only just barely managed to stop jerking off for long enough to get out of the hospital without committing a felony.)

Of course, she agrees pretty much right away, with just enough of a bouncing ellipsis before her answer comes back to make Hayden feel pretty good about himself. Look, if he asked *anyone* else in the Metro cheering section if they wanted to take a ride on Shane Hollander’s dick—including any of the *moms*; hell, including most of the *dads*—he wouldn’t have had time to count to three before their panties hit the stratosphere.

(On that note, he was kinda slandering the nurses, before—several of them had offered to *assist* Shane themselves, and the only reason they kept trying to get him to leave is that they could tell he wasn’t going to be comfortable with the only treatment that could help him as long as he was in an ER bed. They’d even offered to get him a private room and a professional, and Shane had refused. So.)

Hayden never fully remembers the drive home, later—he’s in the zone, clipping corners in his Land Rover, scrambling through shortcuts to avoid traffic, and just straight-up blowing through a few red lights in particularly deserted areas. He makes such good time, in fact, that he’s already parked and out of the car when Jackie pulls up in the minivan, kids disposed of. She climbs out of the van and makes her way over to him just as he’s debating whether he can actually lift Shane out of the backseat on his own, because he doesn’t see how else he’s getting him in the house.

“C’mon, buddy,” he begs, leaning through the open back door and heaving, both hands under Shane’s armpits. He barely even budes—his legs have got to be wedged under the passenger seat or something. “We gotta get you out of the car—”

Shane whines, high-pitched and breathy, and fuck, but that sound is going to be stuck in Hayden’s head for *years*. “I... I can’t, Hayd...” he moans. “Fuck, it’s—it feels like... I can’t

stop—”

Jesus fucking Christ.

“How’s he doing?” Jackie asks, peering over his shoulder. Part of Hayden wants to tell her to look away, but. Well. That’d be pretty dumb, considering what they’re here to do.

“I don’t *know*,” he says instead. He gives up on dragging Shane out and tugs Jackie a little ways away from the car, lowering his voice in the hope that Shane won’t overhear. “He wasn’t this bad when we left the hospital. He sounds like he’s in so much pain, Jackie, I can’t... I’ve been trying to get him out of the car, and he’s, like, responding to me but he can’t even *stop* for long enough to—”

“Okay, okay,” she says, cutting through his rising hysteria with the calm competence that he fell for (well, okay, that and her tits, which are fucking incredible. And her sense of humor. And her—never mind). “What if I try sucking him off in the car? Maybe that’ll give him enough relief that we can get him inside, at least.”

“Fuck, you’re brilliant,” Hayden enthuses. “God, babe, I love you so much.”

She beams at him. “Okay, just, you know. Try to give us some warning if you see any of the neighbors watching. Last thing we need is to get brought in on a public indecency charge.”

“Yeah, for sure,” Hayden agrees. “And like, don’t take it personally if he doesn’t come, okay? Apparently that’s the way this fucking shit works—it makes you crazy horny, like ‘I’m-gonna-die-if-I-don’t-get-laid-right-the-fuck-now’ cranked, but you can’t, like, fucking *come* until you get more turned on than you’ve ever been in your life. That’s what makes it dangerous, some people get so horned up they have fucking heart attacks.”

Jackie shakes her head. “Yeah, I know, babe, I looked it up when you called the first time,” she says, smiling fondly at him. “Now, I’m going to give you a pass on the swearing, cause Shane’s in trouble and the kids aren’t here, but I need you to start practicing your breathing, okay? You can’t help him if you’re freaking out, too.”

Hayden breathes in, slowly. Out. In. Out. Jackie beams at him approvingly. Fuck, but he loves her so much.

“Okay,” he says. “Okay, I’m good, now.”

She nods and ducks into the car.

Hayden turns around, keeping an eye out. Not that he’s telling himself any stupid lies about not wanting to watch this. He isn’t that kind of homophobic, and anyway, it’s *his wife*, giving a blow job, from an angle he’s never gotten to see before! *Of course* he’d want to watch, if he could. But this isn’t about him, and she’s not wrong about the risk from the neighbors: Carol, the retiree who lives in the perfect Better Homes & Gardens place across the street, is especially aggressive about calling the cops, but realistically, any of their neighbors might notice some people doing something weird in the back of an unlit car at two in the fucking morning and decide that they need to Do Something about the situation.

Fortunately, even though Hayden can't watch, he can still *hear* everything.

"Hey, Shane," Jackie says, her voice low, gentle, like she's talking to one of the kids. "How are you doing?"

"Jackie?" he asks, sounding confused. Fuck, he's probably forgotten the plan—Hayden should have reminded him when they'd pulled up. "Oh God, don't *look* at me—"

"Yeah, sweetie, it's me. Don't worry about that, okay? It's nothing I haven't seen before. I'd like to try and help you feel a little better. Is that okay?"

"I... I thought Hayden—" Shane says, still sounding lost.

"Hayden's totally okay with it, Shane," she says, still in that calm, soothing voice. "He brought you to me."

"...Oh."

"Is... Is that okay? If there's someone else you'd rather have, Shane—I know he tried calling your girlfriend and your ex, and neither of them could make it, but we could—"

"No," Shane says, sounding more certain of himself. "No, I... If you're sure you're okay with... trying. I don't think... I don't think I can be... very good, but—"

"Oh, honey," Jackie says, laughing a little. Hayden gets it. It's such a fucking *Shane* thing to freak out about. "Don't worry about that at all, okay? Just let me take care of you—"

The wet noises that follow are quiet enough that Hayden probably wouldn't notice them if he wasn't listening so intently, but the groan Shane lets out as Jackie's lips sink all the way down on his dick is *loud*, as are the broken noises he makes as she starts to bob her head up and down. *Fuck*, but Hayden doesn't even *need* to be watching—he knows exactly what his wife looks like giving head, after all, and he caught a pretty good picture of Shane sprawled across the backseat, despite the darkness. And Hayden fucking loves oral, giving and receiving, and he's always had a thing for fucking in semi-public spaces—that time that he and Jackie did it in one of the treatment rooms during the second intermission of the last game of the Cup finals, when they were already up by three goals and *knew* they were taking it home, is still pretty much his top memory ever. So, yeah. He maybe gets a little heated up, standing in his own fucking driveway and listening to *that*. Holy fuck.

After a while, the wet, slurping sounds die down. There's a few quiet murmurs, and then Jackie's climbing out of the backseat and pulling *Hayden* into a quick, reassuring kiss. She's so great.

