

I may be bad (but I'm perfectly good at it)

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I may be bad (but I'm perfectly good at it)

by [gurlsrool](#)

Summary

Hayden watches Shane, almost expecting him to go, "wow, I was hacked while we were at practice, look at these weird messages!". But no such luck. Shane smiles.

A real smile, a big one, his text from Lily smile. God, Hayden was so sure they were sending each other endless strings of heart emojis and "I miss you more" "no, I miss you more"s, not...that. Never in a million years would he have guessed *that*.

Or: 5 times someone's shocked to learn that Shane's a little freaky, +1 time someone isn't

Notes

I pulled a few smaller details from the books for this, but it really isn't spoilery. It goes past HR timeline wise but doesn't touch on plot points.

I could write a whole essay about how Shane is infantilized as a Japanese autistic man so even the slightest inkling of his active interest in sex and BDSM is considered shocking. Instead, I wrote this!

Thank you to Rihanna for the title and for existing

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

1. The Best Friend

Hayden doesn't mean to snoop.

Really, he doesn't. He's known about Boston Lily for awhile now and he's wondered, sure. When he's bored on the road and not surrounded by mouths to feed, it crosses his mind sometimes—that one part his best friend keeps locked away, even from him.

But he'd never go so far as to look through Shane's phone. When it does happen, he immediately regrets it.

They're trying out new lines at practice when Shane trips. He's not grievously injured or anything, but he lands weird, hard. Hard enough to go in for a concussion check.

Hayden lingers while everyone else clears out for the day. He grabs Shane's stuff, heads toward the medical room to meet him.

Shane's phone lights up in his hand with a text from Lily. Immediately, a second text comes in.

Maybe he should tell her what happened, that Shane's going to be running late? Despite what Shane insists, Hayden's pretty sure it's serious between them. It's been years now and it's not like Shane's a casual guy.

Hayden unlocks his phone with the passcode he's seen Shane input a thousand times. He thumbs into Lily's texts and—well, they're there.

It's not like he can tell his eyes not to read them. He wishes he could because holy shit. Holy. Shit.

“Holy shit,” he says aloud to no one, stopping dead in the middle of the hallway.

Shane: Maybe we can do what we did last January when I won by 2

Lily: I knew you would ask to do that again

Shane: Shut up

Lily: You like watching yourself while I fuck you. Taking it so good

Shane: Maybe I like looking at you

Lily: Mmm no. I will not let you. I will hold your head in place so you have to look into your own eyes

Shane: Fuck

Lily: But I could just ask you to and you would. You do everything I ask so nicely. Because you're my what?

Shane: I'm not saying it

Lily: You have to. You promised

Shane: Only because it had been an hour and you still wouldn't let me come

Lily: Yes and this time I can make you wait two

Lily: So? You're my what?

Shane: Your good little slut

Lily: Good boy

Shane: Stop. I have practice I can't be hard right now

"Holy shit," Hayden says again, just to really get it out of his system. Holy *shit*, *holy* shit, *holy shit*.

Okay, maybe he read a little more than he should have. Maybe he scrolled just a smidge to make sure this was really, actually Shane and not some sort of porn bot.

But as soon as he got up to "when I won by 2", he knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that these texts were sent by his best friend. Because only Shane Hollander would use their winning score to describe his sex life.

He locks the phone without texting Lily. This isn't his business. He shouldn't have read that. Holy fuck he wishes he hadn't read that.

He walks to the medical room. For the entire twenty-two minutes he waits for Shane, the phone feels like a bomb in his hand.

He can't tell Shane. He wants to tell Shane because he feels guilty as fuck right now, but he knows his best friend. He would literally quit hockey and take up a career in curling if he knew Hayden saw that.

He offers Shane his stuff and a big smile when he walks out. Shane smiles back, soft, timid. "Hey. Thanks for waiting."

"Uh huh. No problem," Hayden says to his best friend, a man who he now knows stares at his own reflection while a woman pegs ? him. "How are you, uh, feeling?"

"No concussion. A bit of a headache, but I'm good."

