

# DUDES HEALTH

July 2015

## #90

Inside scoop on the  
NHL superstar and  
Las Vegas Aces  
Captain's Life

## SHIPS

(we know you're  
here for them)

## WHO IS KENT PARSON

Problematic  
Fave

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

## FANWORKS GALORE

## KENT STOP, WON'T STOP:

A Kent Parson Fanzine



07041991

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# bitten once and now you're twice as shy

by defcontwo on ao3

tags: no warnings

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Kent's a couple of miles outside of Anaheim, letting the Aces team bus rock him into a hard-earned post-series-win sleep when he gets the message.

To: Kent  
From: Alicia

Hey, Kenny. Call me when you get the chance, sweetheart, I want to talk to you about something.

Kent's phone burns a hole in his pocket for the rest of the ride to the airport, and then he ducks away to make the call as soon as everyone's all checked in.

Alicia picks up on the second ring, and her tone is all smiles and cheer when she does. "Hey, congratulations on the win, kiddo."

"I, uh --" Kent starts, and then sputters a little. It's not that they don't talk anymore. It's just that usually when they do, it's either the occasional good luck text or it's all safely kept within the buffer zone of post-season awards dinners, because there'll never be a time when the Zimmermanns *aren't* expected to show up to that shit. "Thanks, Mrs. Z. What's up?"

"Well, I know that you're busy right now, what with it being playoffs and all, but you've just finished a series, so you should have a few days, right?"

"Uh, yeah. I mean, I'll have like, two days at the most, but --"

"Jack's graduation is this weekend," Alicia says, getting straight to the point. "We reserved space for three, just in case. If you think you can swing it."

Kent leans his head back against the wall, and lets out a sigh. It's not that he didn't know that, not exactly. He and Jack, they've been talking a little more lately. Hell, they've been talking a lot, if you want to compare the past few months to the past few years, where they didn't talk at all. So yeah, Jack's dropped that particular G-bomb a couple of times but not once has he followed up on it, not once has he said the words, "you should come," or "I want you to be there."

After a while, Kent just stopped expecting him to ask. They're only just working their way back up to being -- to being something, anyways, friends, maybe. Graduation day? Shit, there's no way that that's not going to be a little too much. It's okay if it's too much. He's getting that, slowly.

"I don't know if that's such a good idea," Kent says, finally.

"Well, that's funny," Alicia says. "Because I just got off the phone with my son and he might've let it slip that he wishes you could be there."

"Funny," Kent scoffs. "Because he didn't tell *me* that." Kent winces immediately; that all came out sounding churlish and dumb, and he feels like a teenager again, getting pissy and hurt whenever Jack would shut him out. "Sorry, Mrs. Z."

"I'm not trying to meddle," Alicia says, and Kent laughs, because if that's not the biggest lie he's heard all month, he doesn't know what is. "Okay, I am *trying* to meddle," Alicia amends. "But you know I wouldn't be calling if I didn't really think that he wanted you there."

It's true, Kent knows it's true. Alicia Zimmermann has spent five or so years as the unfortunate middle man between him and Jack, and she always took Jack's side, every single time, because of course she did, he's her son, and Kent would expect no less. Even if her eyes were sad as she did it, and there was an apology on the tip of her tongue every time.

"I can swing one day," Kent relents. "But it'll be cutting it a little close -- can you send me the info?"

"I've got you covered, kiddo," Alicia says, and Kent knows he's not imagining the smugness in her voice. "I'll see you soon."

~

Kent rents an Audi at Logan because he doesn't exactly want to draw attention to himself this weekend, not really, because that's not the point of all this, but he still can't quite help himself: this is a damn nice car.

He drives the whole way to Samwell with all the windows down and *Born to Run* blaring from the speakers, and when he pulls up to the Samwell Hockey Haus, Jack is waiting for him, wearing a flannel shirt rolled up to the elbows and a shaky, pleased smile that sends a thrill of relief running up and down Kent's spine.

