

## it's time to play nice

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# it's time to play nice

by [weathereyehorizon](#)

## Summary

Shane is bad at being gay. Ilya loves to tease his husband.

## Notes

This story was born from chatting about dirty hockey words with Shane's Secret pals.

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Title comes from a Grindr initiative to promote kindness on the app.

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

Shane sat in his stall, leaning over to tie his skates while the chaos of the first day back in the Centaurs locker room swirled around him. Today was only a captain's skate, the season wouldn't officially start for a few weeks, but by doing a quick survey of the room Shane could see that most of the guys were here already. The core of the Centaurs team who were anxious for another shot at the cup, some rookies hoping to make the team and get in a bit of extra ice time with the vets, and even a couple of guys here on PTOs were all in various states of undress. Pieces of balled up tape flew around the room—some even making it into the garbage can they were aimed at—while music was pumping through the dressing room and guys were laughing and talking about their summers. Luckily Hayes had the aux cord, so although Shane didn't know who the artist was they were listening to, he knew he liked it a lot better than the twangy stuff Dykstra always played. And next to him sat Ilya surveying the antics proudly. This team that he had built through his hard work and the devoted attention he put into everything he truly cared about.

Shane watched him fondly for a minute until Ilya, likely feeling his gaze, glanced over at him. "Excited for the season to start with a shiny new 'A' on your jersey, moy shnurok?"

"Your shoelace?" Shane asked, rolling his eyes.

"So good Hollander! I cannot trick you anymore. I will think of better things."

"You can just call me Shane, you know. And next season I'm going to have a shiny new 'C' on my jersey so enjoy it while you can." Shane loved the affronted look on Ilya's face at his bold statement.

"I am not going to call you just, *Shane*. You will always be my *sweetheart*... or my *slut*," he added, lowering his voice to a growl in Shane's ear.

Shane could feel his blush traveling up his chest and neck and into his cheeks as Ilya brushed his thumb over the spot where he knew Ilya's favourite cluster of freckles laid. "But I am excited for this season," he said in an attempt to change the subject. "I think McIntyre is going to be a great addition," Shane commented about the big free agent defenseman the Centaurs had acquired over the summer.

"Oh, do you know him?" Ilya asked.

"Not like super well." Shane shrugged. "But, I played with him in juniors for a bit and he's a grinder. I think we can really use that."

"That is good he comes to the gayest team in hockey then," Ilya said as if that was a logical response to Shane's analysis on what he might bring to the team as a player.

"He's straight as far as I know," Shane hedged, confused.

"Yes." Ilya winked at him. "I meet many straight men in Grindr too. And trust me he cannot be that straight if he is in Grindr."

"Ilya" Shane sighed. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

“What are *you* talking about?” Ilya asked, voice playfully rising.

“I played with McIntyre a long time ago and have followed his career a bit on the sports blogs, I don’t know anything about his sex life. He’s a grinder. He’s a hard worker, he digs out pucks, lays big hits.” Shane emphasized his point by also raising his voice and waving his hands.

Ilya’s boisterous laughter got the attention of others in the dressing room who had mostly been ignoring their flirting/fighting to this point with the exception of a few furtive glances from some curious rookies.

“Don’t laugh at me,” Shane pouted. “I’m still halfway in summer vacation mode, I am completely lost in this conversation about *grinders*, and now everyone is staring at me which you know I fucking hate.”

“Hollander, you seriously don’t know what Grindr is?” Bood called out skeptically from across the room.

Ilya opened his mouth to respond with something undoubtedly loud and embarrassing as Harris and Troy strolled into the room. Shane, thankful for the reprieve, took a moment to smile at the couple who had become close friends, before Ilya’s booming voice took their attention.

“Troy you are late! Hurry the fuck up and get your gear on,” Ilya shouted and in the same breath said, “Harris, just the man I was hoping to see. You know what Grindr is, yes?”

Troy roughly pounded Harris on the back while he choked on the sip of coffee he’d just taken. “Yes, I know what Grindr is, Ilya. I can’t imagine how that is relevant or appropriate to be discussing right now, though.” Harris looked around the room, pausing pointedly on the wide-eyed rookies.

Shane appreciated Harris’s attempt at professionalism, but knew a lost cause when he saw one. “Harris, can you please just put me out of my misery and tell me what Grindr is so that we end this?”

Harris, seemingly taking pity on him, pulled Shane aside (blessedly) and explained to him that Grindr was a queer, primarily gay, hook-up app based on location. Which, like, Shane could have more or less figured out based on the context of his ridiculous conversation with Ilya, but he appreciated Harris’s candor and non-judgemental explanation, nonetheless.

When they returned to the larger group, most of the team had returned to putting their gear on while Ilya looked on with a shit-eating grin.

“You knew what a grinder, the player is and that I had no idea what Grindr, the app is, right?” Shane asked, giving Ilya a shove.

Ilya put his arms around Shane’s shoulders and pulled him in even as Shane resisted. “I am basically the only man you have been with for 13 years and you are allergic to being online,” he said adoringly. “I was pretty sure you did not know.”

Shane caught the soft smiles of the teammates who were still paying them any attention. He curled his body into Ilya, tucking his head into Ilya's chest for comfort despite him being the one who was torturing him. "I hate you," he murmured.

"Ya tebya lyublyu, sweetheart. You are so bad at being gay. It is lucky that I found you at the hockey rink. I did not even have to go on Grindr."

## End Notes

The next time Ilya calls Shane a Russian “pet name” it's moya kofemolka (my coffee grinder).

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