Good little slut, his evil brain provides. *Good boy*. He clears his throat so hard he nearly chokes. "Good. I mean, not good. Great! Still doing dinner at my place?"

Shane doesn't answer right away, glancing at his phone. Hayden watches him, almost expecting him to go, 'wow, I was hacked while we were at practice, look at these weird messages!'. But no such luck. Shane smiles.

A real smile, a big one, his text from Lily smile. God, Hayden was so sure they were sending each other endless strings of heart emojis and ‘I miss you more’ ‘no, I miss you more’s, not...that. Never in a million years would he have guessed *that*.

“Yeah.” Shane types something. “I just can’t stay too late.”

He glances at his phone and Hayden knows, immediately, that Lily’s the reason for his early exit.

“No problem,” he says.

He hopes to God he never finds out what they’re getting up to tonight.

2. The Mother

Yuna doesn’t beat around the bush—not where her family’s concerned anyway.

So when Shane walks into their house for dinner, she doesn’t bother with hello. Instead, she blurts out, “You’re injured?”

“What?” Shane frowns. “No.”

“You’re walking funny.”

“I’m not.”

He hovers in the doorway, like he doesn’t want to take another step, which is how she knows she’s right.

She steps back, giving him no choice but to cross the room to the dining table.

“I’m fine,” Shane says again, sitting at the table. David, leaning in the entryway to the kitchen, doesn’t look concerned.

He doesn’t see it, no surprise there. David’s supportive, of course, but she’s the one who sat through Peewee practices, not just games. She’s the one who’s reviewed hours of his own tape with Shane, the one backseat directing his poses at every photoshoot.

She knew the second her son was hiding a sprained finger from her in juniors by the way he gripped his stick.

She knows now that he’s placing more pressure on his left foot than his right.

“Was it Rozanov?” she asks, sitting down across from him. “I thought you recovered from that check in the third fine.”

Last night’s home game was a tough loss to Boston. Rozanov played like he always does—aggressively and like he has a personal vendetta against Shane.

Which, of course he does. He's clearly not used to being challenged, and Shane's the only person at—*above*—his level.

Even hockey skills aside, she's always privately felt like the kid must be jealous of Shane.

Rozanov's arrogant and cocky, with all the makings of a bright star on a fast track to burning out. She wonders sometimes if on a subconscious level, he knows that. Knows that off the ice, he can't measure up to Shane.

"I did!" Shane nearly barks. "I'm fine. I'm good."

"Okay..." Yuna swallows. Is it so wrong that she wants to know if he's hurt? Wants to make sure that he's getting the best PT, taking the right dosage of pain pills?

David gives her a warning look, like maybe it is.

A grown man, he's always reminding her. Somehow, he's a grown man now and not a little boy running around the house in pursuit of imaginary Pokémon and Stanley Cups.

They settle in for their meal, chicken parm and a side salad.

David's telling a story about his coworker when Yuna sees it. Shane's reaching for the salad and she spots a bruise on his right wrist.

She inhales sharply. That looks worse than a check. Why would he hide that from her?

She's about to ask exactly that, when David says, "Careful, don't want you dropping it."

Shane reaches his left hand out too, his shirt sleeves riding up a bit as he does. Enough that she can see a matching bruise on his left wrist.

Oh. *Oh*.

She knows, of course, that Shane is sexually active. She found the condoms by his bed when he was seventeen.

It scared the shit out of her, but condoms were a good sign. It meant he was being safe.

This is different though. This is...

"Oh my God," Yuna says aloud, remembering his limp.

"What is it? You okay, Mom?" her sweet, sweet boy asks. Her boy who she was in labor with for eleven hours. Her boy who proudly told reporters that his first Cup was for her.

Her boy who likes getting tied up in bed. Or...getting held down?

If she thinks about the logistics for two more seconds, her brain might explode and then poor David will have to spend his night cleaning it out of the table.

"Fine! Just not sure if I left the stove on?"

David frowns at her, because like most days, she hasn't touched a stove. He cooks, she makes the salad, they clean together.

Shane isn't used to his mother lying to him though, has no precedent for it, so he just nods.