"What, you trying to keep a low profile or something?" Jack calls out, jerking his chin towards the car.

"Yeah, well, you know," Kent says, slamming the car door shut and locking it behind him. "Some asshole I know is graduating college this weekend, so I thought I'd keep it on the down low, try not to cramp his style."

Jack rolls his eyes, but for once, there's nothing fraught about it, no tightness in his smile. He looks relaxed and happy in a way that Kent's not used to seeing off the ice, and he has to stop in his tracks at the sight of it, suddenly light-headed.

"Come inside, jerk, we've got a lot of pie that needs eating."

~

Everyone has that one mental image that they like to hold onto; the well-worn ideal, the fucking crazy lunatic "maybe someday" that rolls around your brain, that you know you're going to pin all your hopes and dreams on making real, even if it's just a little bit nuts.

Once, for him, it was the Stanley Cup.

Except, been there, done that, got the fucking Championship ring to prove it. And soon, if everything goes right, he could have a second Championship ring in a matter of weeks -- two Stanley Cup wins before his twenty-fifth birthday, so many pounds of blood and sweat and metal that's proof positive that Kent V. Parson can finally tell the whole fucking world to go to hell, thanks.

But here's the other one, and this one, this dream, it snuck up on him.

It was made real in a way that he didn't really expect: Jack Zimmermann, smiling that lopsided, em-

barrassed grin of his, in a graduation cap and gown, honors cords looped around his neck like the great big nerd that he is, eyes as clear as day.

Looking at Jack now, it's hard to believe that there was ever a time when he was chasing pills with vodka. It's hard to believe that there was ever a time when Kent would wake in the night, in a cold sweat, so sure that he was going to check his phone and find that rehab hadn't worked, after all, that Zimms had gone and fucking died on him.

They've got a couple dozen layers of hurt and anger and blame and simmering resentment that's built up over the years, creating a nastiness that's gone and clawed its way out of Kent's throat, turning itself into shitty things that he can't take back, that he's not even sure that he's really all that sorry he said in the first place.

(He is, though. Sorry for it. Most days, at least).

The last time the two of them were standing right here, in Jack's bedroom in the Samwell Hockey Haus, the sliver of an inch between them might as well have been a fucking mile.

There's a lot of ugly that lies between them. A lot of it's his fault; a lot of it's Jack's, too.

Maybe it's the sun shining bright and clear through Jack's window, or maybe it's the couple of months worth of breathing distance and the apologies that they placed so cautiously into phones and Skype sessions, but today, that distance doesn't seem quite so vast.

Kent clears his throat. "You look good, Zimms."

"Hey, now. I thought we said no more of that, eh?" Jack says, smiling that little sheepish smile that makes Kent's stomach twist in all the worst ways.

Kent huffs, rolling his eyes. "I didn't mean it like that," he says, although Jack *does* look good like this, cutting a sharp figure in the dark of his graduation gown, for all that that garbage bag of flammable material shouldn't look good on anyone. Typical Zimms; he's never known just how stupid hot he is.

Kent reaches out a hand, straightening Jack's tie and smoothing it down.

"I know you didn't," Jack says, catching hold of Kent's hand and reeling him in, dragging him into a hug that Kent's embarrassed to admit he's been aching for since he got here, tucking his face into the crook of Jack's neck, breathing in that familiar scent of soap and sweat and *Jack* that he'd know anywhere.

They stay like that a little longer than they should, probably, breaking away only when there's a shout from downstairs, something about Lardo and a keg stand for later, that shocks them out of the moment.

"C'mon, nerd," Kent says, nudging Jack in the hip as they scuffle on their way out the door. "Let's get you graduated."

~

The hot summer sun beats down on the back of their necks, and Kent shifts uncomfortably, tugging at the collar of his shirt. The suit was a real mistake. He can't imagine how much Jack must be baking in that fucking flammable graduation gown.