She tastes *different*, somehow, and he's groaning and chasing the weird flavor into her mouth long before his conscious mind parses that it's *Shane* he's tasting on her tongue. He crushes her even harder against him, the sudden realization hitting him like a fucking lightning bolt. Shit, but he's cranked.

Thankfully, he doesn't really have the chance to think about the implications of that before she's pulling away, her hand stroking fondly across his chin. "He didn't come, but he seems like he's doing a little better—let's get him inside before it wears off," she says, with quiet urgency.

"Right," Hayden says, nodding quickly. "Right, yeah, of course."

Shane *does* seem considerably more with it as they wrestle him out of the car. He even manages to stop tugging at his dick—which is glimmering wet in the moonlight, and *fuck*, Hayden's going to fucking hell for the bolt of lust that shoots up his spine at the sight—for long enough for them to sling his arms around their shoulders, and once they've got him between them, they get him into the house fast enough that he doesn't have too much of a chance to freak out before they're hauling him into their bedroom and basically tossing him onto their bed.

Dammit, now why did Hayden have to think about it like *that*?

Shane's got his hand back around his dick pretty much the second his back hits the mattress—his shirt is gaping wide open, he must have unbuttoned it in the car, and his pants fell down to around his knees at some point during the journey into the house. He lets out a deep groan as he fists it—rough enough to make Hayden wince—that is loud and low and gravelly, and makes Hayden's heart pound. Fuck, he should have asked them to send him home with a blood pressure cuff or something. How will he know if Shane is having an actual fucking heart attack?

"Okay, sweetie," Jackie says, starting to strip her clothes off. Hayden watches appreciatively—it's not an artistic tease or anything, they don't have time for that, but he never gets tired of seeing his wife naked. "What's your favorite position?"

Shane's eyes, as he lays on the bed looking up at them, bounce all over the room, landing pretty much everywhere other than Jackie's chest. Hayden is actually feeling a little insulted at this point—granted, there's the bro code and all, but he's given *permission*. The way Shane's eyes slide past Jackie's amazing tits as she unhooks her bra is nothing short of criminal.

"Uhh..." Shane fumbles. "I, uh. I'm okay with, uh, whatever you want to try?"

Jackie opens her mouth, but Hayden beats her to it. "Yeah, that's not going to work, buddy." Ignoring the way that Shane's hand is still moving, seemingly unconsciously, up and down on his dick, Hayden sits down at the foot of the bed, giving his best friend his best Stern Dad look—the one that kept Ruby from crayoning the walls.

Once, anyway.

"Look, Shanezy," he says, pulling out the big guns. "From how the nurses told it, this is just gonna keep going on and on. For *hours*. Until we get you to come. And you're not gonna be able to do that unless you get *really* into what's going on. Like, 'best-sex-of-your-life' *into* it, okay? So you gotta tell us what you like. Whatever it is, no matter how embarrassing, we'll

make it happen and we'll take it to our graves, okay? What is it? Handcuffs? Feet? Cowgirl? Clowns? Feathers?"

He was aiming for a laugh, obviously, and he grins smugly as he gets it, Shane giggling weakly even as he blushes and turns his face into the pillow.

"Um, and uh, if you need Hayden to leave—" Jackie says, giving him a pointed glance.

"Oh!" Hayden says, feeling dumb. "Yeah, obviously I'll leave once, you know, you guys get going. I mean, I can leave now, too, I just—"

"No," Shane blurts out.

Hayden was just starting to lift himself off the foot of the bed, but as he hears the urgency and near-panic in Shane's voice, he quickly sinks back down. "You... want me to stay?" he asks, confused. "Or... Just to help talk you through, like, figuring out what to do, or...?"

That makes a *little* more sense than Shane wanting to—

"Oh," Hayden says, realizing, "is it a like, a kink thing? You have a cuck kink? Or you like being watched?"

Shane groans and actually takes his hands off his dick for long enough to raise them halfway up to his face, only to make a disgusted face and lower them back down before they touch his skin. "You know what a cuck kink is called, but not exhibitionism?" he mutters.

Hayden shrugs. "Some guys have called me a cuck on the ice, I had to look it up to see what it meant."

"Who?" Jackie and Shane demand at the same time.

"Okay, okay, cool it, Liam Neeson," Hayden says. "It was a long time ago—" (it was last week), "—and that doesn't matter right now, okay? Look, Shane, if me watching would help, I am *totally* cool with that—"

"I think I might be gay," Shane interrupts.

Hayden's brain grinds to a halt. Holy fuck. That was... That was *not* what he'd expected Hollzy to say. Oh shit. Oh... holy fucking shit.

"Thank you for trusting us enough to tell us that, Shane," Jackie is saying, while Hayden's brain still feels like a bunch of lego bricks revolving in a blender (credit to Ruby that he has a visceral picture of that handy), with his memories of the last *six years* getting all mixed up and shredded apart and then slowly reassembled. "We love you no matter what, and it means so much that—"

"But what about Rose fucking Landry?" Hayden demands. "Are you telling me you never hit that?"

“Hayds,” Jackie hisses. She’s moved over to sit next to Shane on the bed, now, putting a comforting arm around his shoulder, and her glare is particularly potent side-by-side with Shane’s sad puppy dog face.

“I mean, yeah, whatever, of course we *support* you, dude,” Hayden says, dismissing the obvious with a hand wave. “You know I’d bury a body for you without a question, being gay is like, no problem at *all*, I’m just... What *was* that, with Rose? Cause it didn’t look fake! Oh holy shit, wait, does *Rose Landry* have a dick? Cause that would be—”

“Hayden Jeremiah Pike—” Jackie *growls*, half rising up from the bed.

“I mean, uh. Trans women are women, and like, I support... marriage rights? Is that what we’re supposed to—but anyway, I just thought, I don’t know, maybe—”

“*No*,” Shane says. “Oh my god, Hayden. Rose is amazing, and that’s how... I mean, if I can’t, you know, get really going for *her*; then... I guess I was just, you know, fooling myself thinking that I would ever really... For any woman, you know?”

“Fuck,” Hayden says. “Shit, yeah, I guess probably not.”

“I’m really sorry, Jackie,” Shane says, “I should have told you out in the car, instead of letting you...I just... I was surprised, I thought—”

“Oh, don’t worry about that, Shane, I just hope it helped a little—” Jackie starts.

“*Holy fuck!*” Hayden gasps, as the penny finally drops. “You thought that... you wanted *me* to...?”