For the rest of dinner, Yuna holds back the question: *who? Who do you trust enough to hand over your body, your livelihood, to?*

Does she love you? Does she take care of you after? Is she even a she?

She hasn't brought it up to David yet, but she wonders sometimes.

Remembers seeing him at sixteen, eyes tracking a sweat soaked Scott Hunter giving an interview that was objectively very dull.

Remembers his passive shrug when he unceremoniously dumped his high school girlfriend after the draft. Like it was no real loss.

She wants to say something, anything, so he knows it's okay to tell them, but she doesn't know what.

Instead, they talk hockey, brand deals, the weather even. One safe conversation dips comfortably into the next.

As soon as he leaves, she whips her head in David's direction. "Who the hell gave him those bruises?"

She honestly didn't think he noticed, but he doesn't so much as blink. He just shakes his head. "It's none of our business."

"It must have been someone strong..."

"Or just strong handcuffs." He frowns. "Or maybe weak ones."

She chokes on a sip of wine. "David!"

"What? The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, eh? Maybe we can get him a better pair for Christmas?" He raises his eyebrows, already laughing. She shoves his chest.

So what if Yuna likes being tied up in bed from time to time? She spends every day poised, controlled, terrified that one slip will mean this life she's worked so hard to build will crumble. It's nice to give that power up and turn her brain off sometimes.

Which is probably exactly how Shane—

She lifts her wine glass, chugging until she can see the bottom of it.

3. The Rookie

Dylan loves playing for Montreal.

It's a bro-y locker room, sure, but that's unavoidable. They have a damn good team and he's making a huge chunk of change to play a game for a living. What could be better?

He's pretty sure the guys like him too. But he still flinches when he strips after practice and the catcalls start up.

It's bad. He knows it's bad. The guy he hooked up with last night was like a cat. He scratched the shit out of him and Dylan wanted to tell him to stop, both because he didn't want marks and honestly, because it felt like shit.

But the guy seemed super into it and Dylan didn't want to ruin the moment. Plus, it's not easy to find guys to hook up with who he can trust to be discreet. The guy signed an NDA without flinching, so it's fine. He's fine.

"Damn, Dyl," Comeau shouts. "Get attacked by a bear on your way to practice?"

"Something like that," he mutters. The guy was more like an otter, but he has a feeling Comeau wouldn't appreciate that joke.

"Did she give you any warning or just start tearing you to shreds?"

"The latter, believe me," he says. "Shit fucking hurt. I wasn't into it, but what was I gonna do, tell her to stop?"

The guys all laugh along—except Hollander, who frowns.

Dylan's heard the other guys talk. He knows Hollander's a bit of a prude. Maybe he's not comfortable with the display.

It's not like Dylan chose to show it off though. He just had to get undressed. Surely Hollander understands that?

After he exits the shower though, Hollander's waiting for him. He nods, leading Dylan to a quiet corner of the locker room.

"Hey." Hollander rubs the back of his neck. "Look, I know this is probably the last conversation you want to have, but you're young and I...I feel like I need to...are you okay?"

"Okay?" Dylan blinks. He's honestly kind of worried that Hollander didn't get the joke and thinks Dylan actually got attacked by a wild animal on the way to practice.

"Yeah, like. You were saying you felt like you couldn't tell the girl you were hooking up with to stop. And I wanted you to know that you can, you know? Any time."

"Oh." Is Canada's golden boy actually giving him sex advice right now? What is his life?

"Wow. Um. Yeah. Honestly, I just didn't know how without ruining the vibe, you know?"

"Kind of sounds like the 'vibe' was already ruined for you," Hollander says softly. Huh. "Do you think you'll see her again?"

Dylan thinks about the NDA, about how well the guy took him, scratch marks and all. “Yeah, I think so.”

“Maybe tell her beforehand that scratching isn’t your thing then. And you could establish a safe word?” He’s bright red, looking around like he’d rather be literally anywhere else. But he’s here anyway. Man, he’s a good captain. “Or, if she’s into other...stuff...you could use the traffic light system.”

“Traffic light system?”