The announcer calls Jack's name and he walks across the stage to the podium, smile splitting his face in half as raucous cheers break out from somewhere behind them all, where the current students are seated.

Kent takes a deep breath, in and out, and finds himself smiling too, in spite of himself.

Alicia nudges him in the side and then wraps an arm around his shoulders. "Glad you came?"

Kent hesitates, just for a moment, and then leans into her. "Yeah. Yeah, I am."





# you won't BELIEVE these articles Kent Parson has angrily read out loud to Jack Zimmermann

by defcontwo and sparklyslug on ao3  
tags: no warnings

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## Parson's Passion: My Night With a NHL Star

Does anyone really think that I would cruise for guys at an Elton John party. Like, me. In real life. Does anyone *actually* think I would do that. And drenching the guy in champagne while we fuck? That sounds fucking disgusting, why would *anyone* ever do that, waste of a fine fucking bottle. Plus, sticky? Would that not get... okay stop laughing, douche. Clearly I don't *know*—

## Five Ugly Snapbacks That Prove Parson Has a Hat Problem

I don't own a single ugly snapback, these fuckers have no sense of— well, I mean, some of these are a little... but I wear them ironically, okay, it's a *statement*.

## Kent Parson's Hottest On-Ice Fights

I don't know what's 'hot' exactly about me punching Kaner in the face, but damn if I couldn't watch this gif for hours at a time. Hey, do you think there's gifs of me punching Corey Perry? Because I could do with watching some of those too, I fucking hate that guy.

## Debauched in Dallas: Kent Celebrates Away Game Off the Ice

I am actually worried that there's some kind of asshole anti-Kent who's been seen hanging with Perez Hilton and is trying to pick up every twink with even a passing knowledge of hockey. First of all, don't they know that twinks are really more *your* thing? Fucking, *ow*, Zimms, know your own strength, asshole.

Seriously, though. The anti-Kent. Like, looks just like me but with hollow black eyes and a mullet, or something. If you see him, you've gotta promise me you'll kill him for me, Zimms. We weren't even *in* Dallas that week, Jesus...

## Some Gays Have All the Luck: Parson's Fabulous Fag Hags

I don't even know where to start with this shitstain, but by this do you mean, like, *my friends*? And that girl, I don't even know *that* girl, we were just standing next to each other at a crosswalk, and now I should probably like, write her an apology letter or something. 'I'm sorry, random stranger, for standing next to you that one time.' Do you send like, a fruit basket in this situation? I don't even know.

Taylor's gonna fucking murder this guy, he's done. Never fuck with a girl who's come out of the Nashville scene, alright? He's so done.

## The Ten Grindr Photos of Guys Who've Claimed to Have Slept with Kent Parson

I'll take that key word "claimed," thanks so fucking much for that. Not so sure that one or two of them being vaguely hot makes up for them being, you know, total asswipes. Maybe it's like a PSA to the Grindr population, like, 'look out for these assholes, they'll blow your life wide open if they can make a buck out of it!' in which case, kudos on the public service there, I guess.

## The NHL's Hottest Stars Who Kent Parson Should Totally Date

Kesler? For real? Are they fucking for real with this? Because we *fight* a lot? 'explosive chemistry' Jesus— yeah you can stop giggling, you're not on here by the way, guess that means I'm out of your league. Heh. 'League.'

Though I can't say I'd turn down Lundqvist, if I'm being completely fucking honest here.

### **Kent Parson: Gift to the Gays, or Downright Disappointment?**

How Dan Savage can write a whole fucking piece trying to say that I'm some sort of shit gay idol to the kids and *still* sound like he wants to fuck me is a terrifying, skin-crawling mystery. No thanks, you gross old man.

