

Getting Into the Swim of Things

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Getting Into the Swim of Things

by [ultigirl](#)

Summary

After winning the Stanley Cup in Ottawa, Sports Illustrated approaches Shane's team about him posing for their famous swimsuit issue. Recognizing the growing visibility of LGBTQ athletes, they plan to feature soccer super-couple Kristie Mewis and Sam Kerr, diver Tom Daley, runner Nico Young, and several players from the WNBA. Yuna, Shane's mom-anager, thinks it's a great idea to promote diversity for the sport and for Shane personally. For his part, Shane is confused why SI wants him instead of his much sexier husband. Eventually, Shane comes around to the idea.

Notes

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

The email came three weeks after they won the Cup.

Shane was still floating in a haze of champagne headaches and victory parades, still not quite believing it had actually happened, when Yuna showed up at his door with her tablet and an expression he'd learned to be wary of.

"We need to talk," she said, brushing past him into the kitchen. "I have an opportunity."

Shane followed, already bracing himself. His mother's "opportunities" ranged from genuinely exciting to deeply uncomfortable, and he never knew which he was going to get until he was already committed.

"Sports Illustrated," Yuna announced, setting her tablet on the counter and pulling up what looked like an email chain. "They want you for the swimsuit issue."

Shane blinked. Waited for the punchline.

"The... swimsuit issue."

"Yes."

"The one with the models. In bikinis."

"They feature athletes now too. Have for years." Yuna scrolled through the email, all business. "They're doing a special spread this year focused on LGBTQ athletes. Very high profile. They've already confirmed Kristie Mewis and Sam Kerr—you know, the soccer players—"

"I know who they are."

"—and Tom Daley, the British diver. Nico Young, the runner. Several WNBA players." She looked up at him. "They want you to represent hockey."

Shane opened his mouth. Closed it. Tried again.

"They want *me*?"

"Yes."

"For a... swimsuit shoot."

"That's what I said."

Shane ran a hand through his hair—loose today, falling past his shoulders—and tried to process this information. "Did they get confused? Did they mean to email Ilya's people?"

Yuna's brow furrowed. "Why would they want Ilya?"

"Because—" Shane gestured vaguely at himself, at the universe, at the obvious reality of the situation. "Because he's *Ilya*. He's the one who's... you know. Sexy. Photogenic. Comfortable being looked at."

"Shane." His mother's voice had taken on the patient tone she used when she thought he was being particularly dense. "They specifically requested you. By name. They sent a very detailed pitch about why they want you for this project."

"But *why*?"

Yuna set down the tablet and looked at him—really looked, the way she did when she was about to say something he probably didn't want to hear.

"Sit down," she said.

Shane sat.

"This is going to be uncomfortable for both of us," Yuna began, "because there are certain things mothers and sons don't typically discuss. But I need you to hear this."

Shane's stomach tightened. "Okay..."

"You have always been attractive." She held up a hand when he started to protest. "I'm not saying this as your mother. I'm saying this as your manager, who has tracked your marketability for fifteen years. You have a face that photographs well, a body that lots of other *athletes* would kill for, and a certain... quality that makes people want to look at you."

"Mom—"

"I'm not finished." Yuna's expression was clinical, assessing—manager mode, not mom mode. "When you were younger, that attractiveness was... muted. Controlled. You were handsome, yes, but in a safe way. Maybe a slightly boring way, if I'm being honest. You photographed like a model for business casual clothing. Pleasant. Forgettable."

Shane didn't know whether to be offended or relieved.

"But since you came out—since you've been with Ilya, since you found your place with the Centaurs—something has changed." Yuna tilted her head, studying him. "You carry yourself differently. You take up more space. You look like someone who knows who he is and isn't apologizing for it."

"I don't feel like that," Shane said quietly.

"I know. But you look like it. And that confidence—that comfort in your own skin—is attractive in a way that your old image never was." Yuna smiled slightly. "You were always handsome. Now you're compelling. There's a difference."

Shane stared at the table, processing. He thought about all the years he'd spent trying to be invisible, to blend in, to not attract attention. The idea that he'd been attracting it anyway —

that people had been looking at him even when he was trying so hard not to be seen—was disorienting.

"The fan mail has changed," Yuna continued. "Did you know that? When you were with the Voyageurs, you got letters from families, from kids. Standard stuff. Now..." She paused delicately. "Now you get a different kind of letter. From people who find you... appealing."