“Yeah, like red for stop immediately, yellow for pause and check in, green for when you’re doing good,” he says easily. Then, his eyes go a little wide. “I mean, hypothetically.”

“Right.” Okay. So Shane Hollander has the type of sex that requires a three tiered road sign. That’s a real piece of information he just learned. Dylan stands there for a second, reeling, and is ultimately unable to stop himself from asking, “how do you know all this?”

“Um.”

“Trust me.” Hayden walks up, claps Dylan on the shoulder. “You don’t wanna know.”

4. The Ex

Rose loves hanging out at Shane’s place.

It’s cozy and private enough that they don’t have to worry about rabid fans or paparazzi. He keeps his place cold though and his strongest fireplace is in the bedroom, which is surprisingly sensual for Shane. Unfortunately, their relationship has long since been demoted to living room status, so she’s freezing.

“Can I borrow a sweater?” she calls into the kitchen, sipping her second glass of wine.

“Sure. Can you get it? I’m...” He holds up his hands, messy from the shrimp and cauliflower rice bowls he’s making them. Ugh, if only he was straight. He’d be the perfect husband—probably because he’s not, in fact, straight.

“Yeah, no problem.” She sets her wine glass down on a coaster, because this is Shane Hollander’s apartment. She learned that lesson the hard way.

“Second drawer on the left in the closet.”

“Got it.” She salutes and takes off to his bedroom, but it’s a big place and she’s a little tipsy. By the time she reaches his walk-in closet, she can’t remember if he said the drawer on the left or the right.

Probably the right? She opens it and, immediately, gasps.

The drawer is full of sex toys. Like, so full she’s not sure how it was even closed in the first place.

Dildos and butt plugs and cock rings and one or two things she doesn't immediately recognize. A pair of leather cuffs beside some metal ones. Rope. A blindfold. Lingerie? A tripod.

Did he film a sex tape? Oh God, she hopes he's keeping that secure.

She's about to close the drawer, when she spots some sweaters neatly folded in the corner. Maybe this is the right drawer after all and he just forgot he moved a whole adult film crew's prop box in recently.

She picks one up, gaping at it. It's the strangest item in the drawer by far: a Boston Bears hoodie.

"Hey were you able to find—Oh God." Shane crosses the closet quickly, slams the drawer shut so hard it echoes. "On the left. I said second drawer on the *left*!"

"I'm sorry!" Rose squeaks. And then, unable to help herself, she laughs. "Sorry! Sorry. It's just...Shane."

"I know," he mutters.

"No, I don't think you do," she says. "This is a lot of sex toys. And you're..."

"I'm what?"

"I don't know." She gestures with the sweater. It smells faintly of cigarettes. Shane films videos stuffing dildos up his ass with a guy who *smokes*? "When we were together, I always thought even doggy style would be too much for you. Though, I guess maybe you'd have liked it if I had one of those."

She looks down at the drawer, now closed, then back up at Shane. He's so red it's honestly concerning. "I..." He opens his mouth, closes it. "It's. Um. My boyfriend bought some of it."

"Oh!" She knows Shane's seeing someone, of course. That much is obvious by all his dopey smiles. But he's never actually said the word even though she has a suspicion it's been a year or two now. "Good! I'm so glad you have someone safe to experiment with. Seriously."

"Thanks?"

"But I hope you're being careful if you've made a sex tape? Like, don't upload that shit to any cloud."

He frowns. "What? I would never make a sex tape."

"You have a tripod in there," she says. "Are you gonna try to tell me it's for your brand deals?"

"Oh! No. It's for, uh, FaceTime."

'FaceTime?' She blinks.

“I’m on the road a lot—”

“Oh my God.” She bursts out laughing again. “You have a tripod just for phone sex? Who are you?”

“It’s...” Shane says. She knows better than to expect an end to that sentence.

“It’s fine, seriously. I love this for you. I do have questions about your humiliation kink though.”

“What?”

She waves the Boston sweater in the air. “Does he, like, put the cuffs on you and make you wear this?”

“No!” he laughs. “No, it’s just his. He used to live in Boston.”

