

Was It Better?

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Was It Better?

by [convolutings](#)

Summary

If the percentage of gay ex-boyfriends Rose has was anything less than 70%, or if her self-esteem had been any lower, she might have been offended or hurt right now.

The realization had started slowly.

And still, even now, her own experience with Shane and what she knows of him only allows for the picture to change slightly and become one of him actually enjoying sex, but not anything beyond that. He is still socially uncomfortable and hates talking about sex except for that one joke that started out as one of the worst sentences Rose thinks she's ever uttered out loud. The shy and hesitant version of Shane is still firmly cemented in her mind.

Rose is curious, though. She never really stops being curious.

It's why she's standing here, hidden, not moving a muscle or making a sound as she becomes an accidental voyeur of Shane and Ilya as Shane rides Ilya on the couch.

Notes

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

If the percentage of gay ex-boyfriends Rose has was anything less than 70%, or if her self-esteem had been any lower, she might have been offended or hurt right now.

The realization had started slowly.

At first, she thought it might just be that Shane was that good of a guy, that respectful of a person. Okay, he didn't look at her boobs even once. So what? The night they met, she wasn't even wearing a shirt that displayed anything, and it made her feel good that he was so interested in actually learning about her and listening to her. It didn't mean anything.

But by the third time they hung out, and he still hadn't snuck a glance or tried to kiss her, she got a little nervous. Still, she felt it could be explained away. Shane was obviously an anxious guy and hated most social interactions. Maybe he just had a hard time making the first move? He was not a guy who was going to push her or, as she recently realized, even understand hidden signals. She had to be the one to initiate.

When they finally kissed for the first time, it was nice. Slow and soft, it was a nice first kiss. Shane kept his hands on her waist and didn't move them an inch. She could tell that he was in his head. Thinking too hard about every move he made. She had seen his passion for hockey and had been hoping that, even though it didn't translate to most social situations, based on how well they got along, it would translate to her. It didn't. But it was... nice. She had been using that word a lot.

The kissing slowly got better. With some prompting and directed hand placement, Shane got the gist, and it became slightly more than nice. But still something was off. Like, instead of his hesitation being because he was respectful and had just needed her permission, it was because he had to remember to touch her in the first place.

He never indicated that he wanted more than whatever she was offering or asking for, which was... different. And kind and exactly like Shane. Whom she loved being with, and spending time with, and was perfect. He was smart, and secretly funny, and deeply caring, and already in the spotlight with his own fame and money, and not jealous. And not passionate.

She thought about asking him if he was a virgin, especially since, after an extensive Google search the night that they met, there was no indication that Shane had ever dated someone past one girlfriend that ended shortly at the start of his rookie season, but she never did.

The first time she got the feeling that it might just be more than what she suspected was undiagnosed autism was when she wore his jersey to his game. And instead of having that slightly possessive look in his eye that her brothers always uncomfortably got when their girlfriends wore their jerseys, he just looked amused. Happy that she was there, of course. Grateful for her support. But no desire to rip the jersey off and have his way with her.

She had initiated sex with him the first time that night, and it had been awkward to say the least. They barely got through her giving him a blowjob. He had a difficult time getting and staying hard, and when he did eventually, he kept his eyes closed the entire time. When he finally came and opened his eyes, instead of the hazy post-nut glow, he looked shocked, then

guilty. Shane had explained the whole experience as him being tired and worn out from the game. It made sense, logically. But she had seen that look before. He hadn't been picturing her when he came.

She knew she had to end it after the night at Ciel. The music had been amazing. She looked amazing, and Shane had complimented her, but he still never looked at her boobs. He was a little stiff dancing, but he always was. And Miles was on top of his back, so maybe he was just uncomfortable? Miles was clearly gay, and she doubted Shane knew anybody who was openly LGBTQ+. He had wandered off at some point to go to the bathroom and came back looking like he had either seen a ghost or was about to throw up.

That night, when they actually had sex for the first time, Shane barely looked at her. He moved his body, kissed her, and touched her hair and head, albeit awkwardly, and he tried to make sure that she was enjoying it. Did his best to follow her instructions with his fingers, but it became fairly obvious that boobs and a vagina were not what turned him on and that he didn't really know how to lead and was struggling to get through the whole thing. He was also quiet, very quiet. No moans, no dirty talk (not that she really expected that from Shane of all people), but there were practically no sounds at all. An orgasm never came.

Rose didn't think he was purposefully using her as a beard. He was too good a person for that. She thinks he was just confused and trying to figure himself out. Figure out his attraction and desire. It has to be terrifying, being gay and in the MLH. She might be in theater circles where being gay is almost expected, but she grew up watching hockey religiously, and her brothers still play the sport. She knows what it's like. Overheard her brothers talk about what chirps are said and ignored by the refs on the ice, about the things said in the locker room.

She can't imagine what it might be like as even a fourth line or minor league player, let alone the first Asian Canadian Captain of a two-time Cup-winning team, and the best player in the league with multiple multi-million-dollar sponsorships and endorsements.

Being gay on top of that? He is already so anxious and wound tight that, even if he had experience with a man, she doubted he would ever be ready to come out on his own. She wants to keep him as a friend. She thinks they could be best friends. But she deserves to find someone who can truly love her. And he deserves to be honest with himself. And if she needs to be the one to give him that push, then so be it.

The conversation is possibly more awkward than the two times they had gotten naked with each other. Yeah, it stung hearing him say "sure" when she asked if he enjoyed kissing her, but it was slightly made up for by hearing Shane say that he preferred to be the hole rather than the peg. It was funny, uncomfortable, and also explained so much.