"Please stop talking."

"Men and women, Shane. You've captured attention across demographics. And it's not just because you're out—there are other out athletes who don't generate this response. It's because you look like someone who's finally living authentically. That's what's sexy. That's what Sports Illustrated wants to put on their pages."

Shane was pretty sure his face was on fire. This was, without question, the most mortifying conversation he'd ever had with his mother.

"Can we please talk about literally anything else?"

"In a moment. First, let me tell you about their pitch." Yuna pulled up a document on her tablet. "They want to do something different with the athlete shoots this year. More artistic. More... subversive." She scanned the text. "They specifically mention wanting to challenge traditional ideas about what athletes look like, what masculinity and femininity mean in sports. They want to play with gender expectations."

"What does that mean?"

"I think it means they want to put you in things you wouldn't normally wear. Push boundaries. Show a different side of what a male hockey player can look like." Yuna met his eyes. "They were very clear that they want to celebrate queerness, not just acknowledge it. They want the shoots to feel bold. Authentic."

Shane thought about his journey over the past few years—the long hair, the jewelry, the slow process of learning to present himself in ways that felt true rather than safe. The idea of taking that further, of doing it publicly, for a major magazine...

"I don't know if I can do that," he said. "Be... bold. I'm not like Ilya. I can't just turn on sexy for a camera."

"You don't have to be like Ilya. They want you—your version of bold. Your version of sexy." Yuna paused. "And you don't have to decide right now. But I think you should consider it. Not just for the visibility, or the representation, although those matter. But for you. As part of your journey."

"My journey."

"Toward being comfortable with yourself. With being seen." She reached across the table, touched his hand briefly. "I know this is hard for you. I know you spent a long time hiding.

But you don't have to hide anymore. And sometimes the best way to prove that to yourself is to do something that scares you."

Shane sat with that for a long moment. His mother wasn't wrong—the past few years had been about slowly, painfully learning to take up space. To be visible. To exist as himself rather than a carefully curated performance.

But this was different. This was putting himself on display for millions of people. This was saying *look at me* in the most literal way possible.

Could he do that? Did he even want to?

"What if it's awful?" he asked. "What if I look ridiculous? What if everyone—"

"Then you'll survive it. Just like you've survived everything else." Yuna squeezed his hand. "But I don't think it will be awful. I think it will be beautiful. And I think, when it's over, you'll be glad you did it."

Shane looked at his mother—this woman who had managed his career for two decades, who had pushed him toward opportunities he never would have chosen for himself, who was still learning to see him as he really was.

"You really think I should do this?"

"I think you should at least meet with them. Hear the full pitch. See how it feels." She smiled. "And if you hate it, you can say no. But don't say no just because you're scared. That's not a good enough reason anymore."

Shane took a deep breath. Let it out slowly.

"Okay," he said. "Set up the meeting."

The meeting went better than Shane expected.

The creative director, a woman named Margaux with silver hair and an intensity that reminded Shane of every demanding coach he'd ever had, walked him through the concept with obvious passion. She talked about challenging beauty standards, about showing athletes as more than their sport, about creating images that celebrated queerness openly and joyfully.

"We're not interested in sanitized representation," she said. "We want something real. Something that makes people think. You've become a symbol for a lot of queer athletes—people who don't fit the typical mold of what a gay man in sports is supposed to look like. We want to explore that. Push it further."

"What exactly does that mean?" Shane asked. "In terms of the actual... shoot."

Margaux smiled. "We want to play with expectations. You're a hockey player—traditionally one of the most hypermasculine sports. But you've been quietly subverting that. The long

hair. The jewelry. The way you carry yourself now versus a few years ago. We want to lean into that contrast."

She pulled up some mood boards on her laptop. Shane saw flowing fabrics, unexpected silhouettes, images that blurred the line between masculine and feminine in ways that made his pulse quicken—with nerves or excitement, he couldn't quite tell.

"We're not trying to make you into something you're not," Margaux continued. "We're trying to show facets of who you are that you might not usually put on display. Does that make sense?"

It did, actually. More than Shane had expected.

"Can I think about it?" he asked.

"Of course. Take whatever time you need." Margaux closed her laptop. "But Shane? For what it's worth—I've photographed a lot of athletes. And there's something about you that's special. A stillness. A depth. Most people try too hard in front of the camera. I don't think you will."