She smiles. “You must love him a lot to keep this in your home.”

He drops his eyes. “It smells like him, so.”

It’s a welcome reminder that he’s still the same sweetheart she knows and loves. “Oh yeah, that’s the other thing! He smokes?”

“I’ve gotten him to quit. Mostly.”

She nods her approval, opens the drawer again to put the sweater back in its place. Only when she’s folding it to Shane’s liking, something catches her eye.

A red sweater, emblazoned with the Centaurs logo. “Okay, now I think you’re lying and he wears different teams’ sweaters in bed to taunt you.”

He laughs again. “No, no, I swear—he just lives in Ottawa now.”

“He lived in Boston and now he lives in Ottawa? What, do you own a sex toy collection with Ilya Rozanov?” she jokes. Only, Shane doesn’t laugh this time. He blanches. “Oh my God. *You own a sex toy collection with Ilya Rozanov.*”

He rubs the back of his neck. “I’ve been meaning to tell you—I hope you don’t—”

She drops the sweater, lunging forward to give him a hug. “Damn, Shane. That’s...he’s so fucking hot. You have amazing game. Though, we knew that already.” She pulls back, gesturing at herself.

He grins, but she doesn’t miss the surprise on his face. “So you’re not mad? Or, like, weirded out?”

“What? No way. You have to tell me everything, but obviously he makes you happy.” She glances back at the drawer, at the Centaurs red paddle. “And it’s nice that he helps you embrace your inner freak.”

“Stop.”

“You’ve found the perfect, kinky peg to your hole!” she shouts after him as he, ironically, steps out of the closet.

5. The Teammate

Miity’s drunk enough to not protest too much when one of the rookies suggests never have I ever.

Most of the other guys do though. “Seriously?” J.J. says. “Are you ten-years-old?”

“Double that.” The kid shrugs. Some of the older guys wince.

“I don’t get this game.” Shane frowns into his beer. He’s flushed, listing over into Hayden’s side slightly. Clearly, he’s had more to drink than usual. “Like, how do you win?”

“Whoever drinks the most wins,” Comeau says.

“Yeah,” J.J. agrees. “Because that means you win at life.”

Shane nods, seeming to accept this. As long as there are stakes, a clear winner or loser, Hollzy’s always in.

So the game begins, simple at first. Stupid shit like ‘never have I ever been late on a travel day because I slept through my alarm’ (Shane’s horrified watching the whole table drink).

But then, like always, it takes a turn for the sexual. “Never have I ever worn a blindfold during sex,” one of the rookies says.

J.J. asks if it counts if his girl was the one blindfolded with a waggle of his eyebrows, so they don’t notice when Shane takes a drink.

Only Miity does, his goalie eyes ever sharpened—and, of course, Pike.

Hayden, unlike Miity though, doesn’t seem surprised. “Probably easier if you can’t see that mug,” Hayden says lowly. Shane shoves him.

Weird. He didn’t know anyone had seen Shane’s mysterious girlfriend, but apparently Hayden knows her well enough to joke about her being ugly? Damn, those two are close.

“Miity,” J.J. says, “you’re up. Please say something as weird as you.”

Miity’s curiosity is piqued now so he says, “never have I ever been spanked in bed.”

Everyone laughs—until Hollzy drinks again. This time it doesn’t go unnoticed. They all fall quiet, then burst out laughing. Shane blushes, dropping his head.

“Honestly, I don’t know what I’m more surprised by,” J.J. says, “you getting spanked or you admitting to it.”

“I want to win.” Hollzy shrugs. “And isn’t lying during never have I ever kind of like cheating?”

“There’s no cheating in never have I ever,” Hayden says. “It’s a stupid children’s game.”

“Well, the children want to play,” Comeau says. “So you’re up, Pike.”

“Yeah, Pike, you don’t wanna disappoint the kids,” Shane says.

“Don’t call me Pike, it’s weird when you do it,” Hayden says. “Uhh, never have I ever gotten a piercing.”

Everyone boos. “It has to be something sexy.” J.J. makes a gyrating gesture. Miity’s starting to think that everyone’s had too much to drink.

