

don't ask (and i won't tell)

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don't ask (and i won't tell)

by [londonfoglatte \(nimbus2003\)](#).

Summary

five times shane and ilya's friends have questions about gay sex -- and one time they wish they knew less.

OR

the Centaurs are a wonderful team. accepting. kind. curious. it's that last one that has Shane wondering if he'd rather be back in montreal, hiding in the closet, than here, making up for the failures of the Canadian sexual education system.

Notes

hiii as requested here is prompt 3 :):) thank you SO MUCH for all the love on this series it just makes me so so excited to write!

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

1. Don't Mix Curiosity and Tequila

The Ottawa Centaurs are, conceptually speaking, aware that Roz and Hollzy are fucking.

They know this because:

1. They're married (duh).
2. Hayes made the mistake of asking how long they've been together — *"Just fucking? Since rookie season. Dating? Думаю... five years."*
3. Centaurs HR forced them to formally disclose their intimate relationship to the team. World's worst mandatory meeting.

Despite this, the entire roster — more than 20 hulking, intimidating men — avoids the topic like children tiptoeing around a spider.

Roz and Hollander get some privacy. The team stays out of therapy. The arrangement works for everyone — until it doesn't.

The Centaurs crush San Jose in their own house on a random Thursday night. Hayes makes an astonishing early save, batting away a top-corner shot. Hollander scores to put the Cents ahead; Haas delivers the death blow in the third, courtesy of an assist from Rozanov.

The players jog to the locker room, high on the scent of sweat and victory. Inside, Hollander roars, waving his arms. "Dinner on me tonight," he shouts.

The boys holler. They're on the road, without wives to meet or errands to run. For once, the whole roster makes it to dinner, eager to have company — and run up Hollander's bill.

Young slaps Hollander on the back. "You don't mind a few shots on your tab, do you?"

Hollzy gives him a dry look, but shakes his head.

"Our treat." Roz says, sliding into the booth. "Enjoy, poor little rookies."

Hollander snorts. "Yeah. Sure. Poor little rookies. Pretty sure they make a million —"

"Poor little rookies!" Roz exclaims, drowning out his husband. "Is so sad to be them." He leans, gesturing behind Shane's back. *Round for the table.*

So, yeah. It's a great night. Until Wyatt Hayes, in his infinite fucking wisdom, gets drunk.

*

Troy's having a great night. Harris is there, slamming down drinks with reckless abandon, laughing and smiling as he does.

The team is crowded around a single, massive table. Troy is shocked the damn thing hasn't collapsed under the weight of the Centaurs' dinner.

Impressive craftsmanship.

Harris sits to his right, Wyatt to his left. Roz and Hollzy are on the other side of Hayes, getting handsier by the minute – and by the shot.

“So,” Hayes says, more to the room than to anyone in particular. He's staring intently at his beer, like if he faces Troy while he asks, he'll chicken out. “How do you like.. know if you're compatible? With guys.”

Troy stares at Hayes like he's grown a second head.

“Are you –” Words fail him. “Are you trying to ask how we know who's, like... A top?”

Solemnly, Hayes nods.

The table goes silent. Then, like a damn breaking, twenty ashamed faces turn towards Troy.

Ashamed and... *curious?*

“You – you all want to know?” Has Troy entered a parallel universe? Maybe he's hallucinating. He got knocked pretty hard in the second –

“It's just confusing.” Wyatt shrugs, emboldened by his teammates. “Like, say I'm into a girl. I'm not, because I love my wife. But, like, hypothetically. I know it's a pretty solid chance we'll work in the bedroom. You guys have this whole other thing to worry about!”

Rozanov *cackles*. And oh, *fuck*. Troy forgot Roz was in the room. Any hope of having this conversation in a normal, dignified way seeps out of him.

Harris pats his shoulder. “Better this than homophobia.”

Is it better?

Troy honestly isn't sure.

“Is fair question.” Rozanov smirks, reclining in his chair. “Don't you think, Shane?”

Shane Hollander is bright fucking red. He glares at his husband. “Then you should answer, *Ilya*.”

“Don't let him answer,” Troy cuts in, panicked. “That's gotta be the worst possible –”

“You just know,” Roz says. “Look at Hollander. Is clearly bossy little bottom, no?”