Shane didn't know what to say to that. So he just nodded, shook her hand, and went home to think.

Three days later, he called Yuna.

"I'll do it."

He could hear her smile through the phone. "Good. I'll let them know."

"But I have a condition."

"What's that?"

Shane took a breath. "I want you to come to the shoot. For... moral support."

A pause. "You don't want Ilya there?"

"No." Shane's voice was smaller than he intended. "I haven't told him about it yet. I feel too... I don't know. Self-conscious. I don't want him to see me trying to be sexy and failing miserably."

"Shane—"

"I know. I know it's stupid. But can you just—can you be there? Please?"

Another pause. Then, gently: "Of course. I'll be there."

"Thank you." Shane exhaled. "And don't tell Ilya. I want it to be a surprise. If it goes well."

"And if it goes badly?"

"Then we never speak of it again."

Yuna laughed softly. "Deal."

The day of the shoot arrived faster than Shane was ready for.

The location was a rented beach house in Malibu—all white walls and floor-to-ceiling windows and that particular California light that made everything look like a dream. Shane had arrived early, at Yuna's insistence, to meet the styling team and go through wardrobe.

That was where the trouble started.

"These are the options we've pulled for you," the lead stylist said—a young man named Devon with immaculate eyebrows and an energy that somehow put Shane at ease despite everything. "Based on your measurements and the creative direction."

Shane stared at the rack of clothing. Then stared some more.

"I don't—" He swallowed. "Some of these don't seem like... me."

Devon smiled, not unkindly. "That's kind of the point. We're not trying to dress you in your comfort zone. We're trying to find the edges of it and push just a little past."

There were flowing linen pants in cream and pale blue. Sheer shirts that would hide nothing. Something that might have been a skirt or might have been very wide-legged shorts—Shane couldn't tell. Jewelry that was delicate, almost feminine. Fabrics that draped and clung in ways his usual wardrobe never did.

"I usually wear jeans," Shane said weakly.

"I know." Devon pulled something off the rack—a pair of high-waisted, wide-legged trousers in a soft dove gray. "Start with these. They're the most conventional. We'll work our way up."

Work our way up to what? Shane wanted to ask, but Devon was already ushering him toward the changing area, and he didn't have time to panic.

An hour later, Shane was in full crisis mode.

He'd made it through the first few outfits okay—the trousers were actually comfortable, and the soft white button-down they'd paired with it (unbuttoned halfway down his chest, which was *not* how he normally wore shirts) had photographed well, according to Margaux.

But now Devon was holding up something that made Shane's brain short-circuit.

"Absolutely not."

"Just try it on."

"It's a crop top."

"It's a cropped sweater. Very different vibe." Devon was unfazed by Shane's horror. "It'll show off your stomach, which—and I say this professionally—is spectacular. Margaux specifically requested this look."

Shane looked down at himself. He was in good shape—he was a professional athlete, being in shape was literally his job—but the idea of displaying his body like *that*, deliberately drawing attention to his bare skin...

"I can't."

"You can. You just don't want to." Devon's voice was gentle but firm. "Shane, can I tell you something?"

Shane nodded, not trusting his voice.

"I've dressed a lot of male athletes. And they almost always have the same reaction you're having right now. They're so used to their bodies being functional—tools for their sport—that they forget their bodies can also be beautiful. Desirable. Something to celebrate rather than just maintain."

"It's not that. It's—" Shane struggled to articulate it. "I spent so long trying not to be looked at. Not to draw attention. And now you're asking me to—to put myself on display. To say *look at me*. I don't know how to do that."

Devon was quiet for a moment. Then he hung the cropped sweater back on the rack and sat down on the styling bench, patting the space next to him.

Shane sat.

"When I first came out," Devon said, "I dressed like I was trying to disappear. Baggy clothes, dark colors, nothing that would make anyone notice me. I thought being invisible was the same as being safe."

Shane nodded. He understood that intimately.

"It took me years to realize that I was allowed to take up space. That I was allowed to be seen—really seen—and that it didn't have to be dangerous." Devon smiled. "The first time I wore something that actually showed my body, I felt like I was going to die of exposure. But I also felt... powerful. Like I was finally claiming something that had been mine all along."