Shane turns bright red this time, his freckles showing up as lighter pink specks against the dusky color of his cheeks. “It’s not like... I haven’t been... I don’t have a *crush* on you or anything!”

“Why not?!” Hayden demands, too shocked to filter his words. “We’re best friends! I’d have a crush on you if *I* was gay!”

Shane gapes up at him. Jackie puts her hand over her mouth, her eyes dancing. Hayden realizes, far too late, how that must have sounded.

Well, at this point, it’s too late for Hayden to do anything other than lean into it, right? He folds his arms across his chest. “I mean, jeez, man, am I not hot enough for you?”

Thank *god*, that gets Shane to close his mouth and scoff, just like he would to any other friendly chirp. “I don’t know,” he says, smirking. “You’re no Scott Hunter...”

“Oh, come on,” Hayden says, grinning with relief, “no one’s as hot as Mr. Voted-Hottest-Hockey-Player-in-the-MLH-Three-Years-in-a-Row. You gotta grade on a curve, here, man!”

Shane laughs, then groans aloud and reaches for his dick again. “Fuck, it hurts,” he moans.

“Okay, right,” Hayden says. He starts unbuckling his belt. “Let’s do this, then.”

“Uh,” Shane says, his eyes dropping down and gluing themselves to Hayden’s hands.

Hayden freezes. “Do you not... still want...?”

Shane shakes his head immediately. “No, I want. I mean, that’s... If you could fuck me,” he blurts out, his expression turning determined, “that would be... That’s what’s always made me come the hardest in the past, so...”

Okay, yeah, and that’s probably another thing that Hayden’s going to be thinking about for a long time—not just that Shane likes to be fucked, but that he’s had enough *experience* with it to know his preferences. When the hell has he—

“Oh, fuck, Boston Lily,” Hayden says suddenly, the small glimpses of text messages that he’s caught over the years flying through his head. “*She’s* got a dick! I mean, Boston Lily is a guy. Like, that’s not his real name. Right?”

“Yeah,” Shane says, a little breathlessly. He hasn’t stopped jerking off this whole time—it’s actually kinda become like white noise—but as Hayden kicks his shoes off and pushes his jeans down, he lets go of his own dick and reaches toward Hayden’s, as if it’s an involuntary motion. “Can I... Can I suck you off?”

Hayden exhales roughly, feeling like he’s just taken a hard hit. “Jesus fuck, man, like I’m gonna say *no* to that? But... This is supposed to be what turns *you* on—”

“Oh, it is,” Shane says. He moves onto his hands and knees and crawls forward, and Hayden is gonna lose his fucking mind. At least getting an erection isn’t going to be a problem. “It does.”

It takes a second for Hayden to follow what he’s saying—that he loves sucking someone off *that* much? Well, to be fair, there’s not a lot that Hayden loves more than having Jackie sit on his face.

And then Shane’s reached him and is mouthing at him through his underwear, and Hayden is just fucking *gone*. Over Shane’s head, Jackie mouths “*oh my god*” silently at him, and he rolls his eyes and nods vigorously, wordlessly communicating, “*I know, right?*”

“You’re not gonna be able to do that for long,” he manages to gasp out, as Shane pulls away just long enough to free Hayden’s dick from the damp fabric. “Unless you’ve given up on having me fuck you.” The look Shane casts up at him is pure mischief, and Hayden groans out loud. “Oh god, you’re going to be the death of me.”

“Shane,” Jackie speaks up, from behind them, “would you like me to go? Or... If not, maybe I could get you ready for Hayden to fuck you? I have more experience doing that than he does, so...”

“Jackie,” Hayden hisses, feeling his own cheeks go hot.

Shane pulls off his dick with a pop. “Really?” he asks, grinning at Jackie over his shoulder. “Have you and Hayds done some pegging?”

“Oh yeah, he *loves* it,” she says, ignoring Hayden’s ‘shut up’ gestures. “Hardest orgasm he ever had in his life, he said—”

“Jackie,” Hayden says again, although it comes out more as a whine, this time.

“Yeah, that’d be good, then,” Shane says. “It doesn’t seem like Hayds is probably gonna last long enough to do it himself.”

“Hey!” Hayden says. Fed up, he grabs Shane’s head and pulls him back onto his dick. “Not cool, dude.”

Shane moans as if Hayden had just done the sexiest thing ever, and the vibrations around his dick almost make Hayden come right then and there. And then Jackie grabs the lube from their bedside drawer and Shane’s back arches like the fucking Alexandra Bridge as she sticks her fingers in his ass, and Hayden has to squeeze his eyes shut and think of the time his whole leg went through the ice during a winter fishing trip.

“Okay, buddy,” he says shakily, “maybe, uh, just hold my dick in your mouth now, instead of actually sucking?”

Shane smirks up at him, but he also does what Hayden told him—which is, unfortunately, its own kind of sexy.

Fortunately, Jackie is, in fact, really good at ass stuff. There’s times when she’s made Hayden come from just that; but this time, she’s clearly prioritizing getting Shane ready to be fucked as quickly as possible, because it’s barely ten minutes later that she’s slapping Shane on the ass and tossing Hayden the lube and a strip of condoms from their bedside drawer.

“Do I need to?” he asks, looking down at the strip with some surprise. “I mean, it’s not like I can get *him* pregnant—”

“Unless you want a UTI, yeah,” Jackie says, rolling her eyes.

“I’m also not a big fan of having my ass leaking cum, to be honest,” Shane says, pulling off Hayden’s dick. “Like, it’s a little hot in the moment, but really gross after.”

“Oh, right.” Hayden winces and goes ahead and tears one of the packets open, discarding the rest of the strip on the bed before he rolls it down over his boner, which by this point is bidding fair to match the massive one that Shane’s got.

Shane turns around and wiggles his ass, grinning at Hayden over his shoulder, and is there *any* chance that he might be interested in doing this again when he’s *not* been sex-roofied? Cause otherwise, he’s pretty much ruined Hayden for life... Maybe if Jackie wasn’t right *there* on Shane’s other side, looking turned on and gorgeous as fuck, naked except for her panties... But she *is*, and as Hayden shakingly takes hold of Shane’s ass and begins to push in, he knows for a fact that this night is going to be the standard by which he’s gonna measure all sex going forward.

And then someone starts fucking *banging* on the front door.

They all jump. Hayden's dick falls out of Shane's hole.

"What the hell—" he starts.