Pandemonium ensues.

“Hollzy is the *bottom* –”

“Thought for sure it was Roz –”

“Shane clearly wears the pants, though –”

“Genuinely would never have guessed –”

“Enough!” Shane shouts.

Dykstra turns to Boodram. “See, that gives top to me, but what do I know?”

“This is why we’re not gay,” Boodram agrees. “We’d constantly be –”

He trails off, noticing Hollander staring daggers at him from across the table. Dykstra holds up his hands, nodding at their unofficial co-captain. “Sorry, Hollzy. You, uh... You go.”

Hollzy pinches the bridge of his nose. To his right, Rozanov grins. “Yes, Hollander. You go.”

The former Metro whips his gaze to his husband. “You,” he mutters, “are on thin fucking ice.”

“What, is wrong term?”

Troy feels a rush of sympathy for Hollander. He can’t imagine being married to Ilya Rozanov.

Shane exhales. “Look. Yeah, whatever. Ilya doesn’t understand the concept of privacy, but he’s not wrong.”

He turns to Wyatt. “It’s complicated. You kind of... get a vibe. A lot of people go both ways. Verse, or whatever.” Shane gestures to his husband. “Take this asshole. Never met a challenge he didn’t want to bulldoze. Consummate pain in the ass. Brash. All very top of him.”

The room explodes.

“But, how do you *know* –”

“Have you ever got it wrong, or –”

“What if you like the guy, but you’re not –”

Troy turns to Harris. His boyfriend is doubled over laughing. “Man, who knew they had so many questions?”

“Oh, I could’ve told you that.” Harris straightens, taking a sip of beer. “Straight men have endless questions about gay sex.”

“Did you guess?” Troy asks. He feels bad for asking, but Hollzy and Roz are clearly flirting, not fighting. So maybe it’s not a terrible invasion of their privacy to talk about it.

Harris quirks an eyebrow. “That Hollander’s the bottom?”

Troy nods.

Harris looks shocked. “Did you not?”

2. Your Prostate is a Gift from God

It’s an unusually warm fall night. Even more unusual, the team has a few days off. Seizing the moment, Harris drives to the store, buys twenty steaks and a dozen packs of hamburgers, and tells the guys to come over for a barbecue.

Most of the team makes it over. Dykstra is conspicuously absent, given his near-constant presence at team events. Hayden shrugs it off and enjoys the party.

Rozanov grins when he sees the dogs, sweeping three of them into a hug. Hollander trails behind him, carrying several Tupperware’s worth of grilled vegetables. Harris snaps a photo, reminding himself to post it later.

They have a few beers — and several cocktails, because Harris is determined to introduce the Centaurs to the joys of fruity little drinks.

He smiles as Troy approaches. Wraps his arms around him. “Can you believe we get to do this? Have your team over?”

Troy surveys the backyard, exhaling. “Feels impossible every time it happens. Don’t think I’ll ever stop being grateful for the guys.”

Dykstra strolls in as the party is winding down. He waves, grabbing three cold burgers.

“Save some for the rest of us,” Young calls from his perch on the steps.

Dykstra flips him on. “It’s been a long day, my guy. Cut me some slack.”

Hollander, ever the Canadian, pulls him out a chair. “What’s up? Not like you to skip out on free food.”

The defender grimaces. “Prostate exam. My dad had cancer, so I go once every few years.”

Harris has to applaud his honesty. The guys seem to share his sentiment, nodding and clapping Dykstra on the back. But they also look... afraid?

Young and LaPointe push their leftovers away. Chouinard sets down his beer. Boodram winces.

“Jesus. You’d think you’re all afraid of the word prostate.” The words slip out before Harris can stop himself. Since when is this a team of scaredy-cat straight boys?

Chouinard shrugs. “Just painful isn’t it?”

Across the grass, Hollander looks confused. “Why,” he asks, looking like he’d rather die than know the answer to his own question, “would it be painful?”

Dykstra sighs. “Sorry, man. I know you’re a fan or whatever. But Jesus, doesn’t it hurt?”

Hollander blinks. “Pardon?”

Barrett snorts. Harris shoves him. “Be nice,” he hisses. “They’re learning.”

Patting Dykstra on the hand, Rozanov laughs. “Does not hurt.”