"And you think this—" Shane gestured at the rack of terrifying clothes, "—is that? For me?"

"I think it could be. If you let it." Devon stood, picked up the cropped sweater again. "But I'm not going to force you. If you really don't want to wear something, we'll find alternatives. This should be empowering, not traumatic."

Shane stared at the sweater. It was soft-looking, cable-knit, the kind of warm cream color that would probably look good against his skin. It wasn't revealing in a sexual way, exactly—it was more about showing a part of himself he usually kept covered.

It was about being visible.

"Can I have a minute?" he asked. "I need to talk to someone."

He found his mom in the craft services area, scrolling through her phone with a cup of tea.

"How's it going?" she asked, looking up.

"They want me to wear a crop top."

Yuna's eyebrows rose. "And?"

"And I'm freaking out." Shane dropped into the chair across from her. "I don't know if I can do this, Mom. It's too much. I feel like everyone's going to laugh at me."

"Who's going to laugh?"

"I don't know. Everyone. The internet. Ilya." The last word came out smaller than the others.

Yuna set down her phone. "Why would Ilya laugh?"

"Because I'm trying to be sexy and I don't know how. Because he's the sexy one and I'm the boring one and everyone knows it. Because—" Shane's voice cracked. "Because what if I put myself out there like this and everyone can see that I don't belong? That I'm not really—"

"Shane." Yuna's voice was sharp. "Stop."

He stopped.

"Listen to me very carefully," she said. "You are not boring. You are not 'not sexy.' You are a man who spent thirty years hiding, and you are just now learning what you look like when you're not trying to disappear." She leaned forward. "This—what you're feeling right now—is fear. And fear lies. It tells you that you're not enough, that you don't belong, that everyone will see through you. But it's not true."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've watched you for the past three years. I've watched you grow into yourself. I've seen the person you're becoming." Her eyes were fierce. "You are beautiful, Shane. You've always been beautiful. But now you're starting to believe it, and *that's* what scares you. Not the crop top. The possibility that you might actually feel good in it."

Shane felt tears prick at his eyes. "What if I put it on and I look ridiculous?"

"Then you'll take it off and try something else. This isn't life or death. It's just clothes." Yuna reached across the table, took his hand. "But I don't think you're going to look ridiculous. I think you're going to look at yourself in that mirror and see someone you're proud of. And that's terrifying, yes. But it's also wonderful."

Shane held onto her hand, anchoring himself.

"Okay," he said finally. "Okay. I'll try it."

"Good." Yuna squeezed his fingers. "And Shane? I'm proud of you. Not for doing the shoot—for being brave enough to try."

Shane went back to Devon. He put on the cropped sweater.

And then he looked in the mirror.

The sweater hit just above his navel, showing a strip of stomach that he instinctively wanted to cover. But Devon had paired it with high-waisted linen pants that sat at his hips, and the proportions were... actually kind of beautiful. The cable-knit was soft and tactile, inviting touch. His hair fell loose around his shoulders, and someone from the makeup team had done something subtle to his eyes that made them look larger, more luminous.

He looked like himself. But a version of himself he'd never let exist before.

"Well?" Devon asked.

Shane swallowed. "It's not... terrible."

Devon grinned. "High praise from you. Come on—let's show Margaux."

The shoot was a revelation.

Once Shane let go—once he stopped trying to control how he looked and just... existed in front of the camera—something shifted. Margaux directed him with quiet confidence, positioning him in the golden light, letting him move naturally rather than forcing poses.

"You have a stillness that photographs beautifully," she told him between setups. "Most people fidget, try too hard. You just... are. It's rare."

Shane didn't feel still. He felt like he was vibrating out of his skin. But apparently it wasn't showing, because Margaux kept making pleased noises and the photos on the monitor looked like someone else entirely—someone confident, comfortable, *beautiful*.

They moved through outfit after outfit. The cream linen pants with the unbuttoned shirt. The flowing blue fabric that turned out to be some kind of wrap garment that draped over one shoulder. The cropped sweater, which Shane had been dreading but which photographed better than anything else.

By the end, they'd pushed him even further—a sheer shirt that hid nothing, low-slung pants, jewelry that cascaded down his bare chest. Shane had thought he'd hate it, but there was something freeing about surrendering to the process. About letting himself be looked at without trying to control what people saw.

"Last setup," Margaux announced. "Let's do something special."