"I'll go check," Jackie says, quickly crawling off the bed. Whoever it is is still pounding on the door. "Probably one of the neighbors did see us in the driveway and the cops are canvassing."

"Oh yeah, probably," Hayden mutters. This happens at least once every six months—someone calls in something "suspicious" and the cops start going door-to-door to ask if anyone's seen anything. Fucking suburbs. "Fucking pigs."

Jackie grabs her bathrobe off the back of the door and disappears, and Hayden takes Shane by the ass again, kneading at his cheeks and then pulling them apart to see his pretty, wet hole. Shane moans and goes down to his elbows, pushing his ass up higher in the air.

"Fuck, Hollzy," Hayden breathes. "You're so fucking hot."

In more ways than one, he realizes, as he starts pushing in again, quickly getting deeper than he had before. Shane's ass is incredibly tight, squeezing his dick like a... thing that grips things very tightly... and hot like a furnace.

"You gotta... tell me... how to make this good for you," he pants, as he pushes deeper. "Like... it's different than with a woman, right?"

"If I knew how to make it good for a woman..." Shane groans. "But... I don't know, just fuck around with different angles until you get it right, I guess?"

Hayden squints down at him. "Do you not... I mean, haven't you done this? The fucking part, I mean."

"...No," Shane admits, after a momentary pause. "I like... I'm a bottom, that means—"

Jackie's talking to someone at the door—it's a ways away, and the house is pretty well insulated, but Hayden can hear her voice, and a man answering, underneath Shane's continued explanation. After a second of trying to figure out what they're saying, though, he dismisses it—he trusts her to come get him if he's needed.

"Yeah, okay, I get it," Hayden says, cutting off the rest of Shane's lecture. "But... you've never even tried it the other way? Then how do you *know*?"

"This is a really weird conversation to have with your dick in my ass, Hayds," Shane says, groaning. "I don't know, I just... It never really appealed to me that much, and Il—Lily really likes to top, so..."

"Wait, is Lily the only guy you've ever had sex with?" Hayden asks, his eyes going wide. The idea that he's only the second person to do this to Shane is... kinda doing something to him. He's balls-deep now, and he rests for a second there, taking deep breaths, making sure that he's not gonna come as soon as he starts moving again.

“Yeah,” Shane groans. “Until now. C’mon, Hayds, give it to me—”

“Do *not*—” says a furious, Russian accented voice, at the same time as the door crashes open.

Hayden jerks his head around so fast his neck gives a warning creak. “What the fuck is—” he starts, then gapes. “*Rozanov?*”

It’s unmistakably Boston’s star center walking into Hayden’s own fucking bedroom as if he owns the place, even though Hayden literally can’t imagine anyone less likely to be there. How is Rozanov even in the *country*?

“Ilya?” Shane gasps, craning around as well. He pulls off of Hayden’s dick with a slick sound that’s *also* going to haunt Hayden’s brain for a while.

“I’m so sorry, I couldn’t stop him—” Jackie says tearfully from the doorway.

“Did you just call him *Ilya*?” Hayden asks, a horrible suspicion entering his brain.

“How are you even *here*?” Shane asks—but he sounds *awed*, not upset.

“Pike texted me,” Rozanov says, shrugging off his jacket as he moves closer. “I am sorry I took so long.”

“I did *not* fucking text you!” Hayden protests. “And how the fuck did you get here from *Boston*?”

“He was in Ottawa,” Shane says.

Overlapping, Rozanov says, “Am playing Centaurs tomorrow.”

“Dude,” Hayden says, stunned. “You broke curfew the night before a game and drove two hours to a different *city*? Your team is going to have your fucking head!”

“If I am lucky, they do not find out,” Rozanov says, and pulls his shirt over his head. “Marley is covering for me. And your text says Shane might *die*. What else can I do?”

Wait. What?

“But...” Hayden says, grasping at straws. “The only people I texted that to were—”

Oh. Oh *fuck*.

“*Rozanov* is Boston Lily?!” he screeches, turning back to Shane.

“Um,” Shane says.

“Yes,” Rozanov says, unbuckling his belt. “Ilya. Lily. Does not take a—how you say? Rocket scientist.”

“Hey,” Shane says. “It’s not like any of your teammates have connected *Jane* with *Shane*. Or you’d better hope they haven’t.”

Rozanov drops his pants and kicks his shoes off. “Pike,” he says, glaring at Hayden’s softening dick. “Get out.”

“Wh—this is *my* bedroom, asswipe!” Hayden yells, interposing his own body between Rozanov and the bed. “And anyway, the only fucking things I know about you is that you’re a dirty player, you’ve never let Shane fuck you, and you fucking broke his heart last year! Give me one good fucking reason I should let you anywhere near him!”

Rozanov actually fucking *growls* at him. “You wanted me to come when you thought I was woman,” he says.

Okay, that’s a fair point, but—

“I wanted you to come when I didn’t know you were a Boston fucking Raider and a fucking *asshole*—”

“And I did not break *his* heart,” Rozanov goes on, drowning out Hayden’s riposte. “*He* ran away. Over nothing.”

“It wasn’t *nothing*—” Shane protests, getting off the bed and pushing at Hayden’s shoulder, trying to move him out of the way. Hayden stands firm, refusing to let him past.

“And he says this, that I have never let him fuck me?” Rozanov says, sounding, of all things, *hurt*. “Hollander, I will let you fuck me whenever you want!”

“No, no, that’s not what I said,” Shane says. He darts around Hayden’s restraining arm and pulls Rozanov—*fuck*, Ilya, apparently—into an embrace. “You know I want you to fuck me, I always do—”

And then suddenly they’re fucking *eating* each other’s faces, and okay, admittedly if this wasn’t *Ilya fucking Rozanov*, it would be hot as fuck, but—

Hayden barely gets out of the way as the two of them stumble toward the bed, not pulling away from each other for a second. They land with Rozanov on top, Shane’s legs falling open and then wrapping around his hips.

Okay, maybe it’s still hot as fuck.

“Um,” Jackie says, sidling up to Hayden as Rozanov finds the strip of condoms Hayden left on the bed and begins to rubber up. “Maybe... we should leave?”

“Like hell,” Hayden says, folding his arms across his chest. “That’s *my* fucking best friend, and he’s high as balls, remember? I’m not leaving him alone with this motherfucker.”

“Fine,” Rozanov says, even as he lifts Shane higher on the bed, then slots back right between his thighs. “Stay, then. Hollander has always liked idea of someone watching.”