It’s not just Dykstra who looks confused, now. Young, Chouinard, and Holmberg wear nearly identical, puzzled expressions.

Young crosses his arms. “But, like. It always hurts for chicks.” A few wolf-whistles echo through the yard. He holds up his hands. “Or so I’ve heard.”

Rozanov makes a delighted sound. “Young, you skip school on sex day?”

Harris watches a war play out on Hollander’s face. He’s an intensely private person. Harris knows that. But he also has a soft spot for the rookies — Young in particular.

The brunette sighs, losing the fight. “Rook, please tell me you know what a prostate is.”

Young shrugs. “Yeah, sure. It’s the thing in your ass, right?”

Hollander grits his teeth. At his side, Rozanov cackles.

“Yes, that’s where it is.” Hollzy says, tense but patient. “Do you know *what* it is?”

It does not, in fact, look like Young knows. It doesn’t look like any of the assembled straight men know, actually, based on their unwillingness to make eye contact with Hollander.

Eventually, Chouinard swallows. “It’s a pleasure point for men, right?”

“It will not bite you.” Rozanov takes a swig of his drink — a sugary, soda-filled cocktail. Harris is endeared by the Russian’s fondness for fancy drinks. He claims it’s because cocktails contain vodka, but Harris knows the truth. It’s not about national pride; it’s about taste. “No need to sound like the scared cat.”

Barrett looks at his teammates. “Seriously? You’ve never fucked around? Touched yourself there?”

An appalled, choking sound escapes from Shane. “You’re missing out.” He picks up a carrot stick, taking a bite. “Your prostate is a gift from God.”

Not for the first time, Troy is struck by how Hollander’s confidence can switch on a dime. He gets a certain look in his eye — not quite playful, not quite brash. Mischievous, maybe? And

then he causes havoc.

“Cannot believe I say this, but Shane is right.” Rozanov shrugs. “You have wives. Explore, no?”

Hayes holds up his hands. “Don’t look at me. I’ve *been* exploring.”

Hollander fist bumps him. “See, there’s a reason we call you the smart one.”

*

Next practice, Troy is himself surrounded by gleeful, grinning men.

He tries very, very hard not to think about why. Even when Boodram skates up to Rozanov, grinning.

“Gotta say,” Troy overhears. “Lotta happy men here thanks to your advice.”

Rozanov shrugs. “Очевидно.”

Obviously.

Troy – and the rest of the Centaurs – know that word in Russian, at least. Language learning: smug fuck captain edition.

3. Wash Your Damn Ass

Shane Hollander inhales. Holds his breath. Exhales.

You’re fighting to create a safe space.

Inhale. Exhale.

You cannot laugh at your rookie.

Inhale. Exhale.

He opens his eyes. To his dismay, Holmberg is still staring at him, wide-eyed and earnest.

Look, Rookie Night started with good intentions.

The kids idolize Shane and Ilya. They’re young – the oldest of the pack is twenty – and away from home for the first time. If Shane and Ilya can ease their transition by inviting them out for drinks, why not do it?

So, yeah. It seemed like a good idea. But that was then. This is now.

Now, Shane has to figure out how to answer Holmberg's stupid fucking question. Ilya sure as shit can't be trusted to be gentle with it.

People like, eat ass, right? My hook-up wanted to. She's freaky like that. But doesn't it like... smell?

The table is silent.

Ilya has the audacity to shove Shane, trying to prompt an answer. Nevermind the fact he's a fully grown adult, perfectly capable of coherent speech.

Whatever. You don't marry Ilya Rozanov because you want backup in delicate social situations.

Shane clears his throat. "It doesn't have to."

The rookies stare at him, wide-eyed. "But like... it's your ass." Young's brow knits. "It must smell."

Ilya breaks. Laughter rumbles out of him, deep and loud.

Shane can't help but crack a smile. "Again, kid. Doesn't have to."

"Shouldn't," Ilya adds, cutting in. "You do not shower? No water left for rookies after practice?"

LaPointe shrugs. "Yeah, sure. What's that got to do with any of it?"

Oh my God.

We're going to have to teach these sorry fucks how to wash their ass.

Ilya's hand grips Shane's thigh under the table. Squeezes. The universal holy-fuck-what-is-happening couple language.

