

## Gag Gift

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# Gag Gift

by [hoko\\_onchi](#)

## Summary

“Why?” Shane’s eyes find his. The horror is still there, but ‘gag gift’ was the right thing to say. JJ said he should maybe phrase it as hazing, but hazing is stupid, and the guy who he wants to be his best friend in the world started having a panic attack the moment he saw the fleshy, veiny fake dick in his locker.

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Or: Hayden gets Shane his first dildo. Ilya is appropriately thankful.

## Notes

This just popped into existence.

**2011**

“A what?” Shane is staring down at the jelly dildo in his hands with what looks like absolute horror. Shit.

Hayden settles a hand on Shane’s shoulder in what he hopes is a comforting way. “It’s a gag gift.”

“Why?” Shane’s eyes find his. The horror is still there, but ‘gag gift’ was the right thing to say. JJ said he should maybe phrase it as hazing, but hazing is stupid, and the guy who he wants to be his best friend in the world started having a panic attack the moment he saw the fleshy, veiny fake dick in his locker.

“You don’t actually have to put it in your butt, dude.” Hayden pats his back reassuringly, like he does when his sister hands him one of her babies. Shane *is* kind of like a baby, so he does it again, and something in Shane’s face relaxes just a little. Yeah, Hayden is going to be a great dad.

“Yeah, I, uh. I just didn’t expect—”

“Hey, man. It’s ok.” Hayden reaches for the dildo and takes it gingerly, then turns it over and shows Shane the base. “See it has a Metros logo on it. The M looks like a little butt and the *fleur de lis* is like—”

“Oh.” Shane gulps. “Fuck. I’m never going to unsee that.”

“Listen. Someone was going to tell you eventually that our logo is a whole ass with a butthole on display.”

“Jesus.” Shane scrubs his hand over his face. “Jesus, Hayden. What the fuck? You can’t just... do this.”

“Listen, it wasn’t *me*.” Hayden says this, even though he’d been the one to have it made. “It was everyone. It’s like a—welcome to the room, kind of thing, y’know? I got one two years ago when I was drafted. And now—you. You’re here, and you won Rookie of the Year, and we fucking love you man. So—”

“So you got me a *thing*.” Shane’s eyes have gone sort of murderous.

“A dildo? You can say it. Say it with me. Dildo.” Hayden puts the dildo down on the bench and drapes his hoodie over it. It seems to be disturbing Shane too much for him to see it.

“A dildo,” Shane repeats, without any intonation at all.

“Yeah, a dildo.” Hayden says it more softly. “You can get rid of it if you want to, but you just take it home tonight.”

“Yeah, maybe,” Shane says distantly. “It’s really—big.”

“There’s no reason to get a small one. It’s a gag gift.”

Shane makes an anguished noise. He lets his head fall against his locker so Hayden can’t see his face anymore. Well, that’s never good.

“Listen, man. Don’t be weird about it. It’s just—we do this every year. And it’s a surprise in your locker, haha, there’s a dick. It’s funny. Dicks are funny.”

Shane groans.

“And actually, I don’t think you can say anything about it. Because it’s homophobic if you hate dildos.”

“Oh. My God,” Shane says. “Stop talking.”

“Fine! But you have to keep it. I’ll put it in your bag if you want.”

“Jesus fucking Christ. Fine.”

Hayden tosses the dildo into Shane’s bag. It lands with a satisfying thunk against the floor. “I gotta roll, man.” Hayden claps Shane on the shoulder and meanders towards the locker room exit. “Don’t be weird.”

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## 2018

It’s the second time in two months that Ilya fucking Rozanov is in his house. He’s drinking vodka that he brought, and he’s wearing an indecently tight v-neck shirt that keeps catching Jackie’s eye.

What’s worse is that Rozanov now has Hayden cornered, his eyes bright and very intense on Hayden. Shane is playing with the kids and Jackie, so there’s really no chance of fucking rescue.

“I should send you fruit basket.”

“What the fuck are you talking about, Rozanov?” Hayden tries to school his face into something less pissed off and more—teasing, maybe. He doesn’t know what the fuck to do with this guy. With Rozanov, Hayden always feels like he’s standing at the edge of a cliff and he might be pushed at any second. But Shane insists they get along. And he loves Shane. Rozanov loves Shane. It shouldn’t be so hard, should it?

“You give Shane his first, you know.”

“What? Shane’s first—”

Rozanov raises his eyebrows. “His first dildo.”

Hayden nearly chokes. He remembers the smell of the locker room that day, then the thwap of the fleshy jelly dong landing in Shane's bag. "Oh, fuck *me*."

The smile on Rozanov's face is immediate. "I will not take that joke. Is low-hanging fruit."

"I gave him—his first... and he... used it—"

"Oh, no, no. He is very responsible and buys very expensive dildos now. This one you give him, it would be falling apart. Leaving bits inside."

Hayden hides his face. "Can you fucking not?"

"Shane prefers stainless steel," Rozanov continues. "Or glass. Very good silicone. But your dildo is first one. Now he has—"

"Please stop talking. Oh my god. Please stop."

"He has many," Rozanov continues. "He is very skilled at taking all of them. It's like he is with hockey—methodical. Patient. You say it's gag gift. But I say it is inspiration."

"You ready to go?" Shane looks in their direction and nods at Rozanov. He has a look on his face that's like—god, it's kind of like when Jackie looks at Rozanov's shirt.

"Fuck." Hayden sits down heavily and sinks into his overstuffed chair by the fire. It feels safer here.

"Yes. You are catalyst. Brand influencer. He orders much nicer, much better for sex. More boring than long jelly dildo. But you are fun. You plant idea in his mind—"

"Jesus Holy shit."

"And now it's reality." Rozanov pinches Hayden's cheek, then *winks*. God, fuck him. "So I thank you with fruit basket, yes?"

Hayden nods silently and watches as Ilya swans from their house, Shane trailing behind him like a puppy. Shit, he'd called Shane *homophobic*.

He wishes he could set fire to his brain. And maybe also his mouth.

"What was that about?" Jackie asks later, washing the dishes while Hayden dries her china, one piece at a time.

"Nothing," Hayden says. "Just a gag gift from years ago. Rozanov was being...Rozanov."

Later, when Hayden lies in bed that night, Jackie curled beside him, he thinks of the *fleur de lis* right in the middle of the Metros logo.

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