“I have *not*, ” Shane protests weakly, letting Rozanov move him like a rag doll. His dick is so hard at this point that it’s pressed against his belly, red and leaking and so swollen that Hayden can see every vein. “That was *your* kink—”

“Oh, really? Is not you that gets harder when I say maybe Scott Hunter is listening? Must have been other needy hockey player with pretty freckles who does this—”

Shane actually *squeals* in protest; Hayden swears he sounds exactly like the pig Ruby chased around at the petting zoo that one time. And then, suddenly he’s flipped Rozanov over and is —

Oh, *fuck*, that’s hot.

“Oh, *my*, ” Jackie breathes, her voice gravely with lust as Shane sinks down on Rozanov’s dick, taking him to the hilt in one smooth motion.

“I loosened it up for him,” Hayden mutters.

“Of course you did, babe,” Jackie says reassuringly.

It should feel awkward as hell, standing there and watching as Shane starts to bounce on Rozanov’s dick like a fucking bareback rider at a rodeo, as he leans forward and plants a hand on the headboard to brace himself up as he rolls his hips endlessly. And it does, in a way, but... It’s also so fucking hot that Hayden barely feels the weirdness. Shane’s face is a picture of perfect, blissful pleasure; and his back is a gorgeous, undulating curve; and his chest is heaving up and down, making his pecs stand out and glisten; and his thighs are bulging and flexing with the strain of lifting his body over and over again; and Rozanov is continuously glancing back and forth between Shane’s face and the place where their bodies are smacking together with this look of dazed wonder, like he’s looking at a vision of fucking Christ.

“Holy fucking shit,” Hayden mutters. He only wishes he could get a glimpse of what Rozanov is seeing—with the angle Hayden is watching from, he can’t really see *between* them, and can only imagine how good it must be, their bellies smashing together with Shane’s leaking dick between them, Rozanov’s dick disappearing into Shane’s hole over and over...

“Swear jar, twenty bucks,” Jackie says—clearly on automatic, because when Hayden drags his eyes away from Shane and Rozanov long enough to look at her, she’s staring at the bed with a glazed, horned-out expression on her face that Hayden’s only ever seen before when he’s made her come two, three times in a row.

Suddenly, he can’t stand to not be touching her—to not be touching *anyone*. His skin feels hungry, his neglected dick throbbing. Trying to mask his sudden neediness, he lets himself drift slowly backward and to the side, until he’s behind his wife and he can wrap his arms around her bare waist and hook his chin over her shoulder, nuzzling into her beautiful swan neck with its scent of home. She sighs happily and leans into him, resting her hands over his and tilting her head to the side, baring her throat for him.

Yes. This is perfect. Like this, Hayden can watch the hypnotizing sight of Shane being fucked—he refuses to acknowledge that Rozanov is any part of what’s hot about it—without feeling like he’s going to come apart. He savors the slow grind of his dick against the small of Jackie’s back and the upper curve of her ass, of hearing her shiver as he lays kisses and tiny, nibbling bites against her neck, of her moan as he works one hand free and begins fondling one of her tits, rubbing his thumb over the hard, prominent nipple and stroking the underside with his pinky and ring fingers.

“Compliment him,” Rozanov says suddenly, making Hayden startle a little.

“What him what now?” Hayden asks, only to bite his tongue as Rozanov shoots him a puzzled glance. “I mean... what do you mean?”

“Tell Hollander how pretty he looks,” Rozanov explains, his confusion disappearing. “How good he takes it, how much you like to watch him. He likes this, very much.”

“Fuck you,” Shane says, without heat—and without denying the claim, Hayden notes.

“Um,” he says. God, this shouldn’t be so hard—he says shit like that to Jackie all the time.

“You guys are insanely hot together,” Jackie says, before Hayden can make up his mind on what to say. “I mean, just... We all know I get off on hockey players, obviously, but—oh my *god*, Shane, the way you just sat down on his dick like that, that was the craziest thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Yeah,” Hayden has to agree, “that was pretty fucking hot, dude.”

Rozanov groans quietly. “You are both very bad at sex talk,” he declares.

“Oh yeah? I’d like to see you do better, asshat!” Hayden retorts unwisely.

He knows it’s a mistake the second Rozanov smirks at him. It’s the same expression he wears at face-offs, right before he shoots off down the ice and scores on a breakaway. Hayden sucks in a breath, planning to say—something, he’s not really sure what. But before he can even start, Rozanov has flipped Shane over—without even pulling out, like what the *actual* fuck—and is now fucking him in missionary, like really *going* for it, with Shane arching back and fucking *begging* for it, with his eyes and his mouth, hungry little noises that make Hayden want to just *yank* on his dick until he comes in probably about three seconds and—

And Rozanov is saying, without even a single hitch or halt in his voice, “You are best I ever had, Hollander. Am always wanting you, thinking of you, wanting to feel how perfect you are around my cock.”

Shane *whimpers*, looking up at Rozanov with big, wet, pleading, worshipful eyes.

“Wow,” Jackie murmurs.

And then, of course, like the sore winner he’s always been, Rozanov keeps going, rubbing it in Hayden’s face.

“You are so hot, you make even straight man Pike with his thousand children gay for you,” he says, without letting up for a second.

“Four,” Hayden mutters. “We’ve got *four* kids—”

“And his wife, she is wetter than husband Pike has ever made her, just watching how well you take my cock, hearing beautiful noises you make as I fuck you so well, better than Pike has ever done—”

“Hey!” Hayden protests. “What the fuck, Rozanov! I can fuck my wife just as well as you fuck Hollzy, Jesus!”

Rozanov grins challengingly at him. “Prove it.”

“Oh, no, hold on, I didn’t—” Jackie is saying, but it’s a very weak protest, and she goes along willingly as Hayden tugs her over to the bed.

His first instinct is to copy Rozanov and Shane’s position, but a second later, he thinks better of it. Imitation is just a form of flattery, after all, and anyway, missionary is boring. Instead, he pushes Jackie down to the bed on her stomach, pushing her knees up to her chest, and spoons up behind her.

“Give me another rubber,” he says—the one he’d been wearing fucking Shane had slipped off at some point in the confusion, and anyway, it’s not like reusing it would be a good idea.

Rozanov had paused—or, well, at least slowed—his thrusting while he and Shane watched the show; now, he grabs the remaining condom packet and throws it at Hayden, then pulls out himself, turning Shane over to face Hayden and Jackie, pushing Shane’s upper knee down to the mattress, and draping himself over him. Shane groans and torques his torso around, twisting until his shoulders are almost flat on the mattress, while his hips are still facing forward, allowing Rozanov to fuck him from behind.