Shane can't bring himself to say it. Fortunately, you *do* marry Ilya Rozanov for his willingness to bulldoze through awkward questions.

"You are in shower. You wash your ass, yes?"

Shane exhales. There. It's out in the open.

The rookies have the good sense to look ashamed.

"Uh, not really —"

"Don't you wipe it —"

"Seems weird in the team locker room —"

Shane bangs his head against the table. Ilya is openly laughing at their rookies now. Shane's not far behind. He's not sure how much more he can take. The Centaurs are a wonderful team. Accepting. Kind.

Curious.

It's that last one that has Shane wondering if he'd rather be back in Montreal, hiding in the closet, than here, making up for the failures of the Canadian sexual education system.

He forces himself to smile. "You need to wash your whole body. Including – actually no, especially that part. And then maybe you can have some fun with your girl without traumatizing her."

"Can even shave it," Ilya offers.

Holmberg nods. "Cool, guys, thanks."

Conversation moves on, flowing back to hockey and hook-ups. Shane's phone pings.

Lily

should review our knowledge tonight, yes?

Lily

if we are meant to be experts, must have lots of practice.

Shane slams his phone down on the table, rocking the assembled beers.

Well. At least something good came of Rookie Night.

4. Consensual Kink is Cool

Shane rolls onto his back, breathing heavy. Ilya collapses next to him, equally spent.

"Fuck," Shane breathes. "That was –"

Ilya presses a kiss to his neck. "Good, no?"

Shane nods. He feels fuzzy – lost somewhere between consciousness and pleasure. His world is narrow, extending only to the confines of the bed. Ilya. Sheets. Nothing more, nothing less.

Ilya, pulling Shane into his embrace. “Is fun exploring. You in pain?”

Shane considers the question. “I don’t think so. Sore, maybe. But in a good way.”

Ilya laughs. It’s a soft sound, without a trace of mocking. “I will ask you again when you are not so – what is word? Кабпейс?”

Shane sits up, indignant. “I am *not* under –”

“Is very sexy, is fine –”

“But I’m not –”

Sick of Shane’s denials, Ilya pulls him back onto the bed. And fine. Maybe Shane is a little hyperaware of Ilya’s touch.

After a few minutes of rest, Ilya drags Shane into the bath, muttering something about muscle relaxation. Shane obliges. Why turn down a chance to stare at his naked husband?

As warm water fills the tub, Shane starts to feel more like himself. Stubborn. Determined. Self-conscious. Ilya pulls him close, forcing him to recline.

“Was perfect,” Ilya says, before Shane can ask.

He closes his eyes, relieved. They’ve been toying with more intense sex, lately. Their bedroom is littered with ropes and blindfolds.

When bath water runs cold, they climb out, shivering and reaching for towels.

“Shit,” Ilya says. “Am sorry about your back.”

His back? Shane twists, trying to catch a glimpse in the mirror. Oh, *shit*. Yeah. His back, indeed.

The skin is covered with angry, red scratches – obscured only by a few, blooming hickies. He smacks Ilya with a towel. “We have *practice* tomorrow. People are gonna see.”

Shane expects Ilya to look chastised. Instead, his eyes darken. “Is so terrible, to be all mine? Other guys have sex marks often, no?”

And, huh. Maybe it *isn’t* so bad, when you put it like that.

*

Hayes is excited for practice. The team is on a hot streak, Coach is in a great mood. Even Roz and Hollzy, infamously intense hockey freaks, have been less dramatic lately. So, yeah. Hayes expects limited conditioning and extra scrimmage time.

Dream combination.

He's right – no surprise there, Hayes is always right. It's a goalie thing. He's used to staring out at the ice, observing dozens of things at once.

They finish practice with a relay race, which is ridiculous and fun, instead of their usual bag skates. Ironically, the team is so full of competitive fucks, they skate harder than they would've during actual conditioning.

The boys head to the locker room, buzzing. Hayes throws his gear into his stall, not really worried about organization. It'll all get cleaned out and packed in a couple days. They have a long stretch of road games ahead.

"Good work out there," Boodram says, clapping him on the back. "Those last few saves? New York won't know what hit 'em."

The showers are noisy – full of chatter and chirping. It's probably weird to be comfortable talking to your naked co-workers, but that's hockey.