### **Bad Sex with Kent Parson: One Dishy Anon Tells All**

You know, there is part of me that does kind of wish that I'd had as much sex in the past five years or so as people seem to think I had but what the fuck, Zimms, what the actual fuck. Does any of this sound like me? This guy goes on for at least three paragraphs about how I'm pushy and selfish in bed. Fuck you, man, I am GIVING AND GENEROUS IN THE SACK. I mean, right? Zimms, come on, I know I get kind of pushy but, like.... in a good way? Yeah? Yeah, DAMN RIGHT IN A GOOD WAY.

### **Ace in the Hole: Parson's Softer Side**

ARE. YOU. FUCKING. KIDDING. ME.

Shit, I'm gonna hear about this in the locker room. "Ace in the hole," Christ, Jeff is going to fucking piss himself over this.

### **15 Pics Which Prove Kit Purrson is the Best Cat on the Internet**

I have no problem with this post, I just need to show you how cute these fucking pictures of her are.





The best of Kent Parson's inner musical monologue.

[Listen here](#)

by @7breadlysins on twitter  
tags: no warnings

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this is not what was supposed  
to happen. you knew the plan -  
you were going to make this  
work. but he was your heart and your heart  
is gone and you can't be the best  
when you're alone.

you hold victory in your hands and you have never been more alone.  
you do what you're supposed  
to do and you grin, because you're the best  
and this was always the plan  
and you pretend that your heart  
is in your chest and that this

is exactly how you wanted it to go, that this  
is where you want to be, and you're not alone -  
your heart  
is steady and you are strong and he isn't supposed  
to be here. your plan  
is about you, and you're the best.

(you don't think about the best  
days of your life anyone. you don't think about how this -  
all the pieces of your plan  
slotting into place - just makes you feel more alone.  
you don't think about how he was supposed  
to be beside you forever, hand in hand, heart in heart.)

you focus on the beat of your heart  
and the knowledge that you're the best  
and if he was supposed  
to be here then he'd be here. this  
is the fucking dream. just because being alone  
wasn't part of the plan

doesn't mean that the plan  
was a failure. your heart  
might be empty but it's beating and being alone  
doesn't make you any less. being the best  
is worth it, you tell yourself, even if this  
isn't how it was supposed

to feel, who it was supposed to be with. the plan  
was always this victory, C over your heart,  
the best of the best. it doesn't matter if you're alone.



got milk?



# you don't know about me (I bet you want to)

by sparklyslug on ao3

tags: no warnings

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The realization hits Kent like a bolt from the fucking blue. During a game against the Lightning, appropriately enough.

“What, you gonna make moony eyes at Johnson all night, take him out for a soda pop or something?” Coach snarls, as always somehow able to make the lamest insults still sound terrifying. “Just *hit* the kid, Parson.”

“Soda pop,” Kent says thoughtfully to himself, squaring up for the faceoff. Johnson gives him a funny look, but Kent wins the drop anyway, so it’s fine.

He doesn’t ask Johnson out for a soda pop. He’s pretty sure ‘going out for soda pop’ isn’t a thing anymore. But if it was, Kent could do it. He could do that now.

So, why the fuck not?

Not with Johnson though. It’s a little weird that Coach even took it there, to be honest.

~

When Kent Parson came out and the world came to a goddamned end, he was understandably not in much of a dating mood for a while. It’s a little hard to be, when you’re more or less surrounded on all sides by flashbulbs going off and people screaming your name. Which yeah, happened *some-times* to him before. But he doesn’t live in fucking Montreal, he can have brunch in Vegas without starting a riot.

Or, he could. Before making his mostly-unplanned, very public announcement.

The guys have set him up with every gay cousin they have (surprisingly, there are a hell of a lot of them), so Kent has more numbers in his phone than he knows what to do with, or any idea of how to open up a conversation other than “hey, so your cousin’s a pretty solid D-man, think he’ll get the Norris this year?”

He goes out, he meets guys at clubs and bars and stuff. But he’s not sure how to do it yet, since things are pretty damn different now even if the clubs and bars themselves haven’t really changed. Before, so much of picking up guys came with that built-in turnoff of blind terror over being recognized, or maybe pulling the one scumbag who could really mess up his life. Those aren’t concerns now, but he can’t say that he’s feeling ‘free,’ exactly. Not when the vast majority of the reactions he gets from guys are either tongue-tied shock or a-celebrity-is-talking-to-me preening. He’s not sure which he likes least.