Okay, that’s... some fucking impressive flexibility, actually—must be all that yoga—but Hayden doesn’t have time to admire it. He’s got his honor as the best fucking husband on the Metros to defend. He hastily rips the packet open, pulls the condom on, and then lines up behind Jackie. He grabs her hips and pulls her back slowly, grinding the head of his dick against the mouth of her pussy the way she likes. She lets out a breathless moan that sends Hayden’s ego soaring—she’s such a fucking great wife—and lets her shoulders fall to the mattress, turning her head to the side so she can watch Rozanov’s slow thrusts into Shane.

“Oh my god, Shane,” she whimpers. Hayden keeps moving his hips in a slow circle, not pushing forward, letting her nudge herself backward onto his dick as she’s ready for more. “Is this as good for you as it is for me?”

“So good,” he gasps immediately, as if he’d been waiting for permission. “God, Rozy, love your dick, love how good you fuck me, I can’t believe you came—”

“Will always come when you need me,” Rozanov pants, finally starting to sound overwhelmed. “Missed you so much, *Shane*—”

Shane whines again—his hand flies back to latch onto Rozanov’s golden curls, pulling his head down to his chest. Rozanov goes willingly, biting and sucking at Shane’s nipple, and runs his hand teasingly up Shane’s thigh until he reaches his balls, cupping and kneading them in his hand. Shane swears, almost under his breath.

Of course, Jackie doesn’t tell *him* to pay the jar.

“Are you going to come for me, Hollander?” Rozanov asks, a hint of that same taunting note in his voice. “Show your good friend Pike how much you like it when I fuck you?”

“Yes, Rozy, I wanna come so bad, Ilya, please, make me come—”

Not to be outdone, Hayden works both hands under Jackie, resting one over her throat and kneading it gently the way she likes, and sliding the other down to rub against her clit.

“C’mon, babe, we got this,” he breathes, then lays a line of kisses on her shoulder. “We’re gonna fucking *show* those dudes who’s the greatest.”

Across the mattress—thank God they sprung for the California king—Rozanov chokes out a laugh. “Even I am not this competitive,” he declares, which is absolute fucking *bullshit*, because A, he fucking started it, and B, he’s clearly picked up his pace to meet the challenge, thrusting so hard and fast that Shane’s dick is fucking *bouncing* against his belly, leaving shiny smears of precum on the curving flesh.

“I like how competitive he is,” Jackie declares, loyal wife to the end. Hayden loves her so much. She bucks her hips, knocking him back, then turns over onto her side, spilling him down to the mattress behind her, mirroring Shane and Rozanov’s position. “Come on, Hayds, I’m ready; really *give* it to me. Now.”

“Hell, yeah,” Hayden breathes. “Fuck, babe—”

He swipes his hand through the slick that’s been building up between the lips of her cunt and smears it on the base of his dick, getting things just that little bit wetter, then lifts her leg up and pushes in, groaning as his dick is fully engulfed in hot wet pussy. She cries aloud as he gets his hand on her clit again, the sound music to his ears. God, there’s nothing in the world as good as this—not even lifting the fucking Cup.

He lifts his eyes and finds himself looking straight at Rozanov. The Boston player’s eyes are hazy and unfocused, his head tilted toward Shane’s face, his chin resting on Shane’s chest and moving infinitesimally as he thrusts slowly into him. His hand finally comes up from Shane’s balls and wraps around his dick, jerking him off slowly and steadily, making Shane cry out breathlessly with every stroke.

In that moment, Hayden actually kinda gets it. Oh, the guy’s an asshole, no doubt. But his face is so full of blissed-out happiness as he looks up at Hollzy. Over the past six years, Hayden has seen literally thousands of people absolutely overjoyed to be in the same room with Shane Hollander, Captain of the Metros. But he’s never seen anyone—not their teammates, not the fans, not Rose Landry, not even his parents—look at *Shane* with such open adoration.

So, yeah. He's still withholding judgment, but... Fine. If Hollzy really wants *this* fucking guy, and Rozanov is really gonna treat him right... Hayden can learn to tolerate him. Maybe.

Rozanov moves his head back down to mouth at Shane's chest again, which makes Hayden realize that now that they've shifted position, he can *also* reach Jackie's tits. It takes a little maneuvering, given that she's several inches shorter than Hollzy, but her breasts are also quite a bit bigger, and Hayden manages to get his mouth around her nipple and tease it, rolling it between his teeth and tongue and then nursing on it.

"Oooh, nice trick," Rozanov says mockingly. "Where you learn it from?"

"Fuck you, Rozanov, like I haven't done this before," Hayden pants. "I guarantee you there's no position you've tried that we haven't fucking perfected."

"Mmm, I do not know," Rozanov says, smirking. "I have had a lot of sex."

"Yeah, but it's been with... like... a hundred—different—people," Jackie points out, her voice high and breathless in a way that makes Hayden groan. "You don't start getting... *really* creative... until you've had sex with... the *same* person... a hundred times."

"Hollander and I have had much sex together," Rozanov argues, thrusting harder, enough to make *Shane's* tits bounce almost as interestingly as Jackie's, even though they're much smaller and... firmer.

"We have *not* had sex a hundred times," Shane says, his voice high and strained. "God, I fucking... *wish*, oh my God, *Ilya*—"

Hayden can tell they're in the home stretch now—Rozanov pushes Shane over, almost onto his belly, and starts fucking *pounding* into him, his hand now a blur on Shane's dick, and Hayden squeezes his eyes shut and just *goes*, jackhammering his hips in and out, practically *vibrating* his three middle fingers against Jackie's clit, and bringing their mouths together.

When Jackie comes, it's with one of the most dramatic performances Hayden's ever gotten out of her—she fucking *shrieks* with bliss, loud enough to echo off the walls, her body bowing like a hockey stick, her hand clamping down on Hayden's wrist and holding it hard against her cunt.

"Fuck yeah!" Hayden shouts. "In your fucking *face*, Rozanov!"

Jackie giggles, light and giddy, and finally lets go of Hayden's wrist to hold her hand up in the air for a high five. Hayden slaps it, riding the heady surge of triumph shooting through his veins. It's even *better* than beating Rozanov on the ice—there, Hayden is only one man out of twenty, and while he's a solid, reliable player, it's not like he's indispensable. Here it's just him and Jackie against *Rozanov* and *Hollander*, the best of the best, and they fucking *won*.