It was also devastating. Devastating to watch his eyes fill with tears as he couldn't even speak, memories clearly running through his head of whatever experience he had with a man that shook him to his core, only allowing him to nod his head before he finally admitted that yes, being with a man was better.

And still, even now, her own experience with Shane and what she knows of him only allows for the picture to change slightly and become one of him actually enjoying sex, but not

anything beyond that. He is still socially uncomfortable and hates talking about sex except for that one joke that started out as one of the worst sentences Rose thinks she's ever uttered out loud. The shy and hesitant version of Shane is still firmly cemented in her mind.

Not even learning that Ilya Rosanov, notorious womanizer, was Shane's boyfriend was enough to shake the picture in her head. Well, maybe a little. Clearly, it had to be good if Shane was able to lock him down. They adored each other, loved each other; that was plain to see. In private, they were always touching, but it was comforting and sweet, not anything scandalous. Ilya was flirty, but he talked about them having sex without actually saying anything that would let you know a single detail about their sex life. She guessed that if you had been hiding your sexuality and relationship for more than a decade, you get good at that.

Rose is curious, though. She never really stops being curious.

It's why she's standing here, hidden, not moving a muscle or making a sound as she becomes an accidental voyeur of Shane and Ilya as Shane rides Ilya on the couch.

She is crashing in one of the spare bedrooms for the night, having had an awful day of shooting and just needing to be around people not in the industry for a night. The three of them had dinner, and she drank some wine as she vented, then went to bed early. It was wonderful, and exactly what she needed.

Except when she woke up three hours later and went to get water, she accidentally stumbled upon Shane and Ilya on the couch, completely ignoring that she was staying with them on the first floor and that they had a bedroom upstairs.

And now she's here with a million thoughts and words swimming through her head.

Passion. That's the first one. The one thing that had always been missing from her relationship with Shane. Passion to a level that she hadn't even seen him have towards hockey. But it's here. Oh my god, does it exist here.

Physical. Shane looks like he can't decide what part of Ilya to touch and has decided instead just to move his hands as much as possible to touch all of him. The version of Shane that she experienced, the one who needed to be reminded and instructed to touch her at all, was nowhere to be seen.

Noisy. Moans of pleasure echo throughout the space. Curse words that she knew Shane let out in the locker room or on the ice are breathed into existence in the living room. Begging. Lots of begging. For more. For body parts. For touches. Heavy breathing and gasping for air. The quiet that she remembered was non-existent.

Intimate. Eye-contact. More than she thought Shane was ever capable of giving, especially given how much he had closed his eyes when they had been together. Soft pleas even as the words themselves are dirty. Nose touches, open mouths like they would be kissing, except they couldn't help but gasp as if they were breathing life into each other.

Flexible. Ilya slightly lifts Shane from their seated position, one she hadn't even known was possible between two men, to lay him flat against the couch and pushes his legs up to his

ears, practically folding him in half. It looks like it should hurt, except she quickly remembers that Shane does yoga. And she thinks about how little he had moved when they were having sex.

Wet. Sweaty bodies, wet sounds, loud smacks as parts collide. Lube is being reapplied as Ilya pounds his body up into Shane's. She remembers when Shane got up to shower quickly after they had been together, and she had selfishly thought to herself that even though she knew how obsessively clean he was, they hadn't even worked up a sweat or made enough of a mess for that to be necessary.

Blissful. Shane could never get out of his head when they were together romantically. Not to kiss her and surely not to fuck her. Even when he had closed his eyes, she could tell that he was still concentrating and focusing on something. But this? Shane closed his eyes now that he was lying down, and she could practically see the bliss behind them. Empty of all the thoughts and anxiety that normally consume him. So fully present yet also so out of it, like his pleasure has taken him to another place.

Ilya is clearly taking good care of Shane, focused on keeping him grounded. The notorious womanizer who is clearly dominating this experience is also so very clearly making love to his boyfriend that it's impossible to separate the two seeming contradictions.

She had a fleeting thought once shortly after they broke up that if Shane had been someone who did prefer to be the "peg," so to speak, he would have enjoyed their sex more. She knew that was unfair. And slightly homophobic. But she couldn't help herself.

She also knew now how wrong she was even to consider such a thought.

If this is what Shane looks like when he enjoys sex, then whether or not he enjoyed being the top or not would have had no impact on whether he would have enjoyed sex with her. The way he reached for Ilya's hard body and grabbed his pecs, the way he begged for his dick, every moment of this interaction made it clear to her that the positions a man takes in sex with another man have no relation whatsoever to sex with a woman. Whether giving or receiving, Rose's body and identity put a hard stop to any potential sexual gratification for Shane.

She had to leave. She knew she had to move. If Shane ever found out that he had been watched, especially by her, she couldn't imagine the mortification he would feel. Would he ever be able to look at her again or talk to her? She can't imagine so. But then Shane and Ilya both come, and it's so beautiful she can't look away.

Ilya is bringing Shane back to the present, caressing his face and grabbing the blanket to cover them, and that is when she finally decides to make her entrance because she really does need the water. Now more than ever, she feels parched.

She comes in, pretends to be scandalized, and covers her eyes. Sees the mortification in Shane's face as it turns bright red, and Ilya starts cackling. She runs into the kitchen to get water and, on her way back to the guest room, as she passes them again, wishes she had something clever to say. Something to let him know that she's glad he found Ilya and realized

that he's gay and can enjoy sex. Instead, all she can do is make eye contact with Shane and ask the one-word question that she knows to be true.

“Better?”

Shane chuckles for a second before looking at her with inexplicable gratitude, “better.”

End Notes

I wrote this in like two hours and only re-read it twice, so I apologize for any mistakes and am always up for constructive criticism!

Thinking of writing more Outsider POV, so comment if you'd be interested in that!

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