The final look was the simplest: just Shane, hair loose, wearing nothing but a pair of fitted swim briefs in deep navy. The kind of thing he'd never, ever wear in public. The kind of thing that left nothing to the imagination.

"You okay?" Devon asked, handing him a robe to wear between shots.

"I think so." Shane's voice was steady, which surprised him. "Is it weird that I'm actually... enjoying this?"

"Not weird at all. That's the whole point." Devon smiled. "You're doing great. Really."

They shot him in the water, then emerging from it, then lying on the beach with the waves lapping at his feet. The late afternoon light turned everything golden, and Shane felt—for the first time in his life—like he understood what it meant to be beautiful.

Not beautiful in the generic, marketable way he'd cultivated for years. Beautiful in a way that was his. Personal. True.

What Shane didn't know was that Yuna was documenting the day.

Not officially—Margaux had a whole team for that. But Yuna had her phone out, taking photos of her son when he wasn't looking. Photos of him laughing with Devon between shots. Photos of him in the cropped sweater, looking at himself in the mirror with something like wonder. Photos of him in the water, head tipped back, sunlight catching in his hair.

And, toward the end of the day, a few photos of him in those navy swim briefs—emerging from the ocean like something out of a dream, water streaming down his chest, looking for all the world like he belonged there.

Yuna looked at those photos for a long moment.

Then she opened her text thread with Ilya.

Thought you might want to see what your husband has been up to today, she wrote. And she attached three images.

The response came in seconds.

WHAT

Then: *WHERE IS HE*

Then: *YUNA WHAT IS THIS*

Then: *I THOUGHT HE WAS AT BORING PHOTO SHOOT FOR WATCHES*

Then: *I AM LOOKING AT THIS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GROCERY STORE*

Then: *I HAVE TO GO HOME IMMEDIATELY*

Then, after a pause: *Please tell me there are more photos.*

Yuna smiled and sent two more.

The response was just a string of emojis that she chose not to interpret, followed by: *He is in so much trouble when he gets home.*

The good kind of trouble? Yuna sent back.

The BEST kind of trouble. Thank you for these. Thank you. I am deceased.

Yuna pocketed her phone, still smiling. Shane would probably kill her later. But some things were worth the risk.

Shane got home the next evening just after seven, exhausted and exhilarated and still processing everything that had happened.

The house was dark, which was strange—Ilya should have been home by now. Shane dropped his bag by the door, flicked on the hall light, and nearly had a heart attack.

Ilya was sitting on the stairs. Just sitting there in the dark like a very attractive serial killer, his eyes fixed on Shane with an intensity that made Shane's mouth go dry.

"Um," Shane said. "Hi?"

Ilya stood up slowly. He was wearing sweatpants and nothing else, which wasn't unusual, but there was something about his posture—coiled, intent—that made Shane's heart rate spike.

"Your mother," Ilya said, his voice low, "sent me some very interesting photos yesterday."

Oh.

Oh no.

"I can explain—"

"No need." Ilya was moving toward him now, slow and deliberate, like a predator stalking prey. "I understand perfectly. You did a secret photoshoot where you were very sexy and did not tell me about it. You wore very small clothing and let people take pictures of your beautiful body. And you thought you would just come home and not face consequences for this."

"Ilya—"

"Do you know what I did when I saw those photos, беловед ?" Ilya was close now, close enough that Shane could feel the heat radiating off him. "I was in the grocery store. In the cereal aisle. And I had to leave immediately because I could not be seen in public in the condition your mother's text messages put me in."

Shane's face was burning. "I didn't know she was going to—"

"I had to abandon my cart. There was ice cream in that cart, Shane. It melted. I am devastated about the ice cream."

"I'm sorry about the ice cream?"

"You should be." Ilya's hands came up to cup Shane's face, surprisingly gentle given the intensity of his gaze. "You should also be sorry for keeping this from me. I would have liked to watch. I would have liked to see you realizing how beautiful you are."

"I was embarrassed." Shane's voice came out barely above a whisper. "I didn't know if I could do it. I didn't want you to see me fail."

"Fail?" Ilya made a sound that was almost a laugh. "I have seen the photos. There was no failure. There was only you—my husband—looking like something out of my most private fantasies."

He kissed Shane then, hot and claiming, and Shane melted into it the way he always did. Ilya's hands slid into his hair, tugging just hard enough to make Shane gasp.