He’s committing himself to this conversation with one of the former, not out of any particular zing that’s happening here, but mostly because the guy is pretty fucking hot. But a few weeks ago, Kent still would have excused himself. And gone to sit with the married guys, to get chirped for being a picky loser for the rest of the night.

But he’s been thinking about this. Soda pop. It’s a thing he can do now. So he might as well fucking do it, right?

Plus, the guy *is* way hot. Kent's earned the right to be shallow, he thinks. He's due some time taking out guys he has no idea what to say to, just because they have a dimple in one cheek and shoulders he can see himself biting.

Maybe he's done watching guys react to the fact of him in bars or clubs. Maybe it's time to give them something to *really* react to. Maybe it's time to give them *all* something to react to.

"You want to do something tomorrow?" he says, cutting off the guy mid-stream about some argument he's having with a neighbor over landscaping. He casts around in his mind for ideas, and grins as he lands on the perfect one. "Mini golf, let's go mini golfing tomorrow."

"I—sure?" The guy (who's named either Luke or Liam) says, definitely thrown. "If you want to?"

"Oh, I definitely do," Kent says.

~

"How's it looking out there, Parson?" a reporter asks him, at a bowling alley. "You striking out tonight?"

"Mixing your sports metaphors there, Champ," Kent says.

"What's your date's favorite animal?" One asks, at the zoo.

"Not the Penguins after our last game, that's for fucking sure," Kent says.

"Getting a little cross-training in with your friend, Kent?" One asks at a roller rink.

"I'm sorry to report," Kent says, winded. "That I fucking suck at roller blading. I know, I know, no one's more surprised than me."

"Been going on a lot of dinner-and-a-movie nights, Kent," a pap says, catching him coming out of an afternoon screening. "Got any interest in breaking into Hollywood yourself one day?"

"Nah," Kent laughs. "I've done my time acting."

The pap's mouth drops open, and Kent laughs even harder. He throws an arm over his date's shoulders, and they've passed the pap before the guy can recover enough to snap a picture.

~

"Are you making some kind of a statement?" A reporter finally asks at the Coney Island Emporium on the Strip. "Why all these kitschy dates, Kent?"

Kent swallows his mouthful of funnel cake, and looks her dead in the eye.

"Why?" he says. "Because I want to."

~

Buzzfeed joins the party about a month late, of course, but when they do it's fucking on point.

“Kent Parson Goes on Every Corny Date in Romcom History,” followed by pap shots and gifs ripped from TMZ of him doing exactly that, set above quotes that he can only assume are mostly from John Hughes flicks.

Kent particularly likes the subhead, writes it out on a piece of paper and takes a selfie with it seconds later.

“Because he’s Kent freaking Parson”

#sotrue #buzzfeed #ugetme

~

It was harder than Kent had expected, to find a place with a Mariachi band in Vegas.

Or, well, one that also has really solid food, at least. Not that he’s trying to psych himself out or anything. But he finds he actually cares if this Oliver guy wants to go out with him again.

“I’d like to hear your entire repertoire,” Kent tells the bandleader seriously, handing over a \$100 bill, “If you just start with something by AC/DC.”

The guy considers this. “We can do a pretty solid ‘Thunderstruck’.”

“Perfect.”

“I think I get it,” Oliver says over guacamole, pushing his adorable hipster glasses further up his nose. “The date thing?”

“What, other than the pleasure of a good time with good company?” Kent asks, only a little bit dialing up the charm.

“Other than that,” Oliver laughs. “It’s making up for a lot of lost time, right? All those years you couldn’t be out in the light of day or whatever, like, everything having to be secret and private. You never got that fun, goofy, date-with-your-middle-school-crush thing. I mean, I never did either. But you, uh, especially didn’t. Right?”