Hayden rolls his eyes. “Fine.” He side eyes Shane. “Never have I ever had mirror sex.”

“Mirror sex?” Dylan asks. “Like just looking in a mirror while you fuck?”

He nods. Shane drinks. The whole table starts shouting over each other, Miity included.

“What?” Hollzy says. “It’s not a weird thing to do. Is it?”

“The way you do it is,” Hayden mutters. Shane elbows him. Huh. Miity’s always thought Shane might be gay, and now he can’t help but wonder if Pike has a crush on him. There’s some sort of vibe there.

“No, it’s not weird. See,” J.J. says, taking a sip himself. “But it’s weird because you’re…” He gestures.

“Yeah, I kinda thought you just did missionary and wrapped it up in ten minutes,” Comeau says.

“Ten minutes?” Shane whispers, like he’s baffled by the idea.

“It’s your turn anyways, Cap. What haven’t you done?”

“Uh,” Shane says, like he’s really grasping for something. Someone whispers *oh my God*. “Never have I ever had a threesome.”

“Gil already used that one,” J.J. says.

“Oh. Um…”

“Alright, let’s skip our captain since he’s apparently done everything,” Comeau says. “Never have I ever used, like, ropes and shit in bed.”

Shane drinks.

The game goes on just like that. Really, it becomes a new game: what *hasn’t* Hollzy done?

The answer, apparently, is virtually nothing.

It's almost like a Dr. Seuss book. In a car, against a tree, oh the places Shane gets on his knees.

The guys call bullshit a few times, of course. "There is no fucking universe," Comeau slurs, "where you had sex on a motorcycle."

Shane, who's gotten too drunk to feel shame apparently, cocks his head thoughtfully. "I guess against it is probably more accurate."

"You would never ride a motorcycle," J.J. says. "You told me my mountain bike was too dangerous."

Shane shrugs. "I haven't ridden one. It's not like it was moving during. Well..."

Hayden groans, banging his head against the table. He seems really disturbed by Shane's active sex life. Miity chucks it up to jealousy. Either Pike's missing not being tied down or, well, he wishes Shane was available.

"Alright," Dylan says. "I've got one. Never have I ever had sex when I *knew* someone was listening."

"Good one." Comeau nods his approval. "Hollzy would never involve someone else in his freak shit. He's too poli—"

Shane drinks. The team jeers. "What, like just being loud at a hotel?" J.J. asks.

"Nah, that doesn't count," Dylan says.

"It was just a phone call," Shane mutters, averting his eyes. He seems more embarrassed by this than by admitting to giving a lap dance. Interesting.

"A phone call?" J.J. shouts, slamming a hand on the table and cracking up. "What, like you answered during sex?"

"More like I was on the phone and sex just...happened?"

"How does sex just happen?" one of the rookies asks, appalled.

"Like..."

"Wait, who were you even talking to?" Hayden asks. "You don't talk to anyone except your agent."

Shane's nose wrinkles. "That would be so unprofessional."

The guys laugh. It's almost like a reminder that their Shane is still in there somewhere. Beneath all the many, many kinky layers.

“So what, your parents?” Comeau grins.

“Ew. God no.”

“But the only other person you talk to on the phone is me,” Hayden says lightly. It’s a split second, but it’s impossible to miss since everyone’s already looking at him—Shane’s eyes go wide. The smile falls off Hayden’s face. “Shane. Shane no.”

“What?” Hollzy says, but after tonight, no one will ever see him as innocent again.

“Shane Hollander, *please* look me in the eyes and tell me you didn’t have sex while on the phone with me.”

Shane looks up, but sort of past Hayden’s eyes. “I’m so sorry,” he says finally.

“Oh my God,” Hayden says. The guys burst out in raucous laughter, but Miity’s close enough to hear Hayden whisper, “just tell me it wasn’t with...”

“I’m sorry,” Shane says. The guy does seem to really mean it. “It only happened twice, I swear!”

“Twice? *Twice*?! Why am I even surprised?” Hayden throws his hands in the air. “I shouldn’t expect anything less since they were designed in a lab to torture me.”