Roz and Hollander walk in, parting ways at the door. They seem to avoid showering next to each other. There's a running bet going about whether it's to be polite or if they just can't stare at each other without getting hard.

Given the years of secret, dangerous sex, Hayes is betting on the latter.

Shane nods as he passes Hayes, taking the opposite stall. He turns around and – *holy shit*.

Look, it's not uncommon for the guys to have a few hickies. Maybe even more than a few. But Hollander's back – what did Ilya *do* to him?

Hollander clears his throat. Shit, is Hayes staring?

Probably.

He turns, grabbing the soap and fixing his gaze on old, ugly tiles. He can't stop thinking about Shane's back.

Wyatt has had a lot of sex in his life, okay? Plenty. His wife is insanely hot; he's obsessed with her.

He can't think of a single time they looked that wrecked.

Unbidden, a thought creeps into his mind. Shane is good, right? Roz would never like... hurt him?

Yeah. *Yeah*. Obviously. Hayes feels like an idiot for worrying.

Still, those scratches. It's so unlike the quiet, well-mannered Canadian that Hayes can't let it go. Maybe Shane is in a little over his head? Roz can be a bulldozer on the ice — figures he'd be the same way in the bedroom.

Hayes revolves to check in with Shane when he can.

One arrives sooner than he expects. Roz has to meet with Coach, so Shane's stuck waiting. Hayes is going over some game tape. When he looks up, they're the only two left in the locker room.

"So," Hayes says, wondering if he'll regret this. "Had some fun before practice?"

Hollander shrugs, nonchalant. "Maybe."

A beat. Is he doing it?

Fuck it. "You know — Roz can be a handful, but he's a softie. You know that. If things are getting a little too wild, you can tell him."

Silence.

Hollander stares at him. Hayes can't read his expression. And then... Shane *laughs*?

Not just laughs. Openly cackles, until he's bent over, struggling to breathe. "You think — oh, God." Hollander inhales, straightening up. "Yeah, we're fine, Hazy. Sweet of you to worry, though."

"It's just —"

"A lot?" Shane offers. Hayes nods.

Shane stands, grabbing his bag. "You, uh... You should look into consensual kink. Might have some fun." He walks out the door, throwing an arm around Roz in the hallway.

And, oh, *fuck*. Maybe he *is* wrong sometimes.

5. Size is a State of Mind

Dykstra seems off.

Ilya Rozanov may not be known for his empathy, but he's not *heartless*, either. He notices his friend skating unevenly — missing checks he can make in his sleep. He tries to let it go.

Unfortunately, Dykstra gets *worse*. As the minutes tick by, he starts to fumble easy passes and turn over the puck.

Ilya *is* known for being hockey-obsessed. His mind-your-own business policy is strictly limited to personal catastrophes that don't affect his ice time.

Still, the Centaurs eke out a win. Trying not to be a total asshole, Ilya pats his friend on the back. It's not like Dykstra's fuck-up will affect their playoff chances.

Shane stares at Dykstra, similarly confused. He looks over to Ilya, raising an eyebrow. *What the fuck?*

Ilya shrugs, then waves a hand. *I don't know. Don't sweat it, I'll talk to him.*

Shane nods, heading to the showers.

Inside the locker room, guys chat and toss their stuff into stalls. Dykstra isn't his spot. Ilya turns, searching. *There.* Across the room, Dykstra leans on the water cooler, an absent look in his eyes.

"Everything okay?" Ilya asks, startling him.

Dykstra sighs. "Sorry about the game, Roz. My mind was somewhere else."

"Can you put it back? Is another game tomorrow?"

Ilya winces at the look on Dykstra's face. Maybe that's a little blunt. "We need you," he adds, covering his tracks.

Dykstra's expression softens. "Thanks, man. It's stupid, I just —"

He trails off. Ilya waits for him to fill in the gaps.

"My wife keeps talking about how small my dick is," Dykstra blurts out.

Ilya blinks.

Don't laugh, don't laugh, don't laugh.

He can't help it — he laughs.

"You play like shit because — your wife says are you small?"

Heads swivel. Shane, who's come back from the showers, freezes mid-step.

"Aw, shit, Roz. You gotta be so loud?"

Hayes sighs. "That's tough, D-man."

The other players nod, faces ashen. Clearly, it's a shared fear.