Kent considers him, the cute guy in the glasses sitting across from him who likes photography and has seen almost all of the same crappy scifi B-movies Kent has and has never watched a hockey game in his life, who really isn’t his type. Kent considers what passed for ‘dating’ as he’d done it before. With Jack, where they had had practically everything other than a normal dating experience. With the string of more or less unmemorable guys that he still remembers for mostly how terrified he was about all of them.

“So,” Kent says, raising his voice a little over the beginning strains of ‘De Colores’ “How do you feel about laser tag?”

Paarse.

Kane.







kvp90

9m



♥ 853 likes

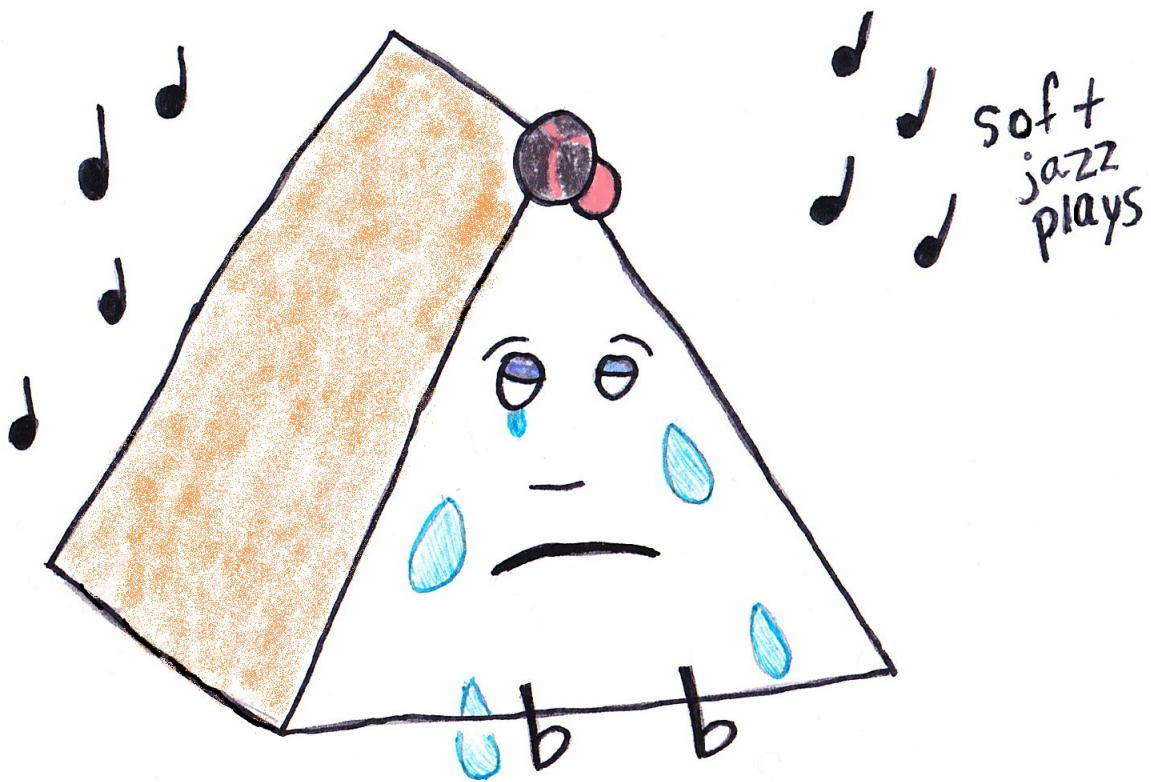
🗨 **kvp90** I don't know whose cat this is but she's mine now  
[view all 59 comments](#)

**bbwbobo** omg

**ficteer** are you at a party????

**chipotlea** pls steal my cat





## **Pie! Kent thinking about Jack Zimmermann**

Thanks for reading!