“It wasn’t really about you.”

“Oh yeah? Has this happened when you’re on the phone with anyone else?” Hayden raises his eyebrows.

“I mean. You did literally just say you’re the only person I talk to on the phone.”

“I was exagerrating! You talk to J.J. every now and then, and, and Rose and—You tell *Lily* that the next time we’re in the same room together, it’s on sight.”

“Relax, Pike,” Miity says. Hayden and Shane’s heads both snap in his direction like they forgot they weren’t alone. “A lot of people would be honored to say they had a threesome with Shane Hollander.”

Hayden lobs a napkin in Miity’s direction. Miity bats it down like the good goalie he is.

+1. *The Husband*

Ilya knows exactly how his husband will react when he sees he’s taken initiative to unpack his books.

First, Shane will be touched. Then, frustrated because he’ll assume Ilya didn’t follow his system. Then, touched again that Ilya did, in fact, remember and implement his system.

Because a few years ago, Ilya was drunk after a night out with Cliff. He called Shane, then his boyfriend of only three months, and said, “tell me something boring.”

Shane had thought he was making fun of him, but really, Ilya's chest was aching. He was craving the domesticity of the cottage, of arguing over proper dishwasher loading techniques.

After much prodding, Shane told Ilya about his bookshelf. Memoirs and biographies on the top shelf sorted alphabetically by subject, historical nonfiction on the bottom sorted by decade.

Ilya slots a biography of Harv Murdock into place, rolling his eyes at the quote by Scott Hunter on the cover. *A legendary take on a legend*. No chance in hell Hunter actually read it. He only knows hieroglyphics.

"Does Dylan's boyfriend spell his name with one L or two?" Shane calls out from the living room. "I really don't want to get it wrong."

Ilya resists the urge to roll his eyes again. Shane's obsessed with his little gay rookie, who came out and got his trade request to New York granted last year.

Ilya's not jealous. That would be ridiculous. Shane's his husband now and Dylan's dating some pediatric surgeon, even if he's totally harboring a secret crush on Shane. "Check Instagram," Ilya calls back.

"Oh, smart!" Shane says. Ilya smiles to himself. Of course he forgot that social media exists.

Shane's been busy writing thank you notes for their wedding gifts (primarily donations to the Irina Foundation) all afternoon. He kicked Ilya out an hour ago, after he got caught writing, 'Thank you for not dying of old age and ruining our wedding' to Hunter.

It's fine. He'd rather be doing this, arranging Shane's books in perfect, neat little rows.

He steps back, admiring his handiwork, when something catches his eye. Tucked behind the bookshelf is a corner of a small box.

He plucks it out, finds it labeled 'SH books - priv'. This should be the last of them. He tears it open, raising his eyebrows at what he finds.

It's a book about BDSM. Beneath it, a book about gay sex. Beneath that one, a guide to kink for gay men.

All three of them are meticulously marked with little tabs, just like Shane's boring hockey books.

He flips through the kink guide and finds notes scrawled in the margins in Shane's perfect penmanship:

Ask L???

Sort of like what we did after MTL-BOS 2-1 Nov 2017. But rougher?

Seems painful. Good painful?

Maybe at the cottage

Would like to try—not sure if L would?

W/ plug first?

Thought about L doing this to me. Came in <5 min

Ilya's halfway through reading Shane's mixed feelings on the ball gag they still have yet to use ("*L would probably want to use on me, but maybe I'd like to shut him up for once. Or maybe I really want him to use it on me*") when he's interrupted by a squeaking noise that sounds eerily similar to one of Anya's toys.

A second later, Ilya's getting checked in his own home.

Shane body slams him to the floor, his hands frantically snatching the books away. "That's private, Ilya!" he hisses. "*Priv* is short for private. You weren't supposed to—"

"What?" Ilya grins, propping himself up. "Find out that you study for sex?"

"It's not studying, it's—I'm learning."

"Learning?"

Shane practically folds himself into a pretzel—and not in a fun way. "You know, learning what I might like. What might be fun to try or make sex better. For both of us." He bites at his thumb nail. "It's how I learned about the traffic light system."