"Did she say exactly this?" Ilya asks, grasping at straws.

"No, not like, exactly. She just keeps saying how it's not *too* big. What's the term? Stupid fucking — boyfriend dick. It's emasculating, you know?"

Ilya *howls*. It doesn't matter that Shane is giving him a dirty look, imploring him to be kind. It does matter that Dykstra looks devastated. He can't help it.

"Dykstra." Ilya grabs his shoulder. "This is not bad thing. This is compliment."

The giant, buff defender stares at his captain. "Yeah?"

Ilya waves a hand. “Is what girls say. Boys too. Means perfect size. Not too small, not painful either. Happy medium.”

Dykstra brightens considerably. As do Hayes, Young, and a few other guys Ilya happens to know are on the smaller side. Fuck, is he going to have to give a speech about body image?

Mercifully, Shane steps in.

“It’s not about size,” he says, grabbing a clean shirt. “It’s about what you do with it. I mean, look at Roz. He’s working with peanuts. Big dick energy is a state of mind.”

Ilya considers being offended, but ultimately rejects the idea. The team showers together. They’ll be painfully aware that Shane is joking to prove his point. He is well-endowed, thank you very much.

Not, you know, that it matters.

Like Shane said – it’s about how you use your gifts.

6. Way Too Much Information

The team flies *a lot*. Endless, dull hours, spent sleeping — and trying to fit their giant, hockey-toned bodies into standard seats. So, yeah — Troy will take any way to pass the time. Even a stupid game.

Clearly, his teammates agree. What starts with him, Harris, and Hayes rapidly descends into all-out war. Even Coach gets involved.

The rules are simple. Everyone downloads the same app. It shows them a random photo from someone’s camera roll, and they have to guess who took it.

It doesn’t *need* to be competitive. But, because there’s something slightly wrong with all of them, it is.

“That’s clearly Hazy in the distance,” Boodram shouts.

Coach shakes his head. “When has Hayes been to Hawaii?”

Young gestures at this phone. “I’m telling you, that’s Cali, not Hawaii.”

Coach fixes Young with a concerned stare. “Son, that road sign says Honolulu. Please tell me you don’t think Honolulu is in California.”

“Uh, no. Sorry, Coach.”

Holmberg snorts. “He totally does.”

“Final answer?” Troy demands. If he lets them, they’ll bicker forever.

Without a better guess, the team decides on Hayes. The goalie holds up his hands, laughing. “You got me. Snuck off to Hawaii a couple months ago. Took the wife, left the kids. Best week ever.”

Boodram groans. “Dude, I’m jealous. Send me the name of the hotel. I’ll save it for the summer. Get myself out of the dog-house, maybe.”

They all turn back to their phones, waiting for the next photo to populate.

“Is that –”

“Holy fucking –”

“Need to bleach my eyes –”

“Damn, can’t deny it, though –”

Troy nearly chokes on his own spit when the photo finally loads on his screen.

Roz and Hollzy stare up at him. They’re naked, reflections captured by a strategically-placed mirror. Roz stands behind Hollander – one hand gripping his husband’s waist, the other taking the photo.

Shane’s face is torn between rage and ecstasy. Rozanov looks like sin – dark eyes, dangerous grin.

Mercifully, the angle obscures Rozanov’s dick. Still, it’s downright pornographic.

Troy coughs. “Well,” he says. “That’s got to be Ilya’s photo.”

Across the aisle, Hollander is bright red. He’s clearly embarrassed, but there’s something else in his expression. Is that – *is he fucking smug?*

Well. That’s a surprise. Troy looks back at the photo. To be fair to Hollander, it’s really fucking hot.

Ilya is *definitely* smug. “Is good photo, no?”

“Is it yours?” Hayes asks. “Please, Roz. I’m begging you. Confirm it. Let us switch the photo.”

Hollander shakes his head. “Actually, it’s mine.”

“Hollzy, you fucking dog,” Young laughs.

Hollander turns to his husband. “Sorry about that. I, uh... I meant to delete it. Just got attached. I didn’t even think –”

“Is fine, Hollander,” Ilya says. “You cannot part with me, I know.”

End Notes

i hope this was fun! i am feeling like adding a little angst into the next one sooo consider this the in-advance mood boost

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