"You wore a crop top," Ilya murmured against his mouth. "I have never seen you in a crop top. This is a tragedy I will need to rectify."

"I don't own any crop tops."

"You will. I will buy you many." Another kiss, deeper. "And the tiny swimsuit. I need you to understand—I may never recover."

"It was for the shoot—"

"You will wear it again. For me. Privately. Many times." Ilya's hands slid down Shane's back, pulling him closer. "But right now, I need you to come upstairs with me so I can show you exactly what those photos did to me."

"I just walked in the door—"

"And now you will walk up the stairs. Quickly." Ilya nipped at his jaw. "I have been patient for hours. I have been very good. I did not fly to Malibu and interrupt your photoshoot, even though I wanted to. I deserve a reward for this."

Shane laughed, breathless and overwhelmed and so in love it hurt. "You're ridiculous."

"I am motivated." Ilya pulled back just enough to meet his eyes, and beneath the heat, there was something softer. "You were beautiful today. You are always beautiful. But today you let

people see it. Today you stopped hiding. I am..." He paused, searching for words. "I am very proud of you. And also very turned on. Both things at once."

Shane kissed him, pouring everything into it—all the fear and the triumph and the strange, wonderful feeling of finally being seen.

"Take me upstairs," he said against Ilya's mouth. "Show me what those photos did to you."

Ilya didn't need to be told twice.

Later—much later—they lay tangled together in the dark, Ilya's hand tracing lazy patterns on Shane's bare chest.

"I want to see all of them," Ilya said. "The photos. When they're published."

"You'll see them. Everyone will see them."

"Yes, but I want to see them first." Ilya propped himself up on one elbow, looking down at Shane with a soft smile. "I want to see my husband being brave. Being beautiful. Being himself."

Shane felt his throat tighten. "I was so scared. The whole time, I was terrified."

"I know. That's what makes it brave." Ilya leaned down, pressed a kiss to his forehead. "You did something that scared you. You let people see you. That's not nothing."

"It felt like a lot."

"Because it was a lot." Another kiss, on his nose this time. "But you did it. And now you know you can. That's how it works—you do the scary thing, and then it's a little less scary next time."

Shane thought about the day—the clothes he never would have chosen, the vulnerability of being photographed, the strange, unexpected joy of letting himself be seen. It had been terrifying. But it had also been...

"I liked it," he admitted. "By the end. I actually liked it."

"Of course you did." Ilya's smile was smug. "Because you are sexy, and being sexy is fun. I have been telling you this for years."

"You're impossible."

"I am right." Ilya settled back down, pulling Shane against his chest. "And now you know it too. Finally."

Shane closed his eyes, letting himself be held. He thought about the photos that would be published—images of him being visible in a way he'd never allowed himself to be. It was terrifying.

But maybe terrifying wasn't always bad. Maybe sometimes terrifying was just the feeling of growing into someone new.

"Thank you," he said quietly.

"For what?"

"For making me feel like I could do this. Even when I didn't believe it myself."

Ilya's arms tightened around him. "Always," he said. "You never have to do scary things alone. I am here."

Shane smiled into the darkness. He didn't have all the answers yet. He was still learning to be seen, still figuring out what it meant to take up space in the world.

But he wasn't figuring it out alone. And that, more than anything, made all the difference.

When the issue came out online two months later, it broke the internet.

Shane's photos were everywhere—the ethereal ones from the water, the intimate ones in the cropped sweater, the breathtaking ones where he lay on the beach looking like he'd finally, fully arrived in his own skin.

The response was overwhelming. Messages from queer fans who'd never seen themselves represented this way. Comments from fellow athletes thanking him for his courage. A whole generation of kids seeing that being a hockey player and being beautiful and being gay could all exist in the same person.

Shane read through some of the responses, heart full, and thought about the terrified man who'd stood staring at a cropped top, a cropped *sweater* convinced he couldn't do this.

He'd been wrong. And being wrong had never felt so good.

End Notes

For some reason, my brain can't stop playing with ideas about Shane's inner journey and struggles after he and Ilya are outed. Shane has worked so hard to craft a safe, straight-reading persona. What happens when he doesn't have to be that person? What happens when other people expect him to be someone else? He's a guy who likes certainty and now so much is uncertain. Here's another little sketch exploring that.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!