"Ah." He'd been against it when Shane had first suggested it. It seemed complicated for something as simple as fucking Shane.

He changed his mind the first time they used it. When he saw how much more comfortable Shane was testing his limits when he knew that a color would be enough for Ilya to stop, no questions asked.

"Is that what these tabs are?" They're the same colors, he realizes. Red, yellow, green.

"Um, basically. Green is what I'd really want to try, yellow I'd be open to discussing, red is a hard no."

Ilya looks down at the tabs. There's a lot of green. He looks back up, ready to quip as much, and finds Shane with his head tucked deep into his arms. "Hey no. Sweetheart." Ilya darts a hand out, forces Shane's chin up. "What's wrong?"

"I know it's like...weird," Shane mumbles. "Or surprising. Or whatever."

Ilya can't help it. He laughs. "Surprising? Am I supposed to be surprised you're a slut or a nerd?"

"Shut up," Shane says. "Everyone's always acting like..."

“Like what?” Ilya asks gently. Shane lifts his head a little more, stares at the nearest wall like he always does when he’s about to dissociate. “Like what, my love?”

“I don’t know. Like it’s shocking that I don’t just...see sex as a means to an end. That I actually fucking enjoy it.”

Ilya cocks his head. “How weird that they think that.”

Shane huffs. “It’s kind of not. I know I’m...”

“It is. Shane. ‘Means to an end’ is not who you are. And sex is like hockey to you, yes?” He runs a hand through Shane’s hair.

“What? No it’s not.”

“On the ice and in bed. That’s where you get to be free. To trust your body and block out all distractions.” He leans forward, kisses Shane on the top of his head. “And you’re so good at both, hmm?”

Shane laughs softly. “So you don’t think I’m, like, a freak?”

“Of course you’re a freak.” Ilya smiles. “You’re *my* freak. Why would I want you to be anything else?”

Shane blinks a few times and turns his head, but his shoulders are more relaxed. His gaze is more present when he finally takes in the bookshelf. “Wait. Did you unpack *all* my books?”

“Yes.”

“But you have to—” The irritation in his voice falls away as his fingers trace the top shelf. “You remembered my system?”

“Yes,” Ilya says again.

“Oh.”

Ilya’s smile widens. “You are very horny now.”

“No I’m not.” The teeth Shane digs into his bottom lip say otherwise.

“You know, L would like to try most of this too.” Ilya picks a book back up and waves it in the air. “L is me, yes? Or do I need to fight poor Luca Haas?”

Shane laughs. “It’s you. I tried using I at first but it was too confusing.”

“Yes, very confusing since you want to try everything.”

Shane’s adorably pink cheeks turn crimson. “I wouldn’t say *everything*.”

“Oh yes, sorry, there’s...” Ilya makes a show of looking back at the books. “Three whole red tabs. My mistake.”

“Shut up! There’s more than that. And there’s a handful of yellows.”

“We will talk about them. But first, I will fuck you until your mind shuts up.” Ilya lifts Shane, waits patiently for his legs to straddle his waist. “I want to use the ball gag on you first.”

He stalks to their room, tosses Shane on the bed, then goes to the closet to retrieve it.

“Color?” he asks when he returns, holding it out and nibbling behind Shane’s ear.

“Green,” Shane says, his eyes already glistening. “So fucking green.”

End Notes

I made this as clear as I could from Miity's limited point of view, but there's a missing scene between parts 1 and 5 where Shane tells Hayden that Ilya is Boston Lily and Hayden blurts out, "YOU CALL YOURSELF A GOOD LITTLE SLUT...FOR ILYA ROZANOV?"

Thank you for reading! Comments are appreciated as much as Yuna would appreciate Knowing Less about her son

I like to imagine that there's a convo after Shane and Ilya leave the spaghetti dinner at the cottage that goes like this

Yuna: Wait so Ilya was the one...

David: What?

Yuna: The bruises? And the limp?

David: Oh

Yuna: Never speak of this again?

David: Yup yes please. I need to focus on repressing that ass grab

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