"Best motherfucking fuckers in the whole fucking League!" he crows again. "Or—the whole house, anyway!"

He makes sure to be as gentle as possible when he pulls out; Jackie gets overstimulated easily right after coming, and hates it. He's thinking about jerking himself to a quick finish over her chest—he loves seeing his cum against her gorgeous tits—when he glances over at Shane and Rozanov again, and freezes.

Shane clearly *hasn't* come yet—his face is still screwed up with the effort, looking more and more pained—and behind him, Rozanov is starting to look desperate. Hayden's joy in his victory vanishes in a second, disappearing under a sudden flood of concern. He quickly crawls over Jackie and puts a tentative hand on his best friend's shoulder.

“Hey, buddy,” he says gently. “What do you need, Hollzy?”

“I don't... I don't fucking *know*,” Shane mutters, a few tears seeping out from under his tightly closed eyes. “I never... I just can't *come*. It shouldn't be this hard—”

“Is never,” Rozanov confirms. “He comes so easily. I have made him come hands-free, many times.”

Hayden files *that* away as yet more information he really doesn't need, and moves on to more productive matters. “What can we do to help?” he asks. “Do you want us to compliment you again? Or... I could suck you off, while Roz here keeps fucking you?”

Rozanov looks like he'd rather commit murder, but after a glance up at Shane's agonized face, he grits his teeth and nods. “Is okay, Shane?”

“I... guess we could try it?”

“I'll help, too,” Jackie says, from behind him. She still sounds pretty dick-drunk, but when Hayden makes room, she creeps up next to him, and they manage to find room for both of them to lean down and get their mouths around Shane's dick.

It's all salt-taste and soft, tender skin over firmness, with occasional slick shocks of pleasure when Jackie's tongue meets his. Rozanov keeps muttering things to Shane, half in Russian—Hayden's filtering most of it out, but he catches a bunch of shit like “fucking *mine*, Hollander” and “all for me” before he starts humming to block it out entirely. The possessive fucker. Fortunately, the vibrations seem to help—Shane is making little whimpering noises now, and Jackie's humping Hayden's leg while lapping around the base of Shane's dick, and Hayden's got his lips around the Shane's knob and is straight-up having the time of his fucking life (well, maybe not *straight* up)... But no matter how much dripping moisture they lap from Shane's dick, he's not actually *coming*, and it's clearly getting more and more frustrating for him.

“What is it?” Rozanov asks, adding something unintelligible in—presumably—Russian. “What do you need? Fucking tell me.”

“I need... I need *you*,” Shane groans. “Ilya, *please*, I need...”

Rozanov groans—Hayden pulls back just enough to steal a glance up at him, and he looks *devastated*, like he's about to stab himself directly in the face or something—but then he

stretches himself up just enough to get his face right next to Shane's ear.

"You are so good for me," he whispers. "So perfect. I would be here every day, I would never leave your side, if you did not make me."

Hayden feels like he shouldn't be hearing this, like they wouldn't want him to. He wraps his lips around Shane's dick again, sucking softly, but even as he starts humming again, his ears refuse to release their lock on Rozanov's voice.

"Fuck, Shane," Rozanov whimpers. He really does sound like he's fucking dying. "I love you."

With an almost inhuman noise, Shane thrusts roughly forward into Hayden's mouth, knocking Jackie to the side. It's all Hayden can do to keep from gagging as Shane's come hits the back of his throat. He rides it out, though, using the lessons learned from the thousand times that Jackie has ridden his face until he almost passed out from the lack of air. He swallows frantically as Shane comes and comes, battering the roof of his mouth.

When Shane finally collapses, going limp like a puppet with cut strings, Hayden rolls backward, and it takes barely one stroke of his dick before he's coming, too, all over his hand and belly, every muscle going tight with exploding pleasure. It's a long, mind-wrenching orgasm, and he slumps down on the mattress afterward, every limb going boneless with exhaustion. After a moment, Jackie crawls up on top of him, wrapping herself around him like an octopus, and he rests his arms around her shoulders with a happy, satiated sigh. Before he can pass the fuck out, though, his concern for Shane rears its head again, and he cranes his neck up to check on him. Thank god, the painful looking boner is finally gone—Hollzy and Roz are entangled together so tightly that Hayden can barely tell one body part from another, whispering to each other and trading soft, tender kisses.

Hayden wouldn't admit it for a million dollars and a third Cup thrown in, but it's kind of sweet.

About ten minutes later, though, as Hayden is starting to fall asleep for the second time, Rozanov groans and gets up, the movement shifting the mattress beneath them. Hayden pries his eyes open and glares across the room.

"The fuck are you doing, dude?" he croaks groggily. "Go to sleep."

"I can't," Rozanov says, getting off the bed entirely. "I have game tomorrow. Later today, now. Have to get back to Ottawa."

"Oh, right, I forgot," Hayden says, his brain slowly reigniting. "Fuck, that's gonna suck."

He can't imagine playing a game after spending the night doing a four or five-hour round-trip drive *and* an energetic fuck instead of sleeping. Yeah, that's gonna blow. Still, it's not Hayden's problem. Realistically, Ottawa's bad enough that Boston can probably beat them *without* Rozanov—if he doesn't get caught sneaking back in, maybe he can just pretend to have food poisoning or something? But hell, even if he doesn't or even if they don't, Boston losing to Ottawa would be good for Montreal, right? Their two teams are fighting for the first

spot in the division right now. Hayden should be *happy* that Rozanov probably won't play well tomorrow.

"Fucking hell," he mutters, and disentangles himself from Jackie. She makes a sleepy, confused noise that *almost* gets him to reconsider. But in the end, it's a debt of honor; Rozanov helped save Shane, and Shane is Hayden's captain. He owes the guy. "C'mon, Shane, get up. We'll drive you, Rozanov."

"What?" Rozanov asks slowly, as if he doesn't understand what the words mean.

"You came here in a rental, right?" Hayden explains patiently. "Shane can drive it while I drive our minivan, and you take a nap—the back seat is pretty comfortable—and then I'll bring him back here after you drop off the rental. That way you'll get at least a little sleep. Shane and I have a rest day tomorrow—we can come back here afterward and crash."

Hayden gets the reward for his selflessness in the look that Shane casts his way then, full of gratitude and a little surprise. He hopes that's just that Shane didn't expect Hayden to be so nice to Rozanov—if his best friend actually thought he was gonna be a dick about him being gay, Hayden might actually fucking cry.

