

Boston Lily

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Boston Lily

by [Zoey_Fowl](#)

Summary

After a meet-up with 'Boston Lily', Shane shows up at practice with some suspicious bruises. Hayden notices.

Notes

I wrote this in 48 hours and it reads like it. Enjoy!

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

“Holy fuck, Shane!”

Shane felt like he had been floating on air. He hadn’t noticed the usual considerable amount of noise as he moved through the locker room getting dressed– at least until Hayden screeched at him as he stripped down to his boxers in preparation to put on his pads.

Shane and about half of the team turned to stare at him, then they turned to stare at Shane.

“Shit!” Shane said under his breath as he scrambled to yank his hockey pants on.

“Did Boston Lily do that?” Hayden asked, the volume of his voice not lowered at all. Shane could hear the other guys sniggering, and more than a few ribald jokes were thrown in his direction.

As he struggled into his pants, he nearly tipped over, staggering across the floor and– yup. With his back turned to the mirror and his neck craned at an awkward angle, he could see the bruised imprints of Ilya Rozanov’s thumbs sitting snugly in the dimples on his back. The heels of his hands were clearly visible at the tops of his ass, the long fingers stretched just far enough to wrap around the front of his hipbones.

It was possible that the Montreal team was flying out of Boston right after the game, so Rozanov and Shane wouldn’t have time to meet that night. It was possible that Shane had been desperate enough to text Rozanov and ask to meet before the Voyageur’s early afternoon practice. It was possible that he had been floating on air before because, after a bit of teasing, Shane had ended up on his hands and knees in Rozanov’s bed, with Rozanov’s hands gripping tightly at his hips as he pulled Shane’s body back onto himself again and again. It was also possible that, after his arms gave out, Shane had been preoccupied with Rozanov’s stunningly filthy dirty talk and his own face buried in a pillow, feeling so good that he didn’t notice how tight the grip on his hips was.

No marks. Well fuck.

Now, several hours later, he could see the vivid outline of Rozanov’s hands on hips, darkening into a bruise.

“Shane!” Hayden wailed again, apparently having no concept of privacy.

“Yes! I was with Lily, okay!” Shane placated him, yanking the waistband on his pants to hide the bruises. It’s not technically a lie. Hayden just doesn’t know that Lily is a nickname for Ilya.

The jokes continued until it was time to take to the ice for practice. The general consensus seemed to be that ‘Lily’ had been holding Shane’s hips down while ‘she’ gave him a blowjob. Shane wasn’t going to issue any denials and make them think too hard about that one. As embarrassing as the situation was, at least it was giving a boost to his reputation as a ladies man.

Later, when Shane was sitting on the end of the bench, chugging some water, Hayden slid down to sit close to him. Too close– Shane quickly put his water bottle down in preparation for whatever invasive question he was about to ask.

“Was Lily, um– did she peg you?”

Even though he had put the water down, Shane managed to choke.

“What?” He croaked out.

“If she was– if she was holding you from the– the front, her handprints would be, y’know...” Hayden helpfully mimed by placing his own hands on his hips, fingers pointing towards his back instead of away, the heels of his palms on his hipbones. “But your, uh, bruises are faced the opposite way.” He reversed his hands into a position similar to the one currently marked on Shane’s body. “It looks like Lily was holding you from behind.”

Shane grabbed his helmet and slammed it back onto his head just so that Hayden wouldn’t see him blush.

“Look man, I’m not judging you if that’s the case! I mean, Jackie and I tried it once and I didn’t really care for it, but–”

“Hayden, stop talking,” Shane squeaked out. “TMI, dude.”

“Sorry, bro, I’m just curious,” Hayden held his hands up in mimed surrender. “You seemed like you were in a good mood this afternoon. I was just curious–”

“Yes.” Shane said shortly. It was close enough to the truth. Even if pegging wasn’t technically the right term.

“Yeah?” Hayden asked, raising his eyebrows.

Shane quickly skated back out and away from him in lieu of answering.

I’m going to fucking kill you

Lily: Is not what you said earlier

*I’ve got fucking bruises on
my hips from your hands!*

Lily: Send picture

Lily: Quickly

No!

I’m under fucking siege here.

I’m getting chirped left and right

Lily: What you want me to do?

Wave wand?

A sorry might be nice

Lily: Done is done

Lily: maybe we have time before you fly out

Lily: I kiss it better? 😊

Lily: Send picture?

Lily: Jane?

Lily: Please?

“Wait a fucking minute.” Hayden said, letting his fork drop onto his plate as something occurred to him. “So every time you were meeting up with that girl Lily in Boston-”

“Now it clicks,” Shane muttered. Hayden had taken the news that Shane and Ilya were dating surprisingly well, but Shane should’ve known the revelation that they’d been seeing each other on and off for years would’ve caught up to him eventually.

“Lily- Ilya- Lily.” Hayden was saying under his breath.

“I am pretty girl, yes?” Ilya asked, pulling Hayden out of his spiral.

“But that time you came to practice covered in bruises— that was—”

Ilya started laughing obnoxiously loudly, making half the restaurant look at them. Shane put his head down on the table.

“EW!” Hayden yelled.

“I told you we were together! You knew we must’ve been... *physically* together!” Shane protested, Ilya laughing harder at his awkward phrasing.

“Knowing that fact and seeing evidence are two different things!”

“Oh, and every time Jakie tells me she’s pregnant again, I’m supposed to believe she was visited by the fucking Archangel Gabriel?” Shane and Hayden were both yelling now.

“Keep your voices down,” Ilya said through cackles, though without much conviction. He was obviously enjoying the show.

Hayden’s voice was very quiet when he said, “Shane. It’s eighty degrees outside. Why are you still wearing a scarf?”

“It’s a style choice?” Shane suggested weakly, fooling no one.

Hayden lunged across the table, wrestling the scarf away despite Shane’s best efforts. Shane’s neck had several large hickies. He yanked the scarf back out of Hayden’s hands as Hayden’s face went limp with horror, throwing it quickly back on.

“I cannot *wait* for you to go back to Boston,” Hayden practically growled at Ilya. “Shane—please. There must be nice men somewhere in Montreal. Anyone other than him, please.”

“Hayden,” Shane said warningly.

“I will not go back to Boston. I am traded to Ottawa. It will hit news in a few days, once contracts are finished,” Ilya said calmly, but with a shit eating grin on his face.

“Ottawa?” Hayden’s voice was rapidly rising again. “That’s only three hours away!”

“Two-and-a-half if I drive an actual car.” Ilya gestured out the cafe window to his sports car parked next to Hayden’s practical SUV.

“Shane, blink twice if he’s holding you hostage,” Hayden said earnestly, reaching across the table to grab Shane’s hands. “I’ll save you!”

“Hayden!” Shane yanked his hands away. “I love him.”

“And I love you, buddy, which is why I’m only going to feel a little guilty when I have to dump his body in the Atlantic. I’d do that for you.”

“You’d do that for fun. Ilya’s staying, as my boyfriend. You’ll have to learn to get along.”

Hayden and Ilya gave identical derisive snorts, finally agreeing on something for the first time all day.

End Notes

Yeah, I'm not sure either. Believe it or not, Hayden was not originally supposed to even be in this fic. I might have a few more Heated Rivalry plot bunnies for those of you who liked this, but don't hold your breath.

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