"That's a great idea, Hayds," Shane enthuses, sitting up as well. "C'mon, Rozanov. You know you can't play tomorrow on no sleep at all."

Rozanov scoffs. "I have played after much worse nights."

"Ilya," Shane says quietly. The two of them stare at each other for a long, pregnant moment.

"Okay," Rozanov says finally.

The drive to Ottawa isn't as awkward as Hayden was afraid of; Rozanov really does pass out across the backseat pretty much the second they start driving. Or if not, he does an excellent impression of being asleep. Hayden puts on some chill tunes, a fluffy playlist that Jackie made for him—full of Five for Fighting, Matchbox Twenty, Train, all of his favorites—and does the drive in an almost meditative state, enjoying the wide open, almost deserted autoroute. Although he normally doesn't give a shit about speeding—no cop in Montreal is going to give *him* a ticket, at worst they'd just ask for seats at the next game—tonight he's careful to stay between five and ten kilometers over the limit. The last thing he needs is to get pulled over in the middle of nowhere with Ilya Rozanov in his backseat. That'd make Twitter's day.

Listening to Shane and Rozanov suck face and whisper loving sentiments in the back of his minivan while parked cautiously in a deserted corner of the Raider's hotel in Ottawa is... distinctly more uncomfortable. But finally, they're on the road again, just Hollz and Hayds, the way it's always been. It's *deep* in the night now—enough that if it was summer, they'd be watching the sun come up as they drove east toward Montreal—and they have to dip off the highway and drive through a 24-hour Tim Hortons in Casselman to get them some caffeine for the rest of the trip.

“So, uh,” he finally says, as they get back onto the highway. He’s driving, and Shane’s leaning his head against the door, pillowed on his arm, looking exhausted, and part of Hayden wants to just let him sleep. But he’s genuinely afraid that if they don’t talk now, their friendship may never be the same. “That... happened?”

Well. It’s probably never gonna be the same no matter what. But as long as Hayden *keeps* it, in whatever form it ends up taking, it’ll be okay.

“Yep,” Shane says, his head still buried in his elbow.

Awkwaaaard.

“Was it, uh... really bad?” Hayden asks. “I mean, do you wish we’d stayed at the hospital until Rozanov found us?”

“What?” Shane jerks his head up at *that*, looking shocked, and Hayden breathes a quiet sigh of relief. “No! Jeez, man, of course it wasn’t *bad*, I...”

Hayden waits, turning his eyes back to the road.

“I thought it was really hot, actually,” Shane admits, finally, his voice low and... ashamed?

“Oh, thank god,” Hayden says forcefully. “So did I. So fucking hot, dude. Like, even Rozanov being there couldn’t make that suck!”

Shane laughs. “He’s really not that bad. It’s mostly an act.”

“Well, it’s a fucking good one!” Hayden says. “He said he got my wife wetter than me!”

Shane chokes and slaps his hand over his mouth. Hayden is willing to ignore the splutters that make it through. “I mean... Okay, yeah, he’s an asshole,” Shane says finally, grinning. “But...”

“He’s your asshole?” Hayden asks, entirely serious for once.

“Yeah,” Shane says quietly.

“Well. I’ll try to get along with him, then,” Hayden says. He takes a deep breath. “Cause, you know. Turns out I kinda like your asshole. Who knew?”

Shane laughs again, louder than the first time. It goes on for long enough that he’s almost crying by the time it finally dies out, and Hayden’s laughing with him, partly out of relief and partly out of sympathy and partly out of the pure joy of seeing it. It’s been a long time since he’s heard Shane laugh like that.

“Oh, god,” Shane says finally, wiping his eyes. “That’s gotta be the best way someone’s come out as bisexual, ever.”

The word sits between them for a long moment, growing bigger by the second. Finally, Hayden forces his shoulders down from his ears, unclenches his hands from the wheel, and

reaches out for Shane's hand. Shane takes it immediately, squeezing hard.

"Yeah," Hayden acknowledges, his voice rough and wet. "Yeah, I guess I am."

"I never told anyone that I was gay before tonight," Shane says. "I was clinging to denial, I guess. Hoping that I could make it work with Rose, even if... Even if the sex was kinda a problem."

"Jeez." Hayden blows out his cheeks. "I mean, that sounds fucking miserable, dude. Like, I know you like her, but... I can't imagine just not having good sex ever again. Especially with as much as you seem to like it with Rozanov."

Pulling his hand out of Hayden's grip, Shane scrubs his face and groans. "I really do!" he says. "He's so fucking good in bed, Hayden, I can't even... I've been trying to quit sleeping with him for so many fucking years and I just *can't*, I—"

"Wait, what?" Hayden blurts out, turning to stare at him. "How *many* years?"

"Um." Shane looks out the passenger window into the darkness.

Hayden thinks frantically back. He hadn't really had time to stop and wonder about it before now—well, he had *time*, three hours of driving and counting so far, but he'd spent most of it obsessing over *him* and Shane, not Shane and Rozanov. But if Rozanov is Boston Lily—

"Oh my god," he says. "You started texting Lily during what, early in our third season? That's like, almost *four years*, dude! And you didn't realize you were gay?"

Shane turns and glares at him. "I knew I liked *guys*, I just thought I might like girls, too," he says. "And it's been more like six years. It started before you and I even met."

Hayden gapes at him long enough that they drift onto the rumble strip at the edge of the highway, and he has to jerk the wheel to get them back on the straight and narrow. "Holy fuck," he says finally.

"It was just sex," Shane says quietly. "For a long time. Or at least, I convinced myself that's all that it was. When... When I realized I was falling in love with him... No. When I knew that I'd *already* fallen for him, I ended it. I got scared, and I ran away, just like he said. And then I started dating Rose, and I thought—I thought if I really *tried*, I could make it work with her, I could have... what I'm supposed to want. What you and Jackie have."

"Jesus, Hollzy," Hayden says, his eyes burning. "What Jackie and I have isn't because I'm a guy and she's a girl! I mean... With the way you two look at each other, I'm pretty sure you're well on your way, you know?"

"Yeah, I know," Shane says quietly. "But we can't... We can't be open about it, like you two are. Even if people were cool with the gay thing, they wouldn't be cool with captains of two rival teams in a relationship, you know?"

"Yeah," Hayden acknowledges. "Okay, yeah, that part of it is gonna be tough. But you know I have your back, right?"

“And my asshole?” Shane teases.

Hayden just grins. “As long as Rozanov doesn’t murder me about it... Any time you want, dude. Any time you want.”

End Notes

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